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VOL. LXXIV JANUARY, 1923 NO. 1

COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

051
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Lone Wolf
Returns
by
Louis Joseph Vance

A
New Novel
about the
Most Polished Crook
that ever puzzled
Scotland Yard

Begins in
Cosmopolitan
For February
on Sale
January 10

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JANUARY
1923

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Lovely Woman

by ANGELA MORGAN

[*On seeing the bales and boxes piled on the sidewalk in a busy downtown district; the myriad shops; the endless procession of trucks and drays; the seething traffic.*]

That you shall be dressed in a gossamer gown,
With pearls for your fingers and plumes for your head;
That you shall be jeweled and pampered and fed
A thunder of traffic is heard in the town.
Oh! millions must work in the cold and the heat,
And thousands must suffer and many must die,
That you shall be charming and sweet to the eye
With beads for your bodice and silk for your feet.

To bring you a delicate veil for your face
The peace of the morning is shattered with noise;
That you shall have beauty and culture and poise
The city is robbed of its beauty and grace.
Oh, Bedlam is loose in the heart of the town
When bale upon bale from the caravan comes;
'Tis fiercer than armies and louder than drums . . .
That you shall be dressed in a gossamer gown!

The sea is your servant, the forests obey
The wish of your heart or the wave of your hand;
The beasts of the jungle are yours to command,
The bird and the reptile forever your prey.
O mothers of men, who have suffered so much,
O women whose wrongs have been heavy and sore,
The whip of the centuries stings you no more,
The earth is your vassal and moves at your touch.

The earth is your vassal, to bring you renown,
And man is your slave, who shall do as you bid;
No longer your queenly inheritance hid,
You conquer the world in your gossamer gown!

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GRANDMOTHER
Because She Never Had
By GEORGE ADE



NO ONE ever finds out that there is a more delectable climate somewhere until he gets an elevated view—from the top of a bank account.

Almost anyone can stand the northern winters until a rich relative passes beyond.

When grandmother hung up her gleaming festoons of sausage and set away her snowy crocks of lard and fixed the buckwheat batter and looked across the fields to where the trudging boys were hunting rabbits—a wisp of blue smoke arising beyond the hillside and a muffled rhythm of sleigh bells from the old pike—she never was despondent over the fact that she would find it impossible to visit Palm Beach and smoke cigarettes in Cocoanut Grove.

She was calmly thankful that the wood box was full and that the quilting party on the ensuing Wednesday P. M. promised to be a riotous success.

We never miss the intoxicating privileges which we have not tasted.

The Florida habit will never down you if you keep away from Florida. But if you ever wear summer clothes all through *one* winter—good by! After that you are an addict.

The only climate almost satisfactory to the people who use it is that of California. Even in California, if you could find someone who was not a member of the Boosters' Club, you might learn that there are off days.

Those who have babied themselves by running away from cold weather rave against our northern winters. They ask you to believe that the best earthly imitation of Paradise is a monster wooden hotel, with syncopated music coming out of every window and getting tangled up in the palms.

Well, there is no denying that a blue sky, a blue sea, a soft breeze, a dazzling sunshine and a specially engaged mocking bird, broadcasting from the guava tree overhead, have something in the aggregate, on slippery sidewalks and busted water pipes. But you may have observed that the birds who fly south just after the holidays fly homeward in the spring, and the early spring at

Got Through The WINTER Heard of PALM BEACH

Illustrations by Ray Rohn

that! They love their orange blossoms, bougainvilleas and poincianas, but you will always find them back, waiting around with the rest of us, to welcome the June roses.

The hymnist was away off when he described Heaven as a place where "never ending spring abides and never fading flowers." He was thinking of the other place. Take an apple-pie Yank and plant him in Manila and, after he has been there three years, he will burst into tears every time he thinks of frost on the windows and turkey on the table. He is fed up on never fading flowers. What he wants to see is a snow bank.

The best climate to settle down with is one which guarantees definite changes of season. It must be nerve-wearing to live in a perfumed bower which looks just the same on Christmas Day as on July Fourth.

Something like keeping house with a beautiful woman who wears the same gown 365 days in the year and never changes any of those trifling but intriguing ornaments which keep the party of the second part interested and expectant.

And where the weather is always the same, what do people find to talk about?

Nearly every Northerner you meet among the southern sunny seas, wearing a white suit, will give you free of charge a tall drink and his plans for getting back home.

The average ration of climate for 1923, in your neighborhood, is going to be pretty good.

There will be more bluebirds than blizzards.

For nine months the lonesome dwellers of the north woods will envy you. For a somewhat different total of nine months the residents of the sun-baked tropics will envy you. For a grand total of about four months you will envy either the people who live among the chilly pines or those who sit under awnings among the stifled islands of the south.

Cheer up! You have all the best of the bookkeeping. Stop denouncing your home climate.

It is really almost respectable.



One Block



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
J. E. SUSSMAN

"MEASURED by feet, the two avenues lie within the span of a sixth of a mile, roughly. Yet by all other standards they are a thousand miles apart. Three minutes of brisk walking takes you from one to the other but takes you also into a distant world; there's a Great Divide between them. One runs uptown into billions; the

From FIFTH AVENUE



© EWING GALLOWAY

other pours downtown into poverty. One lives on yellow-backs; the other thrives on pennies. One is whipped cream; the other mostly is what was left over when they got through with the skimming. Dives rides through one; Lazarus slouches along the other, panhandling as he goes."

A Story of a Girl from Back Home

One



Illustrations by C. D. Williams

WHIPPOORWILLVILLE is one of those places where the train stops twenty minutes for dinner and the passengers who take a chance have from ten to fifteen minutes to spare, depending on how game they are. This gives them a chance to see the business district. They can see it in five minutes, or four, if they hurry, which allows ample time for them to get back on board and start wondering what all the delay is about before the locomotive comes to and goes on about its business.

To give you a further idea: No set of souvenir postcards showing views in and around Whippoorwillville has yet been printed; and the popular excitement throughout the country caused by the Eskimo pie had practically abated nearly everywhere else in the South-Central states before it even reached here.

The town never had a boom. Its population increases very slowly and only because, as the vital statistics covering any healthful community will show, there are more births than there are deaths. Rarely does anything new go up, but occasionally something old falls down. In fact, Whippoorwillville is what you would call a finished town. Enlarging the fact, you might say it has been finished since the Civil War. The biggest thing that ever happened there was a clash between Union home guards and Confederate partisan rangers, raiding in for horses and recruits. This happened the fall after Fort Sumter was fired on, but the older citizens speak of it as though it had occurred within these past few months. But the biggest thing of recent years was when Letty Ember went to New York to prosecute her art studies in that great center of culture and artistic endeavor.

Letty Ember was Whippoorwillville's acknowledged child of genius. She was its only such, so naturally her going away made talk beforehand and left a void afterward. Herself, she could not remember when the urge of her gift first came to her. It was of record in the family that almost from her cradle days on she had been, as the word is, "different." While other little girls were playing lady-come-to-see and cutting out paper dolls she drew pictures of things and painted them with water colors.

A paint box containing an assortment of pale lozenge-looking slabs and some very limber camels' hair brushes with quills for handles and two little mixing dishes like large white china buttons with the thread holes left out of them, was at six her most treasured possession. At school on Friday afternoons she was the one who was sent to the blackboard to write out mottoes and surround them with scrolls in red and white chalks. In a somewhat later period she won first prize at the Denton County Fair "for the best strictly original work of art executed by a resident of the county." Her offering was a study in oils—she had progressed by now to the stronger and more enduring medium—a fruit piece showing apricots, pears, grapes and a slice of an exceedingly ripe watermelon grouped on a marble slab. She was sixteen then and her father was postmaster under the second Wilson administration and they lived in one of the largest houses in town; the one with the two wooden cupolas on it and a railing around the roof, it being the same house which an architect from Boston, passing through on his way to Kansas City and seeing it from the car window, had said must certainly be the real Crime of 'Seventy-three.

When this honor came to Letty Ember, bestirring her ambition for achievements yet higher, she absolutely was self-taught; had never had a lesson. Her father was forever saying that one of these days he was going to send Letty off somewhere to study under a regular professional painter. But he never got round to it. There were several things he never got quite round to—taking out more life insurance, for one thing, and cleaning the dead stock out of his drug store and putting in a soda fountain and paying off his notes in the Dentondale bank. Death caught up with him while he had all of these projects still vaguely in mind. Letty was just past twenty when diabetes overtook the loiterer.

Meanwhile, those four years between her sixteenth birthday and her twentieth had not been wasted. The walls of the Ember home attested her industry and her versatility. For the most part her canvases, enclosed in scrolled and shiny frames, were copies of what might be called standard subjects—Spearing Salmon on the Columbia River, the Monarch of the Glen, Our Darlings, the Grand Canal (Venice) at Sunset, Pompeiian Flower Girl, Kittens at Play, Pharoah's Chariot Horses.

She was that bad!

By IRVIN S. COBB

Block *From* Fifth Avenue



Eddie selfishly desired that Letty should bide where she was, but she told him her career must come first; to it she must sacrifice all else.

She was worse than that. She had no part of talent in her, but only a laborious knack for laborious imitation. Had there been in her a single smoldering little spark of the fire called inspiration she would somehow have guessed a way through her ignorance and the isolation, through her lack of craftsmanship even, to the rights of things. All about her were beauties that cried aloud in their loneliness for an artist to catch them and hold them in his webs of color—the neighborly foothills in wintertimes under snow; the jade-green river bottoms in the spring; the woods in the fall, with the hickories yellowing up and the ash purpling and the sour-gum dripping leaves like drops of blood where it had been bitten in Jack Frost's first attack; bits of dusty roadside of the summer, when the wilted mullein lolled out its furred tongues to show how poorly it stood the heat, and the "nigger-heads" brocaded the shoulders of the turnpike with golden epaulettes; darky types and town characters and awkwardly picturesque country folks; faces, shapes, figures; shadows and lights and moods—on every side, tendering themselves to her in a spendthrift prodigality. But she could not see them; the eyes of her soul were blinded to their wealth and their variety. Besides, there was nobody to tell her. So she went on desecrating ells of good cloth-weave with blobs of misused pigments. And Whippoorwillville's commonplace judgment held her as one favored beyond the ordinary daughters of ordinary men.

She went on so and thus until her father forevermore put aside all earthly consideration of those unstarted plans of his. Her mother already was dead. She was the mistress of her own acts thenceforward and the estate which had been left by the lately deceased was hers now to do with as she might devise. It was not much of an estate. When the funeral had been paid for and the just debts settled there was put into her hands a total amounting to slightly less than eleven hundred dollars. For the carrying out of her purpose she figured, though, it would be enough—if she stinted and stretched the pennies. To be sure, there was the heavy item of her consolidated entrance fees and her student dues for the first quarter; these would necessitate a seriously large outlay at the very beginning. But with her native abilities and her willingness to work hard she should go ahead fast and go ahead far. For any immediate privations she would be bountifully repaid in a few months, or in a year or two, at most, when there came to her recognition, honors, repute. You must excuse her for her vanity. For so far back as her memory ran she had been fed on the honest praise and honest loyalty of a community where local pride made up for many things lacking.

Naturally, Whippoorwillville, considered as a whole, approved of her decision. Eddie Sackett did not, it is true; but then, Eddie Sackett scarcely counted, he being as one against many. For his part, he selfishly desired that Letty should bide where she was and keep on being engaged to him. He wrote the Whippoorwillville Notes for the Dentondale Weekly Sun-Independent, which paid him six dollars a week, and he made fifteen dollars a week more as depot agent. He had prospects of a raise in salary; the railroad had shown signs of being not unmindful of faithful service and painstaking attention to details. On the enhanced income, he figured, two might live almost as cheaply as one. Married to him, Letty could go on with her painting; on his word of honor he pledged himself to it.

But she had read somewhere that domestic life was crippling, nearly always, to a successful artistic career, a clog on the winged foot of genius. She had visions of herself in a noble high studio fronting canvases of great price. With this vision were interwoven other delectable pictures in which she invariably was the main and central figure—the pet of the Four Hundred, accepting commissions from distinguished and worshipful patrons; taking medals at the Academy; cooking chafing dish suppers in a vastly becoming smock for guests recruited from the aristocracy of Bohemia; queening it at artists' revels. This conglomerate vision came swiftly between her and the present sight of Eddie's hurt, grieving face; his counter-arguments were lost in the rolling of great drums. She told him her chosen work must come first; to it she must sacrifice all else—or at least for the next few years she must. She owed it to herself; she owed it to her art.

For art's sake she already had decided to alter the spelling of her name. As Letitia she had been christened, Letty she had been called, but Leatrice she would hereafter be, both to her friends

and to the general public. It was a name she had found in a moving picture magazine. Immediately she had been drawn to it; she felt that it fitted. And he, in his journalistic capacity, might, if agreeable to him, be the medium of advertising the change to the world at large. Leatrice—the very estate and sound of it seemed somehow to emphasize to him the depth and the width of the gulf opening between them. But he promised.

So Eddie, taking his bruised heart off his sleeve and putting it back in his breast to ache intolerably there, wrote for the top item of his weekly column one beginning: "All Whippoorwillville and vicinity are agog this week over the forthcoming departure of Miss Leatrice Ember, of here, rarely gifted daughter of the estimable late Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ember, for the teeming metropolis of Greater New York City where she will——" and so forth and so on, twenty-odd lines of it, concluding with the ringing summary: "Our loss is Gotham's gain!"

He meant it, too, his valedictory flourish. You see, touching on Letty's future, Eddie had no doubts. Here at least he was in confident accord with his fellow Whippoorwillvillians. This was what made the parting all the harder for him—this sincere conviction that he was giving her up forever. You cannot hitch your depot agent to a star, and down in his soul Eddie knew it and by such knowledge was desolated utterly. Sense of an eternal loss drooped his shoulders as he walked across the echoing boards of the platform and into his little rabbit hutch of a station on a given date after Number Seven, east-bound, due in at six twenty-two, due out at six twenty-four, had pulled away, bull's-eyeing straight into the round red target of sun-up.

Number Seven was carrying her off to join an innumerable caravan which journeys to besiege a heaven-piercing city of admirable desires. It is a caravan that is formed of youth. Its baggage train is loaded with hopes. The quick march of optimism briskens its processional step. Blithe old General Ego rides on ahead, in full command. But ultimately—of course, there has to be an ultimately, else many folks would never wake up from their day-dreaming at all—the long casualty lists of disillusionment and despair will claim most of the names on this army's muster roll. Pardon me if I seem here to overstress the hyperbole; maybe I have been reading too many moving picture sub-titles lately.

Even so, facts are facts, no matter what fine feathers of language you dress them up in. And it is a fact that New York is a place of immortal rewards and terrific mortality averages. But quoting percentage sheets never yet turned back a stripling's pilgrimage. You might just as well hang a *Keep off the Grass* sign on an oasis and expect the famished travelers from across the burning sands to read it and heed it and head back for home.

Just then, floundering about for metaphor, I said Eddie Sackett's beloved went, that morning, to join a certain caravan. Rather, I should have called it a children's crusade, for that precisely is what it is—a children's crusade recruited from the deep ranks of inexperience. The girl who sang so much better than the rest of 'em in the village choir; the youngster who made a sweepstakes of it in the crossroads class of elocution; the born hewers of wood, the predestined drawers of water, who nevertheless yearn to hew the dumb marble into lines of sculptured life and draw deathless pictures for a reverent posterity; a whole generation of mute, inglorious Miltons, aspiring to be mute no longer nor yet inglorious; young hallucinationists who diagnose as the pang of thwarted creation what really is the growing pains of their own mediocrity; auto-intoxicated adolescents mistaking the illusions of self-deception for a hankering after self-expression—by the dozen and the gross and the great gross they move on the city. Their going thither stands for dollars saved through patient sacrifice, for mortgages put on homesteads by flattered parents, for slender patrimonies to be spent, more often than not, on a vain quest.

You merely would be wasting your breath, though, did you, being wiser, try to warn the majority of them that inevitably and lamentably it must prove to be, for them, the very vainest of all possible quests. They are armored against your warnings in confidence which, so many times, is only another name for conceit. Why should they listen to you? There, at her harbor's head, sits New York, the magic town. By virtue of a witchcraft resident in her New York is going to provide them with those precious elements which, until now, through no inherent fault of theirs, they have been denied. It is New York that will make noble swans out of all little awkward goslings, that will turn these drab sparrows of the hedgerow into birds of paradise, that is craving to graft the notes of the nightingale upon the feeble larynx of the sandpiper. New York with its opportunities, its advantages, its instinct for recognition; New York with its schools of applied design, its schools of interior decorating, its schools of the dramatic arts and the plastic and the graphic; its schools of expression, its schools of voice culture and of music, its schools of making finished moving picture actors right out of the raw material—New York will somehow turn the trick. Good old appreciative, generous, discerning, observing, discovering New York!



Technique was all Letty needed to land her at the very top of the profession. Professor Beckermann told her so himself.

So the stage-smitten amateurs who have neither grace nor personality but only a pale mimetic quality come hurrying to her embrace. And would-be writers of embroidered tales, who lack in imagination, in perception, in all sense for the right weight and the right color of words—they come along, too. And the boy whom a niggardly nature designed with intent that he should spend his maturer years making neat blue stripes on the red



Already Whippoorwillville seemed to Letty a million miles away.

spokes of new farm wagons—he comes. The trouble with him is he thinks he has been called into this earth to paint rings around the Old Masters. And with him mayhap comes his sister. But her happy delusion is that, concealed somewhere about her trivial person, are the sweeping forces of a queen of tragedy.

They have gone as far as they could go in their restricted environment. Circumscribed and secluded as they have been, they nevertheless have felt the urge. They have triumphed above cramping circumstance; they have outgrown the small towns; behold, they have broken the bars. Surely, with the ambition that is in them and the feel of latent power that stirs them, they must go high and far there in New York where the horizons are so broad; where atmosphere and association make for development; where the producing manager stalks for hidden talent in the highway and fame is hiding around every corner eager to pounce forth and tag any unknown juvenile phenomenon.

But the truth is that New York is an Iron Maiden that takes them in her arms only to crack their young bones and press out their blood. The reputable schools, the honest teachers, weed them out, keeping those who give promise of making dependable craftsmen, banning the rest. Some, discouraged at the outset and homesick and daunted by the chill indifference of the town, return whence they came. They are, by odds, the luckier of those who are discarded. Others, as yet unhumbled and more persistent in their belief in themselves, fall into the maws of sharks who ply a shark's trade of imposture and fakery on the marshy verges of the arts; and it is the lot of these victims to be carried along by cajolery and deceit and false guidance until they have been stripped of their savings; then, eventually, to be cast adrift. Here and there is one who, by reason of having real merit, wins and wins magnificently. The name of such a one is advertised to all the land. But the losers are not advertised. And only God Almighty knows what an annual bumper crop there is of the losers—that same compassionate Almighty who hearkens to the heartbroken sobs of some poor child alone, except for Him, in a hall bedroom, three floors up and all the way back, with her head buried in the slimsy pillows to shut out the hateful face of failure. But if her Maker did not graciously deign to plant the seeds of genius in her when He put her forth into the world, how can even He now piece together the scraps of her paltry, shattered little dream? Sooner or later, every Whippoorwillville sends its Letty Ember to the City.

But our present concern is with our own particular Letty Ember from this particular Whippoorwillville. Promptly, to Eddie and to others as well, she wrote back letters that mainly were punctuated with exclamation points; about every fifth word was heavily underscored. New York was so wonderful—three black lines for emphasis under the *so* and a big "!" to finish with. Photographs and souvenir views and printed descriptions did not begin to do it justice—it must be seen to be appreciated! One felt that in New York one could breathe, could expand, could grow! Surely one would never have time to get blue or faint spirited here with so much to see and so much to do and such splendid goals to work toward!

True, there had been one small vexation at the outset. She had not been able to get into the Art Students' League, as she had counted on doing. It seemed the classes were all full at present; but to offset this she had had a perfectly glorious piece of luck. She had been so fortunate as to be brought into contact with a Professor Beckermann, a very distinguished foreign painter, who took for his pupils only such beginners as had recognizable talent. He had condescended to look at those typical examples of her work which she had brought along to show what she could do. And he had been so enthusiastic over them, so sure of her ultimate triumph! Indeed, he had consented to take her on for a series of private lessons. She was to call him "Master"; all his scholars called him "Master"! Under him she would have individual attention, while at the Art League she merely would have been one of a group. He had explained to her the eminent advantages of this over the class system. It was bound to be a tremendous help to her; she would go forward so much faster than otherwise she could hope to go. And Professor Beckermann was so picturesque, so unconventional in dress and manner, so charmingly Bohemian! With him, surroundings seemed to count for nothing; he lived solely for his art. And he had technique at his very finger tips! And technique was all that she needed to land her at the very top of the profession. He had told her so himself. Wasn't she the lucky girl?

It must be confessed that living was very dear in New York. Everything cost ever so much more than the same thing would



Miss Devore uttered what was at once a defiance, a triumphant pronouncement and,

cost back home. And, of course, it was not to be expected that anyone, let alone a little stranger from the country, should have the benefit of the Master's skill and knowledge without paying for it. But putting up with a few discomforts now only meant that supreme success would be coming all the sooner. Good by, and give her love to everybody. Already, Whippoorwillville seemed a million miles away. She was, in conclusion, Fondly, Leatrice.

Those first letters came in a white flock. It was as though she desired that at once and at first hand all her friends should know from her how promising the outlook was and how determined she was that they, who were so very proud of her, should never be disappointed in her. Later, there was a space—a very blank space for Eddie Sackett—when she did not write. To himself Eddie strove manfully to find excuses for her silence. She must be terribly busy; he could appreciate what heavy demands New York must be making upon her, socially and otherwise. Still, if only about once in so often—say, once every two weeks—she could steal the time to send him a line, that certainly would help him to bear the separation better. He kept on writing to her.

Finally a letter from her did come. It would appear that since he last heard from her there had been certain changes in her plans. For one thing, she had about decided, temporarily at least, to take up commercial designing—posters for advertisements and trade illustrations, etc., etc., etc.; she had been given to understand that these things paid very well. This, of course, did not mean that she had lost interest in her more serious work. That always would be her real forte. But she merely thought of adding on the other for the time being, as a sort of sideline. She did not mention Professor Beckermann in connection with this venture. In fact, she did not mention him at all this time; presumably he was to be taken for granted. Also she had another important piece of news: Eddie would be interested to hear that she no longer was staying in that stuffy, crowded old boarding house on west Fifty-seventh Street. She had rented "bachelor girl quarters" farther downtown, so that she might have her workshop right there in her own snug, quiet little housekeeping apartment. She was now—just think of it—in the very heart of the city, only one block from Fifth Avenue! And Eddie, of course, knew what Fifth Avenue was—the street of the most fashionable shops and the most exclusive clubs, with some of the largest hotels and lots of the leading theaters within easy walking distance. She thought it would be rather nice if Eddie would be so good as to write one of his pieces, mentioning this fact, for the Dentondale Sun-Independent. Everybody in Whippoorwillville and probably a lot of other people in Denton County would be thrilled to hear where she had moved to. That is to say, he need not give the exact address which she now sent him; it would be sufficient if he stated that her present location was just one block from Fifth Avenue, with all its life and gaiety. (Signed) Affectionately, Leatrice.

Eddie did as requested. He was proud to do it and Whippoorwillville was proud to read the tidings. He sent on the printed clipping of what he wrote in his next letter, which went forward three days later, immediately after the current week's issue of the paper came out. In the letter he rather betrayed his private



yes—a prayer: "And still they's some'll say they ain't no God!"

feelings. He admitted to deep regret that she seemed to be forgetting those at home who cared for her; at least, she certainly was neglecting them so far as the United States mails were concerned. He appreciated the difference in their relative positions these days—he plodding along in a poky little backwoods hole, she going ahead so rapidly in the artistic circles of Greater New York City. But with all that, he still only could *trust* and *pray* that she would not entirely cease to remember those *happy days gone by* which they had spent *together*. Eddie could do some underscoring himself when the occasion called for it.

A month later he got a scrap of a letter from her—no more than a dozen lines on one side of a half-sheet of note paper. Reading it, he judged that some little thing must have upset her. It ran like this:

Eddie Dear—I have not forgotten you. I'm not going to forget you. Nearly all the time these days I think of you and of those who really cared for me formerly and believed in me. Oh, Eddie, I couldn't ever go back home if I failed, could I? Oh, Eddie, it's awful hard sometimes to keep on being brave when you're all by yourself nearly always. I don't suppose there's any place where a person can get to be as lonely as they are in a big city. Letty

Eddie decided she must have been very much upset indeed to forget that her name now was Leatrice. Well, the weather had been terribly hot all the week in Whippoorwillville. It must have been hot in New York, too. Maybe it was the weather that had got on her nerves.

He carried the letter about with him, reading it frequently and puzzling over it. It was the last letter he had from her. He was regularity itself, though—never let a week pass without writing.

One block from Fifth Avenue is Sixth. Now in New York, as has been stated by someone with almost an Old Testamental value of the strength of the repetitive, there are streets and streets. There are streets such as you may see in any one of half a dozen seaboard cities; and there are streets which in all main essentials might as well be the streets which parallel them. Parts of Eighteenth Street could be blended into Twenty-eighth or Thirty-eighth and nobody would mark the difference because there wouldn't be any difference to mark; the materials would match. Avenue A and Avenue B are twins. I know a stretch in Tenth Avenue which seems to have been copied, with a rare fidelity, from a stretch in Eleventh.

Then again there are streets such as you'll find nowhere else; streets which, having each one its own special individuality, are never by any chance to be confounded with any other streets there or elsewhere. They are the lines of character in the face of the city.

Take Wall Street; that's a deep wrinkle of avarice in Manhattan's lower jaw. Take Riverside Drive. On second thought, don't; it already has been taken by gas tanks, billboards, the New York Central tracks and miles of the homeliest apartment houses on this footstool—a natural glory spoiled by squatter sovereignty. Take Broadway, which in the nighttime is a broad yellow streak down the spine of the town but which by day is seen to be dying of the same disease that killed the Bowery—over-advertisement. Take the Bowery, smelling of stale memories, a stiff in a dirty winding sheet. Take Fifth Avenue if you can afford it. And take Sixth when you can afford nothing else. She's guaranteed not to be too rich for your blood.

Measured by feet, they lie within the span of a seventh of a mile, roughly. Yet by all other standards they are a thousand miles apart. Three minutes of brisk walking takes you from one to the other but takes you also into a distant world; there's a Great Divide between them. Fifth Avenue always is avowedly herself. With clumpings here and there of big shops and hotels, bits of Sixth Avenue achieve a localized imitation of the rich sister—Cinderella trying on the silver slipper. But, mainly, Sixth Avenue keeps her own personality, too, and frankly is what Fifth might have been if Fifth hadn't had nearly all the luck in the family. Fifth is the front show window; Sixth is the alley fence at the back. Even their currents flow contrariwise. Fifth runs uptown into billions; Sixth pours downtown into poverty. One lives on yellowbacks; the other thrives on the pennies. Fifth comes springing out of Washington Square to sweep irresistibly northward; Sixth goes sliding south from the haggard and consumptive trees of Central Park to lose itself finally in some most dismal labyrinths of the Lower West Side. A dollar doesn't get you anywhere at all on Fifth; on Sixth a thin dime gives you a fair run for your money. One is whipped cream; the other mostly is what was left over when they got through with the skimming. Dives rides through Fifth; Lazarus slouches along Sixth, panhandling as he goes. Multiply the similes for as long as pleases you; every time you'll get the same result.

A proper studio should have a north light. But the window in the room of this artist looked eastward. There was only the one window; the wall breadth could not have accommodated two and still leave a place for the head of (*Continued on page 141*)



The PARIS *of My Dreams*

Illustration by

THERE is a delightful comic opera clatter and bang to a Paris morning. It arises from sleep with song as naturally as the pine springs to the sun.

Down in the hallway the concierge is opening and slamming doors. His wife trills over the morning skillet. The butcher boy's dog yips a joyous greeting.

In the narrow back streets the huckster is tooting his raucous roundelay.

Around the corner a group of singing students are on their way to onion soup—the last lap of a night of revelry. A gendarme steps out from shelter, plucks his silken mustache, gives a hitch to his shoulder cape, shrugs and turns away.

Early workers are singing and whistling on their way. From the boulevards, a-crawl with kitten-power taxis, comes the incessant squeak of horns. Paris is awake.

Old men with their market baskets gesticulate wildly on the sidewalk. Parks ring with childish shouts. Tourists swarm about the boulevard tables. Little shops ripple with morning trade. A nightmare of materialism—radiant, effervescing. Paree! Paree!

Along the Boulevard des Capucines amid the delirium of the noontime rush, traffic clotted. A black hearse with an oval mirror halted at the curb.

Detaching herself from the crowd, a laughing *midinette* carrying her showy milliner's box moved up to the mirror, powdered her cheeks, brightened her lips and swept onward.

She is the spirit of Paris. Blithe, vain and smiling at the shadows.

Paris is hiding its scars. Torn, ravaged, it still laughs and loves with the lightness of its champagne foam.

It may be as fickle as the smiles of its courtesans, but I tell you it is the ideal spot to play, the hole in the garden wall where one may hide one's grief.

More than ever is it pitching its gaiety to the highest tempo, caring not for the day or hour but only for the moment.

Purple pasts fade spotlessly white in the eternal present. The ear is not attuned to gossip.

What matter if the lady in an international marriage was once "registered" at the Café de Paris?

That is a matter that Paris applauds.

The worldly adventuress runs her gamut of liaisons and settles down at a peaceful villa in wedded respectability. And not a tongue wags.

The rich dowager takes her foppish *amant* to tea at the Ritz, openly pays the check and at night sits with her husband at the opera in a halo of domestic bliss.

In a castle along the Bois lives the demimondaine. She has unlimited credit at the smartest shops and lolls in the perfumed languor of her especially built motor. Head waiters bestow their lowest bow.

And that is why Paris, despite its terraced loveliness, architectural grandeur, spacious parks and ribbon-smooth boulevards, smacks of a certain ugliness.

I talked to a Frenchman at a sidewalk table in front of the Café de la Paix—that historic corner restaurant where all the world drifts by. Sipping his *chocolat*, he was thrilling to the wonders of his city.

In the same breath that he described the beauty of the Arc de Triomphe he whispered the lure of the famous brothel, "The House of All Nations."

Contrast tumbles breathlessly upon contrast in this amazing Paris. It teems with lights and shadows.

In twenty minutes by motor one may be whisked from a den of throat-slitting Apaches to some tiny village, like a Callot engraving, with hens pecking and cocks crowing before the doors.

There are scarred inns with creaking signboards swinging in the wind and little farms with dovecotes, barns and sheepfold. And at the turn in the road frightful shell holes epitomizing the German fury.

One motors up to the breath-taking beauty of the palace gates at Versailles to learn that yesterday 10,000 curious stood all night in a drizzling rain to see a Bluebeard's head drop in a basket.



by O. O. McINTYRE

Wallace Morgan

The Rue de la Paix, that short strip of fashion center, crackles with light and beauty. A few steps away one turns into the Rue de Rivoli to behold a frightful figure at a sidewalk table. He has long matted hair and beard and snips silhouettes with a deformed hand that has but two fingers. And his venerable body is swathed in crêpe.

In mid-afternoon, when the sun-dappled Champs Elysées is gayest with strollers, the chattering crowds sweep up to the arch, suddenly hush and tiptoe away. The specter is there—the freshly kept grave of the unknown soldier.

Even in that magic hour when the Champs is at its best with the parade of fashion, the blare of bands, the gaily caparisoned broughams flashing by, there is the feeling that it is only tinsel that hides a bleeding heart—a brooding tragedy wearing the mask of the mime.

I asked a Frenchman about this.

"What you sense, my friend," he said, "is that no matter how gay our people are, far off they hear the faint rattle of muskets."

Swinging from the shadows to the lights—from tragedy to jazz.

At four in the afternoon when sleepy eyed Montmartre awakens to slink to the cafés for bracers, the fun begins. Every café is featuring jazz. Art Hickman is cheered along the streets.

The darky who can syncopate is a figure. In his off moments he occupies choice tables in the best cafés. He promenades the boulevards with ravishingly beautiful Parisian belles.

France is quite fascinated by the American negro. His stock soared higher when a negroid featured Senegalese battered Gorgeous Georges almost beyond repair. The boulevards ring with "*Vive le* Siki!"

It is typical of the French to seize every opportunity to idolize. It helps them forget.

An American negro from Birmingham who sells newspapers in the Place de l'Opèra wears a silk hat, white spats and carries a cane.

"Hot diggedy dog!" he exclaimed. "This town is sho'ly the cat's vest. Colored folks is quality."

At the American bar, a New York singer, who sang in the back room of Kelly's on Houston Street, was a season sensation. His name went up in electric lights a few steps from the fashionable Rue de la Paix.

Paris *elegantes* flocked to hear a pale-faced youth with wistful voice sing of Kansas City Kitty and Montmartre Rose. A blond coon shouter reigns at the Acacia. So it goes.

The Montmartre café life is a cross-section lifted from old Broadway—the same faces, the same settings. Only at sunrise do the doors of night close.

I sing of Paris "wickedness" for sightseers. What a sham it is. In downtown streets the professional guides whisper to strangers of "The Mystery Dance" and "The Dawn Soirée."

Save that they are held in dank cellars on the left bank of the Seine, they are not different from the hoochie dancers that village constables drive from the circus lots.

Paris "wickedness" is staged like that of New York's Chinatown for the wide-eyed yapwagon riders.

The real vices of Paris are gilded and are not for the bourgeoisie.

No visitor can withstand the supreme beauty of a Paris night—the perfumed loveliness of the Tuileries, the etching of Eiffel Tower against the plush of night, the shadowy dignity of the Bois and that oddly mysterious hush that comes to the streets.

When the faint flush of morning is hung in Paris skies, there comes the rhythmic throb of hoofbeats like the rise and fall of a fountain.

Toward the market moves the age-old cavalcade of creaking carts, piled high with carrots, cabbages and cauliflower—the peasant drivers nodding on their perches.

From the Tuileries Gardens a plumed bird circles low and with a glad cry wings upward toward the dawn.

Again, the delightful clatter and bang.

Paris is awakened to another glorious day.

A New Romance of the SAHARA

Illustrations

By

Dean Cornwell



A Résumé of Parts One to Three:

CALLED El Hakim—the Desert Healer—by the Arabs, among whom he is a beloved figure, Sir Gervas Carew is a man of mystery to the European colony of Algiers. Years before the young wife he worshiped had run off with an Austrian count, leaving Carew's infant son dying; and the double tragedy had made of him a misogynist distrusting and despising all women. He had come to Algeria to blot out memory in ministering tirelessly to the medical needs of the desert Arabs, whose dress he wore and whose wild life he lived with his faithful attendant Hosein and his adopted protégé, the blind waif Saba. Because he was implicitly trusted by the Arabs, he was able incidentally to perform certain delicate diplomatic services for the French government, by whom he was held in high regard.

One night all the old wounds of remembrance he had thought healed are torn open when, riding alone toward his camp at Blidah, he is startled by a woman's screams for help. In a fierce combat he rescues her from an outcast Arab, Abdul el Dhib, who had abducted her; and because she is almost overcome by her experience, he is compelled to take her to his camp before he can escort her back to Algiers.

The girl is Marny Geradine, whose husband, Sir Clyde, is a notorious drunken reprobate. When she was scarcely more than a child he had practically bought her as the price of saving her dissolute brother from disgrace; and for five years she had lived with him a life of torment. To Marny, the contact with Carew's chivalry, stern and reticent though it be, and the free ride with him across the sands, are a Heaven-sent experience, the sweeter in memory by contrast with her husband's brutal embraces when he returns home from a hunting trip next day. Even though she thinks Carew an Arab because of his native garb, she realizes she is well-nigh in love with him.

Shortly afterwards, as Carew is returning from a visit to a sheik in Algiers, he again meets Marny, who had lost her way in the native quarter. This time he saves her from a gang of Arab gamins, from whose tormenting attentions she had tried to rescue a stray dog. Carew is now in European dress and she is startled to find him an Englishman. For his part he is more deeply and unwillingly stirred than ever by this second encounter; and he leaves her with a purposely brusque farewell. For days, indeed, he had been unable to thrust her from his thoughts, and from the Governor he had learned something of the character of her husband.

That night, at the opera with the Governor, Carew sees Geradine for the first time and the man at once arouses in him an instinctive and murderous hatred which he is at a loss to understand.

By E.dith M.aude HULL, *who wrote "The SHEIK"*

The Desert Healer



Carew's days are now an emotional turmoil, with the picture of Marny constantly before him. To forget, he contemplates an expedition to the mysterious and hostile City of Stones, but he is forced to postpone this because General Sanois, commander of the French Algerian forces, urgently requests that he undertake an expedition of another kind on behalf of the government. Impatiently awaiting the completion of arrangements, Carew goes to his Blidah camp. Returning from it one morning, he is mysteriously warned by an Arab café proprietor that his life is in danger. This supplements other warnings he had received, notably an instinctive dread for his life on the part of little Saba; and he has now no doubt that Abdul el Dhib is seeking vengeance.

That same morning, on the outskirts of Algiers, he again meets Marny, and yielding to her entreaty talks of his life in the desert. Marny listens spellbound, scarcely able to conceal the emotion that chokes her in the presence of the man she now knows she loves. Carew is startled by the approach of her groom, thinking it is Abdul. As he leaves he warns Marny never to travel away from Algiers unescorted.

Part Four: CHAPTER VI

IT WAS late in the afternoon when Carew rode into Algiers to keep the appointment made over the telephone that morning.

At the moment General Sanois was living in barracks and Carew found him in his private room sitting alone before a huge desk that was heaped with a mass of papers. At



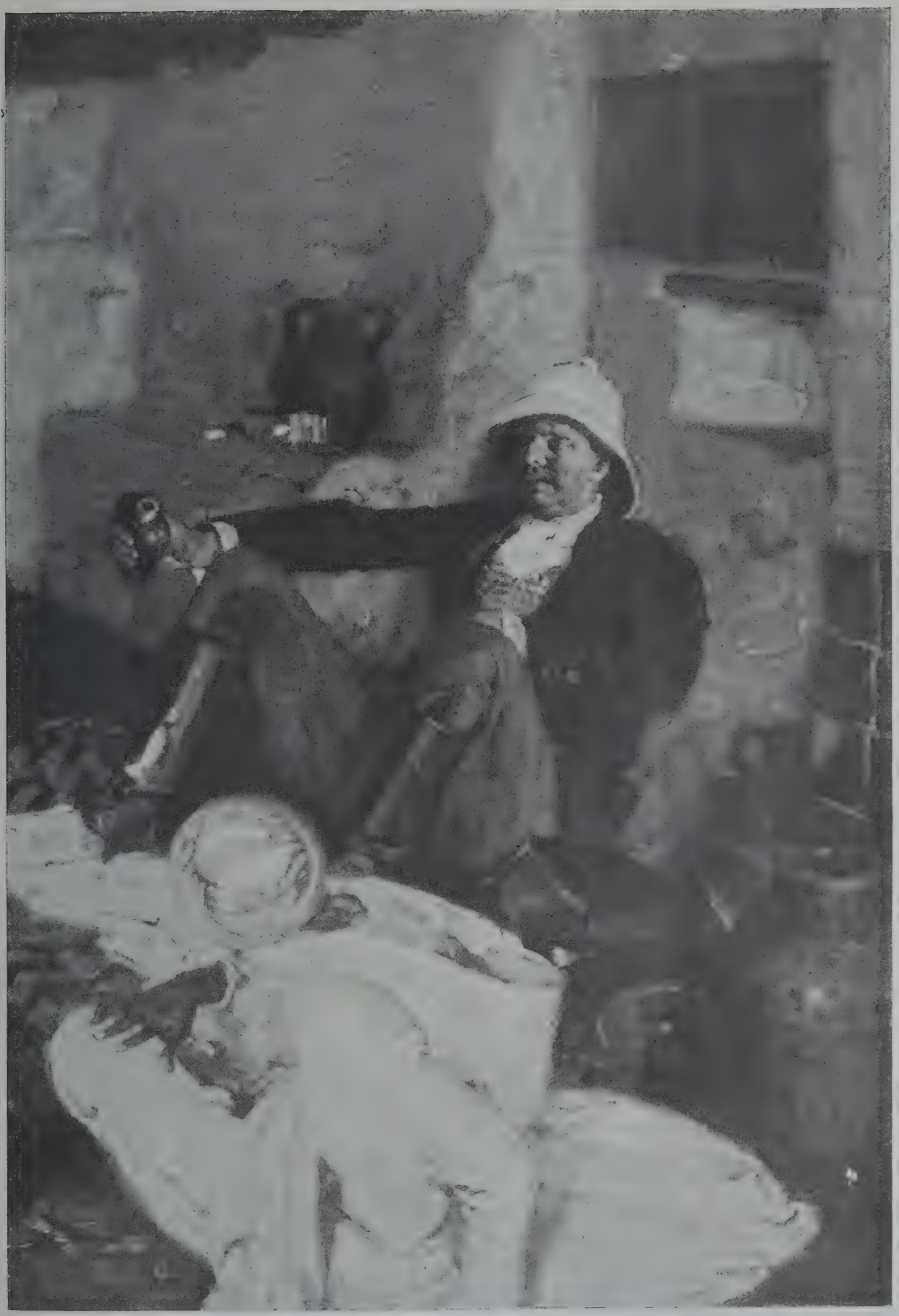
With growing hatred and disgust Carew listened to the uninterrupted flow of evil language. Was

his entrance the General rose and held out a welcoming hand.

"Well," he said eagerly, "you have decided?" and sank back into his chair with a little exclamation of satisfaction as Carew nodded affirmatively.

"You relieve me of a difficulty, *mon cher*," he went on, pushing papers and telephone on one side to make room for the map he spread out with almost affectionate care. "I was at my wits' end to find a substitute. My own men are no use; an officer would never get past the frontier. I think I shall not be wrong in saying that you will not fail," he added confidently.

Carew smiled faintly at the implied compliment, which he



this what the girl heard day after day and night after night? He scowled at the sudden thought.

knew to be no idle one but a genuine expression of opinion.

"I'll do my best," he said briefly, with a slight shrug of embarrassment; "but I am not infallible," he added, "and if I fail?"

"You will at least have had a charming excursion," cut in Sanois laughingly.

Carew hitched the folds of his heavy burnous closer round him and drew his chair nearer to the table.

"I am ready to start almost at once. My own preparations can be concluded in a week. I am anxious to get out of Algiers, and if you keep me waiting indefinitely—well, then I can't promise that when you want me you

will find me." He smiled at Sanois's whistle of dismay.

"A week?" he said rather doubtfully. "You don't give us much time, my friend. But I'll do what I can. And now to business."

When the details of the expedition had been discussed in every particular and Carew rose at last to go, night had fallen.

The air was strangely soft, heavy with the scent of flowers, and a brooding silence that was reminiscent of the solemn hush of the desert seemed to have closed down over all nature. Not a tree moved, not a dog barked, and Carew had the curious feeling that he was riding through a place of the dead. Amongst the Arabs it was an omen of death, a sure and certain sign that for some human soul the wings of Azrael were beating downward from the realms of the blessed. For his?. With a philosophical shrug he turned in the saddle to look back at the newly risen moon, a crescent slip of silver hanging low in the east, and then sent Suliman flying in the direction of his villa.

In the Moorish hall, brilliantly lighted by three large hanging lamps of beaten silver, Saba was waiting. And as his sensitive ears caught the almost imperceptible sound of soft leather against the marble pavement, he darted forward with a wild cry of joy and fell, laughing and sobbing together, into the arms stretched out to catch him. Tossing him up on his shoulder Carew carried him, chattering with excitement, through the jasmine-scented courtyard to the big bedroom at the back of the house, there to cope with a flow of endless questions. The boy continued to chatter throughout the length of the formal dinner served by Derar and Hosein.

Though preferring the simplicity of camp life, Carew in his town house followed early traditions and maintained a certain state and ceremony. But this evening he glanced about him once or twice during the protracted meal with a faintly puzzled look in his somber eyes. What made the room tonight appear so empty—so chill and lifeless? It was not the lack of guests that troubled him—he was used to being alone—but a strange yearning for something he was at a loss to define. Was it the preliminary warning of middle age that, urging a remembrance of his forty years, had induced the unaccustomed feeling of lassitude and melancholy that seemed to have taken hold of him? He almost laughed at the thought.

Calling to Saba, he went out on to the wide veranda that overlooked the garden.

For a while he smoked in a silence that was punctured at intervals by the blind boy's fitful remarks, to which he replied briefly with an inattention that was not lost upon his small companion, for gradually he too fell silent.

The night was very still. Directly before the veranda a broad streak of moonlight stretching like a path of silver to the distant boundary wall made blacker the darkness that enveloped the rest of the garden, where trees and flowering shrubs loomed large and fantastic in the murky gloom. The heavy scent of flowers was almost overpowering, languorous and sleep-inducing as the smell of incense. And the brooding hush that Carew had noticed earlier in the evening seemed now even more penetrating and intense. He was not given to imagination, but he could not rid himself of the impression of a coming calamity that momentarily made him more wide awake and alert. With the sense of waiting there came again the feeling of depression and melancholy he had experienced during dinner. How empty and lonely the house had seemed! He had never noticed it before. Why did he notice it now?

As he pondered it there seemed to rise before him the semblance of a figure standing in the brilliant strip of moonlight; a slender, graceful figure whose boyish riding dress no longer moved him to intolerant disgust. For an instant he stared almost with fear at the delicate oval face that appeared so strangely close to his, looking straight into the pain-filled, haunting eyes that seemed to be tearing the very heart out of him. Then an oath broke from his lips and in the revulsion of feeling that swept over him he wrenched his gaze away, cursing the day he had ever seen her.

A stifled whimper and a tiny hand slid tremblingly into his made him realize the passionate utterance that had been forced from him. He caught the boy in his arms and soothed him with remorseful tenderness. "Angry with thee—when am I ever angry with thee, thou little foolish one?" he murmured gently in response to the sobbing question that came muffled from the folds of his robes in which Saba's head was buried. Content with his answer, the child lay still. The clinging touch of his fingers, the soft warm weight of his slim little body brought a measure of consolation to the lonely man who held him.

Carew had been up since before daybreak, and lulled by the intense quiet and the heaviness of the night he began to be aware that drowsiness was stealing over him. He was almost asleep when the vague impression of a distant sound, a curious slithering sound that ended in a faint thud, penetrated to his only half conscious mind and roused him to sudden and complete wakefulness. The noise seemed to have come from the farther end of the garden. Who was abroad in the garden at this time of night?

As he stared keen-eyed into the darkness his brain was working rapidly. He had thought the child to be asleep but from a slight movement in his arms he knew that Saba too was awake and listening intently. To get the boy away before the happening he believed inevitable was his first care. Without altering his



The attack came with noiseless suddenness from a quarter Carew least expected.



Hosein hadn't the scruples of Carew and a bullet tore past the latter's head with a screaming whine.

own position he slid him silently behind the chair with a low injunction to go. But with a passionate gesture of refusal Saba clung to him and Carew was obliged to use unwilling force to unclasp the slender fingers twined desperately in his thick burnous.

"Go!" he whispered again peremptorily. And as the boy crept slowly away he leaned forward in his chair once more, waiting with braced muscles and straining ears.

But the few moments' attention given to Saba had been moments used by another to advantage. The attack came with noiseless suddenness, from a quarter he least expected, and it was only his acute sense of smell that saved him. With the rank animal-like odor of the desert man reeking in his nostrils, he leaped to his feet, swerving as he turned. And his quick, instinctive movement saved his life, for the driving knife-thrust aimed at his heart failed in its objective and glanced off his arm, gashing it deeply. With a snarl of rage el Dhib thrust again. His right hand temporarily numbed and unable to draw the revolver at which his blood-drenched fingers fumbled nervelessly, Carew caught the swinging arm with his left hand and flung his whole weight forward against his opponent. They fell with a crash, the Arab undermost, and grappled in the darkness.

Crippled, Carew at first could do little more than retain his hold, but as the numbness passed from his wounded arm he managed with a desperate effort to jerk himself upward until his knees were pressing with crushing force on Abdul's chest and rigid forearm. Rolling sideways, he tore the knife from the fingers that clung to it tenaciously. But the maneuver cost him the advantage he had gained. With a lithe panther-like movement of his sinewy body, the Arab slipped uppermost, his hands at the other's throat.

Conscious that he was fighting for his life, Carew put forward his utmost power to meet the strength he knew to be equal to his own. Locked in a mortal embrace that seemed to admit of only one ending, they struggled with deadly purpose, writhing to and fro on the floor of the veranda until a sidelong jerk from one of them sent them over the edge and they rolled, still gripping fiercely, into the garden beneath.

The drop was a short one, but in falling Carew's head struck against the abutment of the marble stairway and for a moment he lay stunned. And Abdul, who had fallen on top of him, was not able to complete the work he had begun. Warned by the lights that flashed up in the villa, unable to recover the knife he had lost, with a parting curse he turned and ran for the shelter of the shadowy trees. Still dazed from the blow on his head, Carew staggered to his feet and stood staring stupidly after him. But as the flying figure almost reached the friendly darkness that would cover his flight the momentary cloud lifted from Carew's brain and he wrenched the revolver from his waistband. Yet with his finger pressing on the trigger he paused irresolute. Not at an unarmed man—not in the back! But the screaming whine of a bullet tearing past his head and a sharp crack behind him told him that Hosein was troubled by no such scruples. And with mingled feelings he watched Abdul el Dhib, caught at the moment he thought himself safe, plunge forward on his face and lie twisting in the agony of death.

When Carew reached him and, lifting him with practiced hands, supported him against his knee, the dying man's eyes rolled upward to the grave face bending over him and his contorted features relaxed in a grin of ghastly amusement.

"This was ordained, lord," he gasped painfully, a pinkish foam gathering on his lips. "Thou or I—and Allah has chosen. To Him the praise," he added mockingly, and choked his life away on the crimson tide that poured from his mouth.

CHAPTER VII

SILENCE had settled again over the little oasis which an hour before had been the scene of noisiest activity.

Scattered amongst the palms and thorn trees the débris of a camp evidenced the passing of a caravan, and three or four miles away the train of lurching camels with its escort of mounted Arabs was still visible moving steadily over the rolling waste, heading for the south. Seated cross-legged on the warm ground, idly dribbling sand through his long brown fingers, Carew watched it with a feeling of envy, longing for the time when he could once more lead his own caravan towards the heart of the great desert.

But for the promise made to General Sanois he would already have left Algiers. The small attraction the town had once had for him had vanished completely in the mental disturbance that had dominated him during the last few weeks. And Sanois's preparations dragged interminably. Daily Carew was tempted to put his half laughing threat into execution and abandon the whole enterprise. But he had given his word. There was nothing for it but to wait with what patience he could muster.

Out of tune with himself and his surroundings, he had gone for distraction to Biskra to attend the annual race meeting and for three crowded days he had been able partially to forget the strange unrest that beset him. But only partially. The little desert town, filled to overflowing for the great event of the year, was too small for chance meetings to be avoided and several times he had glimpsed Geradine, blustering and insufferable there as in Algiers. By keeping closely to his own circle of acquaintances Carew had escaped coming into contact with the man for whom he had conceived a hatred that was inexplicable. And in Biskra he had other interests besides the racing to engage his attention. Amongst the Arab chiefs who poured into the town from far and wide he had encountered many old friends.

It was in response to the earnest request of one of them that Carew had left Biskra early the previous day to ride with him the first couple of stages of a journey that would take the sheik weeks to accomplish.

Wrapped in his burnous, his face hidden in his arms, the sheik had slept throughout the hour of the siesta and not even the clamor and bustle of the departing caravan had roused him.

Now it was time, and past the time, that the chief should start to overtake the caravan that was no longer distinguishable, and time that Carew himself set out on the fifty mile ride back to Biskra. Traveling with no camping impedimenta to hinder him, he had reckoned on spending the night at a tiny village that was known to him and which made a convenient halting place. He would have to ride hard if the squalid little collection of mud huts was to be reached before the light gave out. There was, too, an odd feeling in the air that he had only just realized. Instinctively his eyes swept the horizon. Far off to the south-east, where sky and sand met, a faint dark line like an inky smudge caught his attention and sent him to his feet with a sharp exclamation.

"You were better with your people, Sheik."

At the sound of his voice the chief looked up with a start and sudden anxiety flashed into his eyes as they followed the direction of the other's pointing finger. Without moving he shouted to his men and almost before the words died on his lips his horse was beside him and he had swung into the saddle.

Bending down, he caught Carew's outstretched hand and was gone in a swirl of dust and sand.

For a minute or two Carew lingered looking after him, then turned to Hosein, who was bringing up the horses. The man jerked his head towards the east.

"My lord has seen?" he murmured.

Carew nodded. "It may pass," he said, running his fingers caressingly over Suliman's neck before gathering up the reins.

But Hosein shook his head. "It will come," he asserted positively. "They know," he added, pointing to the horses, whose nervous fidgeting and sweat-drenched coats evidenced uneasiness.

"Then let it come!" replied Carew with a short laugh. "Are we children to fear a sandstorm?" And Hosein's grim features relaxed in an answering grin as he held his master's stirrup for him to mount.

Riding, the air seemed less stagnant but the heat increased momentarily and the deep silence of the desert was more strangely silent than usual.

The horses were racing, urged by instinct, and splashes of white foam thrown back from Suliman's champing jaws powdered Carew's dark burnous like flakes of snow.

As he turned in the saddle a sudden gust of wind, scorching as the heat from an oven door, struck against his face and a heavy peal of thunder crashed through the intense stillness, reverberating sharply like the prolonged rattling of artillery. For an instant the horses faltered, quivering and snorting, then leaped forward, racing neck and neck, and together the two men looked behind them. The inky smudge on the skyline was blacker and more apparent than it had been, rolling swiftly up like a dense, impenetrable wall, and for the first time Carew realized the gloom that, preoccupied, he had not noticed before. There seemed no possibility now of escaping the storm that earlier he had thought would pass too far to the south to touch them, and the prospects for the night should they override the tiny village in the darkness were not cheering. But it was all in the day's work and he was accustomed to the vagaries of the desert. There was something in the thought of the approaching struggle with the elements that stirred his blood and made him almost welcome the physical discomfort that would inevitably ensue.

A vivid flash of lightning followed by another deafening roar of thunder concentrated all his attention on his nervous mount. Tightening his grip, Carew leaned forward, soothing the terrified animal with voice and hand. The gloom was increasing, the gusts of hot wind more frequent and of longer duration, bringing with them now the stinging whip of driving sand. There was a distant muttering like the far-off surge of waves beating against a rocky coast; suddenly the sun went out, hidden by the racing clouds that swept across the heavens; and with a tearing, whining scream the storm broke.

Reeling under the terrific impact of the wind that staggered even the galloping horses, blinded with the swirling sand, the two men crouched low in their saddles, wrestling with the flapping cloaks they strove to draw closer about them, struggling to keep near to each other, their voices lost in the roar of the tempest. The surrounding country was obliterated and a thick darkness enveloped them. Between his knees Carew could feel the great bay trembling and starting. It was pure chance now where they would find themselves when the storm abated, for the darkness and the whirling clouds of sand obscured every landmark.

The flying particles stung like showers of spraying glass and the reins were rough and gritty between his wet fingers. But he was happier than he had been for weeks. The fighting instinct in him leaped to meet the fury of the storm. There was no time to think. He lived for the moment, every nerve strained to the utmost, his somber eyes glowing with a curious look of pleasure, his knees thrust tight against his horse's ribs, his powerful limbs braced to resist the violent gusts that threatened to tear him from the saddle.

The storm had been raging for some time before the rain came, a heavy tropical downpour that, unexpected as it was short-lived, drenched the men's thick cloaks and caked the sand on the horses' bodies. It passed quickly and with its going the gloom lessened slightly and the wind abated somewhat in its violence. But Carew placed no faith in the temporary lull. It would blow again later, or he was very much mistaken, and probably harder than before. Meanwhile it was an opportunity to push on, to increase the pace of the horses, whose mad gallop had gradually slackened while the storm was at its height.

The village they were making for could be easily passed within a stone's throw and yet missed. And night was falling rapidly. There was nothing for it but to carry on and trust to luck.

Carew was succumbing to an intense and growing feeling of drowsiness. He had not slept during the hour of the siesta at the oasis and he had been up the greater part of the previous night. More than once he found his sand-rimmed eyes closing. It was Hosein who noticed the first indication that luck had favored them and that they were on the right track for the village they had scarcely thought to find—a clump of withered palms clustered beside a broken well that had been dry for years. And it was again Hosein who made the further discovery that drew from him an exclamation that effectually banished his master's drowsiness.

Almost hidden by the palm trees and the crumbling masonry of the well, two riderless horses stood with drooping heads, ridden to a standstill apparently, for even Suliman's angry squeal failed to attract their attention.

At sight of them Carew scowled in momentary indecision. He had no wish to be hampered with the care of two spent horses, but it was not a night to pass even an animal in distress. With a word to Hosein he swung Suliman towards the little dead oasis.

The weary beasts took no notice of their approach and did not move as Carew drew rein beside them. A quick glance about him and he slid suddenly out of the saddle. Near by lay an Arab face downwards on the ground, and a few steps away a powerfully built European sat with his back propped against the broken wall of the well nursing a heavy riding whip across his knees. His head was sunk between his shoulders, his face hidden by the wide brim of the helmet pulled low on his forehead. Rain-drenched and spattered with mud and sand that caked his once immaculate boots and clung closely to the rough surface of his tweed coat, he presented a sorry spectacle, but his plight had evidently not impaired his power of speech, for there came from his lips a steady flow of uninterrupted blasphemy that sounded oddly in such a place and at such a time.

Carew was no purist himself, but the unnecessary foulness of the words that assailed his ears roused in him a feeling of disgust, and he turned abruptly to the prostrate Arab who seemed in more immediate need of attention. But as he touched him the man rolled from under his hands and stumbling to his feet shrank away with upraised arm as though to ward off a blow. His eyes were dazed but mingling with the pain in them there was a look of deep hatred, and his bruised and bleeding mouth told their own tale. The individual by the well was evidently a hard hitter as well as a hard swearer. To Carew, the sullen, twitching features were vaguely familiar and it was obvious, when after a few moments the Arab collected himself sufficiently to speak, that he himself was recognized. But he could not place the man and the name that was reluctantly vouchsafed conveyed nothing—he knew dozens of Arabs with the same designation. More he could not ask. Whatever were his feelings on the subject, he could not interfere between master and servant. But his expression was not pleasant and he was conscious of a rising anger as he swung on his heel to go back to the well.

He did not reach it. With slowly clenching hands he stood where he had turned, staring at the man who was leisurely coming towards him—the man he had been trying to avoid since the night, weeks ago, of the opera. The sodden helmet



Looking down at her, Carew saw that Marny's face was convulsed with a sudden spasm of pain.

was pushed back revealing clearly, even in the dim light, the blotched, dissipated looking face that had stirred him to so strange and deadly a hatred. And now, in their close proximity that strange hatred seemed to increase a thousandfold and it was all Carew could do to preserve an outward semblance of passivity and conceal the boiling rage that filled him. It was like nothing he had ever experienced in his life before. He could not explain it. He could not conquer it. He could only hope to retain the self-command that seemed perilously near the breaking point, for again the same appalling desire to kill was pouring over him.

Aghast at the horrible impulse, he thrust his hands behind him to keep them from the weapon that lay hidden in the folds

of his waist cloth. And completely oblivious of the storm of passion his presence had evoked, Geradine strode up to him with the swaggering gait and overbearing demeanor that characterized him always but which was especially noticeable in his dealings with any native, irrespective of rank. A native to him was a native, an inferior creature little better than the beasts of the field, to be dominated by fear and kept in his place. He stood now, his legs planted widely apart, slapping his boot with his riding whip, surveying Carew through insolent half closed eyes.

"Look here," he began, his tone a mixture of truculence and arrogant condescension. "I'm in the devil of a mess. Came out from Biskra for a day or two's camping—missed my people in this infernal sandstorm—all the fault of that fool there. What'll you take to get me out of this bally graveyard? My beasts are knocked up—yours look pretty fresh. Name your price, and for heaven's sake get a move on. I—oh, *damn!*" he broke off with a petulant shrug of annoyance as Carew continued to stare at him with a purposely blank face that was neither helpful nor encouraging.

For a few moments, imagining himself not to be understood, he glared wrathfully at the supposed Arab, favoring him with a string of personal epithets that were neither complimentary nor parliamentary. And with contemptuous indifference Carew let him curse. If Geradine had accepted him as an Arab, an Arab he would remain—but not an Arab to be either browbeaten or bribed. He was not in a mood to make things easier for the blustering bully who was working himself up into a state of childish rage. He could alter his tone if he wanted assistance. Nor at the moment was Carew very certain that his assistance would be forthcoming. Why should he go out of his way to help a man be hated? To be left in the predicament in which he was would be a salutary experience that might have a chastening effect. And if he died in the desert, which was not in the least likely, his death would probably be a source of relief rather than grief to his friends and relations.

Quite suddenly Carew thought of the wife of the man who was facing him. She certainly, if all reports were true, would have no cause to lament a husband she evidently went in dread of. But what was that to him. A surge of anger went through him as his lowered eyes swept upward to meet the insolent stare fixed on him. The foul-mouthed brute! Almost unconsciously he moved a step forward, and there was something menacing in his expression that checked Geradine's flow of language. With a shade more civility in his tone he began to repeat his demands in halting French that was scarcely comprehensible. And with typical Arab aloofness Carew waited for him to come to the end of his stumbling explanations. But it was not on Geradine's account that he listened. It was the need of the wretched servant and the two exhausted horses that swayed him and moved him finally to a reluctant decision.

With a cold word of assent and a curt gesture that sent the quick blood rushing to the other's face, he turned haughtily as though from an inferior and walked back to the horses, leaving Geradine to stare after him spluttering with rage, twisting and bending the pliable whip between his coarse hands, in two minds whether to follow him or not. He was hanged if he would stick impudence from any Arab. The blighter could go to blazes, and his horses too for that matter. But a freshening gust of wind that, sand-laden, whipped against his cheek with unpleasant suggestiveness cut short his muttered imprecations, and quashed his half formed intention of revoking his demand for assistance and relying on himself to get out of an uncomfortable situation he was convinced was due entirely to the muddle-headedness of his servant.

With a snarl that boded little good for the unfortunate valet, Geradine went with no show of haste to join the group of men and horses by the well head. Carew was already mounted, wrestling with Suliman, who was backing and rearing impatiently. He swung the horse round as the viscount approached.

"You can ride my servant's horse," he said in French. "Yours can hardly carry themselves. The men will have to walk."

With a grunt which was certainly not an expression of courtesy, Geradine took the bridle Hosein offered him and climbed stiffly into the saddle. His drenched condition and his resentment at the authoritative tone addressed to him did not tend to improve either his manners or his temper, and with characteristic pettiness he vented his ill humor on the object nearest at hand. The horse that had been lent to him was plunging in furious protest at the raking spurs that were being used with unnecessary violence and, losing command of himself, he slashed savagely at the little shapely head with his whip. Twice the heavy thong rose and fell; then a hand like steel closed on his wrist and it was wrenched from him.

Turning with an oath, he found himself confronted by a pair of blazing eyes in which he read not only rage but a totally unexpected hatred that sent an odd sensation of cold rippling down his spine. He flinched involuntarily, dragging his horse aside, conscious for the first time in his life of a feeling of fear. But the strange look that had startled him was gone in a flash and Carew's face was impassive as he reined his own horse back.

"Your pardon, monsieur, he is unused to a whip," he said icily, and sent the offending weapon spinning into the mouth of the empty well, where it fell beyond recovery.

Speechless with fury Geradine glared at him and then, his French too limited adequately to express his feelings, let out a string of curses in his own language which would have given him more pleasure had he known them to be understood. But his hands were fully occupied with his enraged mount and Carew had already ridden on. It was blowing again steadily. Carew, sure now of his bearings, was heading more to the east and the swirling sand was driving straight at them. Muffled in his burnous, his face shielded somewhat by the close drawn haick, he felt it less than Geradine did. But he had no sympathy to waste on the huddled figure beside him. He reserved that for the two men plodding behind them with the exhausted horses. For them he was glad that the village lay only a bare three miles away. Progress was necessarily slow and more than once Geradine, impatient of the snail's pace at which they were proceeding, let out his fretting horse and dashed on ahead. But ignorant of the way and not relishing the prospect of losing sight of his companions in the growing darkness, he was forced each time to curb his impetuosity and wait for the others to come up with him.

For a time Geradine kept silence, but at last his annoyance found utterance.

"See here," he exploded angrily, as Carew for the fifth time ranged alongside without seeming to notice the temporary separation, "this isn't a bally funeral! For heaven's sake push on a bit." And as Carew turned to him with an indifferent "*Plaît-il?*" he lost his temper completely. "*Plus vite* you silly ass!" he bellowed. "*Pas un cortège, n'est-ce-pas*—confound you!"

For a moment Carew hesitated, his own temper rising dangerously. Then he shrugged and raising his hand pointed behind him. "The men are walking," he said shortly, and wondered how long it would be before he was goaded into retaliation. To profess ignorance of his mother tongue was easy; to sit quietly under a storm of abuse and personal epithets was rather more difficult. But he had voluntarily decided on a certain line of action and he would have to go on with it, if only for the sake of the wretched Arab. Left in the lurch, Geradine would undoubtedly wreak his wrath on the servant who had been already sufficiently manhandled.

Again Carew racked his brains to recollect where he had seen the man before. It flashed across him at length. De Granier's man—taken on with the villa probably, poor devil. A fairly recent addition to the Frenchman's household, Malec had made no very definite impression on the guest he had served but once. But having identified him, Carew, casting back in his mind, remembered that de Granier had spoken of him as a curious character, responding to kindness but sullen when corrected and quick to take offense.

The change from the easy going Frenchman to service with a brute like Geradine must have been great, and Carew wondered suddenly what induced him to remain with a master he obviously hated. High wages—or a more sinister purpose? He checked himself abruptly. He would be doing murder by proxy, and rather enjoying it, if he let his thoughts race in this fashion. His own incomprehensible hatred was deep enough without allowing himself to dwell on another's grievances. And for him there was not even the excuse of a grievance. For no reason or cause whatsoever he had hated Geradine at sight.

Complete darkness had fallen before they stumbled upon the squalid little collection of mud huts that formed the village. Tenantless it seemed at first, for no lights shone from the tiny barred windows that were blocked with rags to keep out the drifting sand. But Hosein, dispatched in quest of the headman, returned shortly with an elderly Arab who, shrouded in a multitude of filthy coverings, salaamed obsequiously in answer to Carew's shouted inquiry and led them to a hut a little distance away.

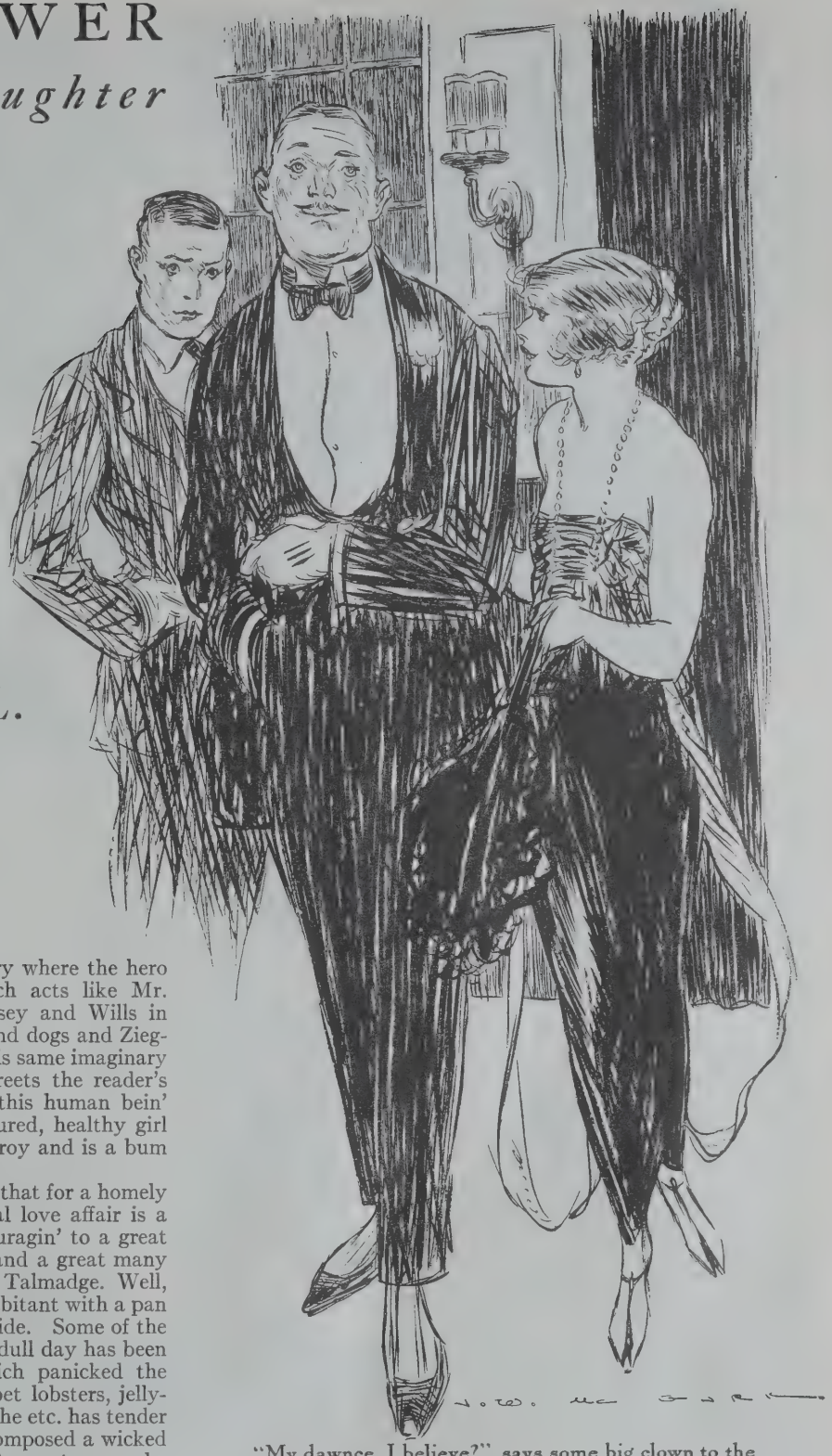
Only a hovel it was, but sheltering an amazingly large family—vague shadowy figures, sexless in their close drawn draperies, who slipped away as the headman routed them out unceremoniously to give place to the unexpected visitors. One room, the farther portion screened for the use of the women of the family, and indescribably dirty and comfortless. (*Continued on page 120*)

By H. C. WITWER

Specialist in Laughter

The Barber *of Seville,* ILL.

Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk



"My dawnce, I believe?" says some big clown to the boss, and the next time I see her it's past midnight.

SOMETIME I would like to read a story where the hero ain't no up-to-date Greek God which acts like Mr. Gentleman himself, could lick Dempsey and Wills in the same ring, and can't stop babies and dogs and Ziegfeld's Follies from goin' wild over him. In this same imaginary volume where the above darin' departure greets the reader's dumbfounded eye, I'd call things perfect if this human bein' would stumble in love with a nice, good natured, healthy girl which is by no means a ringer for Helen of Troy and is a bum dancer to boot.

But from the average novel you get the idea that for a homely man and woman to stage a wildly romantical love affair is a impossible feat. This must be no little discouragin' to a great many boys which don't resemble a collar ad and a great many girls which will never be mistaken for Norma Talmadge. Well, they ain't a good reason in the world for a inhabitant with a pan which is no treat to the tired eye to take cyanide. Some of the tastiest *affairs de heart* which ever broke up a dull day has been between ladies and gents with features which panicked the neighbor's children. As far as that goes, I bet lobsters, jellyfish, hop toads, porcupines, chimpanzees and the etc. has tender romances, and a guy named Sheridan which composed a wicked play a couple of hundred years ago says, "An *oyster* may be crossed in love!"

Why shouldn't love mean as much to the homely as it does to the handsome? History shows that most of the men and women which smacked the world for a mock turtle while they was in it was terrible lookers, but if you think that stopped 'em from learnin' the mysteries of a kiss, why, read their lives and get a real thrill! So if you ain't exactly a eye tonic of either sex, cheer up and remember, "Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own!" as Shakespeare said, or else he didn't. And if you still got the idea that only the beautiful is addicted to love, let me give you the case of Nero Whiffletree, the Barber of Seville, Illinois, and learn about romance from him.

About a year ago I get wind of a jazzbo out in this slab which accordin' to the Chicago papers will be unable to stop himself from becomin' champion middleweight of at least the world. He bounds around rejoicin' in the name of Nitroglycerin Pico and the list of the boys he's knocked for a triple looks like a page from the city directory. In fact I understand that he's got documentary proof that he's the original cat's meow and all others is rank imitations. Well, as pilot of the current middleweight champ I am no little interested in these bananas which crops up from time to time with designs on our title, so I decide to take a voyage to Seville, Ill., and see for myself is Nitroglycerin Pico somethin' to think about or just one more preliminary bout chump. I took a tough boy along with me to give this Pico a private workout. The name of the kid I carried with me was Rough House Riley and he was as good as any boy in his division. He was champion middleweight of the world.

When we get to Seville I park Riley at the hotel after findin' out that Monsieur Nitroglycerin Pico is a gendarme when not engaged in fisticuffs and will most doubtless be found in court. It seems only the day before he had raided the combination barber shop, pool room and near-beer saloon operated by this Nero Whiffletree, which was afterwards to be the life of our



"Colleen is afraid I'll get my face all cut up," says Nero, "and she don't want my looks spoiled."

party. I get into the court room just as Nitroglycerin Pico is tellin' the judge what it's all about. Nitro is one vicious lookin' baby if they ever was one! He's got a pair of shoulders on him like a gorilla, a battle scarred pan and hands like a couple of hams. In fact, he's a little *too* burly to rush my gently reared champion up against without plenty of due consideration. You can see by the way the natives present regard him and whisper amongst themselves that Nitro's got quite a followin' in dear old Seville. No matter what the world may say, they think he's *good!*

Nitro gets through doin' his stuff and the judge calls on Nero Whiffletree, the captive. Nero is no invalid himself when it comes to build, but his *face* is his principal point of interest. I have saw some homely males in my time, but this tomato packs a set of features which belonged in the comic section of the Sunday papers and nowheres else.

"You are charged with sellin' bootleg," growls the judge, squintin' at Nero over his cheaters. "How d'ye plead?"

"Judge," says Nero, wettin' his lips with his tongue, "they ain't been a drop of hootch in my place since Prohibition. This here's nothin' but a put up job!"

"Guilty, eh?" barks the judge, payin' no attention to Nero's indignant stare. "Where's the evidence?"

Nitroglycerin Pico puts a interestin' bottle on the judge's desk and his worship takes a good long drink.

"Whoosh!" he chokes, makin' a terrible face and gulpin' down about half the water in a pitcher in front of him. Then he bangs on the desk with his gavel and Nero trembles. "You infernal scoundrel!" bawls his honor, red in the face and makin' a game battle for his breath. "What d'ye mean by sellin' sich stuff as this—d'ye want to poison me? I fine ye——"

Nero's so scared at the way the judge is gulpin' and gaspin' that he must of forgot where he's at. He reaches in his rear pocket and pulls out a flask.

"This here's the real McCoy, judge!" he says eagerly. "I——"

"Ha!" snorts the judge, grabbin' the flask. "More evidence, hey?" He sniffs the bottle, grins, takes a long swallow and smacks his lips. "Aaaah!" he says, clearin' his throat and lookin' around the court room. His wanderin' eye falls on the anxious Nero and he shoves one hand in his pants pocket. "Eh—what do I owe you?" he says, kind of dreamy.

Nero gives a start and the entire attendance falls a victim to the hystericals, which brings the judge back to himself. If his face was red before, you should of saw it now!

"Order in the court!" bawls this master mind, bangin' with his gavel. "What d'ye think this is—a theayter? One more cackle out of you idjiits and I'll jail the lot of ye for contempt! Nero Whiffletree, I fine ye fifty dollars and don't tell this court ye ain't got the money, because that's dern good likker and ye must be gettin' fancy prices for it—if ye ain't, yer a dern fule!"

Nero pays up.

I got half a mind to make the judge a proposition to take his act into New York where he's a cinch for at least thirty weeks on the Big Time, but first I want to interview Nitroglycerin Pico, the fightin' constabule, which is the baby I come out to this trap to see. However, a little coincident which immediately comes to pass right outside this temple of justice drives both Nitro and the judge out of my mind.

Nero Whiffletree comes out of court mutterin' and mumblin' to himself with a four alarm fire in each eye. He's so steamed up over that fifty-buck fine he's fit to be tied. Nitroglycerin Pico, the pride of Seville and heir apparent to the middleweight throne, follows him, strollin' along at a easy gait while the admirin' populace makes way for him.

"Here comes the greatest fighter the world has ever saw!" says a awe-stricken native admirin'ly. "He'll be the next champion as sure as the Lord made little apples!"

"Don't make me laugh!" snarls Nero Whiffletree, elbowin' his way through the crowd. "I only wisht that dizzy clown was champeen *now*, because I'm goin' to knock him dead!"

Before anybody can stop this daredevil he has turned back and stepped in front of Nitro, which looks down on him with a sneer.

"You big sapolio!" howls Nero with a whinney of rage. "Since you turned prizefighter and pushed over a couple of cripples you're all swelled up like a human yeast cake, ain't you? Think you're the duck's quack, hey? Well, no dumbbell like you is goin' to give *me* a pushin' around and get away with it!"

Sock!

With great presence of mind, Nero Whiffletree leaps off mother earth a baker's dozen inches and plants a murderous right swing on the invitin' jaw of his charmin' tête-à-tête, changin' him like magic from Nitroglycerin Pico to a dull, sickenin' thud. This Pico hit the wooden plankin' outside the court so hard he must of been pickin' splinters out of his pan for weeks afterwards and if they hadn't of swept him up he'd of been layin' there yet.

While the dumbfounded yokels is standin' around thunderstruck gazin' at their exceedin'ly fallen idol, I grabbed Nero by the arm and hustled him through the mob to cover. Seemin'ly in a trance as the result of his sensational bid for fame, Nero acts like a man which has sneezed in the Grand Canyon and immediately saw a landslide fill it up with dirt. He's miles beyond speech and that's all they is to it.

"Well, Nero," I says, slappin' him on the back, "you certainly

ruined this Nitroglycerin Pico with that sock on the button, you did for a fact! He'll prob'ly have to leave town now, hey?"

Nero Whiffletree shudders.

"You mean *I'll* prob'ly have to leave town!" he says. "When that bozo comes back to life he'll give me a smackin' I'll remember to my dyin' day and then he'll drag me to the hoosegow again for assaultin' and batteryin' a officer of the law. I must of been crazy to of cuffed him!"

"Apple sauce!" I snorts. "That punch will make your name known from here to sunny Italy before I get through with you. Have you ever did any scrappin'?"

"Well, I didn't put Pico on the floor with a nasty look, did I?" says this egg.

"A bright answer," I says. "D'ye know who I am?"

"Sure!" says Nero, with a sarcastical grin on his homely pan. "You're Hawkshaw, the detective!" And he starts to move on.

"Listen!" I says, blockin' his way, "don't get *too* bright. When it comes to usin' my hands I'm nobody's fool either. You're in a jam, my good man, and I'm here to show you a perfect out and a chance to make your fortune to boot!"

Nero looks me over.

"Do your stuff!" he says.

"Well, to begin with," I tell him, "I'm manager of Rough House Riley, middleweight champion of the civilized world!"

"That ain't *my* fault," says Nero. "What d'ye expect me to do—fall down here in a fit?"

This burns me up and I'm about to walk off and leave this small town comic to his fate, when I thought of that sock which knocked Nitroglycerin Pico for a trip.

"Look here," I says, "how would you like to join my stable, come East with me and fight for important money around New York? I'll give you forty percent of most of your purses, rate you along, and if you can slap a few other parsnips like you slapped Mr. Pico you'll soon have Rockefeller gnashin' his teeth. That's a offer which gets you out of here before this Pico wakes up and pinches you and it also gives you a chance to see the sights of New York—a thrill a hick like you will never forget!"

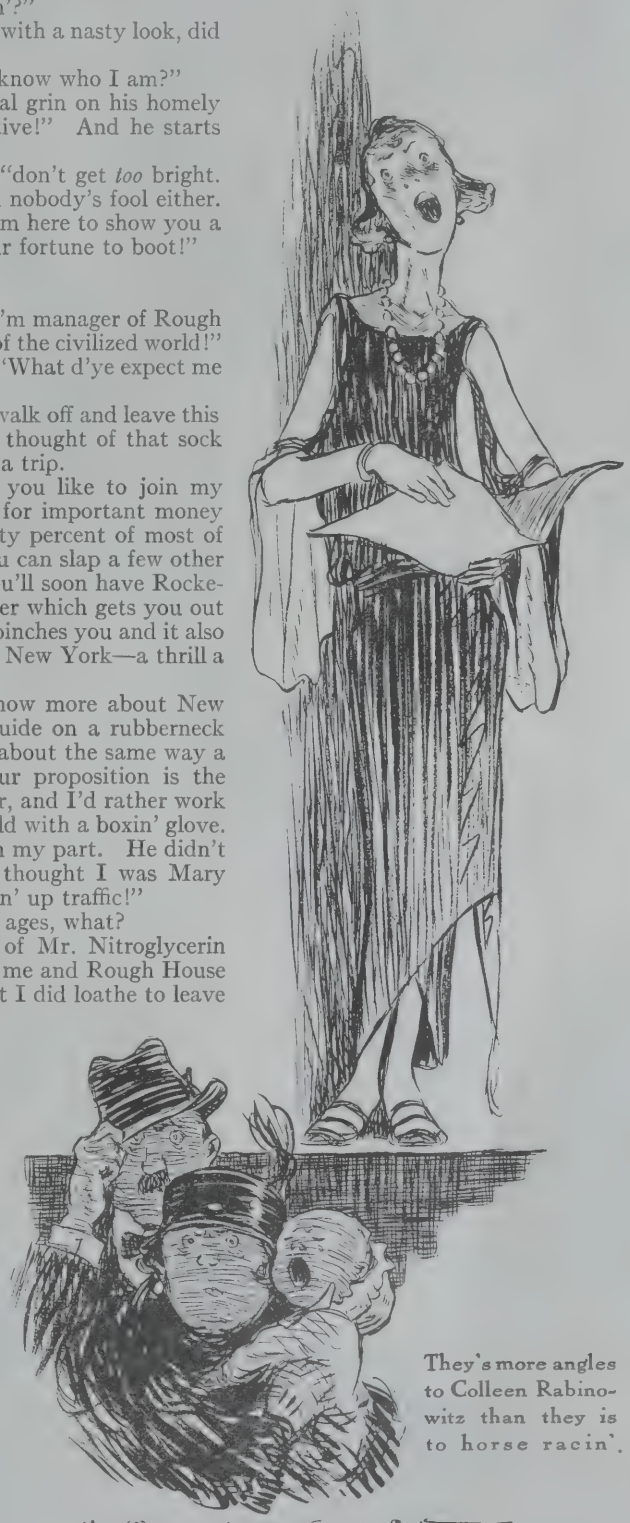
"Be yourself!" sneers Nero. "I know more about New York than *you* do—I used to be a guide on a rubberneck wagon there and that burg thrills me about the same way a short skirt would thrill Adam! Your proposition is the bunk. I ain't no fighter, I'm a barber, and I'd rather work on their chins with a razor than I would with a boxin' glove. Knockin' Pico dead was dumb luck on my part. He didn't think I'd hit him no more than he thought I was Mary Pickford. On your way, you're holdin' up traffic!"

With that he blows. A sap for the ages, what?

Well, this mug's one punch kayo of Mr. Nitroglycerin Pico murders my interest in Nitro, so me and Rough House Riley checks out of Seville, Ill. What I did loathe to leave behind, though, was Nero Whiffletree. I simply couldn't get out of my mind that clout he hit the fightin' cop and that's all they was to it. A baby which could hit like that had a perfect right to be part of my income. He don't have to be no boxer. Dynamite can't box either!

Upon returnin' to the noted seaport and rapidly growin' hamlet of New York, I turned Rough House Riley out to pasture while I scurry up to a relative of mine by marriage, to wit, my wife. Although we been wed ten years we're still good friends. But our secrets of how to be happy though married will never reach the world, because we once started to write a book on it and we had such a fearful battle over what should go in this volume that the great American novel went by the board. However, my helpmeet is a breath-taker which would distract attention from Niagara Falls and I would dive into said falls with a anvil in each hand should she ever cancel me. Her trick is bein' beautiful and mine is makin' jack. We're both experts at our respective callin's and maybe that's the reason we seldom punish the neighbors with heated dialogue.

Anyways, when I reach Mortgage Gardens-on-the-Hudson, where we have just bought a new bower, this second Cleopatra greets me in a gown which would of made the first Cleopatra goal a dozen Mark Antonys. We exchange kisses till you couldn't make nobody believe we was married at all, while from below decks comes sounds of revelry by night. I peep over the stairway and downstairs it looks like New Year's Eve durin' the times when we were all sayin' "They *can't* put prohibition over in New York!" The boys and girls is struttin' their stuff to the tune of a record made by Mr. Jazz himself and fun is conspicuous by its presence. I am about to inquire what it's all about when my bride remarks that by a odd coincidence we have got to spend the night at a hotel.



They's more angles to Colleen Rabinowitz than they is to horse racin'.

"How come?" I says, with great surprise and no little astonishment.

"Well," says my spouse, "you know how we've been inviting different friends of ours from time to time to spend a week-end in our new home. It seems they can't take a joke and tonight they've all come up together. When I get through parking our guests here for the night there will be no room for us."

"Can't I double up with the boys and you double up with the girls?" I says.

"We don't know them well enough for that," says the wife. "Did you bring me anything from Madrid?"

"Seville, not Madrid," I says. "I was in Illinois, not Russia." I reach in my inside pocket and pull out a wrist watch which I bought in Chicago for her with great presence of mind and a hundred and sixty-eight bucks. It was the duke's cuticle, no foolin', and it went for a four bagger.

"What have you got for your great big handsome husband?" I says, when the applause for the arm clock has died down.

"*This*—sweetie!" she says and hands me a bill for a Simple Six sedan, $7,500, not countin' the horn. "Now that we're living out here in exclusive Mortgage Gardens with all the millionaire Wall Street bond messengers," she goes on, "we simply have to have a big car. Come out in the garage and I'll show you my—our—beautiful Simple Six. I turned in our Rolls-Rough to the company and they allowed me almost twenty-five dollars on it. Wasn't that wonderful of them?"

"It sure was noble!" I says. "Tomorrow I'll take the house over and maybe they'll allow me a runnin' start or somethin' on it. We need a seventy-five hundred buck car the same way we each need another neck! Where in the name of Detroit am *I* goin' to snare any seventy-five hundred smackers?"

"*That*, sweetheart, is something for *you* to think about," she smiles sweetly, throwin' open the door of a garage I would of once been glad to call my residence. "There's everything on it from motorcycle cop bafflers to nonskid time payments. We don't have to pay the whole seventy-five hundred down, you know."

"You have just mentioned the best thing about the car," I says. "What *do* we have to pay down?"

"Only seventy-four hundred and fifty dollars!" she tells me.

On the ways back to the house my wife says she forgot to tell me they was a special delivery letter just came for me. I reared on my hind legs and moaned because she didn't give me the letter the minute I stuck my comely nose in the door and she merely says if I get that excited over a letter she'd hate to be around when I got a telegram. Anyways, she adds, the missive is prob'ly only from one of my nasty old prizefighters.

"My prizefighters may be nasty," I says, "but I won't stand for them bein' called old. Besides, old or nasty, they're keepin' us alive—laugh *that* off!"

"Well, don't let any of our guests know that you're a manager of prizefighters, or I'll die of shame!" she says. "I told them you were a business man."

"Aha!" I says. "I thought you didn't believe in lyin'!"

"I don't," she comes back. "And I didn't lie. I said you were in the *glove* business and you are, aren't you?"

Ain't she cute?

Well, when we get back to the house some big clown in a dress suit comes along and says, "My dawnce, I believe?" to the boss and the next time I see her it's past midnight, because I couldn't dance if they was a guy shootin' at my feet. However, I have sneaked upstairs and got pillows and trimmin's in season and fixed up a bed in the $7,500 Simple Six sedan so's me and my wife don't have to go to no hotel while the guests makes merry in our home. Meanwhile I have read the special delivery letter and here it is:

> Deer Ser,
>
> When you was in Seville you made the crack that if ever I ever come to New Yawk to look you up. Remember me? I am the guy which made Sweet Spirits of Niter out of Nitroglycerin Pico, the big false alarm. Well, my brother is running my joint in Seville and I have got his old job in the Hotel Escope Barber Shop. The big stiffs don't allow no tips, but I am getting past O. K. Come in and see me and I'll give you a trimming (on your hair) ha, ha.
>
> Yours truly,
> Nero Whiffletree,
> The Barber of Seville, Ill.

I decide to visit Nero the next mornin', as his charmin' letter has revived my hopes of addin' him to my stable of boss leather pushers. I have no trouble at all rememberin' that sock which flattened Nitroglycerin Pico, which, I notice by the papers, is still knockin' 'em over around Chicago. In fact, accordin' to a paper I got in my hand, Nitro has stopped Avalanche Higgins in two rounds the night before. This Higgins is tougher than a life sentence and he has went ten boisterous rounds to a draw with Rough House Riley, my champ. On the ways up to the Hotel Escope, where Nero is now doin' his stuff, I pick up Rough House Riley and bring him along. Nero is standin' behind the last chair and he greets me like I'm his father and he was a fellow which is fond of his parents. I guess the poor dumbbell was so glad to see anybody he knew in the big city where he's all alone that he could of cried. A joyful smile flits across his homely pan as we shook hands.

"Your friend certainly ain't very good lookin', is he?" says Rough House, grinnin' openly at Nero's comic supplement profile.

"Maybe he ain't tryin'," I says, hopin' to avoid bloodshed and violence.

"I ain't good lookin', hey?" growls Nero, gazin' at Rough House Riley's battle-scarred features. "Well, people which lives in celluloid houses shouldn't throw matches!"

"Shut up, clown!" grunts Riley, easin' into the chair. "Gimme a shave. I don't want nothin' else, see? I don't want no massage, hair cut, tonic, hot towels, manicure, shoe shine, singe, shampoo, olive oil rub or conversation! Just a shave, and no questions asked, get me?"

"Absolutely!" says Nero, tuckin' a towel under Riley's lantern chin. "Eh—would you like some lather?"

Rough House groans.

"Pick up the marbles, you win!" he says, and sinks back in the chair.

A few days later the thought strikes me that if I can sell Nero the idea of comin' up to Eddie McWagon's gym and seein' Rough House Riley and some other boys trainin', he may get hypnotized by the atmosphere and change his mind with the regards to a career in the ring. So I kept makin' a hangout of the Hotel Escope barber shop and finally one afternoon he happens to be off duty and he comes up to the gym with me. I led the open mouthed Nero across to where my five star special, Rough House Riley, is convincin' a sparrin' partner that the sparrin' partner should of took up steam fittin' and left boxin' for guys which bleeds less easy.

"There you see the world's middleweight champ in action, Nero," I says. "He clicks off from twenty to fifty thousand a fight. How d'ye like him?"

"Not so good!" says Nero scornfully. "He don't look to me like he could hit the ground with his hat. If he ever fights Nitroglycerin Pico they'll be a new champion, unless they let this jazzbo of yours go in with a hatchet in his glove."

Rough House Riley's face gets redder than the reddest thing you ever seen. He busts away from his grinnin' sparrin' partner and takes a punch at Nero, which, should it of landed, would of knocked the critical barber past the city line. Nero does a standin' broad jump backwards, hittin' a punchin' bag with his head. The bag returns the compliment and with a wild oath Nero takes a free swing at it. He misses from here to Peoria and wound up the number sittin' on the floor kind of dazed. The handlers crowds around and applauds, while the angry glare leaves Rough House Riley's face.

"It's bad luck to hit a cripple or a idiot," he grins at Nero. "So I'll leave you alone."

Nero scrambles to his feet and glares around in a rage.



"I ain't good looking, hey?" growls Nero. "Well, people which lives in celluloid houses shouldn't throw matches!"



Nero Whiffletree and Colleen Rabinowitz would of made Romeo and Juliet look like landlord and tenant!

"I didn't come here to be made a fool of!" he howls.

"Why *should* you," says Riley, "when you already had that part of it done years ago?"

"Get gay with me," hollers Nero, "and I'll smack you down, champeen or no champeen!"

"I think I'll just break your nose for you!" coldly remarks Riley, steppin' closer and settin' for a straight left.

But then *I* stepped in between the gladiators. Fun's fun, but I don't want either of my merry men to get shopworn right then and there. So I manage to smooth matters over.

Then I get to work on Nero on the subject of boxin', makin' him a offer which none but a half-wit would turn down. But no can do! Boxin' don't disturb Nero and that's all they is to it. Even a dumbbell can be a boxer, explains Nero, and cites the indignant Riley for a example, but bein' a barber is a art. Likewise, he says, he's no ordinary hair mower, but a big time boss tonsorial master which clamps down a mean hot towel and scrapes a nasty chin.

"It's no use," says Nero finally. "My girl would never stand for me bein' a pug."

"Why don't you stop clownin'?" sneers Riley. "Where would a guy with a face like yours get a *girl?*"

"Looks don't mean nothin' where women is concerned if a guy plays his cards right," says Nero. "Solomon was no Valentino, yet a thousand women thought he was the eagle's vest."

"Who's Solomon?" asks Riley. (*Continued on page 102*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY
CAMPBELL STUDIOS

KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

who proves that the most powerful
stories are not necessarily
written by men

By KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

A Drama of the West



"I came here —to be near you," John stammered.

The Eagle's Feather

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

JOHN TRENT came into the presence of Delila Jameison and, with a quiver of his nerves like the quiver of a horse's skin at the light touch of a spur, instantly abandoned his incredulity. It was not, he had told himself, smiling up his sleeve at the hushed voices of valley report, that she was a big frog in a little pool; it was that she would have been a big frog in any pool. She was, he admitted as her eyes flickered across him, one of those rare women who are the natural rulers and scorners of men.

She sat at one end of her long log-built bare living room, her back against the wall, one hand resting on the littered pine board table before her, and looked casually from his lanky escort to him. He had been introduced briefly by this escort as a "hobo just in from outside lookin' for a ranch job." Delila Jameison acknowledged this introduction by a nod. Her beaked brown face, pouncing eyes and long, ironical, unfeminine mouth betrayed a terrible accuracy in comment. John felt that she knew his type, discerned the fundamental purposelessness of his past existence, the gradual withdrawals of unused opportunities, the penalties of occasional recklessness. Whatever his guarded face could yield of information, whatever deductions could be drawn from his ragged and dusty leanness of person and his cleanness of well shaven jaw, had been instantly yielded and deduced.

She pulled "the makings" from her shirt pocket—it was a man's blue chambray shirt open at the collar—rolled and lighted her cigarette with a merciless sort of leisureliness.

"You can't work at Circle R," said Delila eventually. "You're too easy to look at. I don't employ your sort—makes my girls trashy and my men sore." Her voice was not unpleasantly like the sound of a saw singing through soft wood. It confirmed that little contracting comment of his nerves.

The smile with which, ages of experience ago, John Trent had disarmed the angers of his English nurse, crept now into his bland English eyes. He twinkled sweetly down upon the woman and said nothing. He was enormously afraid that he had failed, that he would really not be allowed to work for her, but this fear he managed to conceal behind his smile; even more carefully he hid a masculine resentment. So she expected to bully him, did she?—this leathery-faced woman, gray in her hair, wrinkles about her eyelids, with her cigarette stained fingers, her shoulders tilted against a log wall—an uncouth, rugged and unlovely tyrant who owned more than a woman's share of acreage and cattle.

"Anyone tell you I needed a man?" she asked after she had observed his unrevealing smile.

"No one. I wanted to work—for you."

She lifted a pair of beautiful dark crescent eyebrows. "For the land's sake—why?"

"I like to work for the biggest man in any country I happen into and you're the biggest—man in Bear Valley. That's why."

He couldn't be sure that a faint stain painted her weather-beaten cheeks. Certainly her eyes betrayed no softness of flattered vanity. But he had a sensation of successful diplomacy. Just before the desperately calculated speech he had



"I vill teach you nod to say—no. You now goin' to learn how to say yes—to one big strong man," thundered

glanced at the big grizzled fellow who had led him up from the bunk house to the main cabin. From such men as these, quick deduction told him, she had not received any very deft sycophancy; homage at best had been expressed in action, in surly obedience or in slick subservience. There had been no man of them worthy of the superb quality which made her, shut in here by ignorance and mountains and narrow opportunity, a sister of Great Catherine and Great Elizabeth.

Half guessing the faint tingle his compliment had brought her, he felt a sudden warmth of sympathy, of understanding. As he stood there, his hand resting on her pine board council table, looking down at her from his slim height, he recognized that she was, for all the hawk glitter of her eyes and the grim sardonic twist of her lips, a caged creature. No, not hawk. Eagle! Those sun-gazing yellow eyes had their own haughty and mute wistfulness.

"What'll you do if I don't take you on?"

"Go on out of here."

"How about Van Breuwen? He'll give you a job, likely. It's branding time."

Trent's face forgot itself and set. "I won't work for that damned Dutchman."

Her brows lifted again. It was her one charming and feminine gesture.

Trent went on slowly. "I fell in—and out—with him on my way up the country. He's a mean man to work for and an ugly customer to work against. If I stop in Bear Valley, I'll work against him."

He got this out with sharpness and she seemed to bite at his words with a zest of attention. There went between them a current of electric comprehension, interrupted by the appearance of someone to speak to "the boss." She waved Trent to one side, where he stood against the uncurtained window and watched her at her dealings. His blood warmed to a vision of unique, exciting opportunity. Prime minister—well, foreman of Circle R . . .

To Delila, a fair, smooth, crafty looking fellow with ice-blue eyes was suggesting that she had made a blunder, which concerned "breeding through that stallion of Martin's." His suggestion was patiently listened to and demolished with a slow conclusive sarcasm. As the defeated critic turned to go, she drew her lash across his humiliation. "Carry it under your hat, Jeff Carey, that you're not my foreman—*yet.*" His face above



Van Breuwen. Martha was as fierce as a cornered wildcat but wasting not a breath in spoken defiance or outcry.

his jaunty blue silk scarf flamed to the Indian paintbrush dark red. He just caught, out of the corner of one troubled eye, Trent's involuntary little grin. There was, it appeared, an immediate resolution taken by Jeff Carey to pass over humiliation to the smiler of such untimely smiles. As for Trent, he wanted to apologize and felt the depression of a newly acquired enmity. He had had so many enemies—curse that rash expressiveness of feature!

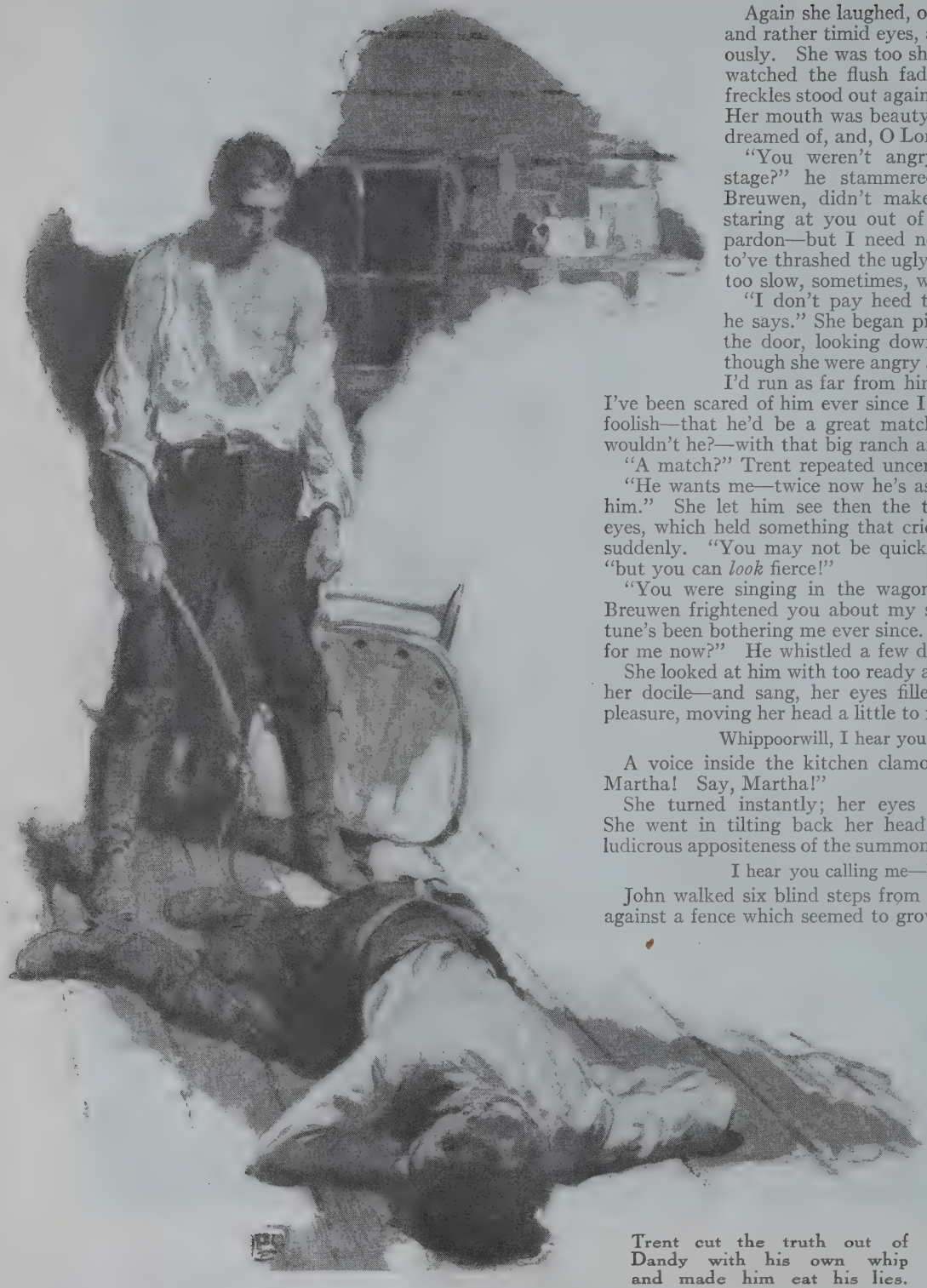
Delila beckoned to him and he moved forward rather hopelessly. She was already figuring and did not look up. She spoke with her cigarette in the corner of her lips.

"Lost my roustabout yesterday," she said. "Pigs haven't been fed today. Johnnie, take this young gentleman down and give him Piggy's overalls and show him the trail to the garbage. After that, the wood pile. Nights, young fellow, you can fetch hot water to the bunk house for Dandy's tub—that's Carey, the man who just went out—and mornings, at five o'clock, set a bucket at my door and give me a call. Pay you forty dollars a month."

Trent bowed, looked her in the eyes and walked off behind the grinning ranch hand, perfectly conscious that his flush matched Jeff Carey's and that he would have liked to kick his escort to a pulp. But, below the little prickings of humiliation and resentment, he felt that he had made his goal and his heart sang. The girl—the girl—the girl . . .

Down in the bunk house he donned Piggy's overalls under the laughing comment of men whose day's work was over and who were not loath to torment a newcomer of crispish speech and pronounced physical good looks. Their eyes, appraising him, were vain, sensitive and clear, the eyes of individualistic frontiersmen, lonely, introspective, more like the eyes of women. They mocked as skilfully as girls. But Trent, with an English public school training in his past, with more than a dozen years of drifting hardship, soldiering and job hunting since, was ready enough with good-humored retort and hardy willingness to see the joke. He departed, grinning, with his wheelbarrow to the regions back of the ranch house where the neglected garbage awaited his attention. He found the big unsavory zinc can and, using the lean muscles of arm and back, he rolled it gingerly upon his tilted barrow. Then he straightened, turned, and in the open kitchen doorway saw the girl.

Instantly he was aware of the beauty of the hour. He saw



Trent cut the truth out of Dandy with his own whip and made him eat his lies.

that dusk was blue, that above her there the mountains drifted up like dreams. He smelled the spice of sage, heard the voice of the river and a chord struck in the throat of a drowsy thrush. He knew that the lighted window square was a warm golden human light in contrast to the unearthly azures of the evening. She stood in her gingham dress and dried her hands on her skirt and smiled. Her face was rose all across its brow and widish cheek bones, down the clear chin and long brown throat.

"I didn't know you just at first. I was kind of—surprised," she said.

He came to the step below her door. He had been skeptical of such transfigurations as this one that had caught him up to a breathless sudden height. Now he was shy, speech left him, his tongue was heavy and his heart large. It seemed to be learning how to beat.

"What's your name?" he asked.

She laughed shyly. "Martha."

"I came here—to be near you."

Again she laughed, opening and closing her dark and rather timid eyes, and shaking her head vigorously. She was too shy to protest in speech. He watched the flush fade so that the little boyish freckles stood out again across her nose and cheeks. Her mouth was beauty, to be sculptured, painted, dreamed of, and, O Lord of Lovers!—to be kissed.

"You weren't angry with me, then—on the stage?" he stammered. "That big man, Van Breuwen, didn't make you think I was a boor, staring at you out of insolence? I begged your pardon—but I need not have done so—I ought to've thrashed the ugly brute." He sighed. "I'm too slow, sometimes, with my fists."

"I don't pay heed to Van Breuwen—anything he says." She began picking at the bark alongside the door, looking down, her eyelashes moving as though she were angry and embarrassed. "If I did I'd run as far from him as the hills would let me. I've been scared of him ever since I came here. They say I'm foolish—that he'd be a great match for me. He would be—wouldn't he?—with that big ranch and all his cattle."

"A match?" Trent repeated uncertainly, his heart shrinking.

"He wants me—twice now he's asked. Let's not talk about him." She let him see then the troubled uncertainty of her eyes, which held something that cried for help. They laughed suddenly. "You may not be quick with your fists," she said, "but you can *look* fierce!"

"You were singing in the wagon," said John. "When Van Breuwen frightened you about my staring, you stopped. The tune's been bothering me ever since. Won't you finish the song for me now?" He whistled a few doubtful notes.

She looked at him with too ready an obedience—life had made her docile—and sang, her eyes filled with an anxious sort of pleasure, moving her head a little to mark the irregular rhythms.

Whippoorwill, I hear you calling me——

A voice inside the kitchen clamored like an iron bell. "O Martha! Say, Martha!"

She turned instantly; her eyes grew great with laughter. She went in tilting back her head, singing to show him the ludicrous appositeness of the summons—

I hear you calling me—Whippoorwill!

John walked six blind steps from the empty door and leaned against a fence which seemed to grow out of the ground to stop him. She was the very body of all the homeless longings of his brain. Why? Why? In God's name—why? After a world's experience, dingy and divine—this ranch child, sent down on the mail stage to town to do feminine errands for Circle R, perched like a gay little bird beside him all one day long, jolting across miles of sage, shy, never speaking, and singing under her breath until she became too self-conscious when Van Breuwen boarded the wagon, looked frightened at the sudden quarrel between him and Trent, and went dumb. Only one day, and that four days ago, but now she was his for always—she *must be* for always, his.

A faint stench of the pig sty drifted across the sage, and with it a realization, hideous and overwhelming, of his utter hungry poverty, his failures, his homelessness. John Trent, thirty years old, gentleman and vagrant, could not ask even this little ranch girl to be his wife.

He looked up at the groping mountains, dark to his vision, and he had a sense of confinement, at first alarming, then subtly reassuring. He had been set down at last in a narrow place. The ambition which had flashed up in him when he stood before Delila Jameison's council table revived. Here was a kingdom as large as one of those medieval states where soldiers of fortune had won power in the service of such women. If, adroit, intelligent, ruthless, he became her prime minister, her necessity—— Queer how the mountains shut you in—and out—and wrote forgetfulness like a spell across the sky . . . He straightened,

walked back to the barrow and, lifting its weight vigorously, moved with long steps across the rough ground in the direction of the sty. His eyes held the splendor of an evening star, suddenly discovered by that seeking mountain head.

The months that followed ran with all the energy of a driven machine. Love, hatred, ambition throbbed with concentrated force. Against his rival in diplomacy, Jeff Carey, and against his rival in love, Pier Van Breuwen, Trent delved, doubled, writhed and struck, wrestler and pugilist by turns. Closer and closer his determined loyalty drew him to the eagle woman.

In modern frontier states as in medieval principalities, opportunity for promotion, recognition of special gifts, comes swift and soon. Circle R was not slow to discover the quality of its new roustabout. Trent kept himself in his employer's eye by clever contrivances, by a bettering of the pigs' environment, by the invention of a tin-lined tank superimposed upon an iron stove which gave the ranch a perpetual supply of hot water. Shaving became the fashion and the dishwasher smiled. Presently came haying season and all hands were called out to service in the fields. More important even than stock in this mountain valley was the winter fodder. The prosperity of Circle R rested on the produce of Delila's broad bright acres of hay and grain. She was field marshal herself, now running a tractor, now driving a team, now stirring sluggards with a biting comment, now humorously sympathetic with the spitting ruminative prophecies of some old hand. She summoned Trent with an alarming bugle call of his first name, "You, John!" from his handling of a pitchfork and, while he awaited a summary dismissal or a sharp reprimand, she called another blue-clad figure down from the seat of a mowing machine..

"You climb up there, Trent, and let this boob mishandle your pitchfork. What he don't know about machinery would fill a mail order catalogue from cover to order blanks."

Trent, flushed, climbed up—and spurned the first step of his ambition's ladder. Dandy's observant sneers only sharpened his appreciation; and, servitor of love as the sunburnt soldierly vagabond had become, he had a vision of reward that stood up as beautiful in the golden harvest fields as Ruth.

It was curious how he and Martha guarded their secret. She was a silent, supple-minded girl, soul and body made on the same pattern. Her intelligence, lambent beneath the shyness of her eyes and speech, seemed to follow the turnings of his unspoken thoughts and glow upon them. He had learned in queer, breathless, half secret interviews, her history. She had been left a little penniless seven year old outcast in Chicago by the death of an unmarried mother. She had spent her childhood in foundling home and orphanage. At fourteen she had rebelled against a matron and, remembering the aunt whose name her mother had whispered to her so fearfully that it had left a scar of unspoken dread of this Delila Jameison, she had lifted courage in both hands and had run away over half a continent to Circle R.

Recalling his own sensations when he first stood before Delila, John Trent exclaimed: "You must have wished yourself back in the orphanage when you saw your aunt!"

Martha tilted up to him the honest amazement of her eyes. "Why, no. I was scared *until* I saw her. And then I couldn't understand why mother hadn't sent me to her straight. Aunt Lila might have been ashamed of me. But she just gave me one look-over and said: 'You've the Jameison chin and yellow eyes. Go wash up my dishes, Marty!' "

The eyes of the eagle? Oh no! thought Trent—dark, soft and tender eyes, golden only when the sun crept into their secrecy. There was nothing of the eagle about his girl. She might suggest a feather from the great swooping wing; a light, clean, drifting feather—no more of the eagle nature than that. Even her quick intelligence had none of Delila's pouncing, preying swiftness. It followed stronger flights with pretty sweeps and turnings like a swallow's after dusk. The two women occupied his whole imagination in the intense, narrow but wonderfully complete absorption of his life. The mountain range had chopped his existence in two.

That autumn chance gave his fortunes an upward jolt. During the summer he had had occasional experience with cattle on the range; he had proved himself a horseman and betrayed a natural eye for stock; so, when an epidemic of "flu" struck the valley and Delila's cleverest man, Carey, as well as her trustiest, Mac Campbell, were laid on their backs, she blindfolded caution, yielded to intuition as even an eagle woman will, and sent Trent out over the hill in charge of the October drive. He took out his steers in the face of a driving wind, met a blizzard in the canyon and, in spite of the unwilling obedience of his lieutenants, minded to show this upstart where self-confidence falls over on its nose—he came back to Circle R with the record of a good sale and not a steer lost. He came back, besides, with a frost-bitten cheek, a gaunt body and a new permanent line between his eyebrows.



"No more horses for you, John Trent," said Delila. "You follow your girl on foot."

He sat with Delila that night before her stove in consultation. He had, on his journey, fallen in and out again with Van Breuwen; also, he had a suggestion to make concerning that property, so close to hers, so valuable, so mismanaged by the heavy witted Dutchman.

And late, very late, creaking home over the dry snow to the bunk house, where Dandy ruled and made his refuge thorny, he whistled softly under Martha's window, and in the frosty stillness governed by the icy mountain peaks, their breath mounting in silver feathers, the stars clamorous with leaping light, he knew the exquisite warm reality of her kiss. He wanted to speak to her then, but she put her cheek across his mouth, whispering "Hush! Hush!" as if words would hurt her quivering silence like the crudity of blows.

In winter, when Martha, obedient to Delila, pulled herself out of her lover's life and went down the valley for schooling, Trent's blood mounted from his hollow heart to his wits and, with Delila's confidence, he schemed. The bank, it appeared, had refused Van Breuwen a loan. A dry summer, followed by a long feeding season, left many ranchmen in the valley ruined that spring and Van Breuwen must have "gone under" if the bank, after a secret consultation with Trent as Circle R's representative, had not placed a short and heavy mortgage on his land. There followed another bad summer; the price of steers crashed. In November, her cattle driven out and sold, her grain and hay safely in her barns and stacks, Delila made a feast to the countryside. Van Breuwen was not invited. Circle R was celebrating the acquisition of his ranch. The mortgage had been foreclosed and it came then to light that Circle R was back of the loan and now stretched itself for another two thousand acres. The valley shrunk about it to a fringe.

Perhaps Van Breuwen, that November day, prowling about his ranch house, traced down the persecution to its source and remembered with some ruefulness his insult to a dark-eyed girl. At her last and most resolute refusal of his hand he had said: "You've lost your chance to be respectable—I'll make you what your mother was——" He had left her trembling, so white that her little freckles stood out black against the fine skin, tears burning across her cheeks, her fists clenched. The next time he had seen Trent the young man's face had been like marble. And Trent was Circle R's representative all over the valley—curse him! Why wouldn't the coward fight like a man with his fists instead of stealing a fellow's land—and girl—from him? So Van Breuwen, alone, lumbered to and fro like a wounded bear, his blue eyes bloodshot and his face reddened with drink.

For Delila Jameison the acquisition of his ranch was a royal dream of diplomacy fulfilled.

Having helped in kitchen and living room since the crack of day—a bleak and shallow crack between stone-colored clouds and snow-streaked mountains—the head of Circle R withdrew to dress herself in all that was most magnificent. Satisfied presently with her appearance, she went to sit in the small counting house, to which her pine board table had been removed to make room for the festival. She folded her hands together and silently exulted. She wore a purple silk dress, cut to a V, and changing where it rustled into gold. Her gray-streaked heavy hair was dressed high on her head, her throat was banded with twinkling jet. Flushed, with brilliant yellow eyes, she had a regal presence. Jeff Carey, knocking too softly, stepped in and moistened his lips once before he pushed to the door behind him.

Jeff's own magnificence of crimson scarf, silk shirt, studded belt, new overalls and beaded boots accentuated his snaky slenderness and the narrow pallor of his face and eyes. He came nervously across the floor and stood beside her, bending down a little, speaking in the voice of conspiracy, sugar-sweet but vibrantly suggestive of alarm.

"I'd like a word with you, ma'am, before"—he jerked his head towards the adjoining room—"the show begins."

She smiled and bowed her head.

Jeff cleared his throat and a slow flush mounted against his will across his face.

"Does anyone but you, ma'am, know the combination of that safe?"

They both glanced across the room to the clumsy old-fashioned receptacle of what wealth Delila kept in the ranch house. Her face had changed and her eyes were very shrewd.

"John Trent—yes."

"Well, ma'am—I've been suspecting that fellow. I haven't said nothing to you because you seemed so sot on him. He's a good looker—likely any woman would——" He hastened, stumbling before the queer expression which had come about her lips: "But I've been watching him—the boys hev watched him some, too. They're good boys and every last man of them's my friend. You can ask the bunk house what it thinks of Trent—and me. Well, ma'am—I've got my evidence. In the box under his bed Trent's hidden a wad of cash—the boys' pay. Find out for yourself if he ain't plannin' to make his getaway tonight."

Delila rose, strode with steps too long for the cut of her scant, ankle length skirt and too heavy for the build of her high heeled slippers, to the safe, where she twirled the knob, swung back the door and made a brief inspection. She shut the safe with a sharp click.

"He's taken the money, sure enough, Jeff," she said, smiling thinly. "He knows the combination, but—he left the safe open for ten minutes yesterday when I called him out to see Martin. That was right careless of him. I told him so. He said there wasn't anyone about and he ran back and shut it quickly. I heard the bang. He didn't stop to look inside before he shut the safe. Well, sir"—here she began to drawl terribly—"I guess he took the cash all right unless during those ten minutes some other candidate for foreman's been smart enough to take it out and load him up with it."

Silence occupied the room like a full-bodied visitor. They could hear the slow cold wind singing about the cabin corners.

"After dinner's over, when some of our guests have gone, you can come in here and face me—and Trent—with that story, Jeff. Until then—use your tongue for eating, and don't go back to the bunk house. You're pretty enough now for any party—pretty enough to fool any woman under fifty."

She appraised the smoothly departing figure. "Trent weighs about thirty pound heavier than you and he's studied fightin'. I can tell by his eyes and the way he moves his hands when he's angry. I'm always scared of a man that isn't very ready with his fists. Eat a good dinner, Jeff—and try the punch. It tastes fine."

She laughed, the rarest of her articulations, smote the council table with her hand and, biting at her lip, followed Carey into the long room where her guests were gathering to Trent's welcome before a big and blazing hearth.

Martha, in blue crêpe, arms bare to the elbow, ankles and feet trim in white cotton stockings and black cross-strapped slippers, drifted about the table with dazed bright eyes, her cheeks as warm as June. Not once had Trent looked at her. Their long secret, as skilfully conducted as a court intrigue, lay like a nest under branches in their united consciousness. But Trent's face, above his sober flannel collar, gleamed.

The afternoon now was about three hours old; neighboring ranchmen and their wives, boys of Circle R with girls, boys and girls, of other brands, faces brown and rough, wind-burnt eyes, marshaled themselves about the board which stretched the full length of the long warm room. Firelight danced forgetful of the cruelly singing wind and the dark sky. Delila sat at one end of the table and Trent was bidden with her familiar bugle note of command to put himself at the other. He looked a little startled. There were dark faces as well as bright ones turned to watch him take that place. Much eating followed, and little talk. When Circle R feasts, the food's the thing. Martha and her companions grew rosier with swift, untiring service. Delila ate royally but drank little. There was punch of considerable potency.

After two hours of steady plying of her guests with food, the hostess stood up there against her logs. They all looked to her and their eyes recognized, perhaps, some of the woman's trammeled greatness. She made her announcements, smiling along the table, showing her splendid teeth.

"Circle R has spread its wings, folks, to cover the neighboring homestead. The Lazy O brand has joined the Circle R. Van Breuwen's sold out."

Van Breuwen's unpopularity fanned up a loud applause.

"I have also to announce," went on Delila, "the appointment of a foreman to my joint property. I want to name the man who has done more for my interests and my ambitions during the past eighteen months than any boy that ever drew my pay . . . John Trent."

Punch, holiday feeling, the comfort of satisfied digestion, as well as admiration, male and female, for the suddenly pale young prime minister, helped to swell throats and drown the silences of envy.

Trent rose and briefly, almost shyly, spoke. He praised his eagle mistress. He told them it was "a good outfit to work for," that such a leader as Miss Jameison made work—he faltered and used a phrase that startled his hearers—"a sharp delight." The eagle eyes understood. He read their wistfulness.

But down in his silent heart, forgetful (*Continued on page 145*)

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Do you yearn for youth? Before you commit yourself, read—



The Old Boy

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

THE old man was beginning to complain. He said that he was beginning to feel old. He said that he didn't believe he could get around a golf course in less than a hundred strokes. He said that it hurt his eyes to read the newspapers, and he guessed he'd better see an oculist. And he really did seem below par. He didn't seem to enjoy making money any more. He didn't even seem to enjoy spending it.

But as usual he went to Bar Harbor for the second two weeks in August and took half a dozen people with him. I got in on the party because Smash, the first secretary, was sick, and before we came back Smash married, and after that the old man always took me around with him.

The weather was fine down East, nights not too cold and no fog, and the old man did a lot of entertaining. He didn't want to, he said, he was getting too old, but then he always had and people expected it of him. There doesn't seem to be anything that people like better than to be entertained on a fine yacht. And of course the Buccaneer isn't just a fine yacht. She's *the* fine yacht. There isn't another in the world so big and black and ocean-going, and graceful and fast and shiny.

And as for entertainment—well, you could play roulette or poker without any limit, or you could smoke Cuban cigars as big as baseball bats, and I might as well confess that in spite of Prohibition, if there was any particular kind of forbidden thing that you wanted to drink all you had to do was ask for it. But if all you wanted was a cup of tea, why even that would be brewed from leaves which the late Empress of China had given to the late Tsar of Russia, and which the late Tsar of Russia had passed on to the old man.

The old man gave his parties and saw that everybody had a good time; but he wasn't very gay himself. He did lots of polite listening and very little talking. He kept himself in the background, and right in the midst of things he'd slip off quietly and go to bed.

The old man looked at Miss Pembroke as so much beauty, so much youth, so much fascination.

I heard people saying that he'd changed terribly. He'd gotten so quiet. He'd lost his big hearty laugh. "When he thinks nobody's looking at him," one woman said, "he kind of sinks into himself and looks wistful." And I heard one man say: "It's natural enough. The old man is a whole lot older than any of you think he is, and he's beginning to wake up to the fact that he's just about all through."

That made me smile; because I happened to know just exactly how old the old man really was. My first job with him was to help catalogue the library and I ran across the family Bible. It had the date of his birth in it, and the name of the little New England town where he was born. That summer at Bar Harbor he passed his fifty-third birthday.

He'd invited some people out to dinner one night, and afterward they and the yacht guests were to go ashore to a fancy



The old man gave his parties and saw that everybody had a good time; but he wasn't very gay himself, and right in the midst of things he'd slip off quietly and go to bed.

ball and leave the old man all alone. Of course he could have gone to the ball too, but he didn't want to. Said he didn't think he'd ever met the people who were giving it, and that if he had met them he kind of remembered that he hadn't liked them. And anyway he was too old to dress himself all up like something that he wasn't and look ridiculous.

Well, one of the women who came out to dinner was a stranger to the old man. She was a Miss Pembroke. He gave one look at her and then he sent for me and told me quietly to have the place cards changed. "Put Miss Pembroke on my right," he said.

She was the first woman he'd taken any interest in for a long time. She wasn't more than twenty years old. She had a rich, joyous voice, and so much youth and sparkle and beauty that she made the other women look like ghosts. And that's saying a good deal, because with the exception of one ancient maiden lady, who had a tongue dipped in pure wit, the old man wouldn't allow an old woman or an ugly woman anywhere near him.

He loved beauty, and more than beauty he loved youth. Miss Pembroke was both.

Before dinner was half over she had the old man's famous laugh ringing out as if nothing had ever gone wrong with it. Before dinner was all over she took exception to the fact that he wasn't going to the ball, and she gave him one look and said, "Of *course* you are going."

He smiled and looked surprised and then he said, "Am I? Really?"

And she said, "You *are*."

That settled it. He went.

II

WHEN the old man was feeling right and any kind of proposition came before him for judgment, he'd take in all the facts the way a dry sponge takes in water, and right on top of that he'd make his decision one way or the other. Sometimes he thought things out wrong, I guess, but always he thought them out quickly.

In the matter of Miss Pembroke he pulled himself together and gave a flash of his old methods. He looked at her probably



as a kind of proposition: so much beauty, so much youth, so much fascination, so much good breeding, etc., etc., and on the other side he probably figured that for a man of his age she was too young and too good looking and much too attractive to other men who weren't half his age. Considering all the advantages and considering all the risks, was the proposition one that he wanted to fool with or wasn't it?

Well, of course I've no way of proving it, but I'm sure enough that within twenty-four hours of meeting Miss Pembroke for the first time, the old man had made up his mind to marry her.

Miss Pembroke looked as if she was made of hothouse peaches and Devonshire cream. As a matter of fact she was made of whipcord and leather. She didn't like to sit in big chairs out of the sun and be made love to. She liked to play tennis in the morning, swim afterward, dance at the Casino for twenty minutes before luncheon, golf in the afternoon, climb mountains on Sundays and dance again all night.

Now no man old or young can sit by and watch his darling go through her paces. The old man had been a fine athlete in his day, and he'd kept going until the war broke out. The war upset him so that he didn't think it was decent to play games, and when the war was over, if it is over, he felt shy about starting in again and doing badly the things that he'd always done well. So he'd been out of golf and tennis and swimming for eight years, and it was mighty tough work for him to get back into them. He'd settled and softened in those eight years.

Two days after he met Miss Pembroke he was so stiff that he could hardly get out of bed in the morning, and he had blisters on both hands and both feet and a peeling nose. But he'd hung on to some of his old skill and knowledge, and at that he hadn't made a holy show of himself. He'd be a dead man when he went to bed at night, and he'd be half dead when he got up in the morning; but he'd pull himself together and doll himself up and step out on to the first tee of the Kebo Valley Club with quick, alert steps and a smiling face.

People said he was wonderful; that he had the endurance and elasticity of a boy. But he hadn't really. All that he had was an infatuation for a very beautiful and athletic girl, and courage.

But he drew the line at mountain climbing. She wanted him to climb Newport with her on the ocean side. But he wouldn't. And he gave his reasons frankly and simply:

"I'm one of the living proofs," he said, "that Byron is right and that man isn't descended from a monkey. Even when I was a little boy I couldn't climb a cherry tree. I have heightophobia. I can look at the ground from a first story window but I can't look at it from a second story window. I don't even like to *think* of looking at the ground from a second story window. I can't tell you just what it does to me; but it's *very* horrid."

So they walked up Duck Brook instead. And I think they got engaged on that walk; because that night the old man seemed to forget how tired he was, and carried on all the evening like a two year old.

III

He wrote to her every day and she wrote to him; but they did not see each other again until the autumn. She came then to be with friends at Piping Rock and of course the old man could be with her every day.

But in the meanwhile he'd kept up the games that she'd started him on and had hired an ex-prize fighter to stick around and train him. And he did manage to get into wonderful

condition for a man of his age. But age is age for all that, and it takes more than scientific exercising and deep breathing and massage and cold showers to set the clock back.

I wouldn't want to criticise the old man; he was always white to me. But from the time he got discontented with his age and began trying to make himself young, he lost some quality that I'd always liked and admired. There'd been a wonderful, philosophical, restful dignity about him, and that was all gone now. So was his repose. He'd acquired an abrupt, jerky manner, and the kind of clothes that go with it. His man told me in confidence that the old man had taken to sleeping in a chamois mask lined with cold cream.

Somehow you can't help admiring a woman who puts up a good fight to keep herself young. But it's different with a man. The fact that he should actually resent growing old kind of knocks the manliness out of him. A man is supposed to take what's coming to him, as, and when, it comes. At least that's the way I feel. But then I'm young. Maybe I'd feel different if I loved somebody the way the old man loved Miss Pembroke, and wanted her to have everything that a beautiful young girl ought to have—including a young husband.

Winter came and Miss Pembroke followed the golf and tennis as far south as Aiken. But the old man was obliged to stick around New York. The market was active and he couldn't get away. But he made all his plans to hit Palm Beach just about the time she did.

She'd no sooner gone south than he came down with a hard cold, and he had to call on all his renewed youth to shake it. And it left him pale and pulled down and worried.

The doctor came every day to blow the old man's nose out with salt and water, to spray his throat and run a vibrator up and down his spine. Sometimes the doctor stayed to dinner, and they'd have long talks in the library afterwards.

One night the doctor brought some other doctor and they were shut up with the old man for a long time.

He didn't go downtown the next day. He just sat around and walked around and was very quiet and absent-minded. The second day he sent for his lawyers and I was called in to witness his signature on a document. I suppose it was a will. But they didn't tell me.

Then for two days running the old man went downtown. The day after that he sent for me and told me that he was going to the hospital—the doctor's private hospital. He said it was nothing serious, that he would be laid up only a week and that he expected to be greatly benefited. He told me not to tell anyone where he'd gone. If it leaked out that he was sick the sickness would be exaggerated and there might be bad times on Wall Street. I was to come to the hospital every morning for orders, or between times if anything really important turned up.

That hospital was in a funny part of town, for a hospital, way over near the East River. You could have got to it by boat if you'd wanted to. It was in a house that had been a fine Colonial mansion in its day, but all done over now in white tiles and white enamel. It wasn't easy to get in. There was a negro who'd look out at you through a little wicket in the front door, and ask your business, and shut the wicket, and go away, and come back, and pull a lot of bolts and let down chains and let you in.

I saw the old man the morning after he'd gone to the hospital. And he was a sick looking man. He looked as gray and as fragile as cigar ashes. He didn't say but a few words.

I'd brought a letter that had come from Miss Pembroke, and he told me to lay it on the medicine stand; said he'd read it later. And then he forced a smile and nodded for me to go away and not bother him.

The next morning he looked even worse. And he was having an attack of hiccoughs, due to sheer weakness. But he was more talkative. He said he was going to be all right. "They used a local anæsthetic," he explained, "so I had no real shock; but I could hear them cutting and it made me nervous."

Then he lifted a weak hand, and pointing toward the room at his right, he said:

"How's Smith?"

And the doctor answered, offhand and very quickly:

"Don't worry about Smith. He's all right."

I'd said good by to him and stepped out into the hall with the doctor, when the negro came running up the stairs in his soft rubber-soled shoes and pulled the doctor aside and whispered to him. The doctor gave him some instructions and he turned and went back down the stairs. Then the doctor said to me: "Would you mind stepping into this room for a moment?"—here he turned the handle of a door. It was the door of the room toward which the old man had pointed when he asked about "Smith."

"There's a new patient arrived," the doctor explained. "You undoubtedly would know him by sight, and—well, he doesn't want to be seen. He doesn't want anyone to know where he is—not even so discreet a young man as yourself. Do you mind?"

I said, "No, of course I didn't," and went into the room and heard the door close behind me.

It was just such a room as the old man had, but the shades were pulled and at first I didn't notice that there was something lying on the bed with a sheet over it. "Smith," I thought. Well, Smith instead of being all right had died and they'd put me in the room with him.

But it was natural enough for the doctor to have told the old man that Smith was all right. You don't tell one very sick man that his neighbor has died. It's too discouraging.

I'd never been alone with a corpse before and it made me feel embarrassed and uncomfortable. But in a few moments I got used to it and didn't mind.

Then, for it was quite a time before the doctor came and said that it was all right for me to come out, I began to get curious—curious to see what Smith looked like. And I couldn't see what harm there'd be in taking a look, and so after a little hesitation I walked close to the bed and took hold of the sheet and lifted the head end of it and looked underneath.

I don't know much about such things or which is which; but the thing under the sheet—the thing they had called Smith—wasn't a man. It was some kind of a big ape.

I let the sheet drop and tip-toed to the door, as close to the door as I could get, and waited for the doctor to come and let me out.

IV

Next morning the old man was better. Wonderfully better. He'd lived through a horrible day of hiccoughing, and about midnight his nerves had suddenly stopped dancing and he'd slipped off into a deep, quiet sleep. He'd had eggs and coffee for breakfast. His eye was bright and clear. He said that he felt like a new man.

It was a beautiful sunny morning, and he asked me to push the window up all the way. And I stood for a moment looking out over the river.

The old man's room was in the second story of the house, but the house stood on what had been the original bank of the river, and this had been shorn clear and faced with granite masonry so that the window was really a long way from the ground. Two days later I had occasion to remember this; for when I came into the room the old man, in his dressing wrapper, was standing where I had stood at the open window, and leaning out and looking down.

He whipped around when he heard me come in, with the expression of a little boy who's been caught in a mischief, and then he laughed.

"Something's happened to my eyes," he said. "I don't seem to mind heights any more."

He was tickled to death, like a child with a new toy. And he was just going to show me how far out he could lean without being bothered when the doctor came in.

The doctor was very cheerful, and rubbing his hands together, and altogether happy and voluble. But the way he addressed the old man gave me an awful shock. It seemed to me so disrespectful and familiar.

"Well," he said, "how's the boy?"

But the old man didn't seem to mind. He laughed and said:

"The boy is fine and dandy, thank you! But by the way"—here he jerked his thumb over his shoulder as if indicating the next room—"how is Smith?"

Then he giggled as if he and the doctor had some amusing secret together. But although the doctor pretended to be amused I could see that he wasn't, not altogether.

"Oh," he said, "Smith's all right! Smith's got nothing to worry him."

This seemed to strike the old man as a wonderful joke. He put back his head and roared. Then he said:

"I guess that's right. He's got nothing to worry him except money."

It was all over my head and beyond my understanding.

Then the old man stopped laughing and said:

"We ought not to laugh. Smith's going to find out that money isn't everything—poor fellow."



Curious, I lifted the head end of the sheet and saw the thing they called Smith.

The next day the old man left the hospital. I called for him in a closed car and drove him home. He was in high spirits.

"Surgeons are wonderful," he said, "but I do hate a hospital—when you're feeling pretty low yourself and have to listen to the noises of those who feel worse." He filled his lungs full of air and smiled in a gay way.

"I don't even feel weak. I don't feel as if I'd ever be tired again—— By Gawd, there's a pretty pair of ankles——"

I'd never before seen him so interested in the streets and in the crowds. Usually when he drove about town he never looked to the right or left. But now his eyes were all over looking at everything. And he wasn't a bit like himself.

"I *never* noticed how many pretty women there are in New York," he said. "Look at that girl (*Continued on page 119*)



THIS WAY UP



Young Richard Kinsella was highly ambitious,
He wanted to be a success,
And, knowing that fortune was often capricious
With moods that aren't easy to guess,
He read all the books and the magazines too
That tell a young fellow what course to pursue.
"Work hard," was the counsel he read, "work and save,
Be modest and thrifty and always behave
With such circumspection as never to shock
The most puritanic and—don't watch the clock!
Be up every morning at six, as a rule,
Don't waste precious evenings at poker or pool,
But spend the time fitting
Yourself for your job
And do not be flitting
Around with the mob
Who dance and who frivol like gay butterflies
—But be like the bee if you're hoping to rise."

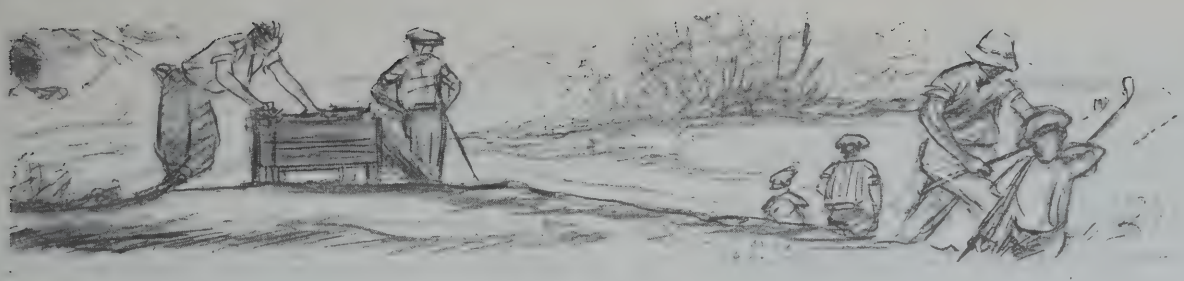
Equipped with such copybook maxims as these
Our hero came into Manhattan one day
Prepared at the earliest moment to seize
The first opportunity coming his way.
Next day at five-thirty he rose to partake
Of coffee and oatmeal and rolls;
The city, he noticed, was not yet awake
Except for some nondescript souls
Who stood on the corner, awaiting a car;
They certainly were not Successes, by far.
Dick boarded the subway and traveled downtown
To seek for a firm of whose world-wide renown
He'd frequently heard, and with worthy ambition
He hoped he might find there a humble position.

The people he rode with looked more or less seedy,
They mostly were workmen and such,
Together with other folks threadbare and needy
Who'd never amounted to much,
And Richard Kinsella remarked to himself,
"Say, where are the people with power and pelf?"
I used "pelf" to rhyme, but Dick's actual crack
Was "Where are the guys who are making the jack?"

The office he sought for was closed, and a sign
Announced that it opened at quarter to nine,
But Dick thought "I'll wait;
For I'm willing to state
That the early bird's here—it's the worm who is late."
At last the place opened and Richard went in.
The office boys gave him an impudent grin,
But after some moments a pretty girl came
Who asked him his business, along with his name.
And Dick came across
Then asked "Where's the boss?
I've waited around since some time before seven!"
"The boss," smiled the girl, "seldom comes till eleven."
"I'll wait," announced Richard, and picked out a chair.

For two hours or thereabouts, Richard was there,
While clerks and stenographers came in and out.
Our hero, however, kept looking about
Observing that all of the women and men
Who seemed to be "somebodies" blew in at ten
Or later, perhaps;
"They've surely got snaps,"
He said to the girl at the desk. "Well, you see
They've also got pretty good brains!" answered she.
Eleven o'clock—and the boss sauntered in,





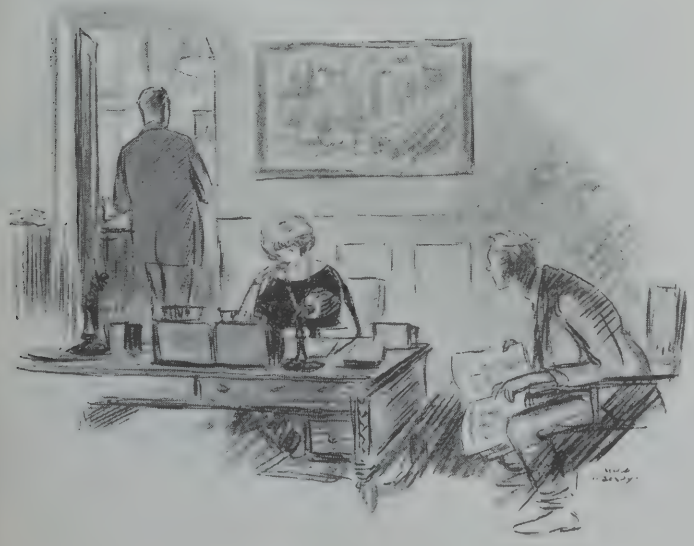
By BERTON BRALEY

Illustrations by Alice Harvey

He looked like an athlete with sun-tempered skin.
He glanced at our hero and strolled on inside,
"That's him," said the girl in a tone of some pride.

"I'll see if he'll see you."
She shortly returned.
"I'm afraid he can't see you," was all that Dick learned,
"He's busy this morning, and this afternoon,
He's dated for golf, so if you'd just as soon
Perhaps you will try
Some day by and by——"
"I'll come in tomorrow," our hero remarked,
And rose from the chair where so long he had parked.
"All right," said the girl, but she didn't tell Dick
That the boss had said, "I haven't time for that hick!"

Young Richard Kinsella kept up his attack,
And day after day he came back and came back
But all his persistency netted a loss,
He couldn't succeed in approaching the boss.
However, the girl, on his plight taking pity,
And knowing Kinsella was new to the city,
Was cordially nice to him;
So in good time
She gave her advice to him,
Telling him, "I'm
Your friend, Dick Kinsella, so listen, old bean,
Those clothes that you're sporting aren't fit to be seen,
Forget all those copybooks,
Silly old sloppy books—
Take it from me in these few simple words,
A bunch of fine feathers don't injure fine birds!
You go out tomorrow,
And beg, steal or borrow
Enough of the rhino to buy you some duds—
Something with style and with verve and with pep—





Then, when you look like the best of young bloods,
Come back to Mabel and I'll put you hep,
Hep to the game and the way it is played
Here in these centers of business and trade!"

(2)

Out of the hoard
Which he had saved for his bed and his board
(Bed at the "Y" and his meals at a beanery)
Richard, with Mabel's aid, purchased new scenery.
Thus equipped, young Mr. Richard Kinsella
Certainly looked like a "regular fella."
"Now," observed Mabel, "I'll show you a few things,
We'll go and mix with the people who *do* things."
She took him to ball games, she took him to shows
She took him to smart cabarets,
She showed him the country clubs, which, heaven knows,
Are costly in various ways;
On Saturdays, Sundays,
(The popular fun-days)
She took him to beaches
Where smart people swim,
And he viewed the peaches
Gay, graceful and slim,
And husky young tritons, and dowagers stout,
Whose high powered autos were parked all about.
Young Richard looked over these seekers of pleasure
And said, "These are millionaires, people of leisure,
Folks who've inherited
Fortunes unmerited;
Why don't you show me the kind who are stressful
Builders and makers of business successful?



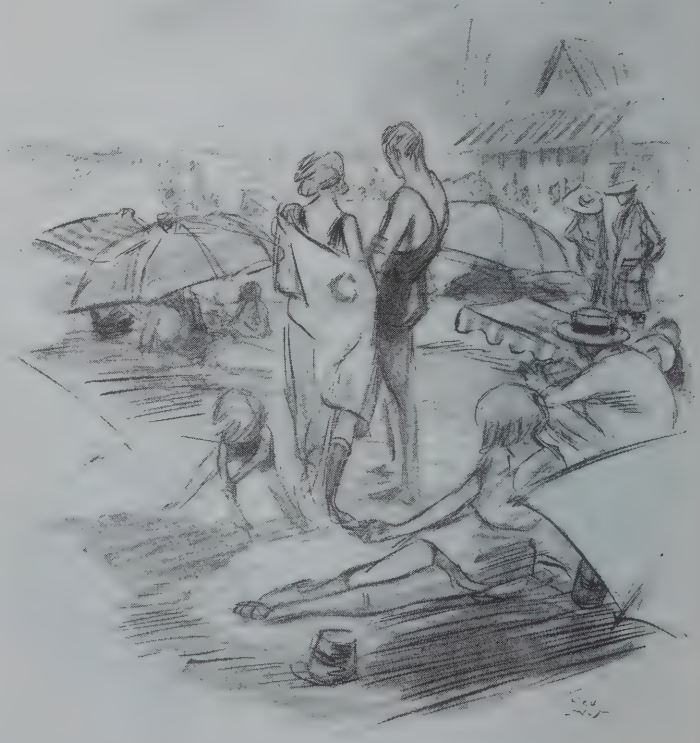
Men who toil busily,
Twelve hours a day
Not these who dizzily
Frolic and play.
Nix on these gay
Loafers and shirkers
Take 'em away,
Show me the workers!
Show me the planners of big vital schemes,
Men in whom worthy accomplishment gleams!"
Thereupon Mabel gave Richard a jar,
"Look all about you," she laughed, "here they are!

"These are the people
Who raise the skyscrapers,
Build the church steeple
And edit the papers;
Don't you be fooled by the magazine junk—
Books on success and that species of bunk;
Brains and ideas are really what count,
These folks have got 'em—in any amount!
That's why they've money to spend in their play;
They make it—*thinking* for four hours a day.
Never you mind what their canny biographers
Write for the sake of ambitious stenographers,
Clerks and young people who long for success—
Stuff about twelve hours a day, more or less,
Dope that says plodding's the way to advance:
—*These* are the *gamblers* who took a long chance,
Backed up their hunch
With nerve and with grit
Used all their punch
And vigor and wit,
Played the game bravely for all they were worth
And now they are running this part of the earth!

"I also might add,
Young Richard, me lad,
That many a deal that makes millions," quoth Mabel,
"Is made on the golf course, or over a table;
For Business is Business—but this, too, is so:
Folks like to do business with people they know,
And playing with people—it can't be denied—
Will help you a lot when you come to decide
Just what sort of character they may possess!"
"I get you," said Richard, "although I confess
It comes as a bit of a shock after all
The stuff about 'reaching success' I recall.
But somehow I rather believe you are right,
I've got a new slant, and I've seen a great light,
I'll risk all my wad—though it isn't so much—
On getting in touch
With people who count in this Manhattan game,
And see if that method is all that you claim."

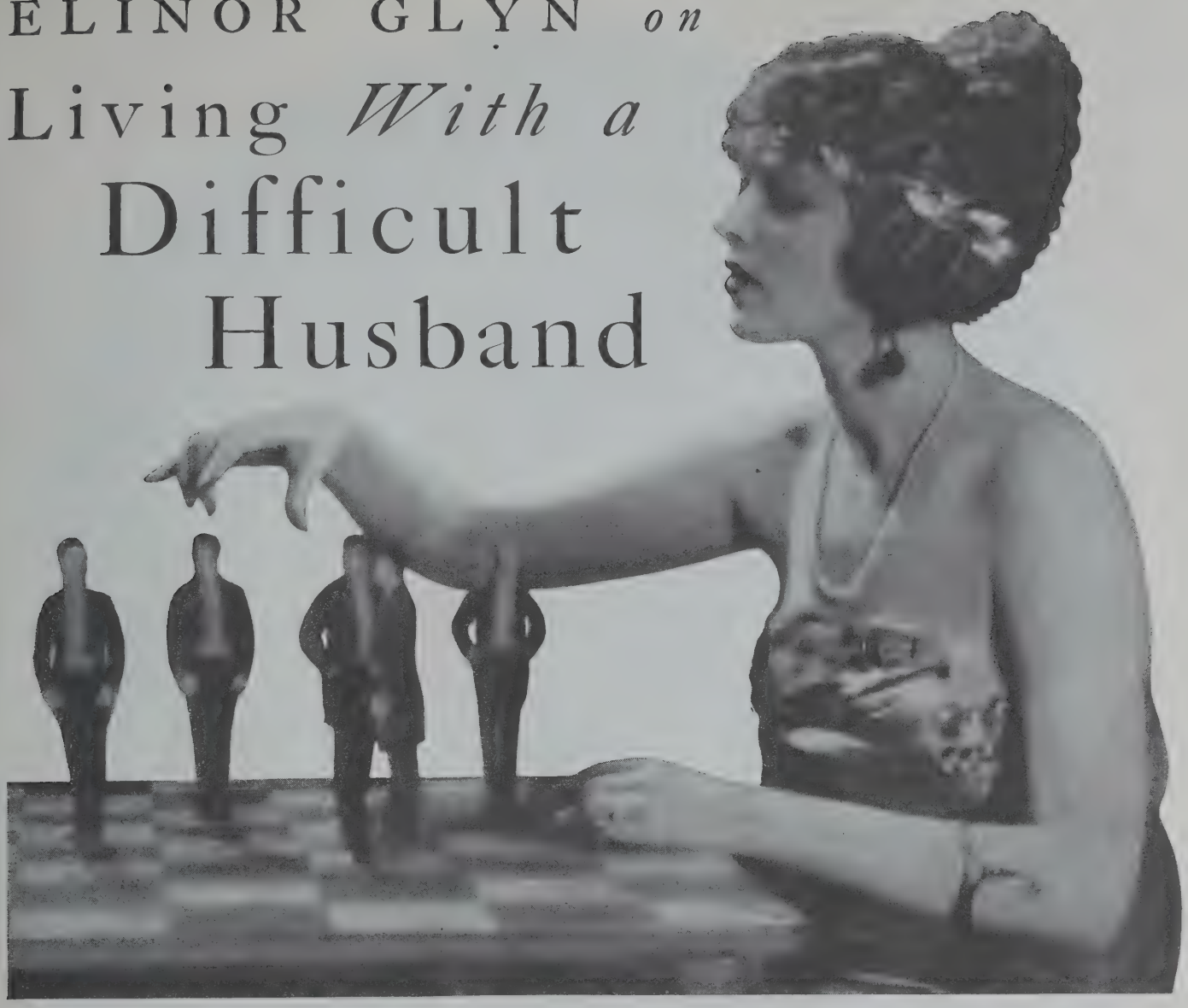
Though fresh from the farm
Young Richard had charm
And something that made people like him at once;
—I haven't the space to relate all the stunts
By which he got in with
A smart social set
Almost to begin with;
And presently met
The man whom in vain he'd attempted to see
—In brief, Mabel's boss. It was luck, you'll agree,
And yet—maybe luck isn't *quite* the right term,
For Dick was the early bird seeking the worm;
And, failing to catch him the regular way,
Had captured him, unaware, during his play.
The boss took to Dick
(Whom he'd called "a hick")
And when next our hero was destined to cross
That office he'd parked in—he came with the Boss!

But little remains
That needs to be told,
Kinsella had brains
And his hunches were bold.
The boss liked his daring (because it made money)
And Richard's career is exceedingly sunny;
For four hours a day in his office you'll find him
And there about business he capably thinks,
And then, with his strenuous labors behind him,
He goes to the tennis courts or to the links,
Where frequently, after a number of sets,
Or after a "round" he successfully gets
Quite chummy with men who, he knows, are an aid
To building up business and giving him trade.
His wife—yes, it's Mabel—is helping him write
His autobiography, which, so I hear
Advises young people to work day and night
To save and be thrifty—for Richard, I fear,
Now he has risen to moderate fame,
Isn't giving away any tricks of the game!



ELINOR GLYN *on*

Living *With a* Difficult Husband



WHOEVER has a "difficult" husband has to humor him. The tragedy which very few men realize is that the moment a woman has to humor a man she unconsciously loses respect for him, even if she goes on loving him in a protective sort of way; because the possibility of his answering to humoring implies either vanity or weakness, and however tolerant of his faults the conscious mind may be, the subconscious mind recognizes the truth and feels contempt. A man might very well ask himself, therefore, whether he wants his wife to despise him before he permits himself to become "difficult."

When a woman marries a man, even after the shortest acquaintance, she must have some idea of what his character is. It seems to me that it can be only in books, where situations are created to meet the exigencies of the story, that total changes in men occur after marriage, and that simple lambs turn into Bluebeards and delightful companions become morose tyrants.

In real life surely any observant person could get the general "hang"—so to speak—of the character of an ordinary man; and as we are considering the question broadly, it is of the ordinary man we must judge.

I do not mean that the troubles of matrimony or the waning of love do not alter people, because of course they do. What I mean is that there are certain fundamental qualities which remain, and these, except in the cases of deliberate arch deceivers, must have been evident in the beginning; such qualities as generosity, jealousy, arrogance, egotism, vanity, pettiness. About truth or honor a woman could hardly be certain because both these qualities are looked at by the male mind from a different standpoint when dealing with women to what they are in the abstract, or when dealing with men.

But to discuss that interesting point would be a long story.

Therefore we must start this discussion by supposing that Margaret has a general idea of George—greatly exaggerated as to the good side if she is in love—when she marries him. But although she may have remarked that he is mean over little things, or selfish to others even though he may be a slave to herself, or easily flattered, or avaricious, or weak of will—still, she has glossed over all his faults and so has not faced the idea that he is going to turn into a "difficult" husband. She marries him; and afterwards he becomes this tiresome bore, making the days uncomfortable and filling the atmosphere with discontent.

Now what is she to do about it?

Every woman has some grain of tact because it goes back to the self-preservation instinct, which through the ages has instilled cunning into woman to oppose the brute force she had to fight.

Therefore that sixth sense, that intuition, is in every female in some degree, and she can never be so completely impervious to things, people or events as man can.

But the subconscious and basic motive of all human actions is to follow nature's laws; in the case of woman, this means to secure a mate and to reproduce. Civilization is responsible for countless diversifications and perversions, and for atrophying or exaggerating these instincts, but they can always be found if the probe goes deep enough.

So that once the woman has fulfilled the first of them—that is, secured the mate—her sixth sense in regard to him automatically loses its alertness, and indeed is often allowed to sleep.

Thus a girl seemingly tactful during the engagement can become an apparently tactless woman so far as her husband is concerned. All this quite unconsciously; but that in itself may cause some of his "difficulties."

The case with man is different, because nature is continually prompting him to be unfaithful, and it is only the effects of civilization and custom upon the subconscious mind for generations



that enable him to remain constant at all. So unless he is deeply in love and the woman is not too ardent, so that his desire to keep her instinctively suggests cunning to him, he is at no pains to use tact in his relation to his wife; and in nine cases out of ten if he is that kind of man he just indulges his "difficultness" without trying to alter himself.

Now to get to the practical question of living with a "difficult" husband:

Margaret must first decide clearly what her aim in the affair is.

It is very seldom that women, or indeed any human beings—I say human beings, not just "men," because we have agreed in a former article that there is a third sex of neuters evolving—will face what actually is their aim, and what is the motive principle for their actions. They throw dust in their own eyes all the time, and either never analyze at all or call their motive what they would like it to be rather than what it truly is.

So that Margaret, who we will suppose has an almost impossible husband to live with, would have to ask herself these questions fearlessly:

1. Does she want to break away and get rid of him?
2. Does she want to make things smooth and live with him in peace?
3. Or does she so desire to express her own personality that so long as she can do that, quarrels or peace are really secondary considerations?

Most probably she will hate doing this self-analysis, but it will be the only way to get anywhere near deciding the question.

Now let us begin with number one, which we will suppose she has discovered to be her *real* desire after facing things.

She has found George to be impossible. She has grown so to despise his unreasonableness or his irritating idiosyncracies that she would rather chuck the whole thing and be off. She had better put it before him, and if he will not or seemingly cannot change, then she had better apply for a separation.

But perhaps there are children, so that although Margaret's real desire is to leave him, her interest in the children makes her waive it. Then she should use the whole of her woman's natural instinct and her acquired reason in her endeavor to discover just what so irritates her in George, and what are the probable causes of his behaving in certain ways.

We will suppose that she then discovers some of the trouble is due to the wounding of her own vanity and not to intentional meanness on his part; that some is really due to contemptible faults in his character; and that some is due to the fact that she herself often "riles" him. Whatever the *cause* may be, she must seek to eradicate it. If he has faults and habits which cause her to despise him, then her task is easier, because she has only to reason with herself and tell herself that the opinion or actions of one she despises cannot possibly matter to her. They are beneath her notice, just as a tiresome child's actions are beneath one's notice. In that case she can humor him as she would an invalid or a lunatic. She will be keeping her real aim in view, that is, to live with him in peace, because her desire for the welfare of the children is stronger than her desire to get rid of him.

She will have to use her wits all the time and never let herself indulge in wounded vanity or express her individuality in the way she has discovered brings forward one of his "difficult" moods.

(The incredible bores men can be in their homes when they are "difficult" many thousands of poor women know.)

Of course having to be always watchful is very trying. If it should be not the children but worldly position, or ambition, or money, or any other reason whatsoever which she finds stronger than her personal distaste for the "difficult" man, she will have to act in the same way, and use her wits to make it possible to live with him. For it is perfectly idiotic to stay on with him grumbling or acting in such a way as will shatter the nervous force of herself, and probably make the man more tiresome. That sort of thing is the old story of knocking one's head against a stone wall instead of quietly going through a gate.

Now for number two: Suppose Margaret wants to make things smooth and live with George in peace.

Well, more than ever must she study his character and notice the small things about it as carefully as the big.

If a skilled mechanic had a difficult bit of machinery to deal with, and his whole welfare depended upon his power to work it smoothly, what would he do if he saw that it was becoming uneven and cranky? He would examine its every part and discover what was the cause. He would not stop until he absolutely *knew the cause* of its annoying action.

If he discovered that it was because his own hand was shaky, he would try to steady his hand. If he found that there was apparently no present cause for the machine's getting out of order, he would then know that there was some fault in the construction which he was powerless to alter and that he must ignore it and for the time turn out second-class work or wait until it went right again. But he would never be so stupid as to grind on in temper because he felt that machines had no right to get out of order and *ought* to work as he wished them to, regardless of the fact that this particular machine had idiosyncracies. He would know that if he did that he would just smash the thing up, and that some parts might then fly out and hit himself.

Margaret should use exactly the same method with George.

Her difficulty would be to own to herself that *anything* in the uncomfortable situation *could be* her own fault.

If, however, she finds on examination that it is really not her fault, and that the "difficult" moments come, so to speak, like a bolt from the blue, then she must just soothe or remain silent; unless the man is of a reasonable nature, when she can explain to him how these ways of his pain her, and how, when he is unreasonable and "difficult" over so many trifles—be they jealousy or economy or any other thing—he is just causing her to lose respect for him and will eventually wear out her love. Then if the man has any decent qualities in him, he himself will try to change.

But sometimes a man is "difficult" because he is working terribly hard and his nerves are on edge. Then it is that a woman should show tact and tenderness as she would to a child.

And now we get to question three.

And we find that Margaret admits that just to please herself each day and express *her* feelings and desires is her real aim.

Then the only thing to be done with a "difficult" husband is to fight it out and see whose will is the stronger.

Some natures enjoy fighting, and if Margaret wins she may have peace at last in her home. But if George gets the best of it, then she has to begin all over again and may in the end come to think that there is something quite sensible in that old verse about the "dinner of herbs where love is" being better than the "stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Who knows?

Is There a Danger Year in Marriage?
Answered by Elinor Glyn
NEXT MONTH



Margaret's real desire is to leave George but her interest in the children makes her waive it.

By ARTHUR TRAIN

His Children's

Illustrations by



Diana

Part Seven:

CHAPTER XXVI

IT WAS five o'clock and all the children had gone home. The ground was strewn with pasteboard boxes, torn newspapers, crushed cups, wrappings of every sort—the débris of the party. Where the air had been alive with the tumult of voices, the wheezing of the accordion, the whine of the bagpipes and the raucous cries of Mr. Punch now brooded a startling silence. Yet something of that intense, vibrant life seemed yet to hover there, charging the air with unseen pulsations.

The Pirate, sitting alone on a green bench, could still feel in his ears the vibrations, hear the pounding of hundreds of little feet. He had been glad to sit down at last, although he did not feel exactly tired. Rather he did not seem to have much feeling at all. Uncle Billy, mousing with his pipe around the remains of the marionette theater, thought the old man had gone to sleep—but Uncle Billy was mistaken. Old Peter was not asleep, although he was dreaming.

He sat erect and high—the Kaynes were all long barreled—his thin old legs crossed, his lean brown hands with their blue-black veins laid one athwart the other upon his knee.

Old Peter was just a shade bewildered. There had been so many children. So many! And they had darted about so quickly! They had tired his eyes. But not him—only his eyes. He half closed them. The air was sweet, surprisingly so, and the fragrance that stole along the grass was redolent of blossoms. He took several long breaths, in spite of a slight tightness in his chest. Oh, it was good! Good!

His eyelids sank lower. He wondered he did not feel more exhausted after such a long day. But it had been worth it. Yes, life was sweet at any age. It might be different if you were left alone, but he had so much. So much to enjoy! So much to be proud of! There never had been a better son, a finer man than Rufus. His boy. He had known the boy would make good, and he had.

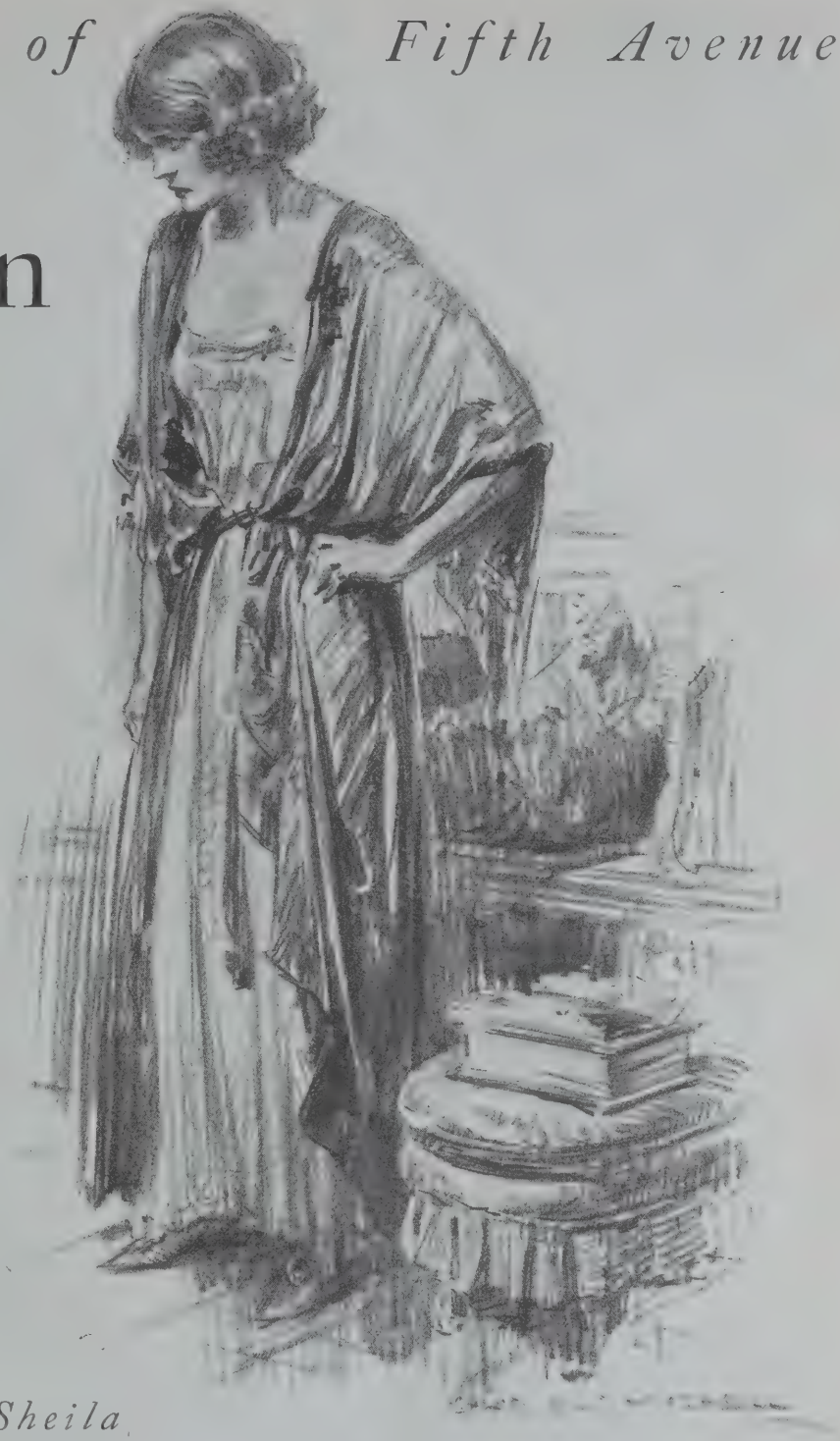
He would never have built the house if he had not known that Rufus would make good. The house! He remembered his first talk with Howlett about it. He had never really liked Howlett. He was too autocratic, too much of a swelled head, stuck on himself. "I want you to build me the best house you know how—latest type—solid—best material—something to last!" he had told the architect. Well, he had got it. There was nothing finer in New York—and it would last, too! Long, long after he was gone—it would still be there. No one could want anything better. His house! His family!

He closed his eyes for a moment the better to savor it all. The shadows from the Mall crept closer and closer—drawing a coverlet of partial obscurity over the refuse of the picnic. The children seemed to have come back. He could hear them babbling all about him—babbling, babbling. He opened his eyes a little wider. The evening breeze stirred the papers on the grass and sent them flying. Yes, there the children were—everywhere, all in white—all over the grass. He was glad they had come back. He had been lonely without them. Their voices were getting louder all the time—rising higher and higher,

A Novel that Reveals the Skeletons in the Closets of Fifth Avenue

Children

Charles D. Mitchell



Sheila

drowning out everything like the roar of waves. Throughout it all he seemed to hear the skirl of bagpipes—above his head somewhere. The wind swayed his whiskers gently. His eyes closed.

It was distinctly cooler. He could no longer hear the voices of the children and he perceived to his surprise that they had gone away again. Those white things were only pieces of paper! But there was no doubt that they had been there a moment ago. He had seen them distinctly. Children were all like that—here one second and gone the next. Sheila was just like that. His little Sheila—his "fairy moonbeam." What a shame she could not have been there to see the children! Where was she? Where had she gone? Why had she not told him that she expected to be away? It was not like her. She was always so thoughtful—so sweet.

He began to worry. Suddenly he became convinced that she was in danger. The children had come back again and the sound of their voices was like the shouting of the sea. They were pushing close about him, stretching out their hands, fear on their faces; and they were all in danger, terrible danger; and as he stared at them he saw that each one was Sheila—a thousand Sheilas—and each one dearer to him than anything else on earth. The roar of the sea poured all about him. Then the sun set—suddenly—and darkness.

"Gently! Hold him like that!" he heard someone saying, and he opened one eye. It was still bright daylight. The sun had come back. There was a group of people about him and he recognized Rufus and Uncle Billy. What were they worrying about? He tried to smile but he could not move his face. It seemed stiff—cramped. He tried to get up but his left arm and leg refused to budge. There was something the matter with his tongue. It made him angry.

He wanted to tell them about Sheila. What were they waiting for? Why were all those motors stopping just there, with their staring occupants? From the distant avenue came a faint clanging which grew louder and then louder. Then someone hit the gong a vicious penultimate stroke right beside him. He was furious at his own futility. And then—crowning insult!—he felt the bench with himself upon it being lifted in air and carried towards the motors.

He remembered little of his trip home, or of how he got up the front steps of the house and into his bed. But his sense of relief at being once more surrounded by his own personal effects was great. It was such a comfort to feel that he was back home—in his own house—with his family. Everybody was there: Rufus, Elizabeth, Billy, Diana, Claudia, even that fool James; everybody except Sheila. He endeavored to communicate to them the important fact that she was in danger, but his mouth gave forth only a succession of meaningless sounds. Disgusted, he gave up trying. Then a long time passed during which—so far as he was aware—nothing happened at all.

CHAPTER XXVII

IT IS probable that both Elizabeth and Diana would have been more dismayed by Rufus's disclosure of his misfortune had their minds not been distracted by Sheila's mysterious departure, of which they had first learned when Diana, returning home the previous afternoon, had found a penciled note in her sister's handwriting saying that she was going down to spend a few days at Doctor Dhal's Butterfly Club.

This discovery, coming so shortly after Diana's talk with Sheila and the latter's expressed willingness to abandon Dhal and all his works, was to that extent the more appalling. That, as Sheila had

said in her note, Lulie Wingate, Rita Ricardo, Oscar Florian and others equally conspicuous were also down there did not assuage Diana's anxiety. Florian and his associates were almost as antipathetic to her as Dhal himself. Rita Ricardo kept snakes, and indeed there was to Diana something reptilian about all of them. This made her the more ready to believe all the implications in what Maitland had repeated to her about Dhal.

She had communicated his information at once to Sheila, who had at first ridiculed it. The child had never, she assured Diana, felt half so well as since she had been taking the exercises at the sanitarium. They were perfectly simple—deep breathing, fresh air, a mild diet. Doctor Dhal himself was never there and the instruction was given entirely by young women. If it benefited her, what difference did it make whether it was called "yoga" or anything else?

When Diana endeavored to explain, Sheila became indignant. She did not know what Diana was talking about. What she said was all nonsense! Why didn't she go around there and find out for herself instead of listening to a lot of silly gossip which was utterly false? Diana could not understand the intense feeling of resentment which she seemed to have aroused in Sheila. Finally the girl promised to give it all up.

That had been six weeks before, and Diana had been lulled into a specious sense of security by Sheila's apparent willingness to yield to her sister's wishes. And all the time Sheila had been getting into it deeper and deeper. That Diana did not know what "it" was made her fear the greater. There was something ominous in the fact that Sheila had lied—must deliberately have broken her promise and had intended to do so all along. Some subtle influence must have undermined the girl's normal standards of conduct.

At least Sheila had had the decency to let them know where she was. Could the child have gone back to drugs again? But a search of Sheila's bureau and medicine closet revealed nothing to suggest a resumption of the habit, if it could be called such. And her appearance for the last three months belied any such suggestion. Lying in a corner, where evidently Sheila had dropped and overlooked it, Diana found a curious cone-shaped object. It was round at the base and about five inches in diameter, made of brass wire twisted into a spiral and terminating in a crudely fashioned serpent's head. She recalled with a shudder having seen a similar object worn by a dancing girl. Something far more dangerous and terrible than drugs was hanging over Sheila, gradually overpowering her senses—physical and moral—as with an insidious, poisonous perfume.

Diana had telephoned Lloyd at once, but had found him neither at his office nor his rooms. He had been, in fact, even then on his way to the Kayne house with Rufus's will, which he was eventually to take away with him undelivered after seeing the tableau of Devereaux and Diana in the window. That telltale silhouette, following on the very heels of his talk with Rufus that afternoon, had confirmed his worst suspicions. There was no mistaking the abandon with which Diana had thrown herself into her lover's arms—no longer room for doubt that he was her lover.

And yet for some perverse reason Lloyd knew that he loved her none the less himself—loved and hated her at the same time—refusing to face that which his reason told him must be the truth. Was instinct, the deeper spiritual knowledge of his subconscious self, teaching him to question reason? Or was the great wave of his passion lifting him off his feet and carrying him bodily towards the rocks? A change had come over him. So far as this woman was concerned he would now have thrown conscience to the winds—while surrendering no other jot of his integrity. This emotion that now possessed him, this lust of Satan or thirst of the soul, whichever it may have been, had overcome his conscious will, and yet his surrender to it had bred a certain ruthlessness towards its object. He would bide his time. Perhaps she would tire of Devereaux. Then ——

But he was in no conciliatory mood when next morning Diana called him on the telephone, told him the news regarding Sheila and asked for his advice. What did she take him for, he asked himself? Did she imagine that she could deceive him about her relations with Devereaux and, while keeping him in suspense, use him to the limit? Rather gruffly he told her that she had better go to Jamaica near which the Butterfly Club was situated and see if she couldn't persuade the child to go home with her. If she was unsuccessful he'd see what could be done next.

Why, he demanded peremptorily, hadn't she kept track of what Sheila was doing? At least enough to know whether or not she had been faithful to her promise? Diana could make no defense. There was none to make. She had learned only a part of the lesson of responsibility. Having once rescued Sheila she had left her to her own devices—with this result.

"Don't be cross with me!" Diana had begged.

"Why not?" he had answered brusquely. "I've a right to be! I'm furious with you!"

Yet it had been with a deep sense of comfort that she had heard his voice through the telephone.

It was too late to do anything that evening and it was accordingly not until the next morning—the morning of May Day—that Diana, shortly before Rufus had left the house for the purpose of finding his father in Central Park, had started for Long Island. She drove herself, taking no chauffeur, and the exhilaration induced by the glory of the spring and her swift flight through the soft green countryside gradually allayed her fears. No wonder Sheila had wished to be in the country at such a moment.

Diana had looked up her route in the road book before starting and, at a wooded corner by a duck pond, left the turnpike for a sandy road leading towards the Sound. For a mile or so she drove past open fields and at length came unexpectedly upon a high brick wall surmounted by iron palings. Midway was a heavy door painted green with a small barred opening or peephole closed from within by a slide. On one side was an ordinary push button marked "*ring*." There was no name or mark on the door save a swastika on the lintel above. This was enough of a cue and Diana, having parked her car on the other side of the road, pressed the bell, which after some delay was answered by a negro servant.

Through the door Diana could see an extensive lawn where a number of persons were playing tennis, basketball, battledore and shuttlecock, ring toss and throwing a medicine ball. The negro on learning her errand conducted her up the path towards a large yellow house with several additions and many windows. In a grove of trees farther up the hill behind the house were a number of bright colored bungalows. Several females were walking about the piazzas in pink, blue and purple kimonos. From inside came the insistent whine of a phonograph. Diana now observed that the athletes all had on tights over which they threw the wrappers when they were done playing. A pleasant faced young woman dressed in a sort of bathing suit de luxe came forward, shook hands with the visitor and led her into a small bare reception room.

"I will try to find Miss Kayne for you," she said civilly. "She may be at one of the lectures. If not, she may have gone out walking."

A few moments later Sheila herself came in dressed in the street costume which she had worn when she had left home.

"What have you followed me down here for?" she asked, coldly suffering Diana's kiss.

"To take you home."

"I'm not going home!" Sheila answered, moving a step towards the door by which she had entered.

Diana became angry.

"You promised to give up all this," she protested sharply.

Sheila's face remained expressionless. She did not reply.

"Mother is frightfully upset about your going away without saying anything to her. It was very inconsiderate of you—heartless, in fact. Please get your things and come at once. I have the motor outside."

Sheila shook her head. There was a look in her eyes that frightened Diana.

"I insist!"

Sheila tittered. The sound was harsh, uncanny. It drove everything from Diana's mind that she had purposed using as an argument with her sister.

"You've lied to me!" she cried furiously. "What has come over you? Have you gone back to taking drugs?"

Sheila's face, hitherto merely scornful and antagonistic, hardened. Turning her back upon her sister, she walked haughtily through the doorway.

"Sheila!" cried Diana, hurrying after her. "Sheila—dear! Oh, Sheila! Please come back!" But the child had vanished.

Diana, turning into the adjacent corridor, came face to face with Oscar Florian, arrayed in white trousers and sleeveless purple jersey. He exhaled an odor of *quelques fleurs*. There was something about the chubbiness of his chin with its little pointed beard and the whiteness of his arms that seemed positively indecent.

"Ah!" he cried gaily, holding out a soft white hand with shiny nails. "Excuse my dishabille! Are we to have the pleasure of welcoming you to our circle? I understand your sister is here."

"How do you do," said Diana rigidly. "Can you tell me if Doctor Dhal is in? I am anxious to see him."



The young woman beamed on Diana: "Doctor Dhal wishes me to say your sister is unwilling to return."

Florian smiled as if something amused him and withdrew his hand.

"I will see," he answered with his old insolence.

Diana returned to the waiting room and stood looking out of the window. What was behind all this? A terrible dread lest Sheila should be already lost possessed her. Her tension increased as the minutes passed. Unexpectedly a thick, oily voice close behind her said:

"Dear lady, what can I do for you?"

She had heard no one enter and she shrank back; then, overcoming her sensation of horror and disgust, faced about. Doctor Dhal was standing there in a gown of blue crash, a red sash about

his waist, a bland smile upon his pasty face.

"Please tell my sister to come home with me!" she besought him.

"Does she not desire to remain?" he asked in apparent surprise.

"Her father and mother don't want her to stay. They did not know that she was coming. They wish her to return at once."

Dhal bowed. "Dear lady, I will speak to her. She will, of course, go if she wishes. No one ever stays here unwillingly. All are free as the air."

He spoke with such sincerity that Diana's feeling of repugnance was somewhat weakened. Superficially at least the man was a gentleman.

"Will you sit down?" he asked. He placed a chair for her and she sank into it. Coincidentally Doctor Dhal slid into another. He was looking deep into her eyes now—his glance never leaving them for an instant. She had been foolish to be afraid of this man!

"Are you sure your father and mother are correctly informed about what we teach here?" he asked in a kindly tone. "We are seeking only perfect health—'*mens sana in corpore sano*'—self-realization, perfect and harmonious development of body, mind and soul. Our doctrines take a very firm hold upon those who study them. Much harm can be done by interruption. Sheila——"

The familiar use of her sister's Christian name by the stranger released Diana's will from any momentary ascendancy which his personality might have achieved over it. To hear those mucilaginous lips uttering the word "Sheila" revived all her original loathing.



"I wish to take my sister away with me—now!" she answered definitely.

The sweetness of Doctor Dhal's smile faded but his urbanity did not.

"Very well!" he answered. "Doubtless you have sufficient reasons. But it is a pity not to let her stay. She is very ductile. She is making great progress—and it is possible that she may not wish to go."

Doctor Dhal appeared to dissolve in a bluish mist and to be sucked through the doorway as by a draft. Diana felt, after her two interviews, nervous, verging on tears. The Swami did not come back, but at the end of a quarter of an hour the young lady in the bathing suit beamed in once more.

"Doctor Dhal wishes me to tell you that he has spoken to your sister and that she is unwilling to return to the city. Of course he has no way to make her do so."

Millions of motes floating in the sunlight seemed to obscure Diana's vision. She rose, feeling faint. From the other side of the corridor came the rasping of somebody's famous ragtime orchestra accompanying a hoarse vibrant voice upon the phonograph—"All I want is a little bit of love! A little bit of love from you!"

Maitland, having waited vainly at the trust company until eleven o'clock for Rufus to appear, called up the district attorney, with whom as a junior partner in Crutchfield and Pepperill's he had no difficulty in securing an immediate appointment, and took the subway to the Criminal Court building.

"I want to find out two things," said he succinctly as they settled down to business. "First, what you really know about a man who calls himself Doctor Dhal; second, how, if at all, one can force him to surrender a young girl if she falls under his influence and voluntarily goes to one of the various places he runs and refuses to leave it."

The district attorney—Morgan, also a young man—looked



"Get out of the way!" ordered Maitland sharply. "Sheila! Little one!" purred the Yogi, looking into her eyes.

significantly at Maitland over his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"So you're on Dhal's trail?"

"I'm afraid so—yes."

The official shook his head ruefully.

"Then you've struck one of the most amazing phenomena in this city. I don't know of anything else like it anywhere. The man's got a kind of lingo—a patter—that enables him to pass for a 'Swami.' He's no more a Swami than you are. Knows some of their tricks though, but he only uses 'em to create an impression when necessary. Of course his athletic stuff is O. K. and that is how he hooks the rich women who are his real game.

"Dhal has sense enough to keep out of the way during the preliminary stages. Everything is antiseptic and hygienic and all to the good and they all go crazy over it. His employees keep up an air of mystery about the 'Omnipotent,' and drop hints of his wonderful occult powers, and by the time an old girl has finished the course and can touch her toes with her finger tips without squatting she's generally feeling so full of beans that she wants to go on and become a regular member.

"You see how it works? They'd forgotten all about how it felt to take a good chestful of ozone, or have a beefsteak appetite, or want to do any of the things they used to—and suddenly the mysterious Doctor Dhal makes them young again, with all of youth's desires and impulses. That's at the bottom of it."

Morgan pressed a button and an officer entered.

"Tell Grady to give you those old indictments we found against Dhal."

He turned to Maitland again.

"And there's where the harm begins. They're told that no matter how fine they feel they will go on feeling better and better if they can only persuade Doctor Dhal to receive them as his '*chelas*.' Accordingly they make application, he looks them over carefully, selects the likeliest to play into his hands, and makes them go through what he calls a 'period of purification.' They are then permitted to join his club and after they have been thoroughly tested out by Dhal himself, the ones he wants are gradually initiated into the esoteric rites and mysteries of what he says is a recognized religion.

"Once they reach that stage it's generally all over. They regard Dhal as a perfect being who can do no wrong. He teaches them that there is no such thing as morals or law. That the highest religion is the religion of 'self-expression.' The secret of it is, of course, that he gives them an excuse for doing what they want to do. Clever, rather! When you come right down to brass tacks his religion, as he calls it, is simply any sort of license, camouflaged under a mass of undigested references to supposed doctrines of Hindoo philosophy which I'm told are absolutely meaningless. It's the greatest con game ever pulled off. The man really is an artist. If I should tell you the women that he's had down there, and who still swear by him and put up for him when he gets into trouble—for he occasionally does get into trouble—you'd think I was stringing you!

"Look here," he ejaculated as the officer returned with a bundle of papers. "This is the kind of stuff he gives them to read and study!" and he handed Maitland a paper bound book ostensibly containing the "theory and practice" of Doctor Dhal's religion, but which on its face was nothing more than a hodge-podge of pornographic matter, with illustrations so crude as to be ridiculous. "And yet they fall for it!

"I'd like to send the bird up! But it's practically no use trying. He's so foul that nobody can get near him without being so contaminated, or at least open to the suspicion of being so contaminated, that his victims are afraid to appear against him.

There is no doubt but that one way or another he has wrecked the lives of a large number of women. At the present moment there are no less than five complaints in this office and that of the district attorney of Suffolk County against him—but nobody is willing to testify. Now that you've heard the story, what can I do for you?"

Maitland rubbed his chin meditatively.

"Suppose a girl of nineteen goes down to his place, is there any way of forcing him to surrender her?"

"You're a lawyer, Colonel Maitland," returned the other. "You know as well as I do that in default of showing duress there is practically nothing that a parent can do to control a child of that age. He or she is a free agent. If, however, there is any evidence of crime, wrongdoing, or a conspiracy to impair morals or, as I said, duress—that's a different matter. I could issue my search warrant here and Jones could give you one in Long Island City. But what would happen? You'd not find a particle of evidence of any sort and not a single one of Dhal's patients would open their mouths."

"Well, what is a father to do?" asked Maitland.

"I don't know," answered Morgan. "But I'll tell you what is likely to happen any fine day. Some father or brother or sweetheart is going to put a bullet through Doctor Dhal's satin waistcoat, and then we'll have another Thaw trial!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

ON THE elaborate dais of an ornate court room, five middle-aged gentlemen in black bombazine gowns sprawled in postures indicating respectively indifference, irritation, resentment, scorn and coma. The one who would later write their joint opinion was listening; one—the last—was sleeping; one was wondering where he could find an apartment for his mother who insisted on moving to New York; and two were dreaming of the Garden City golf course.

Maitland had been sitting in that luxurious legal conservatory since one o'clock waiting for his case to be reached, for it had been too late to secure an adjournment from the opposing counsel when Diana had telephoned. Through the drone of the arguments he had heard only her voice as it had come over the wire. "I need you! I need you!" She was waiting for him now in one of the rear rows of spectators, her car outside. There had been only a moment's opportunity to shake hands and assure her that at the earliest possible instant he would be with her.

"Crutchfield and Pepperill?—Mr. Maitland?"

He heard the name and mechanically arose and made his way forward. As if his astral body were concealed somewhere behind a cornice he could see himself bowing and hear his voice in the monotonous, slightly bored tone that it was the fashion to affect.

At the end of his declamation five swivel chairs squeaked in a common relief, a distinguished looking man, much more like a judge than any of the others, but who was only a clerk, arose and murmured: "Hear ye! Hear ye! This court stands adjourned until tomorrow at one o'clock!" The assembled lawyers got up with an assumption of leisure and drifted slowly out conversing in low tones.

Another moment and Diana and Lloyd were in the car, entangled in the traffic of Fourth Avenue. The face of the girl beside him was set, her eyes tortured; but she nevertheless drove with control.

The great arms of the Queensboro Bridge spanned the twisting, uncoiling river with festoons of palely glowing lights. Ahead over the smoke of Long Island a snow-capped Oberland reared itself rose-pink in the afterglow. It faded to mauve, to gray, then disappeared. An interminable procession of red lights fled before them.

Neither spoke. She was longing to pour out her heart to him, to abase herself to him, to paint her dread of the invisible menace that threatened her sister.

He was suspicious, antagonistic, resentful. He would serve her—yes. That was his job. But let there be no more acting. Let them look into each other's eyes and acknowledge the truth.

Once over the bridge she began to talk in detached jerky sentences. Crouched at the wheel, her eyes fixed on the road, she recounted her experiences of the morning, sparing herself with regard to neither her neglect of Sheila in the past nor the stupidity of her last approach. Her unrestrained self-recrimination had almost the savor of a confession. All her confidence had fallen from her. He had never seen her like that. It was clear that she wanted him to know her exactly as she was. She had turned instinctively to him, her attitude saying unmistakably, "I don't know what I should do without you!"

Her helplessness, her dependence upon himself and the fact that she had appealed so confidently to him could not but touch Lloyd. That she had called upon him in this way instead of upon Devereaux puzzled yet gratified him. He ceased to resent being made use of. Instead, he found himself oblivious of the purpose of their errand or the danger hanging over Sheila, of everything save that he was by her side. He exulted in the consciousness of her reliance upon him. Up to this time she had always seemed to him to be stronger than himself. It was an exquisite delight to feel that she needed him—no one else, only him!

Holding his hat rim with one hand, his upturned collar clutched in the other, he watched her driving into the night—a Walküre, a witch on her broomstick. Now and again his arm would touch hers and once he was thrown sharply against her and felt the warmth of her body. A strange, wild irresponsibility—utterly foreign to the calm, cool Maitland—took possession of him. She was his! What did it matter what she was or had been or had done if he loved her? What did anything matter if she could be made to love him?

They swung off the main road and shortly came upon the brick wall.

"Here we are," she said abruptly. "It's up to you from now on!"

"Then let's turn the motor," he answered, coming back to earth again. "We may want to leave in a hurry."

She ran the car a few yards beyond the end of the wall, backed it and left it headed in the direction whence they had come.

"What are you going to do?" she asked as if, whatever his reply might be, she would be entirely satisfied.

"I don't know," he confessed. "But I'm going to do something!"

The negro eyed them suspiciously through the wicket before opening the door but admitted them and left them in the reception room, explaining that everybody was at dinner.

They were kept waiting what seemed an interminable time. Maitland became first impatient, then irritated. He looked for a bell, but there was none. At length from a distance came the sound of chairs being moved; then of many footsteps. Dinner evidently was over. At the end of the corridor an irregular procession of figures began to pass. Maitland, who had no plan of campaign, found himself at a loss. Suppose they were simply left kicking their heels just where they were all the evening?

He walked part way down the corridor to see what was going on. A large hall hung with brilliantly colored stuffs opened to the right. At one end was a platform faced by rows of chairs. Twenty or thirty people were already occupying them. Clearly some sort of evening entertainment was towards. The incongruity of his presence—like that of a gentleman burglar—slightly amused him. Florian, in a scarlet dinner jacket—obviously an effort at self-expression—passed along talking to a young girl. It was Sheila! Then Maitland became conscious of reality. The sight of the pursy artist with his chubby chin and little pointed beard infuriated him. He saw Florian lay his hand upon Sheila's shoulder and could see her as if by instinct draw away from him.

Maitland stepped boldly into the room.

"Miss Kayne!" he called.

Engrossed in what Florian was saying, she did not at first hear him. But he was conscious that others in the room were gazing at him with surprise.

"Miss Kayne!" he repeated, approaching her.

Sheila turned, and every vestige of color left her face.

"I have come to take you home," he said simply, without noticing Florian.

Sheila put her hand to her breast.

"Who—sent—you?" she asked.

"Nobody—I came," he replied. "I want you to come with me."

Florian had not moved from where he had been standing. Sheila looked first at him, then at Maitland.

"I can't, Mr. Maitland!" she said. "Really, I can't!"

"Why of course you can!" he insisted. "Do you mean you are afraid to leave?"

A troubled look crossed her face, into which the color was now slowly returning.

"Perhaps Miss Kayne means that it would not be courteous to Doctor Dhal to go away as you suggest," said Florian, looking at her fixedly.

"Miss Kayne will speak for herself!" retorted Maitland. He appealed to her once more. "May I have a few words with you alone—Sheila?"

At his use of her Christian name she (*Continued on page 132*)



MARION DAVIES, *in her rôle as the high-hearted Princess Mary Tudor, moves like the spirit of Romance through Cosmopolitan Productions' film of brave deeds and fair damsels, "When Knighthood Was in Flower."*



INA CLAIRE, *as she might look in the act of telling the Awful Truth in Mr. Richman's comedy, "The Awful Truth."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



HELEN LEE WORTHING *of the Ziegfeld "Follies," slender and blonde, has the kind of beauty that, once seen, haunts the memory.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY



DORIS RANKIN, *who plays opposite Lionel Barrymore in private life, as she appears in Hauptmann's masterpiece, "Rose Bernd."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ADOLPH CHENEY JOHNSTON

By HOLWORTHY HALL

A Love Story as Tonic as a Sea Breeze

Beach Roses



Illustrations by Grant T. Reynard

NOW according to the proverb, everything has an end, and a cake has two—and so has the beach at Seaward, where the difference of a mile is the difference between the Seaward Inn at twenty-four dollars a day, and one of several boarding houses at seventeen dollars a week. The sea and the sky, however, haven't yet become exclusive, so that at both extremities of the beach romance comes in each June as naturally as driftwood—and much of it floats lightly out again each following September. But this was June, and the young man who was sitting in front of Herzfeld's Chowder Pavilion, at the seventeen dollar end, wasn't thinking of the calendar.

He was tall and spare and loose muscled; black-haired, black-eyed and sunburned; but for all the depth of his eyes and the squareness of his chin, there was something essentially boyish about him, some hint that his imagination still had plenty of elbow room. At a glance it was evident to many women that he was of the stuff of cavaliers; and in the past half-hour many women had glanced at him admiringly; but he had saved his attention for those few who paused at the little flower stand directly opposite and presently moved on again, without purchasing.

And now at length he got to his feet and walked over to the stand and gravely surveyed the proprietor, who was an old woman with ocean-blue eyes and a thousand wrinkles in every smile.

"I want to play a sort of a joke," said the young man, in a voice which was unexpectedly soft and caressing. "I want to play a sort of a joke, and you're going to be in on it. If it's like I size it up, a lot of these girls that go by here want some of your flowers and can't afford to pay for 'em. Am I right?"

She inspected him with a lessening smile and growing suspicion. "Well, what of it?"

The young man had produced a bill book. "What are your roses?"

"Two-fifty a dozen."

"You take two dozen of 'em," he ordered, "and wrap some of that red ribbon around the stems, and the next time a girl—only, mind you, she's got to look mighty poor and she's got to look mighty *nice;* you know what I mean—asks you what roses cost and then starts to walk off, you call her back and say a man you never saw before paid for 'em and left 'em here for whoever wanted 'em and went away. They're hers. Don't even tell her what I look like. Understand the idea?"

The old woman bobbed her head, and as she reached for the ribbon her eyes began to twinkle. "Sure," she said. "Leave it to me. It's a grand joke. One of them girls that's saved up all winter to come down here two weeks. It'll make her believe in fairies all over again. I thought first you was a masher."

The young man laughed. "How do you know I'm not?"

"Because if you was," she said cannily, "you'd have stuck around till after."

He laughed again; watched her set aside the fragrant armful, with its broad sash of red; nodded, and sauntered north. Two minutes later he had forgotten all about it.

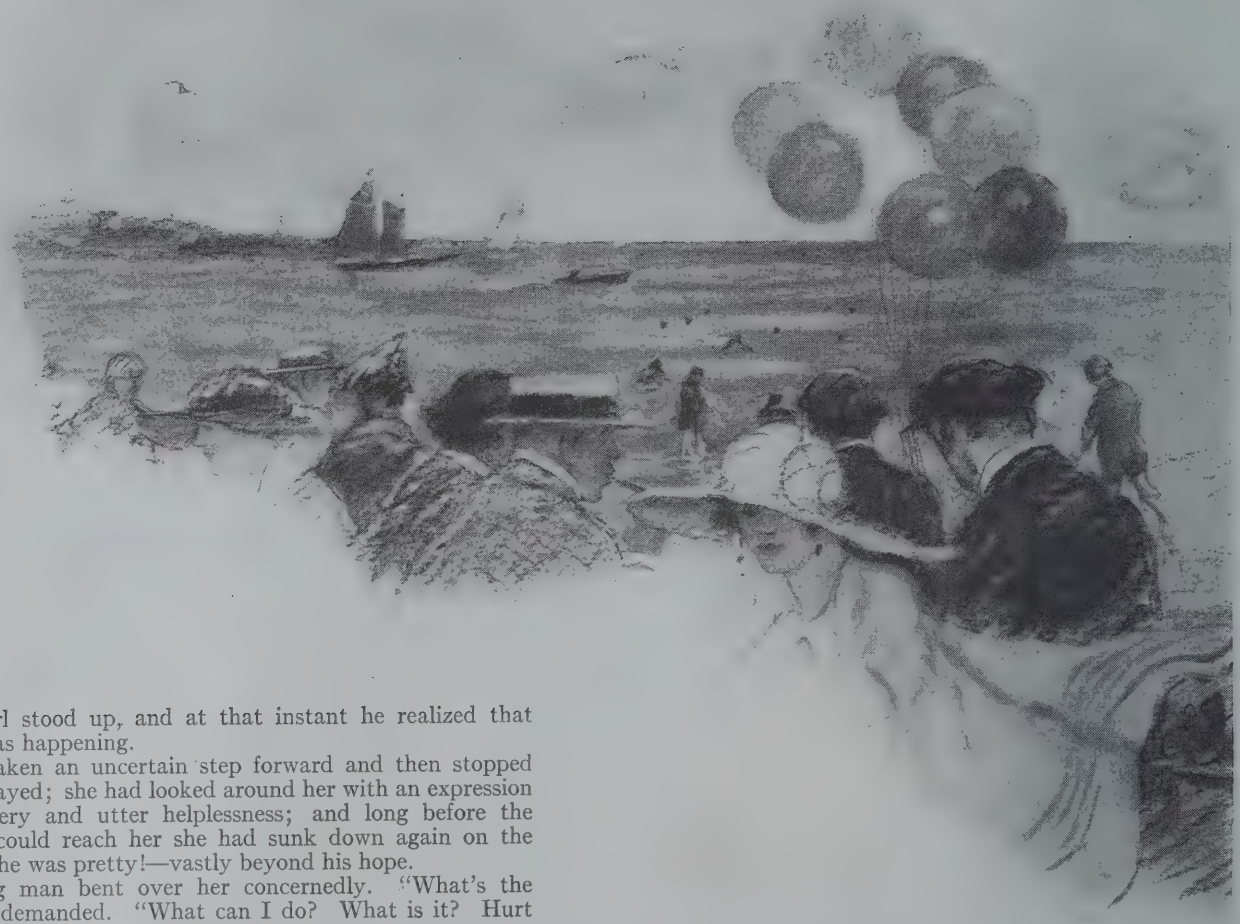
It was still mid-morning and the tide was out; consequently Seaward was promenading. In another ten minutes he had met the head of the slow moving stream which had its source at the Inn—men who apparently had just stepped, spotless, from the tailor's; women with exquisite summer frocks and dainty parasols; women so perfect and so poised that he could hardly fancy them to be real; girls who were bewilderingly sweet in delicate colors, and yet, to this young man's notion, equally unreal and unsubstantial. His eyes, as he beheld them, were as wide as a child's; and yet his heart gave no responsive flutter.

"It sure is an entertainin' parade," he said to himself, half grudgingly, "but it's sort of more human down at the other end." And presently, with no definite purpose, he turned back and sauntered south towards the boarding houses.

When he had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile he suddenly perceived, below him on the beach, a girl who was sitting quite alone looking out to the sea; and in her lap there was a sheaf of gorgeous red roses tied with a broad red ribbon.

His little whimsical act had gone out of his mind almost as soon as he had made the bargain; but now he halted and smiled reminiscently. The whole point had been to give a thrill of pleasure to someone he would never meet, and for himself to remain in the background, unknown; but now that he actually saw the beneficiary, he was normally curious to know what manner of girl this was who had received his flowers—and what she had thought. She was to have been poor, but he wondered if she were also pretty—not that it mattered, but still, he couldn't help wondering. And had she been overwhelmed or dubious or disturbed—or only amused—and grateful?

His curiosity pushed him towards her simply for the satisfaction of a closer view, but he had hardly left the boardwalk



when the girl stood up, and at that instant he realized that something was happening.

She had taken an uncertain step forward and then stopped short and swayed; she had looked around her with an expression of utter misery and utter helplessness; and long before the young man could reach her she had sunk down again on the sand. And she was pretty!—vastly beyond his hope.

The young man bent over her concernedly. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "What can I do? What is it? Hurt your foot?"

She shook her head, and he thought that she was crying; but a moment later she lifted her eyes and he saw that she was convulsed. "No!" she gasped. "*Asleep!* Only I didn't know it—and I—just couldn't stand up!"

The young man straightened in relief and began to grin. "That's different. I reckon we won't send for the ambulance, then. Can I help you up?"

She was slightly flushed but he liked her better because she wasn't too self-conscious. "Would you mind?"

"Oh, I guess I can live through it!" he said cheerfully, and gave her his hand; and when she was beside him he added, with tact which wasn't wholly lost on her: "Curious how that thing can put you right out of business, though. Sometimes it's funny and other times it isn't. I remember once in Mexico a flock of greasers jumped us one night and I grabbed my gun and started to get up—and *my* foot was asleep . . . Hold on while I pick up your flowers."

"Thank you ever so much . . . And then?"

"Oh, well!" he said. "There weren't only five of the greasers, and I had two boys from West Texas with me, so it worked out all right. But I might just as well have had a broken leg . . . Feel like tryin' to walk? That'll fix you up."

For a few slow paces she held gingerly to his arm. He was appraising her minutely, and approving of her; the old woman with the wrinkled smile had used most excellent judgment.

"Mighty nice roses you've got there," he said casually.

Her reply was slightly delayed. "Aren't they wonderful? I love them more than any I ever had."

"So? How's that?"

She hesitated and finally said: "Perhaps because they came as such a surprise . . . But you said something about Mexico. Have you been there much?"

"Off and on—yes. Why?"

"I was just wondering if you'd ever met Dan Carroll down there."

The young man laughed. "Lucky Dan? Why—I reckon I know him about as well as most anybody does. You must have been readin' a newspaper."

"Well, how much of it is really true?"

The young man was quizzical. "Why, that kind of depends on how much you've read—don't it?"

Here she released him and stood by herself. "But there's been *so* much in the papers—pages and pages and pages—about what a picturesque man he was, and how he trailed Villa into the hills and led oil rushes and had knife fights and all that, and then made millions and millions of dollars overnight in Oklahoma, and turned into a philanthropist and adopted orphans and did all sorts of lovely quixotic things—and it just doesn't seem to hang together, somehow. I mean, if it's true he'd be the most wonderful man I ever heard of. The kind of man—well, like the Prince of Wales—the kind of man *every*body could love without ever having seen him. *Is* he like that?"

"I am afraid," said the young man, "you flatter him. And I ought to know because, you see—my name's Carroll."

There was a brief silence, during which she gazed at him steadily. Then her lips parted. "You shouldn't startle me like that. And I happen to know that Dan Carroll is in Chicago. The papers said so. And besides——"

The young man chuckled. "And besides, I don't look picturesque enough? I'm sorry, but I left my gun home and I don't ever wear spurs with a straw hat. No, my name's Carroll, all right, but it's Percy D . . . I don't look it, do I? . . . Thanks . . . And yours?"

She regarded him keenly. "Did you ever hear of the Hudsons, in New York?"

"Who hasn't? I guess they own everything but the river, don't they?"

"Well, *my* name's—Hudson."

It was the young man's turn to regard her closely, and he did it. "You win, sister. You got me roped and tied . . . But about Dan, he's just human. That's all; he's just human. Just as human as me and you. That junk in the papers—oh, he *did* it all right, but it wasn't for anything but to please himself! I know because I know Dan."

"But it's true, then, is it?"

"Why—sure. Everything you said, anyway. It's sure as shootin'."

She drew a long breath. "Then I'd give everything in the world to meet him," she said. "Because he's the last romantic figure since Buffalo Bill. And—I'm glad to have met *you*—and thank you."

"Wait a second. What is that—my cue to go somewhere else? Or are you goin' to be nice and let me talk to you?"

"Let you *talk* to me!"

"Talk and listen," said the young man. "You see, I got a tongue and an ear that's a good deal like a saddle pony. They got to have exercise."

She had known long since that he was ingenuous, but it was all she could do to control her voice. "Th-thank you for the compliment!"

The young man put his hand on her arm. "Hold on, there! Don't get so excited! I picked you out on purpose."



"It's a grand joke," said the old woman. "It'll make some girl believe in fairies all over again."

"Oh—you did!" Her tone was elusive. "That's something new."

"Well, sir," said the young man, "I'll tell you a fact. I been here two days now, and I listened in to quite a few conversations up there by the Seaward Inn, and I got some queer ideas. Nobody ever said a man was a *man*—they said he belonged to some particular club or other, or else he was the son of this or that fellow or was a relative of somebody else—and that was his brand. Nobody ever said a woman was a nice *woman*—they said she lived on such and such a street, or her dad was in a certain firm, and that was *her* brand. Well, sir, I'm fed up on it, so when I saw you sittin' down here it struck me that a girl that would go off by herself to look at the scenery and smell roses instead of wearin' a rut in the boardwalk and talkin' about the old man's money, was worth investigation . . . so I did. It's your deal."

She had taken the roses from him and now she buried her face in them. "What would you expect me to talk about?"

"Well," said the young man meditatively, "we got three subjects already. Flowers and Dan Carroll and you." He squinted up at the sun. "Gettin' along towards noon, too. Want to do me a favor? Save my life. The last time I was so lonesome was when my horse went lame in the Bad Lands. Come have a snack with me—the Inn, or anywheres else you like. Will you? I mean it."

He was a man, but he was also a boy and very much on the surface, so that she deliberated. "I don't know why I should——"

"You got to go further. Do you know why you *shouldn't*?"

Eventually, because she too was young and imaginative, and because he was himself and it was June, she shook her head. "No, I don't. Only—anywhere but the Inn."

His face fell. "But I thought you'd like that best! Have you ever been there?"

"Yes, a long time ago. But—they're not my kind. And it isn't any fun unless you really—belong."

"Well, there's something in that, too. All right. We'll go over to the Strand . . . Can I carry your flowers?"

A moment later, when she spoke to him, he didn't answer; and when she looked to find the reason his face was granite. Mechanically, almost involuntarily, he had counted the roses. There were only twenty, and he had paid for twenty-four. And he wasn't a man who, even while he was playing Santa Claus, could be defrauded of eighty cents without an explanation.

As she sat across from him at table, his admiration was so frank and so ingenuous that she couldn't even be embarrassed. She was dressed with extreme simplicity and without so much as a necklace of imitation pearls for ornament; but he liked her far better than if she had worn an imported frock and genuine orientals. He liked her high white forehead, on which a loop of brown hair was forever trespassing; he liked her eyes, which were

clear and direct; he liked her strong, sensitive mouth and her chin, which told of native character and determination. And because he liked her so much he was proportionately sorry for her; and proportionately resolved to see that this day would last in her memory.

"What do you do?" he asked abruptly.

She started. "Why—I'm assistant secretary of a girls' club in New York—working girls, you know."

"Oh. Stenographer?"

"No—records and files."

"You ought to be doin' something better than that," he said reproachfully. "You've got more intelligence than that."

Her lips curved. "What would you suggest, for example?"

"Well, suppose you begin by tellin' me all about this club."

"Why, it's for working girls, just as I said—and we've got a branch at Seaward. We've got a big house in the south end, and the girls can come down for Sundays and their vacations. That's why I'm here now."

"For the whole summer?"

"Why, probably . . . But I won't lunch at the Strand very often—nor buy roses for myself." She reached out to touch one of them; they were now in an ornate cut glass vase on the table. It pained him to think that his careless charity could have meant so much to her.

"How do you stand the city, though? How does *anybody* stand it?"

"Why, I don't know what other people do, but I stand it because of Seaward."

"*Seaward!*"

"Don't you think it's beautiful here?"

His smile was pitying. "Beautiful? Sister, did you ever see an Arizona sunset over the Buttes? Did you ever see a sunrise in the Black Hills? Did you ever ride the Texas ranges? Why, you don't know what that word means!"

"After luncheon," she said, nettled, "I'll show you the most heavenly spot *you* ever saw—and it isn't a mile from here."

"I'll take a don't," said the young man warmly. "Places like that don't grow within two thousand miles of here—you poor kid."

She gave him a quick glance from under her lashes. "Why should you say *that?*"

His voice dropped to an undertone. "Because I mean it. Lord! All you people livin' like flies in big cities—workin' in a boiler factory like New York—when there's places like I know—and callin' Seaward *beautiful!*"

She looked up at him but her eyes were veiled. "If I told you how I loathe New York you wouldn't believe me. But I still think Seaward is beautiful."

He sat so long peering at vacancy that she had to laugh at him to bring him back. "Not so very polite, was it?" he said. "But I was thinkin'."

"What were you thinking about?"

"Why—you had used another word—'romantic'—about Dan Carroll. I was wonderin' if the same man would have seemed so romantic to you in these ice cream pants and a blue coat on the boardwalk."

"But a man like that would be the same anywhere! Just as you would be the same anywhere!"

"If you hate New York so much, why don't you get out of it?"

"What would I do?"

And they fell to arguing; and by argument they became so much at ease with each other that in an hour or two the young man had forgotten to be sorry and the girl had forgotten to be recessive. More than that, they had stopped looking at each other directly; for each of them was aware that danger lurked in the other's eyes. For she was pretty and he was fascinating, and their thoughts were striking sparks together—and it was June.

It was half-past three when the young man broke off in the middle of a sentence and altered his tone.

"You mustn't mind me, sister," he said apologetically. "I'm a kind of a crank anyhow, I reckon. I want everybody else to have the same run of luck I do . . . Show me this place you like so much."

It was a cliff which overhung the bathing beach; a cliff with myriads of pine and fir trees, through which the sunshine came sifting in golden flecks down to the deep green moss; and out beyond was the sea, blue as a bluebird's wing, stretching into infinity. The tide was in, and fashionable Seaward was bathing; the two had the cliff entirely to themselves; and for a minute they stood together and watched the horizon.

"It is what I would call—pretty," said the young man at length. "As pretty as the girls I saw this morning. Pretty, but —not much else. I think I would find it more attractive in a storm."

She turned on him. "There's always one thing you can do about it, you know!"

"I intend to. I intend to go back West. Very soon. And I'm sorry I am no good at bluffin'. Maybe you would have liked it better if I had thrown a fit about it. But I can say one thing, anyhow—to a New Yorker it would be beautiful."

She sat down on a convenient log and smiled vaguely. "You're frightfully hard to please. Some of the greatest artists in America come here every summer."

"But don't forget," he said, "the reason they don't come out to the Grand Canyon is, they would waste their time—because no man yet has been able to put it on canvas. What I could show you—if you came out to *my* country!"

"Well, what could you show me?"

He didn't reply at once. "A New Yorker might not like it," he said, "but I could show you peace. I could show you color that would make you wonder if you were dreaming. I could show you the raw material that dreams are made *out* of—out of solitude and space and sunsets. It would do you good to come out and see what we are like . . . Is there any chance of it?"

"There's nothing I'd like better."

"Well—why not?"

When she looked up he was standing before her with a white smile on his lips and illimitable depths in his eyes. At the moment he might have been eighteen, and incredibly mature; or forty-five, and incredibly young.

"Exactly—what do you mean—by that?"

"The devil of it is," he said tardily, "that the English language is so poor . . . I know as well as you do that all men say the same thing, whether they only talk with their mouths or not. And I know that to most people the idea of fallin' in love in a hurry is a big joke. It's funny. But if you would care to see *my* country, I would be glad to take you there."

"You honestly think that——"

He raised his hand. "My dear, I would not fool you, now, for anything in this world. I learned the value of laws by livin' in Mexico—where there aren't any. I learned the value of money by bein' broke for most of my life. I learned about women by never meetin' any like you. And I can size up a horse or a woman in two minutes. You *got* to, out where I live—and you can't afford to make any mistakes, so you just naturally don't . . . The work I'm doing out there is a kind that would please you, and you could do it with me and help me and be happy. I know that because—even if you have not said so—I know you hate big cities, like I do . . . Will you come back with me?"

Her eyes were on the moss at her feet. "How can you ask a thing like that? What do you know about me?"

"Only what you have told me—and what you have shown me. But that's plenty enough."

"In—a few hours?"

"I am always ready to gamble on my judgment."

"Oh—you *admit* it's a gamble, then?"

"Like everything else. Like life. A man who won't admit it is a fool. Only this is everything—to—me."

"What makes you think so?"

"Your face."

She put both hands over her burning cheeks. "And until four hours ago—you never saw me!"

"That isn't the point. It's twenty-nine years I *didn't* see you—and I've been waitin'."

"And you expect me—to answer you—the way you want me to?"

"I never expect anythin' but the worst. That's why I'm never disappointed. I always get more than I expect—or deserve. When those greasers jumped us, like I told you, I expected to get shot—but I didn't get in front of the fire just the same, did I?"

"You're the only man I ever knew who——"

"Don't say that! All men have the same line of talk. It's all there is to say. You've got to tell the difference between gold and iron pyrites yourself. *You're* the assayer. I'm only the specimen."

"But why do you think you—want me?"

"If any man could answer that question to any woman—he ought to be elected President. How can I tell you? Tell me why a magnet is a magnet—and then I'll answer you." He came a step nearer. "Have I gone too far? Are you too Eastern to stand for my talk?"

She shook her head. "I respect any emotion—if it's sincere."

"Have I made any headway? Have I made it clear to you



"I learned about women," the man told the girl with the roses, "by never meetin' any like you."

that I want not only your companionship but also your help?"

She said nothing.

After a moment the young man dropped down beside her.

"It is a funny condition to be in, this life," he said thickly. "Mighty few people look it in the face. They laugh when somebody falls in love at first sight. Hell! *Everybody* falls in love at first sight—only most people are so scared or so cagey or so one thing or another they don't wake up to it right away like I did. I don't give a hang whether it's five hours or five minutes—I know I love you. Could I say any more than that if it was five *years*?"

Her hand moved towards him. "You've—you don't even know—what my ideals are—what my ambitions are——"

"They're the same as mine," he said. "Because I'd make 'em so—if they aren't already. And I can give you everything you've never had and always wanted." (*Continued on page 140*)

A Romance of the African Veldt



"You made a broken down, hopeless wreck of Lundi Druro." Desmond had not meant to say it, but the truth had come flaring out.

A Résumé of Parts One to Five:

LADY FLAVIA DESMOND had been adored by society for her youth, beauty and fascination. On the morning she married, her husband was shot dead in her presence by a friend, who forthwith killed himself. Refusing to disclose the reason for the double tragedy, she stubbornly fought for and obtained the right to her husband's fortune—and was straightway cut dead by her former friends.

She was about to commit suicide in Paris when a chance meeting with a stranger, Lundi Druro, South African miner, gave her a new grip on life.

Thereafter Flavia Desmond disguised herself as a man—young Desmond, artist and writer—and sought to lose her sorrow in wandering. Her objective was South Africa, to witness the happiness of Druro even though she could not share it.

She came to Wankelo, Rhodesia. But she was shocked at what she discovered. Druro, the buoyant, the debonair, had returned home to find the girl he loved married offhand to another man, and his gold mine worthless. The blow made him a self-contemptuous drunkard with misery lurking in his eyes.

To be near him, Desmond, secure in her cunning disguise, which not even Druro suspected, took work in a mine owned by Constant Lypiatt, the man Druro's fiancée, Gaynor, had married; and she lived the rough veldt life in all ways as a man. The fineness hid by Druro's drunken exterior she came to know well; also the treachery and craftiness beneath Lypiatt's suave manners. One plot of Lypiatt's to complete the ruin of Druro by compromising him with the rather "vampish" Loochia Luff, she neatly foiled. Meanwhile her own love for Druro deepened.

Arrived a day when Desmond came down with fever. Unconscious, she was carried to Mrs. Hope's hospital by Lypiatt; and of course Mrs. Hope at once discovered her secret. But when she recovered, despite the nurse's pleading, Desmond again donned a man's clothes.

She found now that Druro, in utter despair over the apparent complete failure of his own life, was about to end it all. To save him, Desmond as a last resort induced his old love, Gaynor Lypiatt, to come to his hut at night and plead with him. But Gaynor's courage failed on hearing Druro's drunken ravings, and Desmond herself entered the hut.

There, in the darkness, pretending to be Gaynor, she took Druro in her arms, comforted him, vowed eternal love and secured his promise to lead a new life. And Druro, thinking his old sweetheart had come back, was lifted to heaven.

Followed a long fight against the devils of drink, or ponjola, with Desmond always at his elbow to aid. At last, recovered, his ruined farm once more on its feet, Druro set out to find gold again so that he could claim Gaynor and take her away.

He found gold and sent by messenger for Desmond. The latter stayed at the mine while Druro, himself now ill with fever, went to town for supplies. But Druro's letter had been intercepted and read first by Lypiatt; and in the former's absence Lypiatt showed up, evidently to stake a claim on Druro's property. Desmond laughed at him because she had just staked the plot.

When she entered her hut after dark, Lypiatt awaited her. At once he made her aware that he knew both her sex and her name; and he threatened exposure unless she would destroy Druro's discovery notices, giving him the right to the mine. Goaded to the breaking point, Desmond taunted him with the fact that his wife loved Druro; whereupon Lypiatt sprang at her throat.

Desmond thought her last moment had come, when Druro suddenly entered. The two men grappled. The candle went over. In the darkness there was a terrific struggle ended by a heavy fall, and silence. When Desmond could make a light again, Lypiatt lay dead, Druro unconscious.

Eventually she got Druro to his hut, delirious, and in panic concealed Lypiatt's body in her own hut. But next day she was arrested for murder. She told the magistrate she was a woman.

CYNTHIA STOCKLEY'S

PONJOLA

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops



"But who *are* you?" he asked, astonished. "I don't think that matters," she said bitterly.

Part Six: CHAPTER XVI

IN THAT, however, she was mistaken. The one question that rang up and down Rhodesia for the next few weeks was: Who is Desmond? Who was the woman who had gulled them all so cleverly into accepting without question that she was a man amongst men?—and a bright and hardy specimen at that! Rather too good looking, perhaps, some of them had thought at first, but had forgiven it when they found *he* didn't exploit the advantage by running after women and tangling up other men's love affairs. Men remembered that now. Other things men remembered too, and spoke of, were *his* pluck, *his* skill at riding, shooting and fishing—anything that was doing in the sports line. *He* had not shirked *his* share of hard knocks in work or play.

These were good memories. Men felt that at least this mysterious woman had not made fools of them—pulled their legs, as the saying is, for the sake of laughing up her sleeve. There were other favorable things too. She never joined in

drunken revels, but it was on record that she had more than once picked up a drunken reveler in the street and got him home. When they remembered how strong and active she was in this way it was impossible for them to say they didn't think she could have polished off Lypiatt; but they were prepared to swear that whatever had happened, it was a square deal and no foul play on her side at least. That was something in the way of a testimonial that not every man in the country could have called forth! And with it came offers of help and bail, not only from friends but from rough men of all classes.

But though deeply touched, Desmond continued to cling to the privacy of the jailer's house while waiting for trial. No one had insisted upon her dropping her male garments, for she had no others and was too big and tall for borrowed ones. She was thankful for that, fearing that once she returned to women's clothes the hardihood she had assumed so successfully would desert her. Now that her secret was known she thought with horror of the day when she must face the world.

It had been bad enough at the inquest. Everyone who could had crowded into the little Selukine police court full of amazement and curiosity. The proceedings had been very brief, but they gave her plenty of food for meditation now when she sat in her narrow whitewashed room remembering all that had passed. First Doctor Ryan described the fracture of Lypiatt's skull and gave his opinion that it was caused by a blow or a heavy fall on a hard substance such as the granolithic floor of the hut. Incidentally he remarked that Lypiatt had one of the thinnest skulls he had ever seen in the course of his experience. He also described marks on the dead man's face—a long scratch down the cheek that might have been inflicted in a struggle. A sensation arose when he added he had been obliged to treat the accused, who in his opinion had very narrowly escaped death herself, from injuries to her throat.

After the doctor, Lypiatt's manager officially identified the body—it was mentioned that the widow was too ill from shock to attend the proceedings.

Then came evidence intensely interesting to Desmond because of the illumination it shed on the ways of natives. The black policeman stepped up to the witness stand and, by means of an interpreter, very smartly and accurately described his interview with Desmond. When he told how she had said no to his query as to whether Lypiatt had been there, a general sigh went up. It was an unfavorable point. The police boy continued:

"I then walked away as if to leave the camp, but turned aside to where the boys were eating their dinner. I said to them:

"'Have you seen Baas Lypiatt?'

"Two of them—Qualimbo and Lenarbo—answered yes.

"I said, 'Where is he?'

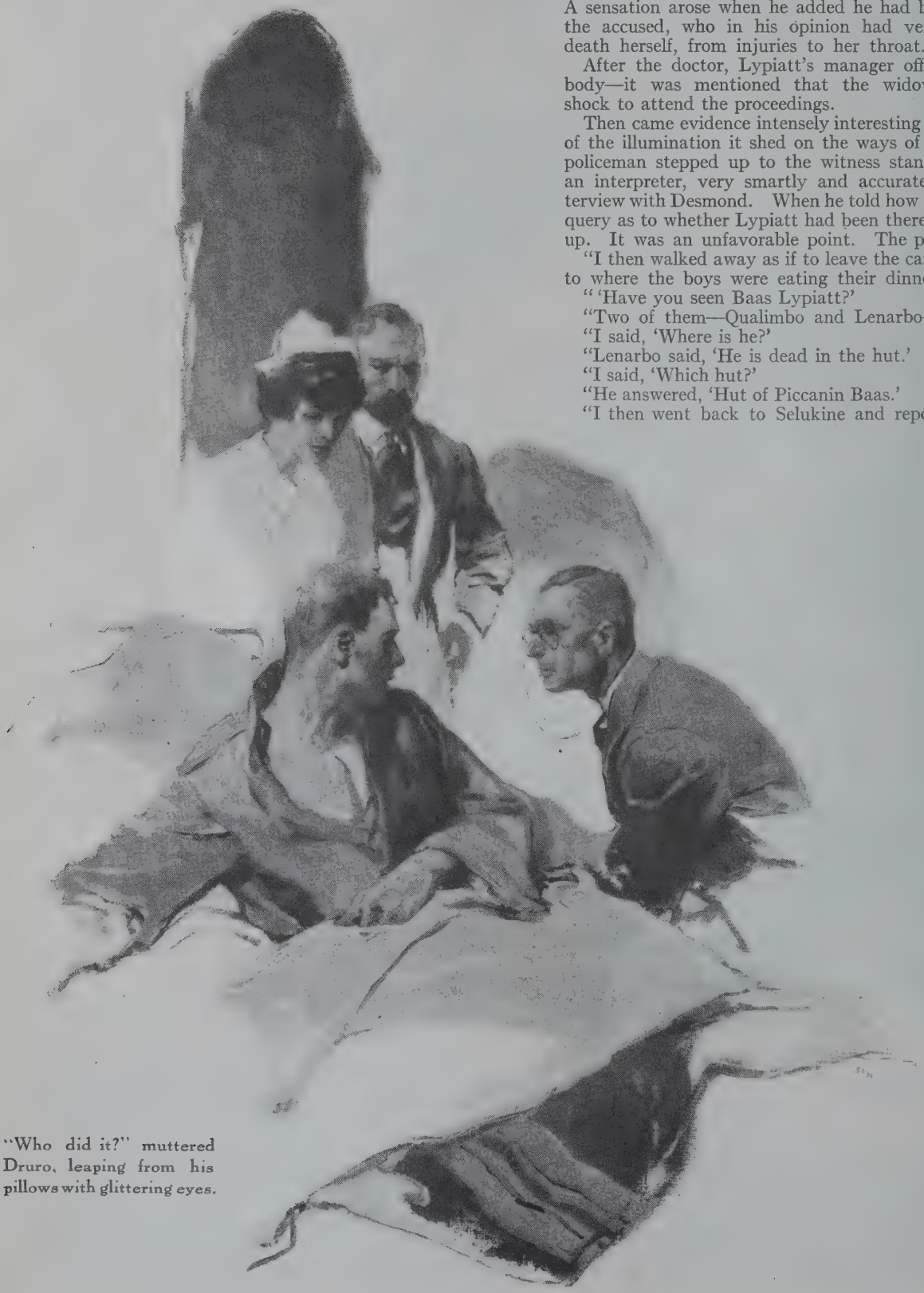
"Lenarbo said, 'He is dead in the hut.'

"I said, 'Which hut?'

"He answered, 'Hut of Piccanin Baas.'

"I then went back to Selukine and reported to my Inkos."

Desmond, listening, had marveled. The scene he described was indelibly engraved upon her memory—the group of natives squatting on their haunches, the big uniformed Matabele standing by carelessly twirling his kerries and apparently commenting on the weather, the indifferent answers she could neither hear nor understand. Not one of them had even given a glance in the direction of the mess, yet they must have guessed she was watching even as they had known all the time that Lypiatt lay dead! Sitting there flicking their wooden spoons back and forth into the pot and stuffing mealie-meal into their mouths they were supplying in two potent phrases all the information the policeman required! While she was sighing with relief they were giving her away! Impossible to



"Who did it?" muttered Druro, leaping from his pillows with glittering eyes.

probe their mysterious yet primitive minds to find out if this was sheer callousness, but one thing was clear—no sense of loyalty to her had troubled them. Probably Druro would not have been so lightly betrayed. But the Piccanin Baas was less than nothing to them.

When Qualimbo was examined another enlightening detail transpired. Since the fearsome Baas Lypiatt was dead and Baas Druro by all accounts likely to be in the same case shortly, he had no hesitation in recounting his visit to the Agate to see his Brudda and how Lypiatt had taken and read Druro's note.

(This meant little to the prosecution beyond a proof of Lypiatt's general unscrupulousness, but to Desmond it explained much.)

He further described what had taken place on the morning of the fifteenth while Druro was away fetching Desmond. The boys, taking advantage of their master's absence, were "sleeping" in the bush, but not so soundly as to miss the sight of Lypiatt walking over the camp and taking complete observations. Qualimbo, with a couple of gestures, inimitably conjured up a picture of the white man squinting along a level and measuring with his feet. No one had reported the incident to Druro, he said, because it was not safe to mix yourself up with the business of white men—especially Baas Lypiatt!

That represented the opinion of both Qualimbo and Pofaan on witnessing the further movements of Lypiatt on the afternoon of the same day. They had gone to bed, they stated, at the usual time, and had heard, they said, no sound of quarrel or fight. Even the return of Druro was unknown to them, they swore. It was a surprise to find him in his hut in the morning but not to see him raving out of his mind, for they had known for several days that he was sick.

Asked why they thought the body was in Desmond's hut, Pofaan replied simply:

"The Piccanin Baas's throat was very sore."

(This after her careful efforts with the muffler!)

It might supposedly have been unnecessary for them to get actual sight of what lay in the hut but that would not have been the native way, and Lenarbo had accomplished this during Desmond's short sleep of exhaustion whilst watching Druro. Time enough for a subtle signal, a streak across camp from shaft to hut and the tipping up of a canvas window. One glance within sufficed. Lenarbo had been a warrior and knew how dead men lay.

Curtis, the prospector, then gave evidence of fetching away fever stricken Druro and dumping him in Mrs. Hope's care. It looked strange that Desmond had said nothing to him of the tragedy. If it had been an accident or the outcome of a quarrel, what more natural than to have told Curtis and got his help to bring in the body? The prosecution made this further ugly point without unduly emphasizing it. Another doctor—Ryan was away at the time—gave evidence of receiving Druro at the hospital, unconscious and precariously ill of "black water." He added carelessly that he did not suppose Druro would recover, and no one noticed Desmond blench, for she was so pale already that it could not be observed.

Druro had not left Selukine until late. His horse was tired out and the night pitch dark, but he had insisted on going. It was natural for everyone to suppose that on arrival at camp he had, being a sick man, gone straight to his hut where he was found the next day.

Thus, without effort from anyone and no more than a little economy of frankness on Desmond's part, Druro had been entirely eliminated as a factor in the tragedy. As a result the prisoner was committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter and removed to Wankelo where the high court was due to sit shortly.



Into her narrative of Desmond's life Loochia put all the malice of a petty nature.

CHAPTER XVII

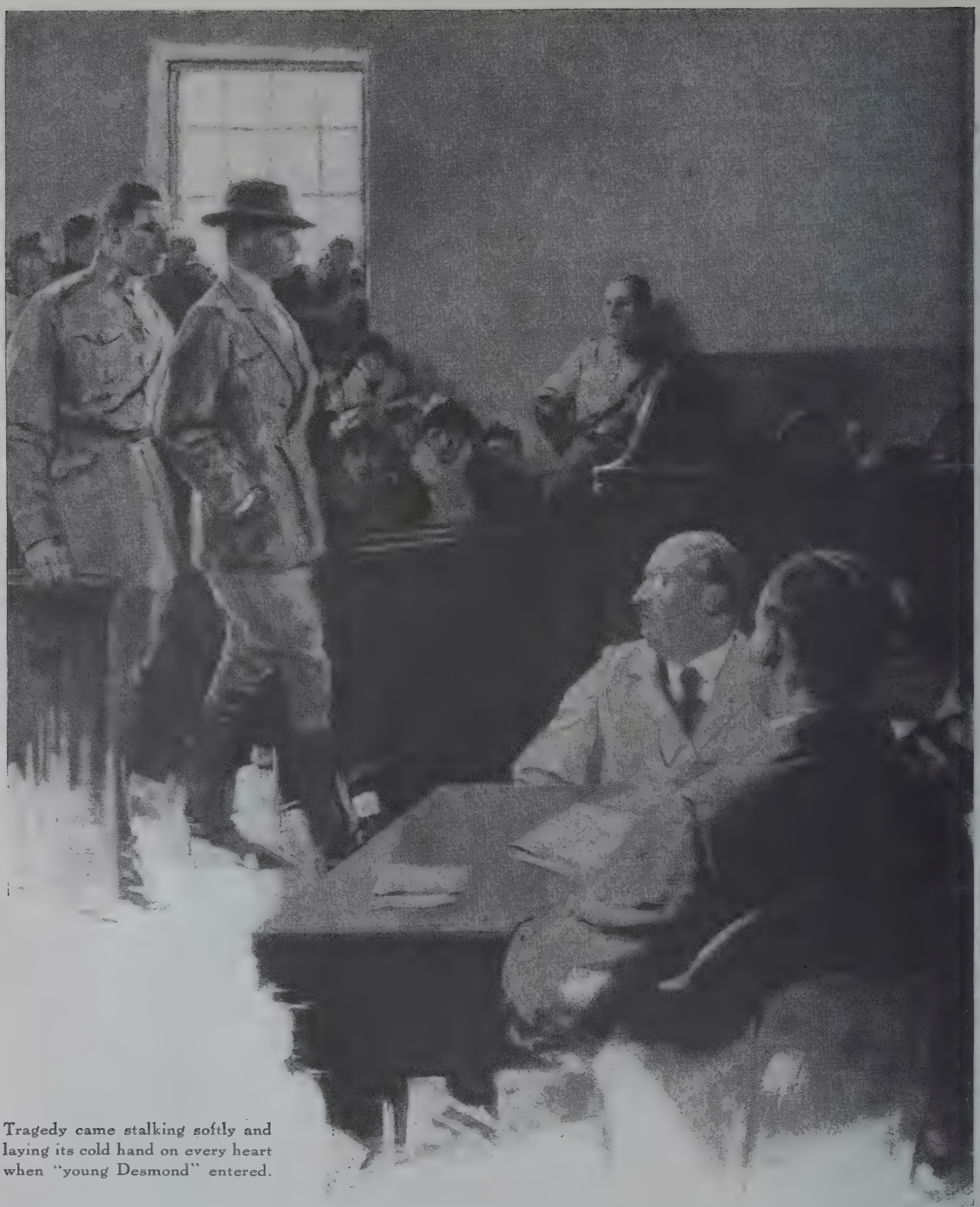
THE only visitors she saw were her lawyer and Emma Guthrie, now established at the Jubilate Deo and making things hum. The mine was brilliantly fulfilling Druro's anticipations.

"Roughly speaking there is about forty thousand pounds' worth within sight in the next few months," the little man told Desmond with the gleam of gold in his eye. "And more to come, or I'm a tinker. The only worry now is to get Lundi out of hospital and you out of jail."

The report on Druro was not good. He hung literally between life and death and had never spoken a connected word since entering hospital.

Guthrie did not go into the matter of Desmond's guilt or innocence, nor the reasons for her disguise. She was Druro's friend, and on the strength of that and the forty thousand he got the best lawyer in the country to defend her.

O'Byrne, K. C., was a brilliant and ambitious Irishman, bursting with eloquence and chivalrous ardor to right the wrongs of pretty women, and he did not need pressing. Besides, who would hesitate to step into the forefront of such a *cause célèbre* as the "Jubilate mystery" promised to become?



Tragedy came stalking softly and laying its cold hand on every heart when "young Desmond" entered.

But he soon found that the greatest obstacle to the *éclat* he promised himself in getting her off was his client herself.

Counsel had to protest at last in exasperation that she seemed to *want* to be convicted. She looked startled and became less taciturn, for that was not the impression she desired to give.

"It's no use going into details," she said. "You've heard the police court evidence. When the native constable asked me if I had seen Lypiatt I said no, and when the sergeant told me he had found Lypiatt dead in my hut I said yes, quite right."

"But that's not enough for *me*. I must have some sort of story of how the thing occurred and why Lypiatt should want to attack you."

On that she gave him a very wary account of Lypiatt's discovery of Druro's rich strike and decision to steal it, being careful to assign his action entirely to greed for gold and eliminating all reference to the enmity existing between the two men. (She only prayed that no one else would drag that into the case!) Her story fined down in fact to a personal quarrel between Lypiatt and herself about the discovery notices.

"He wanted me to change them and of course I wouldn't and called him a blackguard. One word led to another. I said something particularly galling, I suppose, and he jumped up and took me by the throat. I haven't any idea whether he meant to kill me or merely shake the life out of me, but there was a scuffle, the table overturned, the light went out, the floor was covered with water and I suppose he slipped. I heard him fall with a crack like a coconut hitting a stone, and when I recovered enough to light up he was lying unconscious. I tried to get him round but after a time, realizing that it was no good, I pulled him over to the wall and covered him up. I was rather dazed and I don't quite know what I intended to do

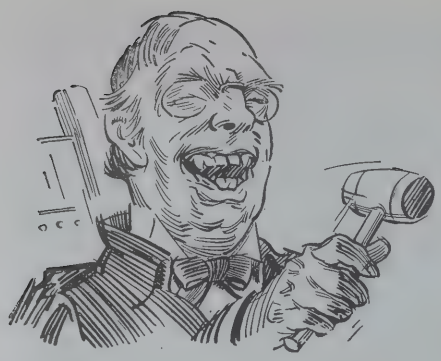


eventually—hide the body, I think. But the police came before I could do anything."

It was a clever story, and true every word of it—but with all the essential facts left out. O'Byrne could not pick a hole in it though instinct told him there was something missing. However, it is a criminal lawyer's business to make bricks from the straws offered by his client.

Lypiatt's family was sending a K. C. from the Cape to assist the prosecution—a Hollander married to Lypiatt's only sister. O'Byrne knew him for a smart, malicious devil who would stick at nothing to enhance his reputation, and if there was something the accused was keeping back he would surely drag it forth; so O'Byrne decided not to put her in the witness box.

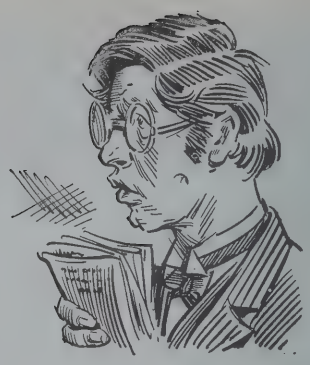
Told of this decision Desmond answered smilingly that it was a good thing as wild horses would never have dragged her there. It was only with great difficulty, and after assuring her the plea did not in the least contradict the evidence, that he could persuade her to plead not guilty. (*Continued on page 106*)



The Judge



A Witness



Her Counsel

Not Guilty

Characters

CORDELIA SNOW, the defendant.
MR. WILLIAMS, her counsel.
MR. FITCH, District Attorney.
THE JUDGE.
C. M. PRETTYMAN, a witness.
LARS ANDERSON, a Swedish witness.
CLERK.
Jury, spectators, newspapermen, etc.

SCENE—A criminal court room in Upper Hellangone.
At rise of curtain, everybody is on the stage, standing up. They soon get tired and sit down.

CLERK: Hear youse! Hear youse! Hear youse! This court is now in session!

JUDGE: I must warn you that this court room will be cleared if there is any munching on gumdrops. Counsel will proceed.

FITCH (*rising*): Your Honor, we will prove that this defendant, Mrs. Snow, was caught red-handed in the murder of her husband. There is no controverting the evidence in this case. It was cold-blooded, premeditated murder.

JUDGE: Counsel will confine himself to one syllable words.

FITCH: Our first witness is C. M. Prettyman.

CLERK (*calling*): C. M. Prettyman! (*Prettyman takes the stand and Clerk administers the oath.*)

FITCH: Mr. Prettyman, do you know this defendant, Mrs. Snow?

PRETTYMAN: Yes, sir. I live in the same building, right across the hall.

FITCH: Please state what happened on the night of May twenty-eighth.

PRETTYMAN: Well, I got drunk and came home and set around awhile and then I went over to the Snows' apartment.

FITCH: Why?

PRETTYMAN: I thought Mr. Snow was out.

FITCH: But he was not out?

PRETTYMAN: Oh, yes, he was! He was down and out. He was dead.

JUDGE (*slapping bench*): Good!

PRETTYMAN: And Mrs. Snow stood over him revolver in hand, still smoking.

FITCH: Who?

PRETTYMAN: Both of them.

FITCH: Then what happened?

PRETTYMAN: Mrs. Snow asked me to go and call the janitor. She was expecting company and wanted the room straightened up.

FITCH: And did you call the janitor?

PRETTYMAN: I did call the janitor.



FITCH (*to Williams*): You may take the witness. (*He sits down.*)

WILLIAMS (*rising*): Mr. Prettyman, are you married?

PRETTYMAN: No, sir. I'm a widow.

WILLIAMS: What did your wife die of?

PRETTYMAN: She got her throat caught between my fingers.

JUDGE: Good!

WILLIAMS (*to Prettyman*): That will do. (*Prettyman leaves the stand and Williams sits down.*)

FITCH (*rising*): I will call Lars Anderson.

CLERK: Lars Anderson! (*Anderson takes the witness stand and Clerk administers the oath.*)

FITCH: What is your name?

ANDERSON: Lars Anderson.

FITCH: I thought so. (*Catcalls.*) What is your occupation?

ANDERSON (*assuming a Swedish dialect*): I ban janitor up to the Clifton Apartments.

FITCH: Do you know the defendant?

ANDERSON (*looking at Mrs. Snow*): Sure, that's the murderer.

WILLIAMS (*springing up*): We object to that, Your Honor!

JUDGE: Objection sustained. (*To Anderson*) When it's a lady you must call her a murderess. And if she's a Swiss lady, you can call her a Swissess.

FITCH: Now, Mr. Anderson, tell us what happened the night of May twenty-eighth.

ANDERSON: Well, my woman and me, we ban went to a picture show. We seen Ben Turpin. He's cross-eyed. When we got home, we ban had a fight. She wanted I should take a bath and I said no. So just then this Prettyman come to the door and says I should go up to Mrs. Snow's apartment. That's the murderess.

JUDGE: Good!

ANDERSON: So I ban went up to Mrs. Snow's apartment and found Mr. Snow laying on the floor. So I got the vacuum cleaner and swept him up.

FITCH: What makes you think he was murdered.

ANDERSON: That's what Mrs. Snow said. But she ban all the time joking.



Janitor



The Accused

District Attorney

By RING W. LARDNER

Illustrations by Albert Levering

FITCH: The State rests. (*He sits down and Anderson leaves the witness stand.*)

WILLIAMS (*rising*): Your Honor, we have only one witness, the murderess herself, who will take the stand in her own defense. (*Mrs. Snow goes to the witness stand and Clerk administers the oath.*) Now, Your Honor, it seems to me that we might save this little lady a great deal of embarrassment if you would scrunch this indictment. Things have came to a pretty pass when a beautiful woman has to throw away a day in court every time her husband happens to get murdered.

MRS. SNOW: Don't mind me, Judge. I'm enjoying every minute of it.

JUDGE: Counsel will proceed.

WILLIAMS (*to Mrs. Snow*): State your name.

MRS. SNOW: Cordelia Snow. Cordelia means warm-hearted.

JUDGE: But Snow is cold.

WILLIAMS: Now, Mrs. Snow, why did you shoot your husband?

MRS. SNOW: Oh, I don't know—poisons is so uncertain in this climate!

WILLIAMS: But what was the occasion of your killing him?

MRS. SNOW: No special occasion—just Saturday night.

WILLIAMS: Did you and your husband quarrel very often?

MRS. SNOW: Only when we were together.

WILLIAMS: What did you quarrel about?

MRS. SNOW: Oh, anything! We were both broad-minded.

WILLIAMS: Had you quarreled with him the night of the tragedy?

MRS. SNOW: Tragedy?

WILLIAMS: The night he died.

MRS. SNOW: Oh, that! Why yes, I suppose we quarreled.

WILLIAMS: What makes you suppose you quarreled?

MRS. SNOW: Well, he was home.

WILLIAMS: And did you always quarrel when he was home?



MRS. SNOW: Oh, no! Sometimes he was home and I was out.

WILLIAMS: Did that happen very often?

MRS. SNOW: Only when I could arrange it.

WILLIAMS (*to Fitch*): You may take the the witness. (*He sits down and Fitch rises.*)

FITCH: Now, Mrs. Snow, how long were you married to Snow?

MRS. SNOW: Right up to the time he died.

FITCH: I am through with the witness.

MRS. SNOW: And it's mutual, believe me!

WILLIAMS (*rising*): We rest, Your Honor. (*Mrs. Snow leaves the witness stand.*)

JUDGE: Counsel may have one minute apiece for summing up.

WILLIAMS (*rising*): Your Honor and queer looking people of the jury: This case reminds me of the woman who went to the photograph gallery and asked the photographer if he took pictures of children. Stop me if you've heard it. Well, this woman went into a photograph gallery and asked the proprietor, Mike, if he took pictures of children. "Yes, ma'am, we do," replied Mike. Stop me if you've heard this one. "Well," said the woman, "and how much are they?" She was referring to the price of photographs of children. "Three dollars a dozen," replied Mike, the proprietor of the photograph gallery. "Well," said the woman smilingly, "I guess I will have to come back later. I've only got eleven." Now, Your Honor and ladies and gentlemen of the jury, this case is an exact parallel of the story I have just told. This defendant, Cordelia Snow, would never have killed Snow had it not been for the fact that she still lacked a dozen husbands.

(He *sits down in practically complete silence.*)

JUDGE: I will now call on the district attorney, Mr. Fitch, a man who won his spurs in a Swiss livery stable and a prominent Rotarian in Fitchburg, Mass.

FITCH (*rising*): Your Honor and jury: This case reminds me of an even older story than that which my distinguished colleague tried so hard and failed to tell. It seems that two gentlemen, Pat and Mike, were traveling through the hill country of Kentucky. It was very still. At length they came in sight of a cabin in the clearing. The only sign of habitation was the remnants of a mule and the tall figure of a man who leaned against a tree, spearing hazel nuts. "Wonder if he can talk," said Pat to Mike. "Try him," said Mike to Pat. "Well, stranger," said Pat, "this is a great country." "I like it," replied the Kentuckian. "Have you lived here all your life?" asked Pat. "Not yet," replied the Kentuckian. Now, Your Honor and friends, we demand that this defendant, Cordelia Snow, be found guilty and fined no less than five dollars and costs. (*He sits down in a hubbub of quiet.*)

JUDGE: Would the jury like to ask any questions?

FOREMAN: Your Honor, was the deceased the defendant's legal husband?

JUDGE (*to Fitch and Williams*): How about it, boys?

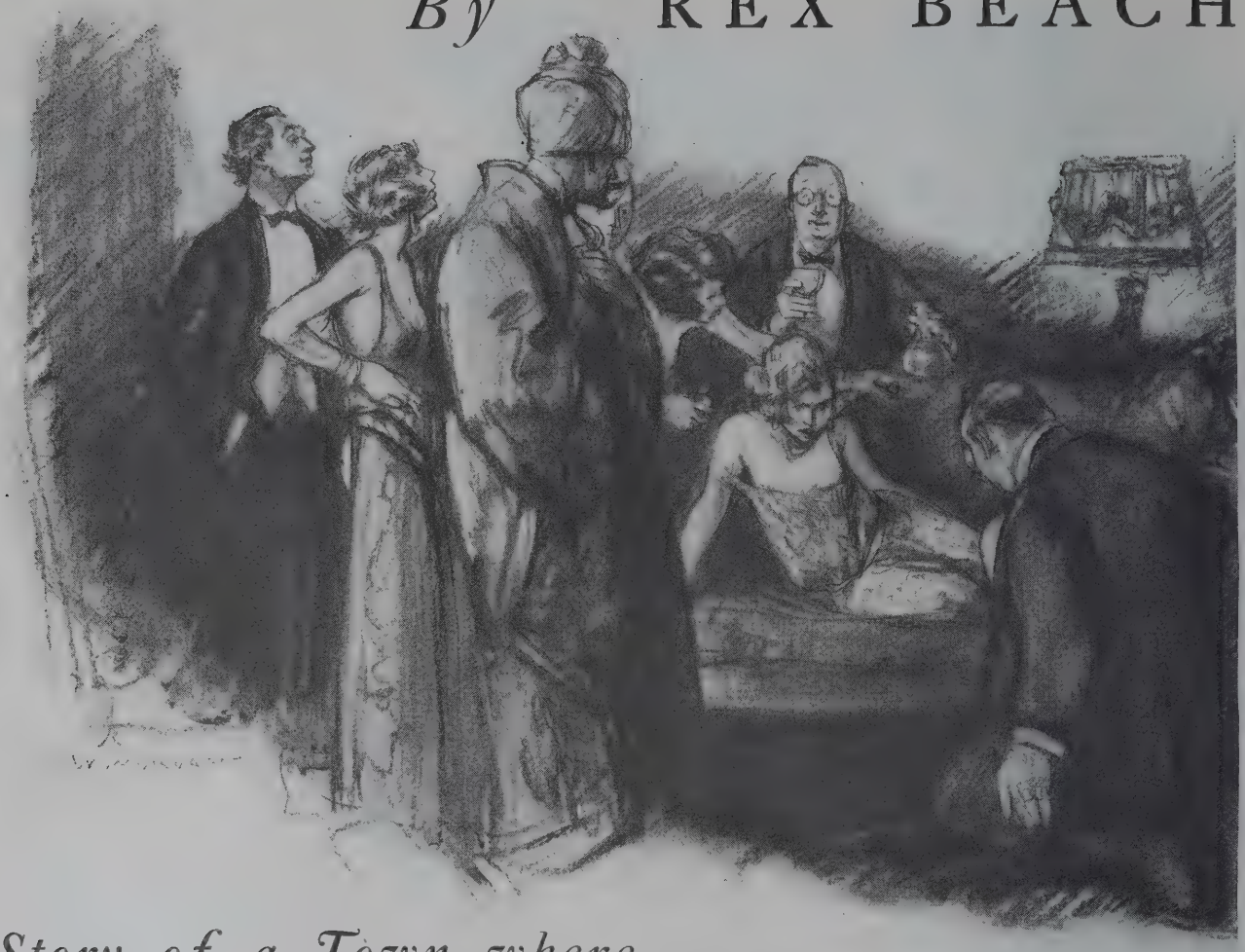
FITCH AND WILLIAMS: No question about that.

FOREMAN: Well, then, who had a better right to shoot him!

JUDGE: Gentlemen, this case is out, like a Yankee pinch hitter.

(CURTAIN)

By REX BEACH



A Story of a Town where Everything, including Ghosts, Must be Up-to-Date

The

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

THREE characteristics of the human countenance Joe Thomas abhorred—curly hair, a Grecian profile and romantic eyes. Physical perfection is all right in a museum; in the home it is loathsome. If Adonis had a room mate—or better, a barber—it is safe to say the latter yearned to cut his throat, for who could repeatedly shave a cheek, a chin, as smooth and as flawless as flesh can be; who could daily vaseline a head of wavy midnight hair with just the right curl to tempt unruly feminine fingers without praying for pimples and dandruff?

Nevertheless, that is precisely what Joe Thomas was called upon to do, for the cheeks, the chin, the throat, the hair were his. Out from his mirror gazed a pair of haunting, languorous eyes fringed like the gentian. He had tried cutting off the lashes, but they came in longer and thicker than ever, and they curled. His was the fatal curse of beauty

Joe had been marked by this hideous peculiarity as a child; in fact, he and Myrtle Sawyer had been the prettiest children in town and they had won prizes at baby shows. Myrtle, as she grew older, lived down her past, but with Joe the disgrace lingered. Even after his voice changed and the pink down of adolescence appeared upon his lip, people continued to refer to him as "that perfect boy," and some of the women spoke of the dimples in his back. Joe's face was that of a sixteen year old cherub and his lips were like rosebuds, but at references such as these there issued from him language—well, language that went with a full and unkempt beard. When he grew old enough to envy the ugliness of other boys and to realize that he could neither freckle nor grow warts, no matter how he tried, a burning resentment took charge of him and he fought with his playmates. Frequently he was licked by these homely boys, but in spite of his desperate disregard of consequences his perfect features possessed the resiliency of rubber and malignant nature healed the marks of battle. Nothing he could do resulted in permanent disfigurement. As age laid muscle upon his frame, he more often came home a winner and by the time he had graduated from "Tech" as an electrical engineer, his reputation as a willing and able rough-and-tumbler had become such that only comparative strangers complimented him upon his looks.

He was beginning to hope that he had finally laid his ghost when one day Sol Ginsberg, a friend of public school days, wrote him from Hollywood urging him to come West and go into "pictures." Ginsberg had gone to California as an assistant camera man and through the display of talents entirely unsuspected by his schoolmates he had risen, meteor-like, to the dignity of producer.

"I can make of you a big hit," the enthusiastic Ginsberg wrote, "if only you screen as good as you look, and I bet you would. We can easy change your name to something classy, like Pedro de Ventura, now that these Wop leading men have got the women boiling. All I expect is I should get a nice long term contract



"You thnake in the grath! Wait!" lisped Miss Donaldson, withering Hyman with a glare of hatred.

Talking Vase

in case I put you over. It beats the wireless business, Joe, which ain't got anything solid behind it."

Joe started to answer the letter but thought better of it, for the postal regulations governing what may be transmitted through the mails are rigid. Instead, he swallowed the temptation and went on with his radio experiments. But thereafter he detested motion pictures. That detestation ripened into a positive hatred when Myrtle Sawyer won a beauty contest which carried with it a trip to the Coast and a rôle in "Passion's Pawn," a crashing super-special in preparation by the Hyman Film Productions.

Sick with apprehension, cold with dread, Joe called upon Myrtle the evening the announcement appeared in the local paper.

"You don't intend to accept this crazy offer, do you?" he inquired.

"Why, of course I do!" Myrtle's blue eyes were starry with excitement. "I'm as thrilled as a bunny, Joe."

"What the devil is your family thinking of?" he growled.

"Why, *Joe!* It's the chance of a lifetime."

"Sure! Chance to be mauled around by some plumber in a sport shirt; chance to be thrown over a cliff into the arms of Handsome Harold, the perfect male thirty-eight. If I ever see you kissing one of those 'nature's noblemen' with a divided chin and moveable eyebrows—I—— That's all the movies are—kissing games!"

Miss Sawyer flushed. "You always hated kissing games, didn't you?"

"Of course. Mother's friends licked my face shiny until my beard got rough. They kissed me until I smelled sour. If you'll cut out this nonsense——"

"It *isn't* nonsense," Myrtle declared earnestly. "I'm going to make my fortune."

"You don't need a fortune. I'll——"

"It's my chance for a career. Motion pictures is the fourth largest business in America, Joe. I must think of my future."

"There's a big future in electrical supplies and radio equipment, too. I'm working out a new telephone—'The Phone Beautiful,' I call it. Why talk into an ugly iron thing instead of into a vase or an ornamental——"

"You're so practical, so—matter of fact! So is everybody." Myrtle sighed. "Girls want romance, adventure. Of course I may not screen well——"

"No danger of that." Joe frowned darkly. "If you tackle this, I'm going to start right in burning down moving picture theaters."

Myrtle, of course, was flattered by Joe's jealousy, but it was more flattering by far to be selected as the most beautiful of ten thousand beautiful girls, and before her the gates of the world had opened. Through them she glimpsed an enchanting realm of glittering possibilities. Fame beckoned her and Fortune smiled. What girl could hesitate? Long and earnestly Joe argued but in time Myrtle went West.

Several months later, Joe was surprised to receive a call from Sol Ginsberg, President of Gins-Art Productions, Incorporated. Mr. Ginsberg had a single track mind and he had come for an answer to his letter.

"You got a picture face, Joe, if ever I saw one and I've seen a million. Maybe if you'd show me you can act a little I'd put you right in my next serial."

"I'll show you exactly how I can act," Joe began venomously; then his brow cleared and he laughed outright. "Did you come all the way from the Coast to offer me a job?"

"N-no. I had other business. You ain't got to act much, Joe. Leave it to the director. Got any stills?"

"I'm an electrician, not a bootlegger."

"Still pictures, photographs. It's types we——"

"I hate everything about moving pictures, and I loathe moving picture actors."

"All the same, it pays better than stringin' wires." Ginsberg cast a disdainful eye over Joe's place of business.

Joe opened his mouth to explain that he was an engineer, an inventor, but he doubted if Sol would understand the difference so he said: "Come in here. I want to talk to you." He led the caller into his office and seated him. Then, "Tell me, how are you getting along?"

Ginsberg shrugged. "Oh, we all got our troubles, I s'pose! Pictures ain't so good lately. Competition, you know. Two fellers I'd like to kill, Joe; the guys that invented competition and overhead. Compared with them robbers, Frank and Jesse James was a couple of nice boys. No sooner I spend a fortune making a star than along comes Ad Hyman or the Notable or some other bird of prayer and hires her away. Only one artist on the lot you can absolutely depend to work every day and that's the famous Hebrew heavy, Mr. Morris W. Overhead."

"What sort of a fellow is Hyman?" Joe inquired curiously.

"Don't ask me! I wouldn't talk about him. He's a wulture, Joe. It ain't enough I should lose to him Miriam Donaldson and Bush Thorndyke, the two best money getters in the business; he takes with 'em my best continuity writer by offering him screen credit. On top of that somebody at the home office hears the great Anna Turin sing 'Tosca' and right away signs her up to make five Gins-Art features, with a private car both ways from New York. Anna Turin!" Ginsberg moaned like an autumn breeze.

"I supposed Turin was a great find."

"Ain't I telling you? They couldn't of found another like her if they looked a year. Her first picture cost us a hundred and eighty thousand dollars, two script writers and the best director on the lot. Poor Jimmy Lord! I just left him in West Baden. Nervous indigestion and shellshock. He cries steady and can't eat only bran muffins. Battle Creek is the place for him, but he couldn't stand the name."

"What is the picture like?"

Ginsberg stared at the speaker with the eye of a hunted deer. "One reel of titles and action and six reels of close-ups of the star. Sure! Pictures is a great business. Another hit by Turin and Gins-Art goes under the hammer. Already her spirit control has advised her to hire a lawyer for fear we break the contract."

"Spirit control?"

"Sure. Since this feller Doyle got his name in the papers, Hollywood does nothing but tip tables and hold slate writings. The bootleggers have turned mediums—more money in it and they don't have to split with the police. It's so you can't sign up even a character woman without she should first consult the unseen world, and then you don't know if you got a good signature to the contract or the monnicker of some dear departed that wouldn't hold in court. It looks like Ad Hyman has got a drag in the spirit world, because all the good actors that quit Gins-Art right away sign with him. Crooked business men I can get along with, Joe, when they're alive, but how you going to compete with a lot of slick ghosts? I ask you."

Here was something that interested Joe Thomas and for some time he questioned the producer. Friendship, perhaps it was, that induced the latter to lay bare his hidden worries. Truly, those worries were by no means trivial, for Turin was a terrible quince and her contract alone, if carried out, was enough to wreck a stronger organization than Gins-Art. Moreover, it did indeed look as if Sol's company was on the spirit blacklist, for what few capable people it still retained were threatening to desert and go to his rival.

"But there, I been crying about my troubles and you probably got plenty of your own," the picture man sighed. "Business good?"

"Fine! I've perfected a new idea in telephones—'The Phone Beautiful'—and it's bound to go over. Why not make the telephone a thing of artistic beauty?"

"Why not?" Ginsberg nodded vacantly. Then: "How about three hundred a week, Joe? And if I put you across——"

Mr. Thomas exploded. "Not for three thousand. I tell you I'm poisoned on pictures."

"Then why you been taking all this time——"

"Because——" The speaker flushed. "It's on account of Myrtle. She won that beauty contest of the Hyman Film Company."

"I know." Ginsberg smiled wanly. "It's the only piece of luck I had that he got her instead of Gins-Art."

"Why? Isn't she any good?" Joe inquired hopefully.

"She's a lemon! Mind you now, Myrtle I like. Ain't I known her all my life? But for an actress—I'd sooner have a trained seal. This here 'Passion's Pawn' is a complete flop."

"Then I'm afraid"—Joe rose and took a nervous turn about the room—"there's something in what I've heard."

"What you heard?"

"That Hyman is interested in her; wants to marry her. She was engaged to me when she left here."

"So? That's tough. But Joe, a lotta girls have thought Hyman wanted to marry 'em and he didn't. That's how he works."

"I've been waiting for her to get sick of the game and come home, but he has signed her up for a year."

"He should worry if she can't act, with the company paying her salary. Of course she don't know she's rotten. None of 'em do. I s'pose her spirit control——"

"Has she fallen for that stuff?"

"I don't know. Most of 'em have. Lord, Joe, if you was a good medium instead of a bum electrician, we'd—clean up."

After a moment Joe Thomas astonished his caller by quietly declaring:

"I am."

"Am what?"

"A—medium."

"Hush!"

"I'm psychic, in a way. Anyhow, I can talk with the dead, if that would do us any good."

Sol Ginsberg breathed heavily; then after a searching stare he reached for his hat and rose, saying, "Well, Joe, I gotta be getting along."

But the other laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "Wait. You've been complaining about malicious spirits ruining your business. Suppose I could put you in touch with some friendly spooks that would boost you and knock Hyman."

"Are you kidding? Of course there ain't any such thing as spirits. All the same I'd be willing to sign up one that I could count on and let him name his own salary."

"If I could convert you I'd have no trouble convincing those people in Los Angeles, would I?"

"Convince 'em of what? Already they believe anything they're told. It's me you got to convince."

"Very well. Suppose you heard a spirit voice? Suppose it answered questions, foretold the future, withstood every test?"

"Honest, Joe, to try such foolishness on me is wasting time. It can't be done."

"Wait and see. You'll have to admit there are forces in nature vastly powerful, although unseen; dynamic possibilities we know almost nothing about. Well, I've discovered a method of communicating with the dead that none of your mediums know anything about. Billy Sunday never snatched a brand from the burning as quickly as I propose to yank you out of your disbelief. Sol, before you leave this room you are going to talk with your ancestors."

"Ha, Yiddish ghosts! All right, I'll fall for anything once. Commence!"

It was nearly three hours later when Ginsberg left Joe Thomas's place of business. He wrung the engineer's hands and laughed excitedly. "Say, all the luck in the world ain't bad, after all. I'm a fifty minute egg and when you get me going you've done something. Most of it I don't understand yet. I've been selling some of my Gins-Art stock on the quiet, but if your ghosts will talk in California like they do here——"

"They'll talk much better."

"Then I'm going to buy it in again. Wire me when you're ready to come and I'll have my pressman plant a story in every Los Angeles paper. Jimmy Lord will be back by that time. He's been to some of them séances with Turin, and he's a bear on make-up. Take a tip, Joe, and grab a few shares



Again came the eerie whispering from the shadow world. "I am waiting!" declared Madame Turin.

of Gins-Art for yourself. These old-home spirits of ours will send 'em to par."

The more intellectual members of the Hollywood moving picture colony were interested one morning to read that Professor Tremblay, the eminent scientist, had arrived on his way to the Orient in furtherance of his experiments in psychomancy, a particular phase of psychic research upon which he was the leading authority. The professor was en route to the interior of India where he had previously spent several years studying spirit phenomena, and while he was reticent about the evidence already gathered, nevertheless he intimated that his forthcoming book would create a sensation.

Several people, Madame Turin among others, telephoned the investigator at his hotel but succeeded only in speaking with his secretary, who informed them that Professor Tremblay was distressed at the amount of publicity he had received and positively would not consider anything in the way of a public appearance or a lecture. He was engrossed for the present in a series of exhaustive experiments with the famous Talking Vase of which no doubt they had heard.

What was the Talking Vase? The secretary was amazed that the phenomenon was unknown to his hearers, inasmuch as the journal of the International Society had lately been full of it. It was a curious relic the professor had stumbled upon and psychic circles were in an uproar over it. Rightly, too, since it had rendered former methods of spirit communication antiquated.

News of this sort naturally created a buzz among Madame



"Sol," said Joe, "before you leave this room you are going to talk with your ancestors."

Turin's psychically inclined friends; that buzz became a murmur when the scientist visited the Gins-Art lot.

Pressed for an explanation, Tremblay confided that Conan Doyle's experiments with spirit photography had induced him to take to India with him an expert camera man; hence his visit to the moving picture capital.

Doctor Tremblay was a handsome, swarthy, impressive man. He wore a magnificent, glossy black beard parted in the middle after the oriental fashion. Ginsberg, Jimmy Lord and Moe Apple, the Gins-Art head electrician, spent the better part of the day with him.

Myrtle Sawyer was genuinely surprised when Joe Thomas phoned her that evening explaining that he had come clear to the Coast just to see her, and she welcomed him when he called a half hour later. Myrtle's gladness at sight of him was unaffected, but Joe soon discovered that a change had come over her; she was no longer the girl he had known. Camera-blight had stricken her. Myrtle had been a modest creature, a trifle shy in fact, and she had never displayed the faintest sign of conceit over her abundant good looks. But the movies had changed all that. Her personal appearance concerned her deeply now; it absorbed her; she referred to it frequently and showed Joe a bewildering collection of stills, the while she talked about camera angles and back lighting and soft focuses. After they had sufficiently admired her photographs, she read him some thrilling press notices of "Passion's Pawn" and her work as the captive slave. At least they thrilled her. Next she showed Joe a fan magazine in which was an illustrated interview headed, "Fragrant Myrtle Sawyer, the Wonder Girl."

Joe read the story with some surprise, for Myrtle, it seemed, had in the course of a few months developed into an all-around athlete. There was a half-tone of her in riding breeches and polo belt kissing the nostril of a livery horse; another of her in golf clothes removing a divot by means of a left-handed grip on a right-handed mashie; and a third view of the Wonder Girl smashing at a tennis ball that Tilden could not have reached from the end of a springboard. Nor was that the half of it. "Fragrant Myrtle" was a skilful and an adventurous fisherwoman, also a crack shot—she had the clothes to show it. Joe feared to turn the page lest he should discover that she was also a high diver and dressed that part. Her passionate fondness for the out-of-doors, he read, arose only from her intense vitality and perfect health, but there was another, a softer, a more womanly side to her character—she was a fancy cook and adored bungalow aprons. She loved her parents and all dumb animals. Myrtle Sawyer was a girl "you'd like to take home and introduce to your mother." Joe was glad there was one statement in the ghastly parody to which he could subscribe—he'd like to take her home and introduce her to *his* mother, all right—with instructions to give her a good spanking.

"It is all a part of Mr. Hyman's publicity campaign," Myrtle explained. "He's a wonderful man."

"Um-m! When do you start work on the next picture?"

"I don't know. We haven't found a script yet. He insists on a proper vehicle; so many stars have been killed by bad stories. I'm not really a star, of course, but he says——"

"Honestly, Myrtle, do you like this sort of thing?" Joe indicated the "Fragrant Myrtle" interview.

The girl flushed. "Certainly not. I hate it, just as I hate horses and guns and cooking. But I never earned a dollar in my life and it's such fun to buy things with your own money. It's all like a dream. There are so few things a girl can do, Joe. When she's lucky enough to have a career offered her, why—she owes it to herself and to her family to make the most of her opportunity."

"It's a pretty good career to marry and live happily ever after. That's what all your photoplays are written about."

Myrtle nodded. A yearning light crept into her eyes; upon her face there came an expression the camera had never caught; and Joe Thomas realized that at heart she was still the Myrtle he knew and adored. He understood her, too. Poor, foolish, dazzled little kid! She was indeed walking in a dream. Her faith, her yearning, her determination to become rich and great were very natural, very girlish. He loved her the more tenderly for them.

Later, when he told her good night, he took her in his arms and kissed her. She struggled faintly, she protested in a shaky voice, but there were tears in her eyes and the hands that held him off really clung to him. He was too wise, however, to take advantage of her momentary mood.

It was due to Madame Turin's persistence that Professor Tremblay finally consented to appear informally before her and her friends and demonstrate his mastery of psychic forces. As a return for the many courtesies of Sol Ginsberg, he suggested that his experiments be conducted in the latter's home.

On the appointed evening, the president of Gins-Art entertained a dozen or more guests at dinner, among whom were Miriam Donaldson and Bush Thorndyke, his former stars, and also Ad Hyman, their present employer. In spite of their poisonous rivalry, the two producers maintained an outward show of friendship. Tonight Hyman was more than skeptica

of the forthcoming demonstration; he twitted Sol upon his conversion to spiritualism and his remarks were edged with ill concealed malice.

"Because Madame Turin gets me to stage a ghost dance in my house, is it a sign I believe in such things?" the host protested. "Anyhow it's a free show and you got a good dinner thrown in, so what you kicking about? For all I know this Tremblay is a faker. There's fakers even in the fillum business. And for a while they get away with it." Ginsberg spoke with a smile, but he narrowed his eyes at Hyman.

Madame Turin resented the mental attitude of both men and said so. "The idea of criticising a man of his eminence! Of course, I'm only a child in my understanding of the subject; nevertheless I could tell you of things I've seen, demonstrations that would surprise you. Whether or not you believe in a higher plane of existence, you will admit that we poor humans are drawn in opposite directions by conflicting forces, some beneficent, others malignant; forces of good and evil. If, through spiritual understanding, we attune ourselves to those beneficent powers they will inevitably sweep us onward to success. That, at least, is my theory."

"Maybe you're right," Hyman told her. "Anyhow, it's like that in the picture business; some of us succeed in everything we touch. Why? Because we have the power to do big things. Others fail." Ginsberg felt something coming and essayed an interruption but the speaker went on: "When actors ask me for advice, I tell them to get aboard a going concern, and line up with the successful, growing firms that can do the most for them. If your cart is hitched to a sick horse, cut the traces. Don't rats leave a sinking ship?"

Hyman addressed this question directly to Stella Green, last of the Gins-Art stars. Miss Green was known to screen lovers as "California's Passion Flower, the Girl with the Million Dollar Back," and Ginsberg considered her the best vamp in the business. He read the double meaning in Hyman's words and a cold sweat broke out upon him. If the Passion Flower jumped, he was ruined.

"You said something, Ad," he declared. "It's only rats do like that."

Miss Donaldson spoke up in her lisping, childish voice. "Buth had a demonthrathion. Didn't you, Buth?"

Bush Thorndyke, pressed for details, confessed: "It happened while Miriam and I were making 'The Bride of Hate.' You remember the scene where the castle burns and I swing myself across the moat on the telephone wire?"

"Where he ethcapeth from the Cage of Death and thaveth me from Duke Borith."

Ginsberg nodded vigorously. "I should forget it in a hurry, when the set cost thirty thousand dollars."

"Well, I had a slate-writing and it warned me to beware of fire and water," said Thorndyke, "so I pretended to have a sprained wrist and they doubled me. The wire broke and that double went to the hospital for six weeks."

"I remember that, too," Ginsberg asserted. "Like it was yesterday. He had a day and night nurse."

Hyman beamed. "On our lot, we have never hurt a principal. We're careful of our artists. Anyhow, those cheap stunt pictures are cold."

During and after dinner more guests arrived and by nine o'clock, the hour set for Tremblay's appearance, the party included a good many of the local film notables.

The professor was late, but when he came he carried with him a large case which he carefully laid upon the hall table. Alone with Ginsberg in the latter's bedroom, he inquired, "Is Lord here?"

"Sure. Him and Moe had their dinner in the basement and everything is set. But the nerve of some people! Ad Hyman is after the 'Passion Flower.' In my own house! And it wouldn't surprise me if already she's jumped! He offers her seventeen-fifty a week and guarantees court costs if I sue. The *wiper!*" The producer mopped his moist brow. "Such a night! And on top of a wire from New York to hold up Turin's salary check till they can cover it! Just as well I should ask her to hold her breath that long."

"Ladies and gentlemen," Professor Tremblay addressed the assembled guests after his introduction, "I am not here in the guise of a necromancer, but as a cold, scientific investigator of



"Fragrant Myrtle Sawyer, the Wonder Girl," Joe read. Poor, foolish, dazzled kid!

spirit phenomena. The theory that intelligence is everlasting, that mind travels beyond the grave, that life continues after death is neither new nor original. It is one of man's oldest beliefs, and to this investigation I ask that you bring neither a blind, unreasoning acquiescence nor a stubborn disbelief. Let me urge you to maintain open minds. That is the only true scientific attitude.

"It has been my practice to appear only before academic audiences; therefore I declined Mr. Ginsberg's first invitation to come here. But upon second thought I realized the dignity and importance of your profession. I realized that here I should meet only the keenest minds; people with level heads and brilliant intuition. So it occurred to me that among you there might be an intellect capable of solving the occult mystery that has baffled the most learned of our purely scientific investigators."

There was heartfelt applause at this tribute to the higher intelligence of screen celebrities.

Madame Turin murmured audibly: "He's wonderful. And so young!"

Through his fine black beard the professor's teeth gleamed pleasantly. "Now for a brief history of the unique relic I have brought with me. Several years ago I was engaged in important research work which took me to the Province of Poopar, four hundred and eighty miles northwest of Calcutta. There I was the guest of the Rajah, a very old man at the time. Of course I had heard of the famous Talking Vase of Poopar—who has not? But I put it down as a native superstition, a myth. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when my host assured me that it did indeed exist, although none but the eyes of Yogis and priests had ever beheld it, none but holy men had held converse with it. It is perhaps a tribute to my standing in the world of occultism that I was finally permitted to see the vase, the most remarkable phenomenon the Orient has yet produced, and to test its powers. My report to the International Society created a sensation. I was regarded as a madman, for I reported that it actually spoke. The Rajah's family is one of the oldest in the East. This urn from time immemorial had contained the sacred ashes of his forebears and he declared that the *voice was that of his ancestors!*"

There was a stir and a rustle from the audience. Miriam Donaldson's hand sought that of her manly co-star, Bush Thorndyke, and she chattered:

"It giveth me the creepth! I'm all over gooth fleth."

Ad Hyman leaned forward to whisper: "It's the bunk. But I've got to hand it to him. He's great."

Tremblay continued: "Inasmuch as my knowledge of the Indian language was incomplete and the Rajah had to interpret for me, naturally the demonstration was not entirely satisfactory. Nevertheless I proved beyond question that there was no trick, no fake about the voice, and I offered the Rajah any sum for the relic. He refused to consider it.

"One day while tiger hunting I saved the life of his son, and later when the Rajah died I induced the young man to surrender the vase into my keeping with the understanding that I never leave it out of my possession and that I return it to the temple at Poopar in two years. He also exacted the strict proviso that I use it only for scientific demonstrations before serious minded people, explaining how easy it would be for an unscrupulous person to enrich himself by consulting it on business affairs. You see the voice is truly the voice of an oracle; it forecasts the future as unerringly as it reveals the past. That promise, ladies and gentlemen, I have scrupulously adhered to."

Madame Turin wished to know if the voice spoke only its native tongue.

"Ah! Now comes one of the strangest features of this bewildering business; one that has baffled the keenest minds of Europe and America. Shortly after the vase came into my possession, I noticed that it occasionally spoke an English word. Gradually it came to speak English entirely, although with an accent not unlike that of my old friend, the Rajah. Within the last six months every trace of accent has disappeared.

"I will bore you no further with explanations. The vase is here and you are free to test its powers."

With these words the professor opened the case he had brought with him, exposing to view an antique urn or pitcher with a slender, graceful neck and a long, curving, covered spout not unlike that of a watering pot. The vessel appeared to be made of some composition lighter than clay; its body was covered with crude figures in bas-relief. The audience pressed close and examined it inside and out.

"For our purpose we shall need a smaller room, one capable of accommodating perhaps a dozen chairs," the professor announced.

"Use the library," Ginsberg offered, and thither Tremblay bore his precious burden.

"Excellent," he said upon his return. "Now then, I assume that most of you are convinced that there is such a thing as mind reading—thought transference—so I will not——"

"Wait a minute," Hyman broke in. "Nobody ever read *my* mind, and I don't believe it can be done, on the level."

Ginsberg laughed loudly at this. "First you got to *have* a mind, Ad, before anybody can read it. You don't ask the professor should accomplish the impossible, I hope?"

"So?" Hyman wheeled swiftly upon the speaker. "Maybe he can tell what I'm thinking right now. The ladies can leave the room for a minute, so he can speak it right out loud. And if you go with them it won't hurt anybody's feelings. I'm from Missouri. If I'm going to join the order give me all the works. What do you mean, 'thought transference'?"

Madame Turin was distressed at this interruption. "There is always a disturbing element at every séance," she complained. "Skeptics and mental defectives should stay at home."

"Pardon! This is in no sense a séance." Tremblay raised his hands in good natured protest. "I flatter myself that I have progressed far beyond that stage. Mr. Hyman is right. It was my mistake in assuming that you had gone further in your studies. However, I think I can readily prove to him that—well, that thoughts are things. Thought transference is one of our first steps. Mr. Hyman, will you oblige me by speaking a number? Any number of two figures."

"I've got you. Twenty-three."

"Twenty-three." The professor nodded and stroked his forked beard. "Yonder is a telephone. Please call the Hotel Ambassador and ask for my secretary, Mr. Henry Graves."

Hyman did as directed. There was a brief delay, then: "Hello! Professor Tremblay's room, please . . . Mr. Henry Graves?" Hyman covered the receiver with his palm and announced, "He's on the wire."

"Tell him, please, that I am thinking of a number and ask him what it is."

Several people crowded close to Hyman while he repeated the message, holding the instrument away from his ear so that they, too, could hear the secretary's answer. There was a moment's delay, then the bystanders gasped. Hyman hung up and turned with a foolish grin. "You win. He called the turn."

Sol Ginsberg spoke above the chorus of exclamations, saying: "Of course, Ad, if it had been only you thinking of that number instead of all of us, it would of fell off the wire. It takes a mental athalete to shoot a message that far."

Tremblay now had the respectful attention of even the most incredulous. Over his evening clothes he slipped an elaborate oriental robe, upon his head he placed a large turban which came well down over his ears; then he called for envelopes and paper.

"Please write your questions, sign and seal them in the envelopes. Be careful that nobody sees what you write. I assume that all of you have lost dear ones—that you wish to learn whether they fare well or ill and whether life after death indeed exists. That is the most vital problem that vexes the human mind and I urge you to avail yourselves in all seriousness of this opportunity which may never be repeated. A supreme wisdom is at your call. Make the most of it."

Amid a great chewing of pencils and a heavy furrowing of brows these instructions were followed. Meanwhile the professor called for an assistant and for some receptacle in which to collect the sealed questions. Ginsberg hustled out of the room and shouted loudly for Moe Apple.

Apple appeared with a black cloth bag and when the last query had been signed and sealed he passed through the audience and each guest with his own hands dropped his envelope into the bag. Tremblay next requested Apple to upset the bag and dump its contents upon a large brass tray which he had placed upon a table. This done, he waved the electrician out of the room, struck a match and ignited the pile. As it blazed up, he murmured something about "consuming fires," "purifying flames"; and while he droned his incantation he stirred the blazing papers with a metal wand until the last one had been consumed, until the last charred and blackened remnant had been resolved to ashes. His voice became louder, more resonant as he announced:

"My friends, your hopes, your fears have passed on. Your words have been transmuted into a form visible to him who speaks through the Rajah's vase. May his counsel aid and cheer you in your quest for the ultimate truth. Not all of you will hear the Voice; fortunate will be those to whom it gives a message. Now, as many of you as can find seats please follow me into the Presence."

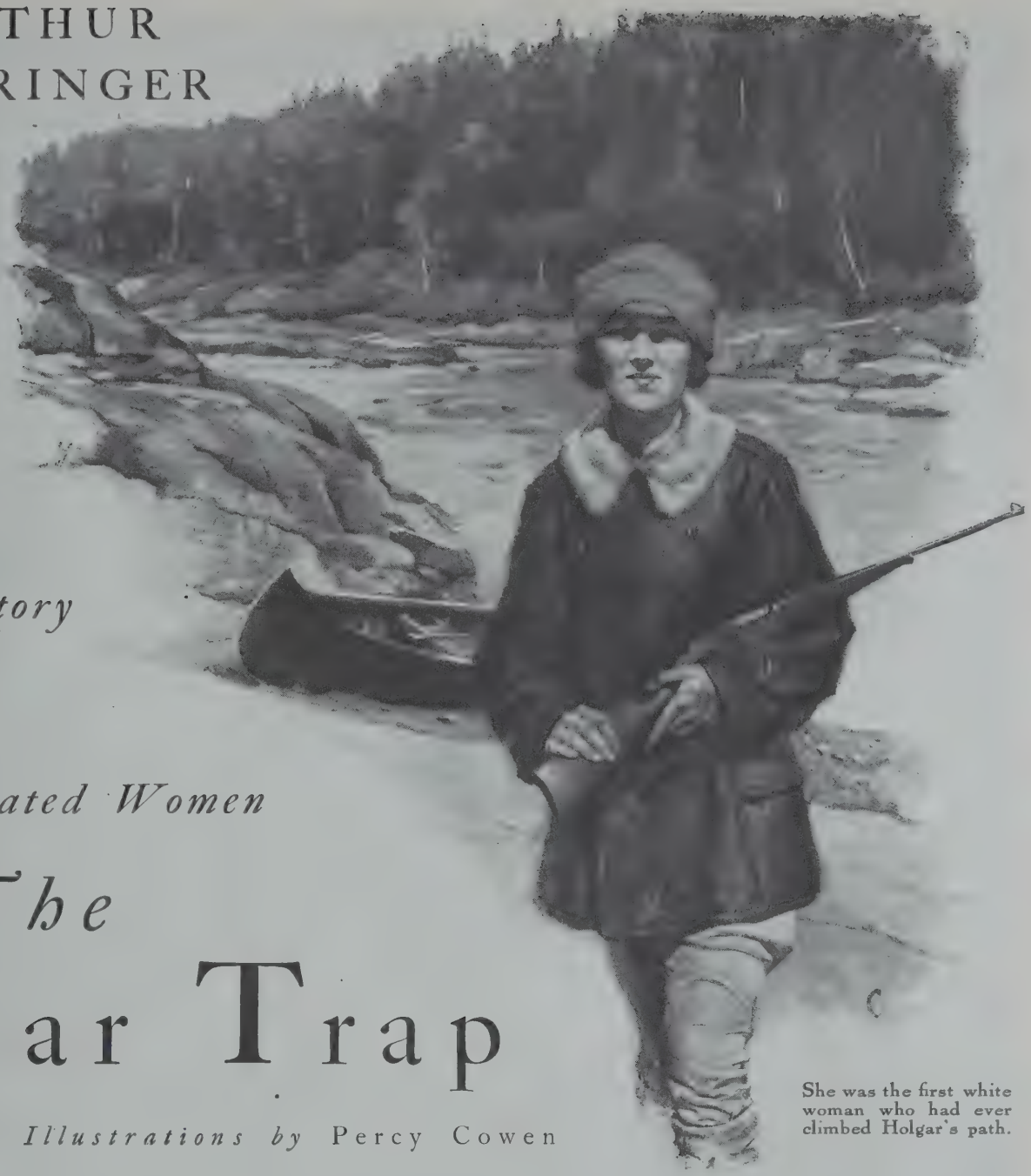
(*Continued on page 156*)

By ARTHUR STRINGER

A Short Story of a Man Who Hated Women

The Bear Trap

Illustrations by Percy Cowen



She was the first white woman who had ever climbed Holgar's path.

HOLGAR watched the woman as she drove the bow of her canoe up on the pebbly bank. He watched her as she stepped ashore and stood studying the wreath of smoke that went up from his cabin chimney between the sheltering pines. He watched with a quickening pulse as she lifted a short barreled rifle from the canoe bottom and stood erect again, with the weapon in the crook of her arm. She seemed to be studying still again the smoke wreath that drifted up between the pine tops.

Holgar's heart sank as he saw her slowly advance up the narrow trail that led from the river bank to his cabin door. He was vaguely afraid of women, just as he vaguely hated them.

A small panic took possession of him as he stared out at her through the square window sash set in the neatly dovetailed log ends. He noticed, with the appraising quick eye of the woodsman, that she was dressed in a hunting coat of leather lined with lamb's wool, laced leather leggings and khaki knickerbockers fitting close at the knee, like riding breeches. She was a young woman, and she was slender, and she carried her head high. There was still a questioning look on her face as she advanced towards the shack. Holgar was too upset to nurse any definite impression as to the beauty of that face. But there was courage in her poise, courage tempered with caution, and the repeated impression of youthfulness which came from her as she stopped in his clean swept dooryard did not add to his happiness.

"Hallo-o-o-o!" she called out, with a cool note of challenge which the woodsman resented. This was the first white woman, he remembered, who had ever climbed that path of his.

"Hallo-o-o-o!" she challenged again. There was a trace of impatience in her call this time. But Holgar did not open his door until she had called for the third time.

She did not speak at first. There was, however, a small frown on her face as she studied him.

"You're a white man, aren't you?" she demanded, almost sharply, bewildered by the stolidity of his prolonged stare.

He ignored both her question and the ironic barb in it. "How'd you get here?" he asked. His voice was heavy, and a faint dewing of embarrassment moistened his weathered forehead.

The woman, taking her own turn at ignoring questions, scrutinized him with her level hazel eyes. She found it hard, apparently, to reconcile a clean shaven face with a manner so uncouth.

"I'm glad you're a white man," she finally acknowledged, with a sigh that was obviously forced. "I thought at first I was stumbling on an Indian or a mere breed."

Holgar nettled through the full length of his sinewy body. "I'm a white man," he none too graciously admitted.

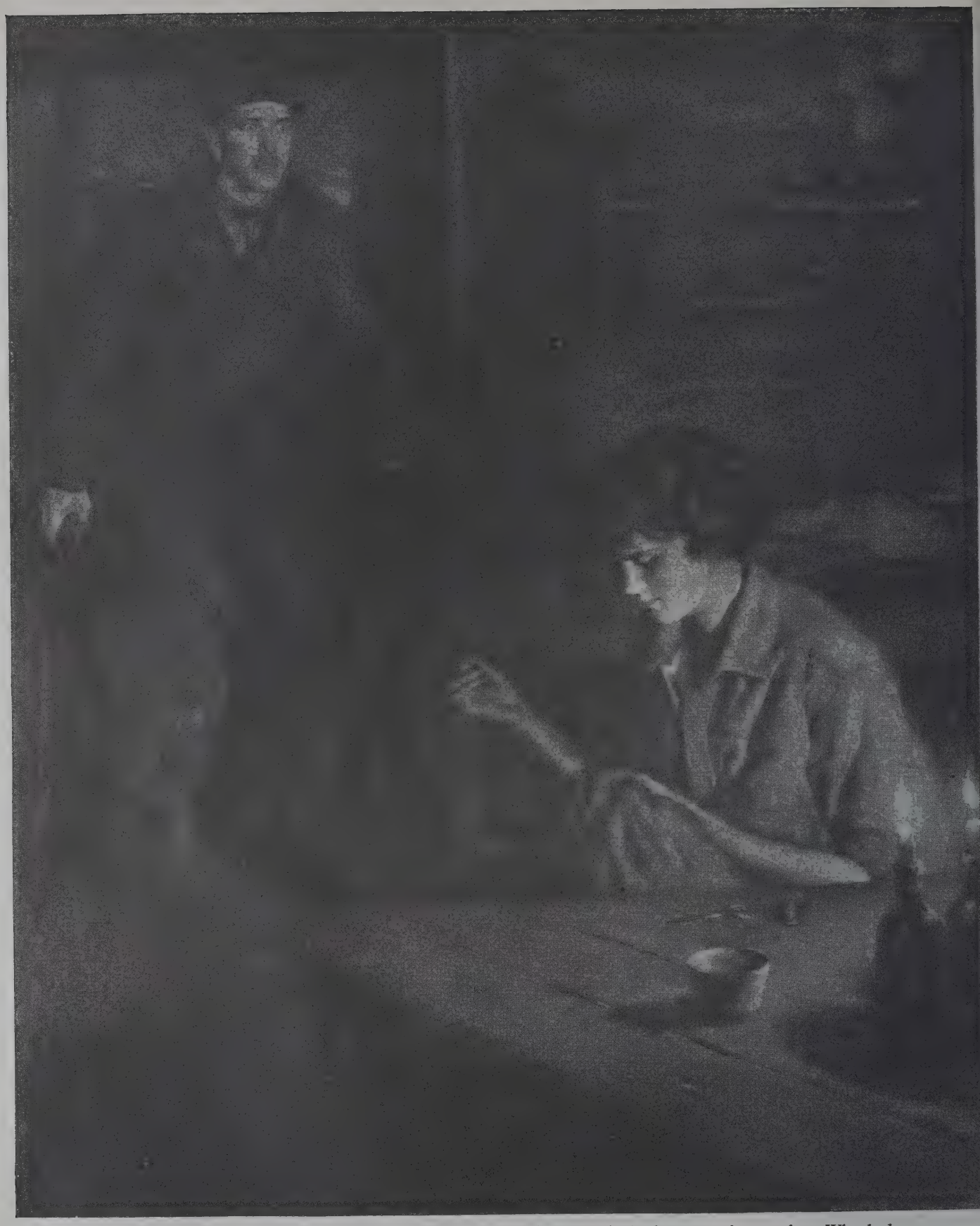
"Then you can help me," she proclaimed. "For I rather fancy I'm lost."

"Where'd you come from?" he asked, inadequately, resenting her smile as she leaned with a show of patience on her rifle.

"From Coppermine Camp on Barren Creek. A black bear raided our grub shack and I wanted to shoot him. I got lost following his trail."

"You were foolish to try to," was his curt comment.

"I realized that," she continued in an achieved quietness of tone. "I realized that when I came out on what must have been



The sight of his wife placidly stitching on a man's flannel shirt brought forth a gasp of anger from Wheelock.

another stream. I kept along that until I found a canoe and a cache of food up on a stage above high water. So I took it. I thought I was still on Barren Creek and that it would take me to Moose Crossing. But instead it took me into this river of yours and down some really awful rapids. And your chimney smoke was the first sign of life I've seen since yesterday morning."

Her smile as she stood watching him in the ensuing silence was both patient and cogitative. She endured his pointed inspection without flinching, apparently waiting for her appeal of body and face to produce some accustomed result. She was obviously not unused to the homage of men. But she could see no unbending on the part of the hostile big figure in the doorway.

"Barren Creek's one hundred and thirty miles from here as the crow flies," said Holgar, with no loss of his earlier gruffness.

"I had a seven mile current to help me along," she said with a short laugh.

"And you'll have it against you going back," he announced, "if you go by Wapiti River."

Her face sobered. "Will you take me back?"

Her question had the crispness of an ultimatum. And Holgar's answer was correspondingly crisp.

"No!" he told her.

"Why not?" she demanded, after a moment in which to digest her shock.

The question seemed to go unheard. "Are you a married woman?" he suddenly asked her.

"Yes," she said, coloring under his continued stare.

"Where's your husband?"

Adrienne Wheelock laughed. It was not a mirthful laugh. But it seemed to keep Reason on her throne.

"At the present moment, I rather fancy he's in a very comfortable office on the fourteenth floor of the Husonia Building on lower Broadway. That, I might further explain, is in a city known as New York."

Holgar's face remained impassive. "You're a long way off from him," he finally remarked.

"Much to my regret," added the woman, with the color now gone from her face.

"And I take it you're a camper?" he continued, with his eyes on the river below him.

"You can call me that if you wish," she retorted. "But just at present I'm a white woman lost in the open. And seeing you were a white man, I naturally looked to you for help."

His smoldering eye swung back to her. "It's not that I don't want to help you," he said with an odd gesture of helplessness, "but I can't."

"Why not?" she demanded, noticing that the color had again deepened on his heavy face.

"I—I don't think I could make you understand," he said, shifting uneasily in the narrow doorway.

She turned away and stared at the intermittent silver of the winding and snake-like river. It was several moments before she was completely mistress of herself. She preferred that no betrayal of fear should escape her. When she spoke, accordingly, she did so in as matter-of-fact a tone as she could command.

"If I kept on down Wapiti River, where would it take me to?"

"Into three or four hundred miles of wilderness."

She turned at that speech, and once more stared into his unparticipating eyes. He was not unaware of the tragic intentness of that stare, nor was he oblivious of the contempt touched with hostility in which she was bathing him. He merely wiped his brow helplessly and waited for her to speak again.

But the woman did not speak again. Her face puckered oddly, not unlike a hurt child's, as her eyes rested on his motionless figure. Then she turned quickly away. She did so to hide from him a sudden and humiliating gush of tears, tears of exasperation and defeat shot through with hate. And she knew there was no use turning back.

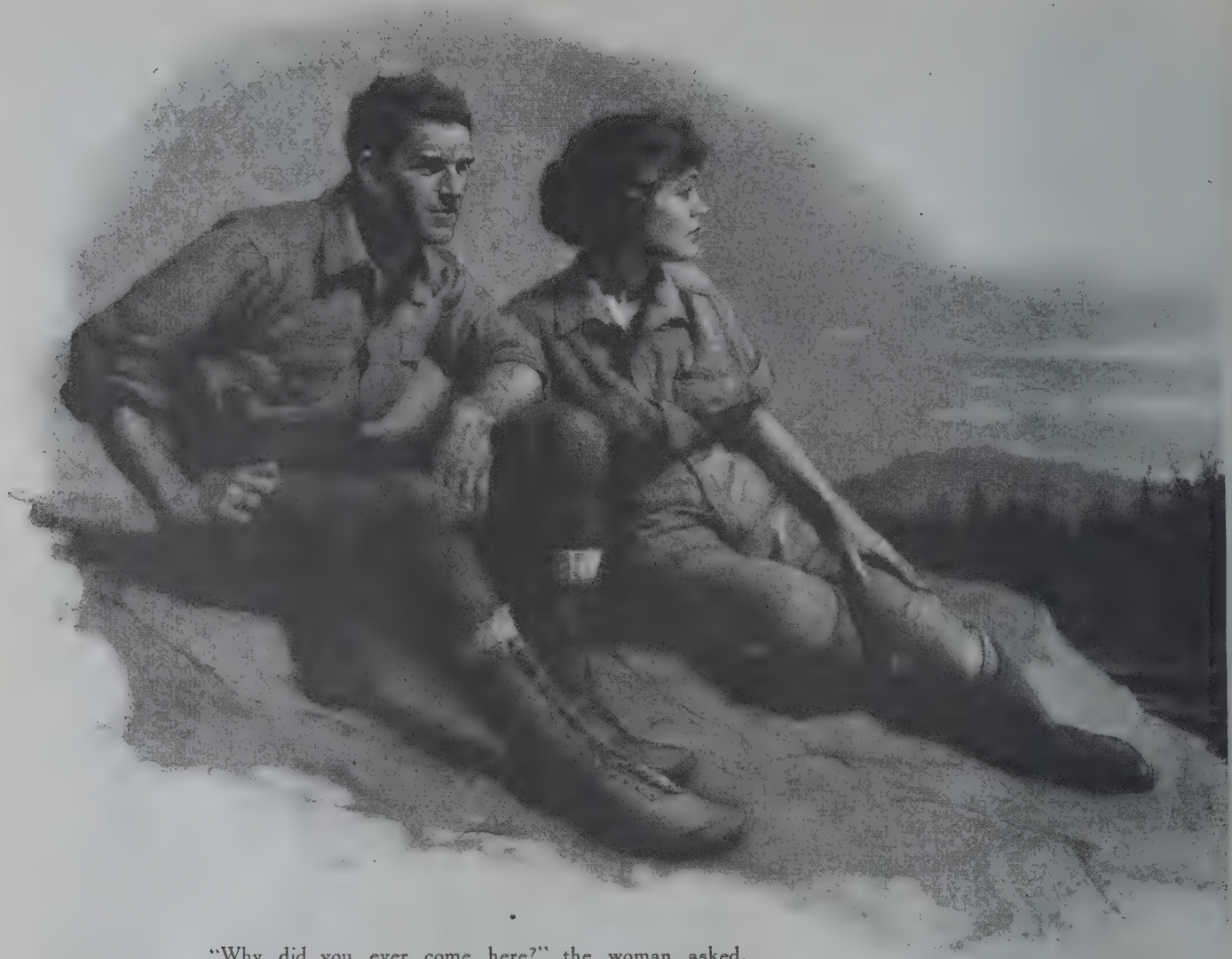
Holgar watched her as she walked away. He stared after her, outwardly impassive but inwardly depressed, conscious for the first time of the isolation of the brown-clad figure in the hard northern light. He noticed that instead of taking the path to the river she was stumbling half blindly along the narrow trail that led into the filtered green shadows of the pine woods. He was vaguely worried by her foolishness, for no woman, he knew, could travel overland through such a country. She'd find that out soon enough, after her first muskeg or two, and circle back to her canoe and the proper avenue for traffic in those unmapped northern forests. She carried a gun and there was game enough to keep even a greenhorn going. When the high water went down a little there'd be a Chippewan or two coming out with their furs. Or perhaps old Pecotte, the *metis* from Little Bear Creek, would happen along and pick her up.

Then Holgar looked after the vanishing woman with a still deeper frown on his heavy face. He had suddenly remembered about his bear trap. That trap was set near the lip of the first muskeg over the wooded hill to the northeast. And the woman had taken the trail leading toward that trap. He had placed it carefully nearly a week before. There was not one chance in ten that a woman could pass over that innocent looking trail without springing the trap. And once those heavy steel jaws had snapped shut on a woman's leg——

Holgar swallowed hard. He made a small animal-like sound of anxiety as he lunged out of the door. But he no longer hesitated. He ran after the woman, winding down the uneven trail with singularly light movements of the moccasined feet, calling out to her, now and then, as he ran. But she neither looked back nor answered him. He shouted louder, more



Holgar carried her easily, but of the two his face was the more distorted.



"Why did you ever come here?" the woman asked.
"That's something I've never talked about," replied Holgar.

frenziedly, as she drew nearer the muskeg fringe. She must have heard him. But she ignored his calls.

He threw up his hands in an uncouth gesture of desperation as she strode forward into the dissembling narrow trail where the syrup was smeared on the saplings. His work had been well done—had been too well done. There was nothing to betray to the casual eye what lay immediately before her. He hoped forlornly that she might yet step aside into safety. But she surrendered to the deliberated deceit of the gradually narrowing brush channel he had made. Her abstracted eye sought out the line of least resistance. She went stubbornly forward, went forward into the small tideway where disaster lay crouched like a cougar to spring up at her.

Holgar knew he was too late. He shouted, without knowing he was shouting, at the sudden arrest of all movement in that slender body. At the same moment that he saw the small eruption of dust and leaves at her feet he noticed the odd backward movement of her torso, like that of a walker on ice seeking to recover a lost balance. He saw the rifle fall to the ground as she swayed there, with her arms grotesquely upflung. She did not scream out as he had expected. But after one more violent twist she fell forward on her face, where she floundered, floundered horribly, for a moment or two.

She lay quite still as he ran to her side, and he thought at first that she had fainted. But as he knelt, panting, and tugged at the iron jaws that bit into the leathered leg just below the knee, she opened her eyes and looked up at him. He noticed perplexity in them, and mute protest against pain which could not be accounted for. He kept saying "Oh, my God, my God!" over and over again, foolishly, as he strained and fought with the trap jaws.

"What is it?" he heard her ask weakly as he leaned back to regain his breath.

"It's a bear trap," he gasped, wincing as he gaped down at the toothed steel that still bit into the flattened oval of the leather covered leg. "You stepped into a set bear trap. It's got you here by the knee."

"Can't you take it away?" she implored thinly as she lay clasping and unclasping her fingers.

"Yes, I'll get it," he said with a shake of his head. If he had a heavy enough pole, he knew, he could insert it in the trap and pry back the spring. But there was no pole at hand, and he had no ax. He stopped short as he saw her rifle.

"I'll get you out," he proclaimed. She moaned as he moved her body a little so that he could set the base of the trap against the clog pole. Then he took her rifle and held the barrel end within a foot of the tempered steel spring.

"What are you doing?" she called out in a voice flat with terror as her opening eyes saw him crouched close beside her with the balanced firearm.

"I'm going to break that spring with a bullet," he told her as he quickly studied his aim so that no ricochet of the ball might imperil her. "It'll hurt a little, the shock. But it'll get the trap loose."

He fired the next moment, and her sharp cry seemed an echo of the sound. The spring broke, as he expected, and he carefully lifted the relaxed iron jaws away. She moaned again as he turned her over on her back. The grayness of her face rather frightened him.

"Does your leg hurt?" he asked as he stood staring helplessly down at her.

"It's when you move me," she complained with her eyes closed.

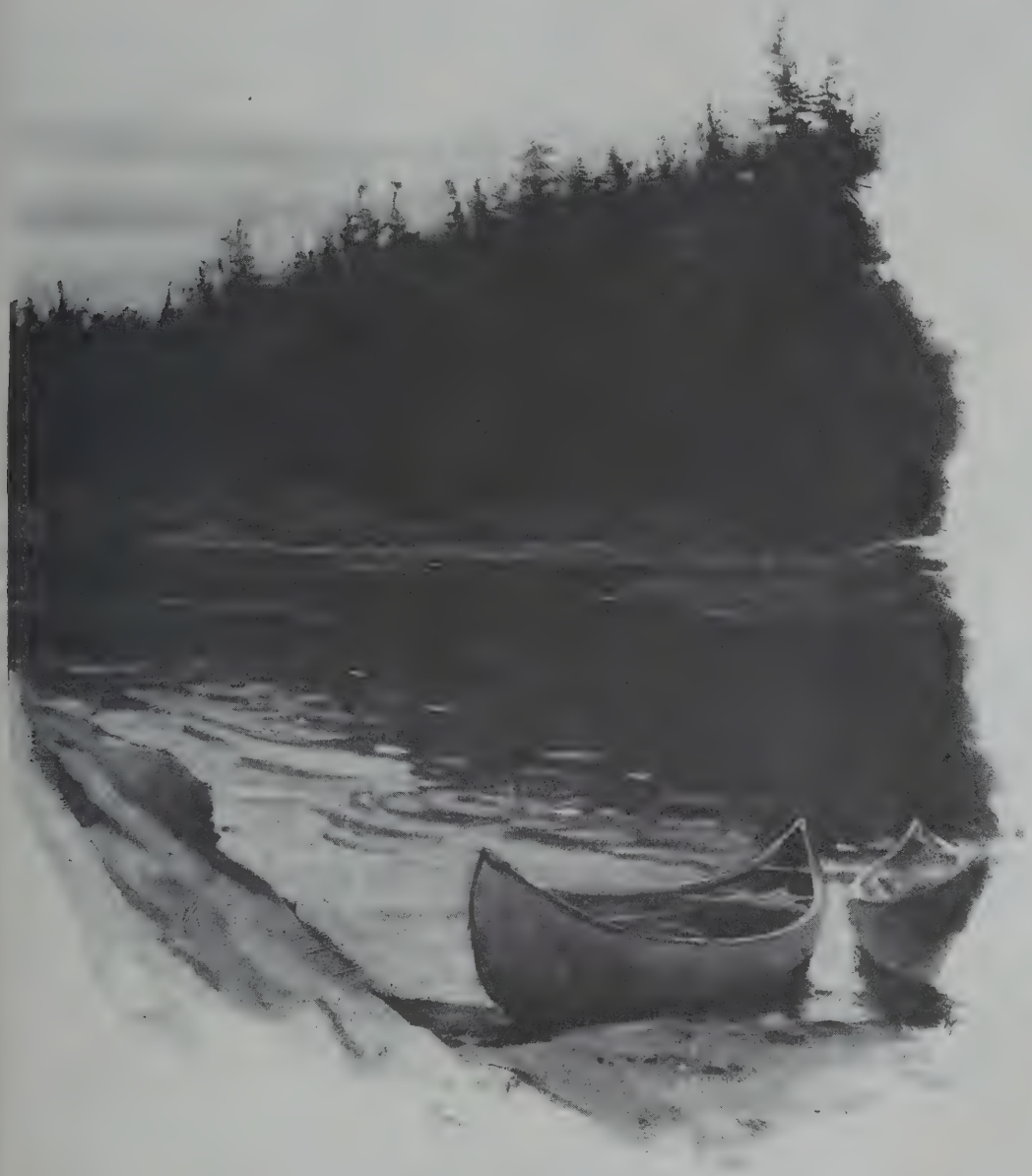
He didn't altogether like the look of that leg. And he dreaded the thought of having to unlace the leather legging, of having to inspect bare flesh bruised and lacerated by one of his own traps.

"I guess I'll have to get you up to the house," he said after a full minute of silent self-conflict. She made no reply to that,

so he circled about until he found a bit of hollow tree bole, which he split by striking against a pine trunk. Then he gathered moss and took the laces from his moccasins. With the moss he carefully padded the two curved bits of timber and tied them splint-wise along the helpless limb. She opened her eyes and met his gaze as he stooped over her, tying the last knot.

"I'll have to carry you," he said in a strained voice.

She said "All right," very feebly, and closed her eyes again.



He wiped his wet face with the sleeve of his flannel shirt. Then he took a deep breath and gathered her up in his arms.

He could carry her with no great effort, but of the two his face was the more distorted as he made his way up the narrow trail. A harried look came into his eyes as he edged in through the equally narrow cabin door with his burden. As he put her down on the bunk with the carefully spread gray blankets his face muscles were twitching spasmodically and a flat pallor had imposed itself upon the customary tan of his cheek.

He backed away from the bunk and slipped out through the open door, where he stood breathing in deep lungfuls of air, like a man taxed beyond his strength. He looked back at the shadowy cabin almost timorously as he heard the faint call of her voice. Then he drew himself together and stepped in through the door. The thing had to be faced, he knew, and it might as well be faced at once.

He crossed to the bunk, where the woman lay exactly as he had placed her.

"Could I have water?" she said quietly. "A drink of water?"

He brought her the water in his worn and battered tin dipper. But before she could drink he had to slip a hand under her body and lift her head and shoulders up from the bunk pillow. She groaned as she sank back on the pillow. And Holgar's trouble returned to him.

"I'm afraid we'll have to look at that leg," he said with a resolute setting of the jaw. But again he had to wipe his forehead as he spoke.

"It won't do any good," she said with weak listlessness.

"But it's hurting you, isn't it?" he compelled himself to ask.

She was silent for a moment and then she said "Yes," very quietly.

"You can't tell what's wrong under there," he ventured with a vague gesture toward the splint-covered knee.

She moved and gasped a little. "It—it seems to get worse," she admitted. He could see that she was biting her slightly indrawn under lip. To ease the tension that was leaving his face a trifle haggard he turned resolutely to making a fire and putting a kettle of water on the russet small range. Then he rolled up his sleeves and washed his hands. His jaw was set again as he took down his hunting knife and felt its edge. Then, breathing deep, he crossed over to the bunk.

"I'll have to cut some of this stuff away," he said as casually as he could. She did not speak, but he accepted her slightly perceptible hand movement as a sign of assent. So he untied the moccasin strings and removed the improvised splints. With his knife he cut the lace of the brown leather legging and carefully drew the latter away. He next took off the heavy tan walking shoe. Noticing her wince as he tried to unbutton the leg end of the knickerbockers, he took his knife and slit the khaki material up well past the knee. Then he carefully turned back the top of the ribbed woolen stocking, working it down inch by inch over the limp-hanging foot. She moaned once or twice, and he made his movements as slow and guarded as he could.

He was relieved, when the leg was bare, to find no blood there. He had stood foolishly in dread of blood. But he could see, a hand's breadth below the knee, where the flesh was dishearteningly swollen, discolored and darkened to almost a plum color in contrast to the whiteness of the skin below and above it.

He bent over it, breathing heavily as he explored the inflamed surface, explored it with cruelly inquisitive fingers until she once more cried out with the pain of it.

"This leg's broken," he said in a husky voice.

The only response from the woman was a repeated small movement of hopelessness. He continued to kneel there beside her for what seemed a very long time, with a look of hopelessness in his eyes. Then with a sound in his throat that was not definite speech he arose to his feet. He wrung out a towel made of hemmed bagging and placed it as a compress over the swollen flesh. Then with ax and knife he cut two splints of red cedar, shaping and hollowing out the soft wood until it conformed to the inert white limb which he could now study with less stricken

eyes. For these splints he cut a lining of deerskin padded with an end torn from his Hudson Bay blanket. Then he filled his tin basin and lifted away the compress and gently bathed the helpless leg. It wasn't until she asked for water again that he spoke to her.

"This is going to hurt a little," he told her as he bent over.

"What are you doing to me?" she asked with her face to the wall.

"We've got to reduce that fracture," he explained.

"What's the use?" she half whispered, indifferently.

"It's got to be done," he told her, almost gruffly. And with that fortifying mood of gruffness still on him, he bent to the business at hand. He could see her fingers open and close and he could hear her vague sounds of distress. Then she screamed, sudden and shrill, as his thumbs closed on the swollen flesh and compelled the ragged bone ends into place. After that there was neither sound nor movement from her, and he concluded that she must have fainted.

But he kept grimly on at his task, padding the splints and adjusting them and lacing them firmly into place with long strips of buckskin. When he had finished, he took off her other legging and shoe and stocking. To get away the heavy leather coat, which gave him more difficulty, he finally had to rip open one shoulder seam from collar to sleeve, and then cut the stitching in the sleeve itself.

When he had decently covered her with one of his worn gray blankets, and mopped his own face dry, he got fresh water and sprinkled her forehead. She opened her eyes, studied him frowningly and then turned away her head. He concluded, after watching her for several minutes, that she had fallen asleep.

So he busied himself with the tasks still confronting him. He went for the broken bear trap and the rifle, standing the latter in the shack corner near the bunk head. He prepared a broth of doe meat and barley, in case his patient should want to eat later in the day. He washed and sun-dried two half-blankets and the least threadbare of his flannel shirts. Then he took his ax and cut timber for a shallow lean-to across his shack door. He roofed it with bark and fitted it with a movable couch of poplar poles mattressed with pine branches. This he intended for his sleeping quarters. For the woman, he knew, would be with him for many days . . .

When Holgar went to the bunk towards evening he found the woman awake but feverish. He offered her broth, which she refused. So he made her tea, the one panacea of the northern woodsman. She drank some of it, but her discomfort was more obvious than ever.

"Does your leg feel worse?" he asked, fighting against a vague spirit of helplessness which weighed him down.

"No," she said, with her face averted. "It's these clothes."

"I thought they'd be uncomfortable," he said in his expressionless flat voice. He went out, after a full minute of awkward silence, and brought back with him the fresh washed flannel shirt and blankets. He held them so that she could see them, but he did not speak. She studied them with opaque eyes, a line of pathos deepening about her lips, slightly puckered with pain and revolt. She studied them for several minutes. Then she slowly nodded her head.

He reached for the hunting knife. "I'm afraid I'll have to cut off most of those things," he said.

She closed her eyes as she said "All right," very feebly. So he knelt beside the bunk and began to cut away her clothing. He tried to do it carefully, but an indeterminate torpor of the brain seemed to leave him more thick fingered than he usually was.

When he had finished, he covered those different articles of apparel, still warm from the heat of her body, with a square of his precious bagging. He covered them and bundled them up and put them out of sight, as though they were something on which the eye ought not to rest. Then he went out in the open air and walked about with no sense of goal or direction, like a man confronted with problems that offered small promise of solution.

When he went back to the cabin, shadowed with the weariness of a fighter who had been through battle, he was only dully disturbed by her unexpected request that her rifle be placed in the bunk beside her. He did as she asked without speaking.

II

John Holgar, stretched out on his creaking pole bed placed guardingly across the cabin door, slept even less soundly that night than did the feverish woman on the bunk inside. Twice he muttered aloud out of his troubled dreams and once he found himself pacing, half asleep but sentinel-like, up and down the clearing in front of his cabin. Three times in all he got up and went to Adrienne Wheelock's side when she called to him. He was clumsy at helping her. But he stood thinly grateful for the semi-darkness that hung its relieving curtains about those ministrations, just as he found a shadow of solace in the depersonalizing veils of pain that still immersed, like a fog, the woman on the bunk.

For he was compelled to see, both that night and during the days that followed, the last wall of personal reservation laid low between them. That, he reminded himself, was something imposed upon them by destiny, was something they could not escape. The woman seemed the first to reach some final and forlorn citadel of composure, facing an unexpected situation as one faces unexpected surgery. She lapsed into a protective indifference.

When her fever abated and she could eat again she even emerged into a phantasmal sense of fortitude touched with superiority as she lay sleepily conscious of those solemn ministrations of his. She was much the more comfortable of the two. She watched him as he carried in stovewood from the neat pile along the cabin's side wall and brought fresh water from his upland spring. She watched him as he cooked and washed and swept the cabin with his broom of shaved hickory. There was even a momentary threat of laughter in her eyes when, on the first day that she could be propped up in her bunk, he carried over to her his ludicrous tin basin half filled with warm water, a small piece of hard soap, and a washcloth made from a sun-bleached square of burlap. She felt wordlessly grateful to him for his reticence as he took his ax from the corner and went off to the woods.

Adrienne Wheelock, in fact, was slowly compelled to revise her estimate of Holgar. She was amazed at his gentleness when he finally took off the splints to make sure that the bone had properly knitted, just as she lay perversely fortified by the showing of something almost akin to terror on his face as his unsteady fingers unlaced the straps of buckskin. But she was very grateful for his husky assurance that everything seemed to be going well and that her leg was as straight as a bow string. Neither of them quite knew, however, just how long splints should be kept over such a hurt. So rather than assume any risks he made a fresh and softer padding of rabbit skin and laced the grooved cedar slabs once more about her knee. She sighed with relief when she was able to lie down again. She was indeterminately sorry, as had happened more than once of late, when he took his trolling line and went off to the river.

When he came back two hours later she watched him with a less indolent eye. Life, with returning strength, was becoming to her less and less a thing of the casual moment. She let her gaze meet Holgar's as he bent over the bunk to see if she were awake or sleeping.

"How long do you suppose I'll have to be here?" she asked him, as casually as she could.

He pondered that question with a frown on his shy and solemn face. "That all depends on you," he finally asserted.

"I ought to be taken back," she ventured, conscious that life had once more become a thing of enormous complications. But she watched him covertly as she spoke.

He moved his head up and down, gloomily.

"I'd rather not take you back until you're able to walk," he told her. Then he added, apparently abashed by her intent stare: "It'll be pretty tough going."

She lay thinking this over. "When can I walk?" she asked out of the silence.

"That all depends on you," he repeated. "I don't think a thing like that ought to be hurried."

"I suppose they think I'm dead," she said as she stared up at the shack roof.

"There was no way of letting them know," he asserted. She wondered why his color deepened a trifle.

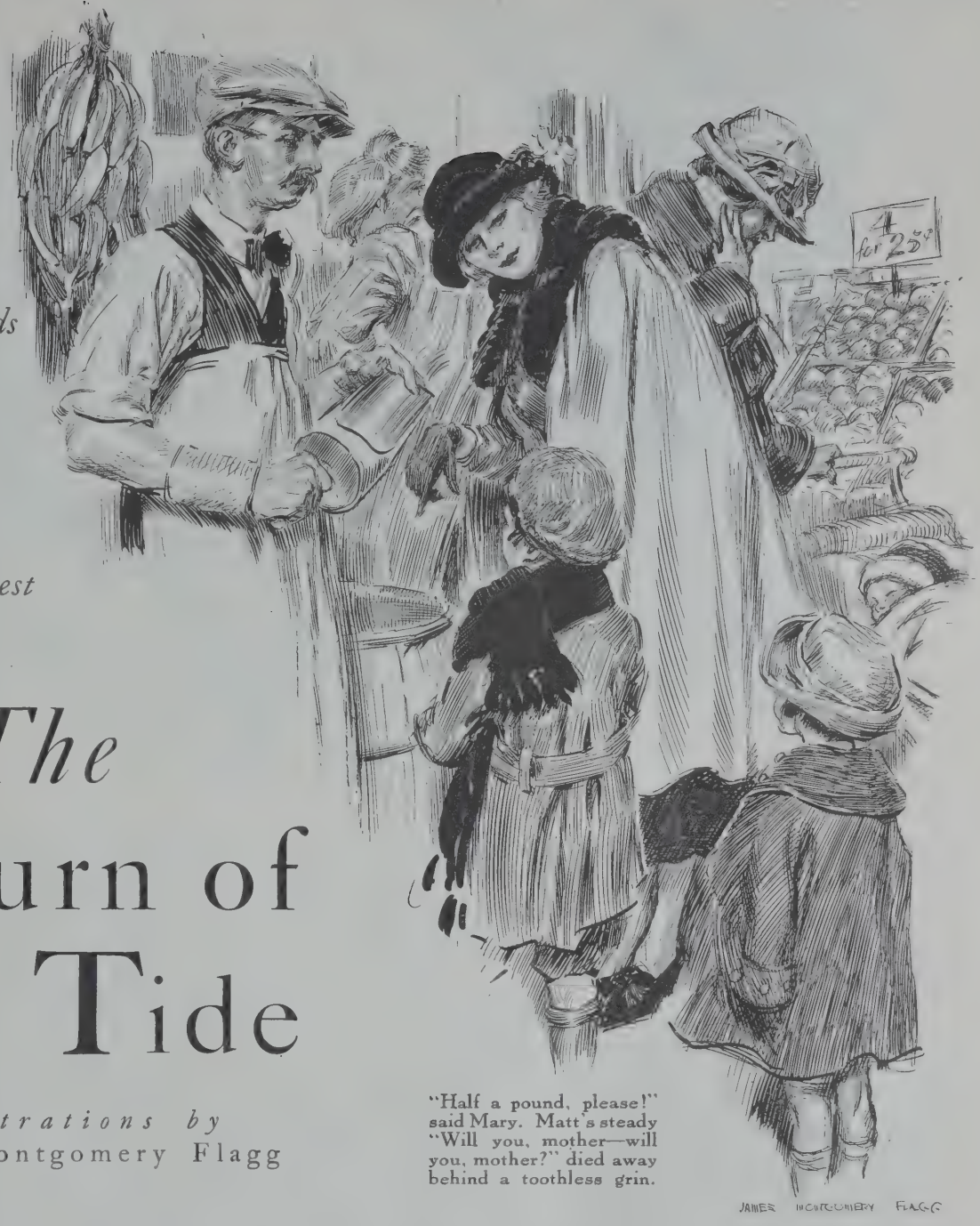
"I know," she quietly agreed. "But I hate to think of—of all the work and worry I've caused you."

"I'd certain things to pay up for," he said, almost roughly, as he busied himself at building a fire in the small russet stove.

She watched him as he brought in a pail of black bass. She saw him take one of the fish and with the end of his knife cut through the skin from the throat up to the shoulder, just behind the bony ridge that lies back of the gills. Then he ran his knife point along the top, on each side of the big back fin, from the neck to the tail. Then about two-thirds of the way down the fish's body he made two lateral cuts, (*Continued on page 151*)

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Last of the Ma Callahan Stories and, adds Mrs. Norris's Husband—who is also a Distinguished Writer—the finest



"Half a pound, please!" said Mary. Matt's steady "Will you, mother—will you, mother?" died away behind a toothless grin.

The Return of the Tide

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

ANNIE CALLAHAN CURLEY, bumping her young son Matt ahead of her with a guiding knee, clutching her four-year-old Helen firmly by a pulpy hand, pushing the perambulator that contained—along with the bread and the canned corn and the graham flour—the plump body of Frank Curley, seventeen months old, and managing, at one and the same time, to grip with firm, thin, worn fingers her flat pocketbook, encountered in Haley's Market none other than her sister, Mary Callahan Keane, a bride of four months.

It was a sweet, sharp, sunshiny morning in November; the little Curleys were well wrapped, and the tips of their microscopic noses were wet and red. Annie wore her thick old coat, and pretty, dainty Mary the smart homespun cape with the fur collar that had been a part of her trousseau. The market was full of glancing sunlight and clean color; the cash registers rang and clattered, and clerks dashed about busily.

Mary and Annie smiled in simple pleasure as they met. Mary's first little dainty housekeeping rooms were but three blocks from Annie's overrun little household, after all, and they saw each other almost daily. But it was pleasant to meet here, as Mary immediately said, grown-up, you know, and married, and buying things for their husbands to eat.

Mary plunged Helen unceremoniously into the foot of Baby Frank's coach with the freedom of familiar aunthood, and Helen squirmed herself somehow into comparative comfort upon the packages and cans.

"Hush up, Matt!" said Mary then, without heat, to the seven year old boy. "Here, what do you want, for the love of Pete!" she added to the child, as she opened her pretty, well filled purse. "Half a pound, please," she said imperiously to the salesman, indicating a great opened hogshead of mixed sweet crackers beside her.

Matt's steady "Will you, mother—will you, mother—will you, mother?" died away into silence behind a toothless grin as he began the attack with a pink-coated cocoanut confection, and Annie, after a perfunctory murmur of "What do you *say*, love?" settled herself happily, half supported against the counter, for a chat with Mary.

"Did you see ma today, Mary?" she began.

"I was just in there. She wanted me to send her some pork, for beans," Mary said, instantly portentous. "I think she looks *terrible!*" she added solemnly, blinking her suddenly misted eyes.

Annie's glance at once became grave, and she sighed.

"I think she looks terrible!" she said drearily. "Frank thinks she looks something terrible," she went on thoughtfully. "She's getting awful—old," she said, faintly stressing the last word to express something for which her vocabulary was inadequate.

"She's terribly lonely, maybe," Mary suggested, troubled and perplexed.



"Well, she has Marty," Annie answered in the same tone. "Don't give him the frosted ones," she added to Matt, wiping a pink smear from Frank's soft, shapeless mouth. "Give him that graham one. Take sister over there to those boxes, Matt, the way the baby won't see you eating them. I thought maybe I'd stop there—at ma's I mean—with the children, going home, and give them their lunch there," she finished mildly to Mary.

Now Mary, and her brother Jim's wife, Ida, in recent conference concerning ma's welfare, had decided that Annie was too easily inclined to walk in upon ma with her children and impose upon ma's hospitality for luncheon. It meant building a fire in the kitchen stove, and it meant an exhausting amount of cutting and buttering of bread and tying of bibs and wiping of little mouths. Of course ma adored it—there was that to be said for it; but ma was not so young as she once had been, and Ida and Mary, one a bride and the other the mother of but one small child, were apt to be a little hard in their judgment of Annie.

But Mary was haunted this morning by the thought of ma as she had just left her, moping solitary and quiet about the clean empty kitchen, and it occurred to her, brisk and radiant herself in bridal garments, and in the sweet winter sunshine, that Annie's tribe today might do actual good by lunching with "Gogga." Mary herself had her marketing to do, and then she and another young wife, a neighbor, were going into the big city to see a "fillum." The entertainment and shopping would consume four happy hours; the young women would wander giggling and with linked arms through the greatest shopping district of the whole world: up Sixth Avenue, across Thirty-fourth Street. They would debate at windows, follow passing costumes with critical eyes, discuss bobbed hair and the length of skirts. And they would reach home wearied and sated with the sheer joy and thrill of living, just in time to serve bridal dinners of chops, Saratoga potatoes and cream puffs from the bakery, to the enslaved Billy and Dan.

It was many years since Annie Curley had been free for any such idle, aimless enjoyment. And Mary, suddenly smitten by the thought, and of the chains that these three small, exacting children must be, and perhaps half consciously touched by the paleness and plainness of Annie's face, stamped already with the first shadow of a new responsibility, said affectionately:

"Do go in, Ann! Ma gets so lonely lately. I—I wish I could. But I sorta promised Loretta——"

"Oh, go on with Loretta while you can!" Annie said heartily, with a smile on her motherly face. "It won't be forever. How do you feel anyway, Mary?" she asked shrewdly.

Mary flushed and laughed, half resentful and half amused.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Annie! You and Ida are cautions. Every time you look at me you're sizing me up," she said impatiently. "This morning ma was having her coffee when I went in, and when I said I didn't want any—for I was just from my own breakfast—you'd die at the look she gave me. 'Does the smell of it make you sick, Mary?' she says. 'No, ma,' I says in a regular yell, 'I love it. The smell of coffee is a regular perfume to me. I'll tell you when there's any news,' I says, 'and until then I wish to goodness you and Annie would lay off me!' "

Annie laughed indulgently and deprecatingly as the trim and pretty Mary vigoro sly delivered her protest, with her pink cheeks growing pinker under her snug veil, and her square slim shoulders erect under the brown cape.

"I know," she said apologetically. "But there's no happiness like it, Mary," she reminded her sister as she settled Frank, made Helen comfortable and prepared to go upon her way.

"So I see," Mary said significantly and satirically. Annie only laughed again. She would not have given up one kiss on the damp back of young Frank's neck for all the shopping, for all the shows, in Christendom.

"But say, lissen, Annie," Mary said suddenly, just as they were about to part. This was the customary proceeding; they would now exchange, after their first farewells, the real news of the day, if news there were. "Lissen, Annie," said Mary. "Dan and I were talking about Christmas this morning. What are you and Frank planning to do?"

"I wish we could have you all, and Josie and John too," Annie said wistfully. "But I don't know how I could manage it——"

"You'd be crazy to try it!" Mary assured her heartily. "And I suppose poor Ida won't have a family dinner," she said thoughtfully. Ida, their brother's wife, had lost a little son not much more than a year ago, a tragedy that had plunged all the different branches of the family into bitter sorrow.

The Jim Callahans had Cecelia left, to be sure, and a lovely little girl she was. But for Jimmy, the adored one brother of the family, to lose his splendid little Francis—Francis, who was so precocious and so handsome and so generally adored—was a frightful blow to them all. Francis's mother had been rendered almost melancholy, and Ma Callahan had suddenly seemed to collapse into age and grief. For months the women of the family



Brisk, capable, resourceful, Ma Callahan stepped from her kitchen with the old, erect step of long ago and assumed control of everything.

brooded upon all the horrors of the child's last hours, upon the funeral and the days preceding the funeral, when he lay so quiet and so beautiful in his white serge first Communion suit, looking, with his dropped long black lashes upon his rosy, handsome little face, like an angel already.

The months had brought some little comfort to Ida; she knew now that St. Valentine's Day would find another baby in her arms. She would go to Annie's cluttered, crowded flat and sit for hours with Annie's fat, healthy baby in her lap, and although down Ida's cheeks would pour the quiet tears that four year old Cecelia wiped away again and again, yet she grew quieter and the very weeping seemed to relieve her.

And then, in August, there was Mary's wedding, and all the excitement attendant upon the establishment of one more little home in the world, and Josie and John Concannon had come down from Albany, with their four year old Rose Agnes in her white coat with the beaver collar, and there had been much felicity and innocent mirth between them all.

But Jim Callahan never for an instant forgot his boy, and there was a certain new and weary droop to his big shoulders, and a pathetic, seeking look in his eyes in these days; and Ma Callahan grieved so for her grandson that her daughters sometimes told each other fearfully that "it'd be the death of her yet."

She liked best to sit in her kitchen, that clean and empty and quiet kitchen that had been the theater for so many young tragedies and comedies, so much eager young living, and talk of the past and especially of little Francis, with Annie or Kate Oliver or some other member of the family. If chance supplied a fresh listener, some quiet little neighborhood mother with awed eyes and with a baby tugging at her breast, then Mrs. Callahan would review the whole terrible thing from the beginning to end.

If only she had spoken to Ida when she did be noticing that little Frank looked as pale as a curd! she would lament. That was "the Tuesday," mind you, and they didn't have the doctor to him until "the Thursday" night. The hands on him was as cold as ice, but then he'd been out with all the Sodality boys, and sure she thought it was no more than that he was tired.

"Well, then, and on the Wednesday morning," the tale ran, "he stepped in on his way to school. And he had a great way with him, that he'd be getting out of you what he wanted, mind you, and him as grave as a bishop! 'Gogga,' he says, holding up the little bold face of him the way I could kiss him, and me hands in the dough——"

And Mrs. Callahan's tears would begin to fall fast, remembering the beaming little face that was so soon to vanish from among the other beloved faces. Annie and Mary came to dread those recitals.

Christmas had been terrible, and now there was another Christmas upon them, and it behooved Mary, the bride, and Ida, for the sake of her unborn child, and Annie, always a tower of strength and help, to make it as easy as possible, perhaps even happy, for ma and Jim. The Concannons might come down, and they would all be together; anyway, they must brace up, the sisters decided, and make the best of the situation.

"Ma's simply not fit to have all the excitement and fuss," Annie offered dubiously. "And Ida expecting, you couldn't ask it of her, it'd kill her!"

"No, but this is what I was thinking," Mary said. "Ida and Jim have got a spare room, and we have, too. Now if Josie and John came down to them, quietly, you know, and not exciting ma in the least, and then if I took Rose Agnes at our house—Dan'd love it, he's cracked about kids anyway—and then if we got a frozen pudding made at the Tea Shop—they're perfectly delicious——"

"Say, Mary, I think that would be wonderful!" Annie said radiantly. "I'll tell you what I can do. Frank's sure to win one of those twenty pound turkeys in the raffle at the club, he always does, and the Cottle works always give their married employees turkeys anyway, and I'll roast the two turkeys and bring them right over—Frank'll manage that! We won't say one word to ma——"

"Ida'll make the cram'bry," Mary added. "And vegetables are nothing—the canned ones are just as good if you leave them in a colander for two hours or more——"

"Well, hear the old housekeeper!" Annie laughed in fond pride. Mary flushed happily and consciously.

"Well, they are!" she said. "We could have a soup—the bean soup and the tomato mixed is simply grand. Loretta had it the other night—it was grand, *really!* And then the turkeys and fixings, and then dessert—that's oceans. I'll tell you what we'll do—we won't say one word to ma until Christmas Day itself; you ask her to your house and say it's going to be just your own family. And then, about eleven, we'll all walk in on her——"

"I'll give the children a late breakfast—or maybe Kate would keep them for me until about one," Annie interrupted enthusiastically. "Because we don't want any noise or racket. And then we'll clean them all up, and we'll all go, Ida and Cecelia and Jim,

and John and Josie with Rose Agnes, and Frank and me with our three, and you and Dan. That'll be—that'll be twelve—thirteen, with ma. We can't sit down thirteen——"

She paused, and Mary frowned thoughtfully.

"Marty!" she remembered suddenly. The small derelict that Mrs. Callahan had adopted years before had been visiting Josie in Albany and had been delayed for weeks instead of the originally intended days, by measles. "He and Rose Agnes will be all over the measles by then," Mary announced in satisfaction, "and Josie will bring him down. Ma's always happier when she has Marty anyway. And she has lots of china, and scads of napkins—you and I'll just put her in a chair and keep everything serene, and Ida and Josie can heat things up, and then all the children will come in! And afterwards we'll just let her talk to Jim quietly, and we'll clean up every last spoon and send the children home and have a real good visit with her alone."

Annie was so excited and so pleased by this plan, and Mary so inspired to perfect it by fresh details, that but for the enraged impatience of young Matthew Curley to get home, and the sudden whimpering of little Frankie for his noontide baked potato and top milk, the sisters might easily have spent another hour or two hours in rapturous communion.

•

Of this loving little maneuver to give Ma Callahan all the joy of a Christmas reunion without the nervous anxiety and effort of arranging it, Frank, Dan and Jim approved, each in his separate individual way. Dan exultantly kissed his wife and said that he'd bet it was all her idea, and that she was a wonder.

Frank, with whom affairs at the Iron Works were not going well, and who was still worried about the bills from Annie's las illness, also kissed his wife, more soberly, and gave her the prou and tender smile she loved, and told her that nothing but bles ings could follow a daughter that was as good as she was. An mind you, if he didn't win a turkey this year—but all the fellow thought he had the luck of the Old Boy himself about it!—sh was to buy a big turkey and pay for it. The children were a well, God bless them, and the only thing now was that eighty two to Doc Webster, and they'd squeeze that out very eas without scrimping on the Christmas turkey, said Frank.

Annie's whole soul went out to him in a wave of love an gratitude. They had just been bringing themselves to face, i the last few days, the probability of the coming of a fifth chil Annie had lost one baby before birth, but there were three hungry dirty, wet, exacting, restless, wakeful little Curleys in the si room apartment now, and Frank had money worries, and the cos of everything necessary to safe and comfortable living was wha he called "crool." Only he and Annie knew what it all meant the utter madness of fatigue and worry and work, the mountai of tiny cares that crushed all the sweetness out of living for while. Sleepless nights, stumbling errands about the darkene rooms in the chill of midnight, sour bottles, washtubs piled hig with dirty, worn, buttonless little garments, and always th whining, crying, fretful little voices—Annie knew every deta of it. And yet she had said to Frank two or three nights ago "Let's let the first thing we say of him be 'God bless him!' Frank. And she kissed her husband now, when his patient goodnes could go on beyond her and the children and extend to ma, wit a rush of love and confidence that no hardship and struggle coul do anything but deepen.

"Easier than poor Ida, Frank!" she said, thinking of Francis' little grave piled with a second winter's snows. And Frank drawing his own splendid boy toward him, reverently nodded.

Jim approved the Christmas plan with his new, sad, quie smile. If Ida could stand it, he said questioningly. Ida, tear rushing to her eyes, said bravely yes, that she would like it, an that Cecelia would love being with Gogga and all the children She got into Jim's lap, and Cecelia, the exquisite and blue-eye four year old, with a flyaway mop of pure gold hair, clambere in too, and they all clung together.

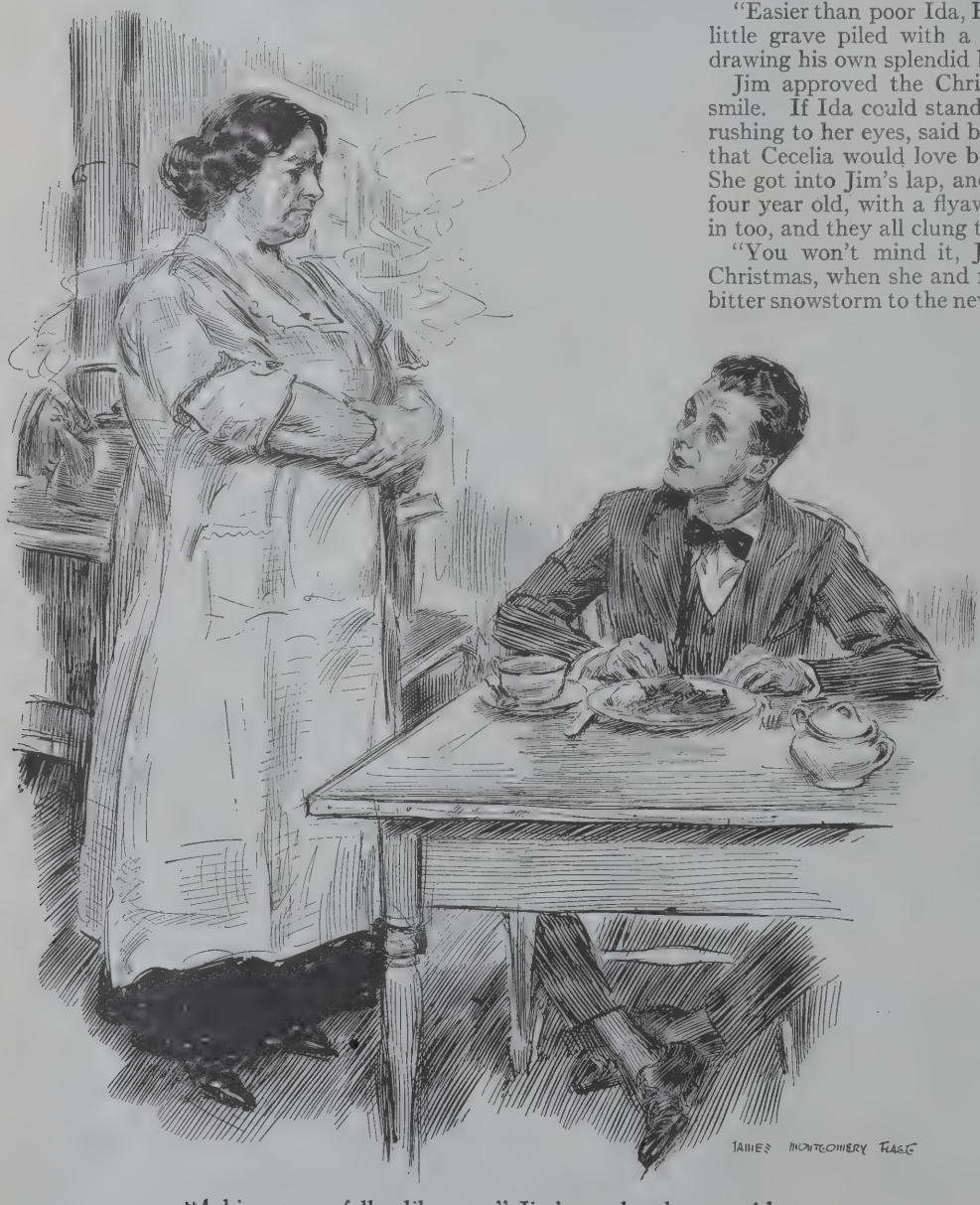
"You won't mind it, Jim?" Ida pleaded, remembering las Christmas, when she and ma and Jim had all battled through bitter snowstorm to the new little grave in the Flushing cemetery and that ma had had a chill after i and that Annie and her young bab had come over to ma's, and ho they all had gotten to crying in th Christmas evening.

"No, my darling," he answere gravely, with a deep, patien sigh.

"It isn't like a regular famil Christmas," Ida said, "because w really have to think of your mothe Jim, and save her now. It's a going to be managed very quietly with no strain and no confusion and she'll not have any of th trouble or fuss at all. And nex Christmas, Jim dear," she went o timidly, "next Christmas *will* b happier, won't it, Jim? You wi feel happier, won't you, especiall if it's a little boy that God send us?"

"I think maybe another gi would be better—— I don't know it seems like a boy would put hi out of his place," Jim said, thickl but steadily. "I guess we'd lov the little feller—but he wouldn't b my Frank. Two years since w gave him his coaster——"

And he got up slowly, placin her and Cecelia gently in the cha he left, and went heavily into th kitchen, like an old man, and sh heard the outer door shut. Ida burying her wet face in Cecelia' mop, wept her heart out. If onl —if only—there didn't ever hav to be a Christmas again!



"A big, strong feller like you," Jim's mother began witheringly, "stravaging the streets on Christmas day, like a Turk."



Ida remembered last Christmas and the new little grave. If only there didn't ever have to be a Christmas again!

Launched in a whirl of enthusiasm, the conspiracy for ma's happiness was destined to encounter disheartening squalls. The chief of these was the attitude of ma herself to the once welcome holiday season. She appeared to be totally indifferent to all talk of Christmas trees, presents, family reunion. Discouraged but not daunted, Annie duly asked ma to have a quiet Christmas dinner with Frank and herself and the children. Ma accepted lifelessly; poor Ida and Jim would be going to the graveyard, she opined.

"Maybe Josie and John'll be down, and bring Marty home," Mary hinted one day, really alarmed at her mother's apathy. Marty, Mrs. Callahan's adopted child, was the very apple of her eye.

"I hope they won't, then," her mother answered despondently and firmly. "Why they'd bring the poor child down to a forlorn old woman like me when he's safe and happy with them, the dear knows! I'll come over and have a bite of dinner with Annie, but I hope the none of you'll go to any fuss with turkey and ice cream!"

"Ah, please do try to cheer up for Christmas, dear!" Mary pleaded.

"I don't know why I would," her mother faltered, with watering eyes. And she froze their hearts within them by adding, in an undertone: "Maybe I'm tired. Maybe it's that I'm getting to the end of me road!"

Josie raised other objections almost as depressing. Josie was the middle daughter, most prosperously married to a physician in Albany, and with a beautiful home and a motor car and a general promise of rising to social heights that would have paralyzed her own Irish grandfather with sheer terror.

She wrote that although she and John had not seen ma for six months, they were sure that the big family party at home would be too much for her. She was failing; there was no question about it. And that raft of children and all the chatter and excitement might kill her.

Now why wouldn't it be better to give the children a nice early supper, say at four o'clock on Christmas Day, and then all go into New York and have a fine restaurant dinner, with John and herself as hosts? John thought that would be the only sensible thing to do, and then he and she could take the ten o'clock train back to Albany, and the others go home when they pleased.

Mary, Ida and Annie raged when they had this letter. Josie had been suspected of a certain airy sense of superiority more than once; now they were sure that she was completely spoiled. Egged on by the others, Annie wrote her a firmly reproachful letter, assuring Ida and Mary that if Jo wanted to get her feelings hurt, why they simply would have to be hurt, that was all.

But Jo replied meekly and submissively, as it happened, and so re-established herself in their hearts. Her letter, three days before Christmas, brought comfort and courage to them all. She would come, of course, and bring Rose Agnes and Marty, and they'd all go in upon ma at noon on Christmas Day and help cook dinner and have a perfectly gorgeous time.

By this time a threatened change in the management of the Iron Works was, however, unduly worrying Frank Curley, and Annie was sure that her suspicions as to her own condition were justified, and Jim had pleaded off from attending the Christmas party; he'd be all right, he said, he'd just take a long walk. Ida, who knew where the long walk would lead him, cried herself asleep, on the eve of Christmas Eve, with disappointment, and Annie felt ready to die with utter discouragement and heartache.

But Christmas Eve came in with a whirling, glorious snowstorm, and in the cold, sunless morning Josie, looking stunning in her furs, and her big John and little dancing Marty and Rose Agnes all arrived, with a carload of packages and a thousand cold and laughing kisses. Annie's kitchen became a riot of voices and shouts; Ida and Cecelia came over, and after work that afternoon Jim stopped in and kissed his sister and talked to blue-eyed little Rose Agnes in his kind, sorrowful voice. And ma never dreamed—ma hadn't the slightest notion—ma was as innocent as an angel, they told each other exultingly, over and over.

"And she told me yesterday," Mary said, "that she thought she'd never let another Christmas go by again without making an effort. She said she wished she'd asked Jo to send Marty down. She said she didn't think she'd live to see another Christmas——"

(*Continued on page 127*)

Stories *That Have Made Me* LAUGH

SOME of the members of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco went on a hunting trip in the Oregon Mountains and carried no cook with the outfit. Every second day they played a round of poker hands face up, and the member of the party with the lowest hand was designated as cook for the next two days, with the proviso, however, that if any other member of the camp during that period complained about the cooking, the cook should be relieved of his job and the kicker made to perform it for him.



The first person to be stuck with the cooking was a prominent San Francisco attorney. He had never so much as boiled a potato before, and the meal which he turned out for his fellow campers on their first night in camp was so unutterably bad that hardly anybody could touch it.

"This is the damndest stuff I ever ate," one of the victims said in an absent moment. And then he remembered the penalty.

"But I *like* it," he added hastily and emphatically.



FROM where I am writing this, the Mexican town of Tia Juana is twelve miles by a good concrete road. There are no formalities at the border, and across it the Volstead Act loses its entire force and effect. Every evening there is a steady stream of automobiles from the City of San Diego, and once past the Mexican Custom House the thirsty tourist hastens to the nearest bar. They are all well stocked with the usual Scotch and rye, and while the bulk of the tourist trade is confined to these two staples, some of the more venturesome have recourse to an odd shaped bottle containing a colorless liquid. It is called *Tequila* and four glasses of it will induce all the symptoms of cerebrospinal meningitis complicated with leprosy.

A friend of mine took just one small pony of it the other day.

"How was it?" I asked.

"It was like a torchlight procession going down your throat," he replied, "broken up by the police with nightsticks."

YOU will remember that many years ago Weber and Fields defined an optimist as a doctor who cures the eyes and a pessimist as a doctor who cures the feet. Since then, there have been many concrete examples of the term *pessimist*.

"A pessimist," said Professor Brander Matthews, "is a person who of two evils chooses both."

General Joseph Pendleton of the U. S. Marines said the other evening that his idea of a pessimist was a man who wore suspenders with a belt. Mr. Charles Holzwasser, a San Diego dry goods merchant, was present and he remarked that out of his experience, the best definition of a pessimist was a man who had once done business with an optimist.

All this leads up to the Scot's story of the pessimistic Sunday school scholar who was plucked in his examinations for his first communion. The minister had asked him how many commandments there were and he had replied that there were perhaps a hundred. After he had left the room he was accosted by a fellow candidate.

"How did you make out?" he was asked.

"Lad," he replied, "ye'll never get through."

"Why not?" his friend asked.

"Well, for instance, if he asks ye how many commandments there are, what will ye say?" he inquired.

"Why, I'll say ten, of course," the friend replied.

"Ten!" he exclaimed. "Try him with *ten*, will ye? Why, I tried him with a *hundred* and he wasn't satisfied."

THE late John M. Scribner, a prominent member of the New York bar, was as bald as a bat and then some. He was speaking to Mr. Joseph H. Choate about the approaching marriage of one of the Vanderbilts to a foreign nobleman.

"It would be absurd to give a Vanderbilt a costly gift," he said. "I should like to find something not intrinsically valuable, but interesting because it is rare."

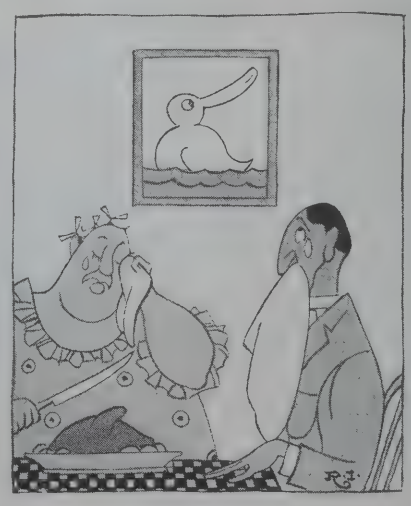
"Nothing easier, John," Mr. Choate said. "Just send her a lock of your hair."

DURING the Siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, food became so scarce that any creature which walked upon four feet was sooner or later made into a ragout. Most of us can remember the story about the concierge and his wife who being too poor to buy a slice of elephant or a sirloin steak of some passé Old Dobbin, were reduced to making a meal of Fido, their Pomeranian terrier. His grief-stricken mistress served him up with a sauce *poivrade*, and when at last she watered her empty plate with her tears, nothing remained of the faithful hound but his inarticulated skeleton.

"Poor Fido!" she sobbed. "How he would have enjoyed these bones."

And this brings us to the modern, up-to-date version of the same story. It was told me by Peewit, the celebrated French clown, who is now a neighbor of mine in California.

A vaudeville team had an act of trained ducks, with which they toured the vaudeville circuit for a number of years. Last season proved rather disastrous for them and they were laid off for several weeks. At length they received a telegram from a vaudeville agent in New York reading as follows:



SELVINIS TRAINED DUCKS ROCKVILLE CENTRE L I HAVE ENGAGEMENT TO OPEN NEW HAVEN NEXT WEEK

He received the following wire in reply:

IMPOSSIBLE TO ACCEPT HAVE EATEN THE ACT

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by REA IRVIN

AN ITINERANT evangelist was making his way through the Cajon Pass in the days before Prohibition when he came to a settlement called Dos Robles. It consisted of a saloon and one adobe cabin, both belonging to a character known as Mojave Joe Green.



Mojave Joe was married to a Mexican woman and kept a few goats for what he was pleased to tell his patrons was his domestic supply of milk. None of it ever found its way, however, into coffee or tea. He used it with a little sugar, a little grated lemon peel and four fingers of Santa Cruz rum.

On the day when the evangelist passed that way, Joe had just mixed himself a large glass of his domestic supply and it reposed on the bar untasted as the evangelist entered.

"Friend," the evangelist said, "I'm on my way to San Bernardino. I'm tired and thirsty and I'll pay you a short bit for that there glass of milk yonder."

"Parson," Mojave Joe said, "any member of the Bible trade can't pay no short bit for a glass of milk in this shebeen. Drink it and welcome."

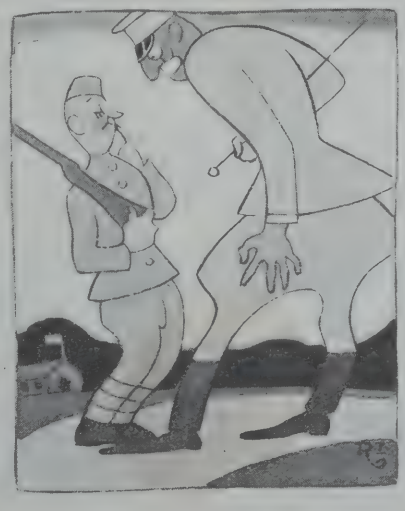
The evangelist thanked Joe and immediately drank the milk. He swallowed it slowly but continuously, and it was almost a minute before he banged the empty glass down on the bar. He wiped his mouth with the cuff of his dusty sleeve.

"Lord! What a cow!" he exclaimed fervently.

THE Calcutta manager of an American electrical supply company gave his Baboo cashier a raise in salary and the following day received from him a letter in which among other things the Baboo wrote:

> You have been a good samarian in presenting me the rise two rupees eight annas per week and for this kindness may Almighty God give you tit for tat.

MY FRIEND Peter B. Kyne has been, in addition to a talented author, a good soldier and served with distinction through two Filipino campaigns as well as the World War, in which he was a captain of field artillery. He says that when he was at Camp Kearney an old regular army captain discovered a newly drafted private in a pup tent wearing a pink silk bathrobe. The outraged officer immediately ordered the offending bathrobe to be destroyed and told its wearer just what he thought of him in language selected from a vocabulary which was particularly rich in terms appropriate to such an occasion—even for an old regular army captain's vocabulary.



The following day the old captain encountered the same private doing sentry duty and was further outraged by not receiving the customary salute.

"Hey, you blank, blank, blankety blank!" the captain roared. "What d'ye mean by not saluting your captain?"

The recruit smiled bashfully.

"Why, captain," he said, "I didn't salute you because I thought you were still mad at me."

DANIEL D. DOUGHERTY was the proprietor of a hardware store in a Middle Western town, and had worked up a good business in spite of the fact that he wasn't much of a hand with a pen.

Whenever he signed a check, he was obliged to take off his coat so as to give his arms scope for tackling the three flourishing capital *D*'s.

Nevertheless, although he had the utmost difficulty not only in writing letters but in reading them himself after he had written them, he was quite sensitive about his lack of education. He believed that people professed out of sheer perversity not to be able to make out his written orders, and hence the following story about a salesman for a wholesale hardware house of which Mr. Dougherty was an old and valued customer.

The salesman had called around the first of the month as usual, prepared to book Mr. Dougherty's order, but Mr. Dougherty told him that because of a luncheon engagement he had written down the items of his order to save his own and the salesman's time, and handed the salesman a sheet of paper which contained hieroglyphics as cryptic as any on the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park.



The salesman thanked him profusely and went immediately to the hotel, where for the rest of the forenoon he tried in vain to decipher Mr. Dougherty's handwriting. At last he gave it up and went downstairs to the clerk.

"You hotel clerks have to read all kinds of writing," he said. "Be a good fellow and translate this for me." He handed the clerk the cryptic scrawl.

The clerk puzzled over it for more than half an hour and at last gave it up.

"You've got me," he confessed finally, "but there's one man in this town who can read anything that was ever written by anybody."

The salesman looked relieved.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"He's Jake Gessner, the prescription man at the Remington Drug Store," the clerk said. "Take it over to him and he'll fix you up."

A few minutes later the salesman entered the drug store and handed Mr. Dougherty's order for hardware to Jake the prescription clerk.

"Can you make this out?" he asked.

"Why sure I can," Jake announced. "Give me just five minutes, that's all."

"Go to it," the salesman said, and Jake disappeared behind the prescription counter.

Five minutes afterward, he returned with an eight-ounce bottle in his hand.

It was corked and labeled and contained a dark brown fluid. He handed it to the salesman.

"That'll be one seventy-five," Jake said.

The Barber of Seville, Ill.

(*Continued from page 39*)

"There's a *proper* dumbbell!" says Nero to me in disgust. "I bet this bird thinks New Jersey is a sweater!"

Once again I got to prevent violence and to change the subject I file a inquiry about Nero's girl.

"If you think the young woman would object to you bein' a honest, respectable prizefighter," I says, "what does she say about you bein' a barber?"

A broad grin spreads itself across Nero's weird face, and if he ain't somethin' to frighten the kiddies I built Uncle Tom's cabin!

"She don't know I'm a barber," he says. "I told her I was in the movies."

"With that pan?" howls Riley, pointin' to Nero's face.

"I didn't say I was a star," explains Nero. "I says I was what they call a double. A daredevil which takes the place of the stars when they is stunts to be done like jumpin' off bridges, layin' in front of trains, fallin' out of areyoplanes and that kind of stuff."

"D'ye mean to tell me that every time you and this Jane sees a movie where somebody does a thriller, you tell her it ain't the hero doin' it at all, it's *you?*" says Riley in amazement.

"Sure!" nods Nero. "She don't know the difference."

"Then if she don't know the difference, why don't you tell her you're President Harding and make her think you *mean* somethin'?" says Riley.

Nero walks out on us.

But once I set my mind on a thing I'm two bulldogs when it comes to lettin' go. I had set my mind on makin' Nero a payin' proposition as a box fighter and I wasn't goin' to give him up without a struggle. I figure my next imitation will be to bear down on him through his girl. If I can show *her* the doubloons and fame they'll be in it for him if he turns leather pusher, I feel sure she'll give him his orders.

So whenever I see Nero I keep questionin' him about his lady love. It ain't hard to get him to talk about her, but it's hard to get him to stop. Her name is Colleen Rabinowitz and accordin' to Nero she's a disturbance of the first water. As beautiful as a kindly act, as clever as a Irishman's alibi, with more personal magnetism than magnet itself and packin' a voice which would make these opera singers sound like hucksters. She sings in a movie theater, Nero tells me, but what he don't tell me is how in the name of Kansas City a knockout such as he describes Colleen Rabinowitz to be ever come to fall for a male with this baby-frightenin' face of his. Still, stranger things has happened, as the gamester in the sanitorium remarks while watchin' the little pink camels flyin' gaily around the room.

Anyhow, I frame up a little theater party with the idea of meetin' Nero's charmer and findin' out what she thinks of her homely boy friend settin' sail for a title. I declare my bewitchin' bride in on matters, because she seems to get a lot of laughs out of these cave men of mine and what I have told her about Nero has made her hungry for more. So I get tickets for one of the Broadway frolics and tell Nero to bring along his young lady. So's to have things smack of a all-star cast, I also invite Rough House Riley and his Platonic friend, Venus D. Milo, of the Winter Garden. There's a party of six which would get attention anywheres!

Well, although the world's champion middleweight, his widely known manager, two of the most beautiful girls which ever plucked a eyebrow, and the Barber of Seville is members of this junket, the interest is in a person which ain't even there when we assemble for the night's pleasure. That's Colleen Rabinowitz, Nero's ace in the hole. Her failure to punch the clock at the time agreed upon has the ladies of the party champin' on the bit. They've heard nothin' else from the lovelorn Nero but what a eye-soother his entry is and naturally they're as anxious to see her as Columbus was to see Sandy Hook. As for me and Rough House Riley, well, we're less than a foot from death by curiosity.



Nero's as cool as your ice box should be.

Nero's uncomely face shows he's findin' out what worry is as the minutes flit past and Colleen Rabinowitz don't. Finally, after he has stared his watch out of countenance, a thought fights its way to the top of his ivory bean. Callin' our attention to the fact that his sweetie sings in a picture theater, he claims she must of got so many encores on this particular night that she simply couldn't get away. He thinks we should all go to this trap where she does her stuff and wait for her. So that's what we do.

We get to this movie house too late for the first half of the feature picture, "Married in Fun." The only thing which could of been more disappointin' than missin' the first half of this film would of been *not* missin' it. It was fearful and no mistake! But finally it comes to a well merited end, the lights go up and on the screen flashes this message to one and all:

"*You May Be the World to Your Mother,*
But You're an Awful Bust to Me."
Sung by Colleen Rabinowitz

They is quite a stir in the theater and a general scramble for the exits, but Nero Whiffletree swells all up like a mump. He looks around at us as proud as a new cop. Both the girls sits up a little straighter. I admit to a mild thrill and even Rough House Riley straightens his tie and smooths back his hair. The evenin's piece of resistance is about to appear.

A little this and that from the organ, and out on the stage steps Colleen Rabinowitz and bursts into song.

Hot bouillon!

Like one man all of us but Nero lets forth a gasp and sinks back in our seats, slapped for a row of East Indian tomato cans! This Colleen Rabinowitz is a tall, thin, red-headed comic, with a face about as plain and unexcitin' as the directions for makin' tea. Never again will she gaze upon her fortieth birthday and they's more angles to her than they is to horse racin'. If she can sing, I can make a seaplane!

Venus D. Milo is gigglin' softly, my wife just sits there petrified and Rough House Riley is busy composin' appropriate remarks to make to Nero after Colleen has had mercy and quit singin'. But Nero Whiffletree is drinkin' in every line of his young woman's song like it was liquid gold. In the midst of a note which is so cruel and unusual it sent half the customers scurryin' out into the great outdoors, Nero turns to my wife and sighs:

"Ain't she wonderful, no foolin'?"

Before the boss can answer, Rough House Riley takes the rostrum.

"If you and that snapper ever visits the zoo," he says, lookin' from Nero to Colleen, "they'll look on you as the find of the century and they wouldn't let you get away if you cried your eyes out!"

The next second Riley's busy tryin' to find out who kicked him in the ankle with a pointed toe. It was me. Apparently Nero didn't even hear Riley's nasty dig about him and his cutey, because he says nothin' at all.

Well, Colleen quits singin' and we all go round to meet her at the stage entrance. After introductions has flew back and forth like butterflies and Colleen Rabinowitz has showed no signs of bein' overcome with the honor of meetin' any or all of us

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

I'm simply full of nerve and punch
For I've had Campbell's for my lunch.
It gives me all the strength I need
And makes me just a train for speed!





It's all in knowing how!

And the very first spoonful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup proves it! Thirty-two different ingredients prepared and blended by master-chefs whose whole lives have been devoted to good soup-making! Serving Campbell's regularly is one of the ways a housewife shows she "knows how" to set a good table.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is a hearty, filling dish. Sweet little peas, baby limas, juice-laden tomatoes, sugary corn, Chantenay carrots, golden turnips, white and sweet potatoes, chopped cabbage, snowy celery, alphabet macaroni, choice barley, French leeks, okra, and fresh parsley combine their rich flavors and nourishment with invigorating meat broths. Real food when you're hungry!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Big Leaguers, I remind the gatherin' that I got six ducats for the theater and it's gettin' late. The minute Colleen hears the name of the drama I have picked out she says she's already saw it and besides she don't feel like goin' to a theater, she wants to go to a cabaret. All her remarks is addressed to Nero Whiffletree and although *I* am the jobbie which has blowed fifty bucks for theater tickets, I could of been in Betelgeuse for all the attention she give *me*.

Fed up with Nero and Colleen, Rough House Riley and his patootie is showin' unmistakably signs of restlessness, but me and my chatelaine is gourmands for punishment and we led the way to a cabaret without further ado. I used my influence—a twenty dollar bill—with the head waiter and we get parked at a ringside table where we can see the revue and the dancers and act as a given point for everything else of interest to pass. Food flowed like water and what we drank is nobody's business.

In the next two hours I made two hundred attempts to get Colleen Rabinowitz in conversation long enough to sell her the idea of Nero becomin' a box fighter and I failed just two hundred times. The world's undisputed champion wry-faced male and the holder of the same title in the female division had conversation for nobody but each other. Questions asked 'em brung a short nod in return, when they give us a tumble at all. Every now and then they got up and danced, leavin' us flat without as much as a facsimile of a apology. They act like not only are they alone at our table, but they're alone in the wide wide world. I have saw couples which was partial to each other, but Nero and Colleen would of made Romeo and Juliet look like landlord and tenant. You couldn't of got Colleen and Nero apart with a injunction! All they needed to make *anywheres* Heaven was each other!

Two hours of this licks Rough House Riley and his girl and they complain bitterly, so we took the air. I couldn't even get a word in edgewise to Nero and Company to apologize for leavin' 'em.

Once we get outside, Rough House Riley lets off steam.

"Both them two sapolios looks like they just stepped out of somebody's nightmare," he says, "yet each thinks the other is the lamb's chop! Ain't that a scream?"

"I think it's delightful," says my wife, givin' Rough House a reprovin' stare. "There's something pathetically fascinating in the fact that two people as remarkably unattractive as they are should fall so desperately in love with each other. One of us should go back and apologize for leaving them."

"I'll bet they don't know we left," I says.

"Humph!" snorts Rough House, callin' a taxi for him and his lady friend. "They don't even know we was there!"

But yes they did. Or at least Nero did. The next afternoon the Barber of Seville saunters into Eddie McWagon's gym where Rough House Riley is workin' out for his comin' battle with Montreal Eddie Biff. Without no preliminaries, Nero walks over to Rough House and slaps him on the gleamin' white shoulder blades.

"You big stew!" snarls Nero. "What d'ye mean by tryin' to make my girl last night?"

Rough House Riley stops sparrin' and looks at Nero kind of dazed.

"Me try to make that—that comic valentine!" he gasps. "Why, you poor ——"

"Don't lie to me, you double-crossin' false alarm!" howls Nero. "She told me all about it. How you was incessantly makin' eyes at her and steppin' on her little foot under the table and tryin' to get her phone number. Well, when I get through with you, you'll leave pretty girls alone hereafter!"

Then the fun began.

Nero Whiffletree suddenly swung a glancin' right at Rough House Riley and my champ sits down hard on the floor. Well, Riley has been down before—but he gets up! If I had my way, I'd say that when Riley got up Nero proceeded to smack him for a mock turtle, but I might as well tell the truth. Rough House Riley went around Nero Whiffletree like a cooper around a barrel and when he got tired of cuffin' him he knocked him as stiff as your collar with a left to the jaw. So that was all settled.

I don't see Nero for another week and when I do he's full of surprises. First he says Colleen Rabinowitz has promised to wed him as soon as he can show her fifty thousand pistoles in the bank. Can you feature that? If I was a girl and I looked like Colleen Rabinowitz and somebody asked me to marry 'em, the only conditions I would make is that the party be white. But the lovesick barber don't seem to think that the fifty thousand ransom is a bit unreasonable.

"I'm through barberin' for the time bein'," he says. "You once made me a proposition to turn scrapper. Well, I have talked matters over with Colleen and she's willin' to have me take it up. She thinks I'm in the movies, you know, and she's willin' to have me do *anything* which will get me out of *that* game!"

"Why?" I says.

"Well," says this human cartoon, smirkin' and brushin' back his wire hair, "she's afraid some of them bathin' beauties might fall for me."

Three months later, "One-Punch Nero," née Nero Whiffletree, is ready to make his first start in a prize ring. Five months later he's ready to make his last! In two months, Nero started five times and lost an even five fights. In four of his battles he's knocked kickin' and in the fifth he quit like a dog. The poisonous right with which he flattened the famous Nitroglycerin Pico that day out in dear old Seville seems to of lost its power as a sleepin' potion and as a boxer Nero was a good barber. I never seen nobody like him and that's a fact. In the gym he was as ferocious as a wounded grizzly, but once he got in the ring he wouldn't harm a flea. He made the worst boloneys in the business look like champions once they got boxin' with him. After Nero's first five starts I couldn't of got him in a fight club around New York with a ticket.

In the meantime Nitroglycerin Pico has been goin' through the middleweight division like Sherman went through Georgia. He just don't seem able to lose a fight no matter how he tries. The results is that the sport writers begins clamorin' for Rough House Riley to give Nitro a chance at his title and I can't agree fast enough. I figure that anybody which Nero can stop with a punch the way he stopped Nitro will be a cinch for Rough House, which in turn had no trouble puttin' Nero to sleep.

The Rough House Riley–Nitroglycerin Pico middleweight championship battle was a scuffle which will be remembered to their dyin' day by them which was lucky enough to see it. They was as much action in it as they was in the Battle of Manila Bay and it was a much better fight to look at. Both could hit and both could take it and that's what they done to the queen's taste! Each made a half-dozen trips to the canvas durin' the first thirteen frames and then in the fourteenth round Nitro caught Riley comin' in with a short right hook to the button. When Riley opened his eyes the club house was dark and he was ex-middleweight champion.

The next mornin' they is nothin' in the world lower than the way I feel. My visible means of support has been slapped from under his title and the chances is it will be a oversize year before Nitroglycerin Pico will give Rough House Riley a crack at his brand new crown. Well, it was while readin' the mornin' paper accounts of the massacre that I get the big idea. In one paper it says that Nitroglycerin Pico, the new champion, has never been knocked out in his life. Immediately a picture of our old friend Nero Whiffletree sockin' Nitro for a goal pops into my fevered mind. He done it once, maybe he can do it again!

They is nothin' more attractive to me than the impossible. I'd much rather cross the ocean on roller skates than on a boat. Since I was pet of the nursery, tryin' to unscrew the unscrutable has been my hobby. Another thing, nearly every champ in the prize ring has had a guy which was his jinx. A guy which no matter if four thousand other scrappers could knock him out has always had somethin' on the champ. I figured that in this case Nero Whiffletree was Nitroglycerin Pico's jinx and no matter how many tomatoes could put Nero away, he was the new champion's master through that one punch kayo he slipped over on him in Seville. Nero may not be no *world's* champion, but he's champion of Nitroglycerin Pico, is the way I size matters up. At any rate, it's worth a try. With that fifty thousand bucks to accumulate for Colleen Rabinowitz, Nero thinks so too.

Rough House Riley, convalescin' from his wounds, tells me I'm cuckoo when I ask his aid in readyin' Nero for a brush with Riley's conqueror. Riley says Nero couldn't beat Pico or Pico's grandfather if they let Nero come in with a machine gun. The sport writers and the wise crackers around Times Square claims if they had my nerve they'd open up a shipyard in the middle of the Gobi Desert, and a fight between Nero and Pico will kill boxin' wherever it's staged because Pico will reduce Nero to kindlin'. I simply go on takin' the short end of four to one that Nero knocks Pico for a rubbish container.

The first tip-off I get that my hunch is correct is when Nitroglycerin Pico absolutely declines the pleasures of meetin' Nero Whiffletree in a ring. His manager claims it's because the bout wouldn't draw flies on the account nobody's ever heard of Nero but me and his parents.



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Thousands who board use Fels-Naptha in their rooms for washing out lingerie, silk stockings, handkerchiefs and other small articles. Where hot water is not convenient, Fels-Naptha makes clothes clean with cool water, just the same.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient, ten-bar carton.

Fels-Naptha is a wonderfully efficient laundry soap. It washes clothes so *completely* clean there isn't the slightest attraction left for germs. Not mere cleanliness, but *Fels-Naptha* Cleanliness!

Those little dirt-patches where germs feed and breed may be invisible to the naked eye, but the real naptha in Fels-Naptha finds and flushes them out. Its work done, the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet and sanitary.

Use Fels-Naptha for your finery, as well as for the heavier, dirtier pieces. Remember, it "washes everything washable; cleans everything cleanable." And the results are agreeably surprising!

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TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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That's tapioca puddin' to *me*. I know *one* guy which has heard of Nero and his name is Nitroglycerin Pico! I'm now positive that Pico's more than afraid to step into the ring with the only baby which has ever knocked him cold. Old Si Cology has marked Pico for his own.

On one pretext and then another Nitro stalls out of the match till the sport writers begins to kid him for bein' faint hearted. A few columns of this done the trick and Nitroglycerin Pico signs to fight Nero Whiffletree twenty rounds for the world's middleweight championship.

I couldn't dare let Nero fight anybody else before he sunk his teeth in Nitro because I'm afraid some tramp will smack him stiff and ruin the championship fight. So I kept him strictly under cover till the night of the big muss. Between the kiddin' and the what not, the fight had been pretty well smoked up and when Nero climbed through the ropes to make his bid for the world's middleweight championship the crowd would make you think they was nobody from this side in France with Pershing but his horse. Pico is a six to one ringside favorite and me and Nero has got every nickel we own in the world bet that we make a pass!

I never in my life seen nobody as confident as Nero Whiffletree is that night, the biggest evenin' of his life. Ordinarily he was as nervous and pale before the bell as a guy bein' hung for the first time, but tonight he's as cool as your ice box should be. He waves and grins to the boys around the ringside till the sport writers swears I got him doped.

"The only time I ever took a punch at this parsnip, I laid him like a carpet," he says to me while I'm tyin' on his gloves. "I'll do it again tonight as sure as I'll leave this ring with fifty thousand bucks and a first mortgage on Colleen Rabinowitz."

I go over to the other corner and find a pale and tremblin' champ, starin' gloomily across the ring at the smilin' Nero. This is the first time he's saw the barber since that fatal day in Seville and you can't tell me that Nitro ain't thinkin' heavy of what happened when Nero socked him then. When the men comes to the middle of the ring for the referee's instructions, Nero grins happily right into Pico's face and Pico shudders and stares at his shoes. They shake hands and the crowd settles back to watch Nitro give Nero a boxin' lesson and then knock him dead. I commence prayin' and—the bell rings.

Nero shot across the ring like a bullet keepin' a date to where Nitro stands seemin'ly dazed and with a sickly grin on his pan.

Sock!

The barber's well oiled right starts back of his ankle and comes to rest on Pico's chin. The back somersault Pico done would of win him fame in a circus. It lost him his title here, though, because when he hit the floor it was for a indefinite stay.

Back in the dressin' room I pay off Nero his share of the purse and bets—a mere fifty-six thousand iron men. Colleen Rabinowitz, standin' hard by, grins slightly, takes the money and gets straight faced again.

"In a couple of months we'll fight a set-up and get thirty thousand more for our end," I begins. "Now——"

"Where d'ye get that *we* stuff?" butts in Nero. "You fight the set-up, I'm through with the ring! The only guy I can lick in the wide, wide world is Nitroglycerin Pico and they'll laugh him out of the game after what I done to him tonight. Another thing, Colleen is afraid if I stay in the ring I'll get my face all cut up and she don't want my looks spoiled, money or no!"

She don't want his *looks* spoiled. Say—you couldn't of spoiled that guy's looks if you combed his face with a broken bottle!

"Will you give Rough House Riley a chance at your title?" I says. "I made you what you are today and in doin' it I lost my champ."

"That's tough," says Nero. "Close the door from the outside!"

And him and Colleen goes into a clinch.

But six months later he did give Riley a chance and Riley wins back his title in two rounds. Today, Nero Whiffletree's got one of the biggest barber shops on Broadway and right next door Colleen's runnin' a beauty shop.

Be good!

In February COSMOPOLITAN *comes an H. C. Witwer story you will not dare read aloud, or you will spoil it by laughing. It's called "Julius Sees Her."*

Ponjola

(Continued from page 79)

The night before the trial, meditating in her little room trying to collect all her forces to meet the coming ordeal, she was broken in upon by the jailer's wife—a dot of a woman with a whispering voice and a will of iron, who ruled the jail and everyone in it.

"A lady wants to see you," she murmured, looking at Desmond with the fond eyes characteristic of childless women when they find someone they can love.

"But Mrs. Brade, you know I can't—unless it's Mrs. Hope?"

"It's not. She won't give her name and she's all veiled up but I think I can guess who it is."

Desmond stared.

"She grew up among us," whispered Mrs. Brade. "One of Rhodesia's lovely children! If only she had married Lundi Druro!"

Lypiatt's wife! Desmond grew very pale.

"I can't——" she said hoarsely.

"I think you ought to," urged Mrs. Brade. "The poor thing!"

Desmond walked to the window and gazed out at a row of euphorbia trees growing in the courtyard, inked grotesquely against the last glow of the evening sky. It was not that she feared reproaches; instead she was in terror that Gay might probe out the truth. Only one thought suddenly calmed her. Even if she did probe it out she too loved Druro and would be ready to help save him.

"Let her come in, Mrs. Brade." Presently there was the rustle of a dress, and the sound of a door softly closed, and Desmond and Gay were alone in the falling dusk.

"It was kind of you to see me!"

"Won't you sit down?" Desmond remained standing, back to the window. She did not want her face read. But Gay pushed back her cloudy veils and in the somber cell she gleamed with an alluring pearly beauty. No wonder Druro had been unable to forget her, thought Desmond. There was a spirituality about her that was like a promise of eternity. If a man could not gain Heaven of himself, with such a woman loving him he must get in somehow, surely, redeemed by her love and shielded by her wing!

Yet she had failed Lundi Druro! Not once, but twice.

Never could Desmond forgive that, and the memory steeled her heart and voice now:

"I cannot imagine what you can derive from this visit, Mrs. Lypiatt!"

"I want to beg your mercy," was the unexpected reply, murmured low.

"My—I don't understand."

There was a silence.

"It is about tomorrow." It was plain that she was in great agitation, and Desmond spoke now without irony.

"How can I be of use to you? Will you explain?"

Gay stammered at last:

"Are you going to tell that my husband knew you were a woman?"

"Certainly not. Never!" Desmond, taken by surprise, unfortunately gave the truth away; then, too late, tried to rectify the admission. "Besides, how could he know?"

But Gay only shook her head dolorously.

"That is good of you," she whispered. "But he *did* know and you know that he knew."

"I can't think what grounds you have for such a belief."

"He told me."

"O Lord!" said Desmond in a dismal boyish way very characteristic of her. "I never meant anyone to know that he . . ."

Gay watched her through bitter tears, humility and admiration in her glance.

"Don't you realize that if that fact is made clear it will get you off at once?"

"No, I don't," Desmond said obstinately. But they both knew the temper of Rhodesians and what their attitude was likely to be toward a man who knowingly attacked a woman and nearly throttled her. "Even if it would I shall never breathe it. Put your mind at rest on that point."

"How cruel and selfish you must think me—to ask it."

"Indeed I don't."

"But it is not for myself," continued Gay brokenly. "I would never ask it—never permit it, except for the sake of the child——"

"Oh!" The trembling exclamation



Is your skin exceptionally sensitive?

Is your skin especially hard to take care of?

Wind, dust, exposure: do they continually irritate and roughen it?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. By giving your skin the special treatment it needs, you can overcome its tendency to become painful, irritated, on the least occasion.

Use this special treatment for a very sensitive skin:

EACH night before retiring, dip a soft wash-cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse, first with warm, then with clear cool water, and dry carefully.

Modern authorities have discarded the old idea that washing the face with soap was bad for a delicate skin. Skin specialists now agree that the layer of dirt and oil accumulated on the skin when soap is not used, is a constant invitation to various disorders.

Why the skin of your face is especially sensitive

It is a well known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin now to give your skin the special care that will keep it normally resistant to dust and exposure; soft, smooth, and fine as you want it to be.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each different type of skin. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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broke from Desmond. This was tragedy worse than death! She did not know what to say, how to hide from the lovely desecrated creature what commiseration she felt for her. To bear a child of Constant Lypiatt's! Her mind cast wildly about for some oblation of pity to make.

"You have every right to hate me and to want to shield your husband's memory," she said at last. "And I can tell you one thing. It was *my* fault he attacked me. Woman or no woman, no man could have sat still under the cruel jibe with which I goaded him."

Gay's eyes looked at her, tragic but incredulous.

"I tell you that any man with blood in his veins would have done it. Why, it was *you* I attacked. I told him one had only to look into your eyes to see that you loved—someone else."

"Oh God!" breathed the other.

"Can you be surprised that he flung himself at me in a frenzy? Any man who loved his wife would have done it, and there is no doubt that he loved you—beyond all things!"

"What made you say it?" moaned Gay, her face pale as death.

"Just a woman's bitter tongue, I suppose," said Desmond lamely. She hadn't the heart to smite her with the whole truth. "I was hating him pretty badly."

"You have hated me pretty badly too? And despised me?"

"No," Desmond replied slowly. "Not exactly. But it has always been incomprehensible to me—why."

There was a long silence before she went on:

"You see . . . I met Lundi Druro one night in Paris—just at the time he was coming back to marry you. You were the star of his existence; the sun and moon of it. I don't believe any girl was ever so much loved. Such a noble passion, so pure in spite of its ardor, burning with such a clean flame. Men had loved me too, I was accustomed to monopolizing their attention, but he didn't even *see* me—except to talk to, about you. That's why he didn't remember me out here, recognize me I mean. His whole mind and heart and soul were filled by you. For you only he was alive."

Gay was shaking like a slim tree in a gale, but not weeping. Her eyes were dry and staring. Desmond went on, her voice somber, relentless. She was not thinking of the woman but of the man.

"I came out here a year later, disguised, as you know. I wanted to look upon this perfect marriage—to gaze like the beggar in hell upon the feast of happiness. The first thing I saw at Wankelo station was the broken down, hopeless wreck you had made of Lundi Druro."

She had not meant to say it, but the truth like long concealed fire had come flaring out.

Outside all was dark now. The last glow of day had gone and the moon had not risen. Even the euphorbias were hidden under night's somber shawl. In the room too all was dark. They could not see each other's faces, those two women, and they did not look at each other. Desmond stood staring out, pondering some words Gay had said behind her there in the dim room.

"I have never told anyone—but I will tell you now. My reason for not marrying Lundi Druro was because I wanted to save him and myself from the curse of drink."

Desmond had time to ponder that a long while before Gay's voice continued:

"You may have heard that my father and brother were drowned trying to cross the Shangani River? They were drunk; that was why they were drowned."

Another aching silence.

"Lundi was in England. I had much time alone in which to think. I recalled my mother's life until I was twelve, when she died—one long tragic struggle of nights and days with a foe that was stronger than herself. She fought the beast drink for the soul of my father, and she lost. Drink was too strong. Then my brother started before my mother died. I loved Derry—next to Lundi. He was clever, witty, gay. So chivalrous. So generous. It was only that one fault he had—and that, I think, not entirely *his* fault. He had inherited thirst without inheriting a will to control it. They drank like gentlemen and they were always delightful—but a little bit less so daily. Infinitesimally I saw them being destroyed before my eyes day by day. I was glad when they were drowned.

"In the loneliness that followed I made the terrible discovery that *I too had the thirst. The curse was in me.* You know the careless way people up here take 'sundowners' and 'pick-me-ups.' I had acquired the habit and thought nothing of it, but all the time drink had been putting its roots in, and I had to begin fighting against it day and night. I was determined to conquer it for Lundi's sake. But I found I could only conquer by keeping away from the sight and smell of the stuff. At last I realized that forever and ever I should have to put up the battle of spiritual resistance, of prayer and of *absence from temptation*, and for that reason I dared not marry Lundi. Even if he were strong enough to give it up we should always be in contact with it and I could not face the prospect. I thought of the children we might have—more victims to the long struggle. I could not face that."

Soft, sighing sobs fell in the darkness. Desmond did not stir or utter a word of the grief that was in her heart. She knew that nothing she could say or do would avail. Gay was one of "Sorrow's elect." She was good, she had done right by the light that was in her, but she must pay, pay to the end of her days for the sins of the fathers.

"I married Constant to protect Druro from my love and to help myself to face fate. He hated drink. That was his great appeal for me. I told him the truth and he was content to marry me even at that. But he could not forget, afterwards, that I had loved Druro, and we were never happy."

And that was the end of the story. A little while afterwards she went away. They parted with a handclasp in the darkness, never to meet again.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE first day of the Sessions, Wankelo simmered with excitement and was full of strange faces. But everyone seemed curiously reticent. Men looked at each other hard but said little. The subject of "young Desmond's" trial was in all minds, and one hope in each man's heart—that he would not be called to sit on the jury.

On the stroke of ten Derwent Henry Douglas, Solicitor-General for Rhodesia and conductor of cases for the Crown, stepped briskly from the Falcon. A popular man with a powerful job; but no one envied it that morning.

Inside the court the air was already breathless. A policeman resplendent in full uniform bawled forth:

"All arise in court!"

A door opened and Judge Vernon escorted by the sheriff stepped quickly to his seat, casting a shrewd but kindly glance about him. Men thought it propitious that the sessions should have fallen to Vernon. You could always be certain not only of fair play when he sat on the bench, but of a little milk and honey of human kindness too. Men suddenly remembered that the woman who was in all their thoughts had been one of the "youngsters" the Judge had liked to have near him at dinners and in the club. Desmond's gay repartee and exquisite cynicisms had always delighted him. It was not going to be any pleasanter for judge than for jury.

Abruptly looking up from his papers, he addressed the Solicitor-General: "What cases do you propose to take?"

Douglas rose and adjusted a pair of pince-nez before his shrewd blue eyes.

"The chief case is Crown versus Desmond," he said, and paused in the tense stillness. Feet ceased to shuffle. Not a whisper was heard. The judge glanced at his papers.

"I see that Desmond pleads not guilty," he remarked at last. "So it will probably occupy most of the day. In case it does we may as well arrange for the next two or three in rotation. Cite them, please."

The tense moment passed and men breathed naturally again.

The Solicitor-General busily recited his cases—all native.

"We will now take Crown versus Desmond," said the Judge. "Bring in the prisoner and proceed to call the jury."

A profound hush followed. The little courthouse, with sunlight and the scent of flowers streaming through the windows, did not look like a stage for tragedy, yet tragedy came stalking softly and laying its cold hand on every heart when two uniformed policemen entered ushering "young Desmond."

To everyone's relief she was wearing the clothes they knew so well—the loose tweed coat that gave her otherwise boyish shoulders a wide and burly effect, the rather *bouffante* riding breeches of khaki, and the tan topboots that no one ever dreamed hid a woman's slim foot. She had had to fight hard to appear in that familiar garb. O'Byrne, bitterly opposed to it, and computing the value of feminine graces suitably arrayed, had caused a beautiful simple gown to be sent from Cape Town. But Desmond would have none of it, realizing very well the danger that lay for her in women's garments—not of conviction but acquittal. If they saw her as a woman they would never believe she had killed Lypiatt. At best they might prefer to give her the benefit of the doubt. And she wanted neither doubt nor benefit. So she was just the same as usual, swinging along with careless but firm gait, hands thrust forward



Each night your skin needs a thorough cleansing. Always use the cream with just enough oil

The kind of cream for a thorough cleansing

No skin can be always lovely unless it is kept really clean.

To have skin with lovely transparency, softness and smoothness, you must give it a thorough cleansing *every* night.

Ordinary washing is not enough. It cannot reach the fine particles of dirt that bore deep into the pores. If this dirt is allowed to remain your skin becomes dull looking—it loses its lovely transparency. For a thorough cleansing your face needs a cream; and its choice is all important.

Only a cream made with oil can reach the deepest dirt. There must be *just enough oil* to remove every particle of dirt—not a drop more because creams with too much oil overload the pores and make the skin greasy. It must not be stiff because stiff creams are difficult to work in, and when once in the pores have a tendency to remain and stretch them. The cream that meets all the requirements for a thorough cleansing is Pond's *Cold* Cream.

Start using this cream tonight

Wash your face first. Then smooth in Pond's Cold Cream. In a minute it works its way deep into your pores and out again bringing every bit of dirt and powder with it. Wipe it off on a soft towel or bit of cloth. The grime will astonish you.

For *daytime* uses your skin needs another cream—a very different one—Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It is perfect as a foundation for powder.

Both these creams are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

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Cold Cream *for cleansing*
Vanishing Cream
to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

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241 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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He who smokes last smokes best

Wherein our correspondent takes a long shot at Zanesville, O.

When we printed a letter from a smoker who professed a preference for the early morning smoke, apparently we started something. Almost the next mail brought along a batch of letters, among which the following is a fair sample:

"Dear Sirs:

"Will you allow me to take issue with your A. K. K. from Zanesville who insists that the best pipe of the day is the one smoked right after breakfast?

"Of course, I have no intimate knowledge of local conditions down in Southern Ohio, but up here the majority of us regular pipe smokers have a decided leaning towards the last pipe of the evening.

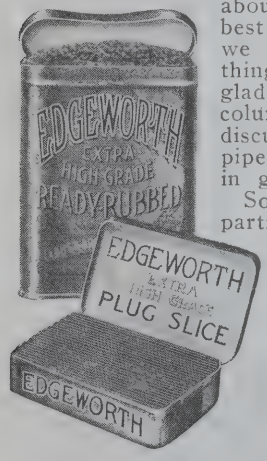
"Take a night when you are sitting in front of the fire after the neighbors have gone. Your wife suggests it is bed-time, and while you admit it is, you have a craving for one last smoke. She goes on upstairs and you promise to follow directly. But instead you take out your pipe and light up. You smoke slowly and peacefully, calling out at intervals that you'll be there in a minute. Only you don't go until the last ash has died in the bowl of your pipe.

"That's my idea of the best smoke of the day.

"Yes, sir, for every smoker A. K. K. can produce who likes his after-breakfast pipe best, I'll guarantee to name a dozen men who prefer the last smoke of the evening. And most of us are Edgeworth smokers, too.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) T. S. FLINT,
New York City."

Yes, as we suggested above, when we gave space to an expression of opinion about which is the best pipe of the day, we started something. But we are glad to open our columns to friendly discussions about pipes and smoking in general.



So if you have any particular notions, fads or fancies, send them along.

And if you aren't an Edgeworth smoker, be sure and tell us about it. For we want to send you free samples, generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth has made friends all over the World. Some smokers may not care for Edgeworth, but those who do, we believe, settle down and never smoke any other tobacco the rest of their lives.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name of the dealer to whom you will go if you should like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

in pockets, head flung back. Only, her curly satirical smile had been exchanged for an expression reserved and inscrutable, and she wore her hat pulled low over her eyes so that none might read them. There was a moment's laughter when the clerk of the court, from force of habit, said sternly, "Hats off in court!" and then suddenly subsided, covered with confusion at his own stupidity. Even Desmond smiled, but it passed instantly and her lips closed again in a firm line.

After a slight bow to the judge on entering she never looked his way again. She was sorry for that kind, handsome man with whom she had so often jested.

The business of picking the jury went rapidly forward, the clerk gabbling from a list the names of those eligible for this duty. The names, written on small cards, were then placed in a box and a jury of nine drawn. As the clerk shouted each name its owner disentangled himself from the crowd and slouched to the front, cursing his luck and wishing he were dead.

By a curious and ironical circumstance not a single friend of Desmond's had chanced to be drawn. In fact only two of those who wriggled uneasily upon the seats of judgment had ever even spoken to her. Rhodesian juries were a mixed lot at any time, but this one surpassed the record. There was a baker, a gardener of Teutonic origin, a Greek purveyor of sundries, a farmer, a hotel proprietor, a barman, a bank clerk and of course a mine manager. What jury would have been complete without a manager of sorts? This one as it happened came from one of Lypiatt's small properties. But he was known to be a straight fellow and no one objected to him.

With all in order the Solicitor-General rose and stated his case for the Crown. He did not use any rhetoric—just recited the bare facts, and they were bad enough. His concise yet homely phrases, delivered without a shade of prejudice in a pleasant Scotch accent, echoed through the court like mellow knells of doom.

The indictment of:

"This woman whom we know by no other name than 'young Desmond'—who has been among us for more than a year—in the unsuspected guise of a man," was damning in its sheer simplicity. People were almost afraid to look at the dock. They need not have been, for Desmond sat unmoved, her violet eyes gazing straight before her in a grave, trance-like glance.

The array of witnesses who had already given brief evidence at the inquest then took the box one by one and held it through the long hot hours of the morning. The lawyers argued and bickered, interfering with each other and browbeating those witnesses whose evidence was not to their taste.

O'Byrne had his hands full, as he had anticipated, with the Cape Town barrister. Douglas, a fair and square opponent, unbiased in his duty, was simple to deal with; the Hollander, a heavy-lipped brute with the soul of a sensualist and the tongue of an asp, was out for blood. But the Irishman was alert to the attack and on guard at every defense.

Through all, the accused sat very still, cheek resting on hand, eyes serene, like one whose mind is away on pleasant travels. She had pleaded not guilty because she had to do so—no other plea is allowed to a person charged with killing a fellow mortal. But she did nothing to back up and further the plea, and it early transpired that she would not be put into the witness box. This had an unhealthy look and caused depression amongst her friends. For when a person is innocent what more sane than to stand up and say so? The simpler the statement the better. Truth has a tongue and an air of its own.

But Desmond had no simple statement to make and preferred rather that the world should believe a lie than that she should be forced to speak the truth.

Though she looked so composed and aloof there, her heart often throbbed like an infernal machine that must soon explode. And her pulse was at fever pitch for fear of one thing—that Lundi Druro might turn up before the matter was settled, before she had been sentenced and swept out of sight. She knew from Guthrie that he had lately been regaining health and would presently have to be told what had happened. But she had not seen Guthrie for some days and was not aware that the prosecution had sent to take Druro's evidence on commission. When she realized this, and that the evidence was to be used *against* her, it thrilled through her like an electric shock of mingled relief and pain. For the first time her composure failed. She grew deadly pale and a little mist as if of tears came over her steady eyes. Strange that anything Druro had said could be turned against her! Strange that that hand she had warmed with the fires of her heart should aim a weapon at it! She did not really believe it. It was some vagary of the law that had twisted what he said into:

"I, Francis Everard Druro, being on a bed of sickness and unable to come forward at His Majesty's behest . . . do hereby take oath and declare . . . *I know nothing about the death of Constant Lypiatt at my camp . . . and can give no information whatsoever as to how it came about.*"

There was more, dealing with a few disjointed memories of the day, but Desmond did not catch it. A buzzing and singing in her ears, a fiendish clamor in her brain, prevented her from hearing. She felt mortally sick too, and as though if she were not very careful she would fall from an exceedingly high point into a deep and jagged ravine. The only thing she could do to prevent this fall was to keep her eyes fixed on a little yellow smiling face she could see through the courthouse window. A sunflower had grown far above the other flowers in the garden and turned its face her way—a friendly golden face beaming like a star upon this dark impasse of her life.

She could not possibly know that the statement just read out, and of which she had heard only the beginning, was the result of expert questioning that elicited much and told nothing. Druro had not been informed *who* was charged with the murder and under what circumstances it had supposedly been committed. The precarious state of weakness to which he had fallen forbade excitement; also, Doctor Ryan, fearing brain trouble for his patient, had insisted on certain facts being concealed. So the prosecution had tenderly hidden from him the plight of his friend Desmond. He was told no more than that Lypiatt had been found dead in his camp. Even that was enough to send him into a wild fever.

"But what was he doing there? Who

The Road of the Loving Heart

ON an Enchanted Island—
of the South Seas where the shining water is ever the sky's blue looking-glass, runs the Ala Loto Alofa, The Road of the Loving Heart—a Road of Gratitude.

The Road was built by the Samoan chiefs for their beloved "Tusitala"—Teller of Tales—as they called Robert Louis Stevenson, the Beloved of every nation.

In thanking the old chiefs who built the road as an expression of gratitude for his never failing kindness, Stevenson said:

"When a road is once built, every year as it goes on, more and more people are found to walk thereon . . . . so perhaps even this road of ours may be useful for hundreds and hundreds of years. And it is my hope that our far away descendants may remember and bless those who labored for them today."

Stevenson's Road—paved with love and gratitude—led to the Island home he built in a world-wide quest for health. The Road still climbs up the mountainside to Vailima, and is trod yearly by hundreds who visit Stevenson's former home because of their Gratitude for the priceless heritage of his life and writings.



But a far greater Road—
is being built today—a road on which year after year more and more grateful people shall walk. A Road which shall not only endure for hundreds of years, but for all time. A Road for which far away descendants will remember and bless those who are laboring for them now.

It is the Road of Health—
Its builders are far-seeing physicians and public and private health agencies.

The Road of Health is the only road upon which the sun shines. It is the only Road from which the real beauties of life can be seen. It is the Road sign-posted with Happiness and Success. It is the Road which leads to the Delectable Mountains of fulfilled hopes and ambitions.

Health is not the monopoly of any one group or class. And so the Road of Health is a great Public Highway open to all who keep themselves physically fit to travel it.

For however smooth a Roadbed—
however free from dangers, wrecks cannot be avoided unless the machine that travels the road is in good condition. And just as no locomotive or motor would be sent out, even on the best of roads, without occasional examination, so the human body—the greatest machine in the world—must be thoroughly examined by your doctor and regularly overhauled, if wrecks along the Road of Life are to be avoided.

Failure to have the complex human machine examined regularly means that you are ever in danger of being side-tracked to—the Road of Sickness—a road over which many thousands needlessly struggle.

The First Baby Steps—
should be taken on the safe, smooth Road of Health. On it the boy and girl should travel eagerly to school. From it the young business man and woman must not be allowed to stray. Fathers and mothers will find it the one shining road that leads to a Happy Home.

Stretching clean and white before you is the untrodden Road of the New Year.

Therefore Be it Resolved—
to swing wide the Gateway to the Road of Health—the wonderful new Road of Gratitude.

Take the first step today—become a traveler on the sunshiny, joyous thoroughfare—go to your doctor and have a thorough examination made of your body mechanism. The man and woman who find out just how they stand physically can, by proper care and right living, learn to avoid the Road of Sickness—can lengthen life and can get far more out of it.

Have your children examined. The examination of a child oftentimes means the discovery of disease tendencies or of defects which, taken in time, can be cured or corrected. It may save deformities, blindness or suffering that would make death preferable to life.

Get a clean bill of health—your passport for

A Happy New Year!



Nine years ago the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company became convinced that frequent examinations of the bodily machine would not only add to health and happiness but would lead to prolongation of life. The Company thereupon arranged to offer periodic physical examinations, free of charge, to a large group of its policy holders.

The record indicates that among the persons so examined on whom the Company had an experience of five or more years following examination, there was a saving of 28% in mortality over what otherwise would have been expected under the general mortality experience of the Company. So satisfactory have been the results that the field of these examinations has been extended by the Company beyond the limits originally imposed.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company provides also periodic medical examinations of its employees. The first examination showed marked physical defects in 25% of them. A year later more than one-half of these impairments had been overcome.

Workers in American industries are said to lose one billion dollars in wages annually because of sickness and accident—much of which is preventable. It has been estimated that six hundred thousand people die needlessly every year in the United States—die years before their time. Within the past twenty years the average life span in the United States has been lengthened at least six years—a wonderful promise of what can be accomplished in the years to come when, along with other preventive measures, periodic health examinations shall have become the rule rather than the exception.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail without charge to anyone requesting it, a copy of its helpful booklet entitled *"The Ounce of Prevention"*. It tells the whole story of what is here but briefly outlined.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY — NEW YORK

did it?" he muttered, leaping up from his pillow with glittering eyes. The doctor, placing a hand on his shoulder, had flung a warning look at the inquisition. Wherefore they answered glibly:

"We don't know. We're trying to find out. You must help us by remembering all you can of that day and night"

"But I can't remember anything. My mind is an absolute blank from the time I left in the afternoon. I can only dimly recall riding towards camp . . . and once, after that, leading my horse up to an ant heap and getting on again. I suppose I had fallen off—probably that's how I got this bruise on my temple. Anyway, I must have been raving in delirium and wonder I got back to camp at all, as you say I did."

But how was Desmond to know of these things? She could only listen to the words, be thankful with her brain for their import, and suffer with her heart.

At luncheon time everyone scurried out of court, breathlessly anxious to exchange opinions, and Desmond in a little side room sat down to a dainty luncheon served by Mrs. Brade. But she could do no more than drink a cup of tea. Her throat was parched, her appetite flown. In a few moments O'Byrne came bustling in to consult with her, and she was left alone with him. She thought he looked at her oddly with some kind of fresh interest, but her brain was too sick and weary to bother much. O'Byrne did not understand, but supposing her to be depressed over the morning's evidence tried to cheer her up. He had not finished with them, he boasted gleefully. There was another shot or two in his locker yet . . . more than a shot—a cannon ball.

"I'll wake 'em up!" he said. "And as for Druro's evidence on commission, rats to it. I'll have the man himself here to-morrow, and we'll get more out of him than *that*."

"*What!*"

"Yes. Guthrie tells me he insists on getting up and coming over. Wait till I get busy on him! See if I can't make him remember a few things in our favor . . ."

"You must stop him from coming," interrupted Desmond, aghast.

"Stop him! Nonsense! Why should I stop him? Besides, he's a friend. Guthrie says he is mad to help you. Is it likely there would be any harm in anything he——"

"Yes . . . yes there *is* harm. I implore you, Mr. O'Byrne. Get a message to him. Beg him for my sake to stay away. Tell him I can't stand it. It will kill me."

O'Byrne glared in exasperation. But he was not surprised. He knew very well there was more in the case than had been told him. His client had never given him her full confidence and he did not blame her, but he considered there was a limit to reserve and that she went beyond it. As to preventing Druro from coming forward he had no intention of the sort. He hoped to drag all he could out of the latter once he got him in the witness box, and perhaps something his client would not tell him might transpire that could be twisted in her favor.

As it was, a priceless revelation had been made to him within the last hour of which he intended to take full advantage. A *grande coup* that he was not going to have crabbed by his client, so he decided to say nothing to her about it. It would only agitate her. He looked at her solicitously. He didn't want her agitated. Her composed and noble bearing in the dock was compatible with innocence and had made a good impression. He wanted that to continue and did not at all like the look of fright that had now come into her face. So he soothed her with the prediction that Druro would be far too ill to come over anyway and hurried away to make his arrangements for the afternoon.

She did not see him again until they were in court; then he nodded and made a sign to signify that it was all right. She understood him to mean that Druro would not arrive and was greatly relieved, for she felt she could not bear much more. The events of the morning had tried her bitterly. The reading of that strange phrase of Druro's had shaken the very foundations of her self-control. She wanted him to go free and unaccused, she desired to suffer in his stead. Yet . . . she could not bear that phrase she had heard read . . . These painful thoughts occupied her mind to the exclusion of all interest in what was happening in court; but suddenly her blind gaze fixed itself on a strange and unexpected apparition. Loochia Luff, a vision of soft blues and grays, in a picture hat under which her eyes looked very languorous and long-lashed, was occupying the witness box! And Desmond's heart turned cold as she realized that O'Byrne was silkily questioning her as a witness for the defense.

"Will you kindly tell the court how you came to know that Constant Lypiatt went that night to the Jubilate Deo, and to the hut where he met his death, in the full knowledge that the prisoner was a woman?"

"No!" a voice cried loudly.

It was Desmond who had sprung to her feet and flung out a hand, half in command, half in appeal, to the woman in the box. All eyes were turned to the dock in astonishment. She knew neither what she did nor said then, but two things quelled and silenced her—the judge's frowning reprimand and the subtle malice of Loochia's shaded eyes. Protest was useless. She was constrained to sit still under the soft tide of words that rose and fell from the lips of this unexpected witness.

Mrs. Luff spoke very earnestly, and her mien was of one eager to help in a soft, feminine way; to proffer her modest services as champion for another woman's hopeless cause; to do her best for a fellow creature. And since that guileless air had deceived the astute O'Byrne, small wonder it took in the rest of the world—all, that is to say, except her own husband and the prisoner in the dock. They knew. That eager expression of hopeful well doing with which she launched each carefully prepared phrase did not deceive either of those two.

"About three months ago Mr. Lypiatt was in my sitting room at Gatooma just before he went down country. We had occasion to be looking through a number of boxes in search of certain documents relating to our mine and hotel recently closed, and my husband being away I was helping Mr. Lypiatt. We had only recently moved and a lot of illustrated papers were among the things we had brought. Mr. Lypiatt got interested in some old Sketches and suddenly gave an exclamation that drew my attention to a full page portrait. It was a lady rather celebrated in London society about three years ago for her beauty and for a mysterious tragedy with which she had been associated."

Mrs. Luff paused, perhaps for effect, but was told very brusquely by the judge to get to her point.

"I at once noticed the extraordinary resemblance between the picture and—and"—she paused again and looked sadly, almost tenderly towards the dock—"and someone we both knew," she murmured, overcome with emotion.

"Was that *someone* the lady in the dock, known to you as young Desmond?" queried O'Byrne, more than satisfied with his *grande coup*, for court, counsel and public were alike transfixed at this fresh development.

"It was," said Loochia, clear as a bell.

Those watching saw Desmond lean back in her seat as though very tired; the wardress put a supporting arm round her. But O'Byrne had his back to his client. Besides, he now had to clamor and fight for the evidence of the witness to be accepted. And he was working for a grand climax.

"What happened then?" he demanded when he had shouted everyone including the judge into silence.

"*I* protested that it must be merely a striking resemblance, but Mr. Lypiatt then told me *that he had known ever since he took young Desmond to hospital and carried him into the ward that he was a woman in disguise*." Profound emotion surged through the court.

"What then?"

"Lypiatt tore two pages from the Sketch and took them away with him. One page had a full length portrait, the other showed the same woman in the costumes of various rôles in private theatricals."

O'Byrne here made a dramatic interjection.

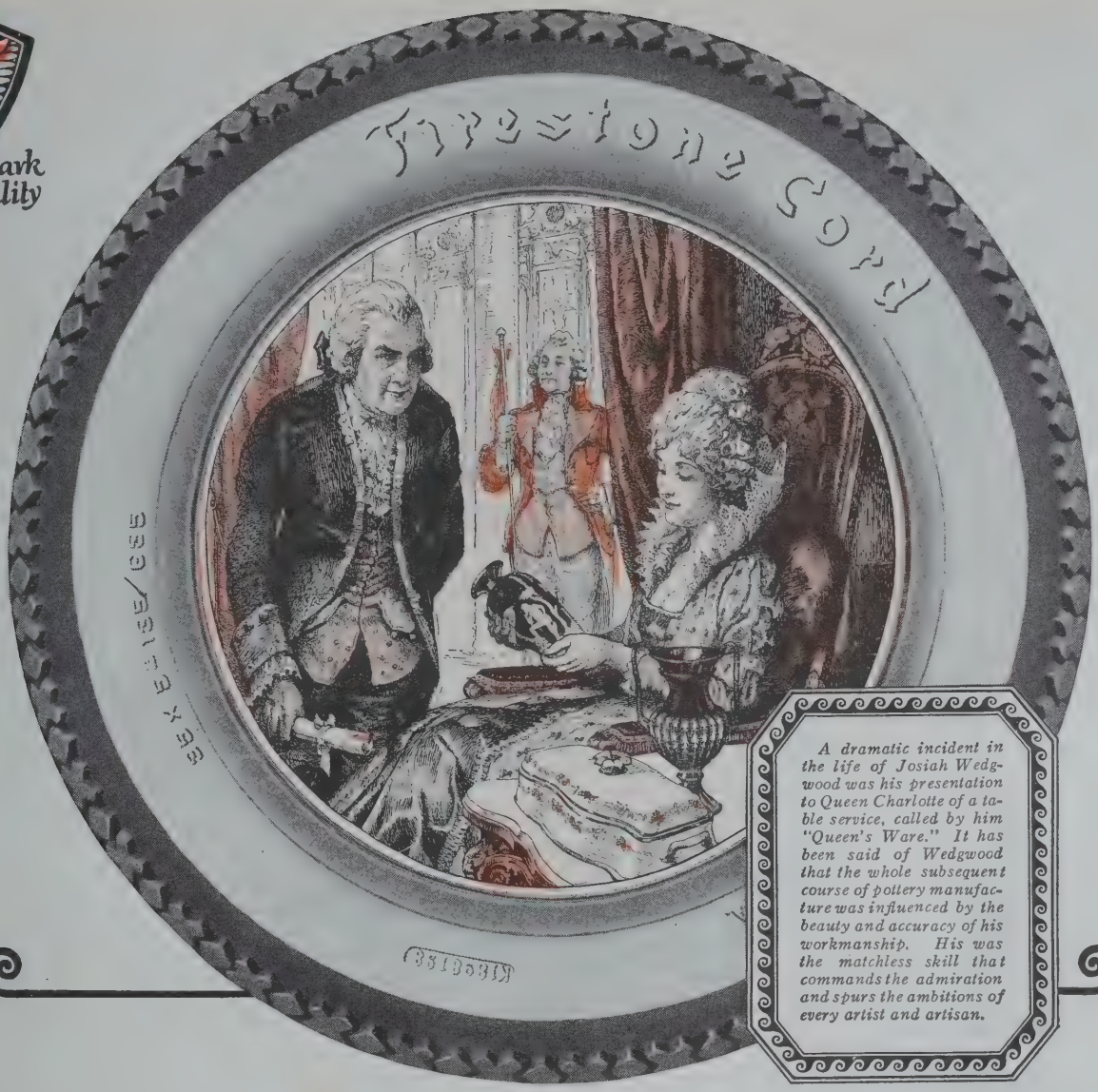
"Those folded pages, my Lord, were found upon the body of Lypiatt, and are produced for your information and that of the gentlemen of the jury."

The judge had already been earnestly studying them; they were now passed to the jury, rustling from hand to hand, while curiosity and excitement past bearing agitated the public. The significance of the evidence had not taken long to penetrate men's minds, and what remained of Lypiatt's reputation was in the dust. He had known she was a woman yet had gone to her hut at night, waylaid her, attacked her, terribly injured her throat. Small blame to her then for fighting him in self-defense. More power to her indeed that she had managed to throw him, and since he was killed in the overthrowing a good job too.

Each time a juryman relinquished his hold of the printed pictures he turned and stared with amazement and poignant curiosity towards the dock. But his stare requited him nothing. As for those standing and sitting at the back of the court they were sick to bursting point with a furious longing to be let into the secret. The rising of the Solicitor-General to crossexamine the witness—still standing there with her eager air of wearying not in well doing—brought a dead hush over all. He had only one or two questions to put.

"You say this happened some months

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before Lypiatt's death? Have you ever mentioned it before to anyone?"

"No," said Loochia firmly.

"Is not that rather strange?"

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Why should I speak of what was obviously another woman's secret?"

Admiring glances were her meed for this. Here indeed was a heroine! A woman who could not only keep a secret but hold her tongue about another woman's secret! Such a phenomenon had never been known in Rhodesia.

"Did Lypiatt ask you to keep it secret?"

"He did. But in any case I should have done so," said Loochia, enjoying to the full the rôle of noble friend, especially as it gave her such a priceless opportunity of getting her own back from Desmond. Her only disappointment was that the latter's true identity had not at once been made public, but she still hoped for that.

Filgee now took her in hand.

"What motive have you in coming forward to blacken the dead man's memory?" he shot at her suddenly.

"None," replied Loochia, surprised. "Except to help another woman in distress by speaking the truth."

"Hah! You think then that it will assist this titled adventuress in the dock, this peeress who comes masquerading to South Africa in men's clothes — this lady——"

The judge here interrupted.

"I must ask counsel to confine himself to the bare question and not introduce irrelevant matters."

Filgee put up his eyeglass and stared for a moment in impertinent surprise, then bowed with mock humility.

"I bow to your Lordship's ruling, but I submit that it appears to me relevant to call the attention of the jury to what we now discover to be the prisoner's real name and history."

"We have discovered nothing of the sort," said the judge unexpectedly. "A theory based upon a strong likeness has suddenly been sprung upon the court, but I am not going to allow that to be dragged in to influence this case except in so far as it can be shown that Lypiatt knew or supposed the prisoner to be a woman when he went to her hut that night."

Filgee was obliged to submit to this decision but he did it sulkily enough, and his agile mind was not long in returning to the same attack by a different route.

"Do you think it will assist the prisoner to have it made clear that Constant Lypiatt visited her at night knowing that she was a woman?" he barked at Mrs. Luff. She looked painfully embarrassed. Patently such an ugly thought had never presented itself to her delicate mind. But what she was really revolving was how best she could use this happy opening. It was more than she had hoped for.

"Of course," she said slowly, "I do not know how soon it was before he told her of his knowledge. But I have an idea . . . there was a certain eagerness in his manner . . . he was deeply impressed by her beauty."

There was an immense sensation in court and O'Byrne leaped to his feet.

"I protest . . . this is outrageous! Are we to stand here and listen to the witness's *ideas?* To follow her studies and impressions? To accept her sensual imaginings——"

It was the judge's turn to protest and to remind him that Mrs. Luff was his own witness. Filgee also began to bellow and storm. In the midst of the heated wrangle as to whether or not the witness should continue her impressions, Loochia solved the problem for them. She was one of those who know the right thing to do at the right moment. Having shot her bolt she had no desire to linger. Besides, she was afraid of Filgee, recognizing in his full black eye an entire disregard for a woman's delicate feelings. So she decided that the best thing to do was to sink very gracefully into a profound faint.

Soon after this diversion the judge cautioned the jury and dismissed them to a night of their own society, at which some of them looked glum enough.

It was a respite for everyone else concerned, but the proceedings had left off at an unfavorable moment for Desmond. Some of the slime thrown by Loochia stuck in men's minds and there was a whole night in which to absorb it, together with the startling revelation of the prisoner's identity. For of course no sooner was the court emptied than the secret came out, and the name of Flavia Desmond, otherwise Countess Tyrecastle, was on every lip. No great effort of memory was required to recall that strange tragedy of three years before. There were some who remembered every detail, for it was one of those dramatic episodes that take hold of the imagination, and even as some grim story of the Australian bush or African black veldt will penetrate to every drawing room and kitchen of the old world, so this society drama had echoed its way to the far places of the earth.

It had been so public yet so secret; bruited throughout the world, it still remained shrouded and mysterious to the end.

From the day Flavia Desmond made her début in society the whole world seemed to have watched her, riding, driving, yachting, fencing, dancing her way through life. Artists had declared her face a classic, her figure a piece of Greek sculpture. She had a sort of valiant, boylike, beautiful bravery and a daring that distinguished her from other girls. Her eyes glowed. She was eager. She excelled in everything—one of those people upon whom the gods seem to shower almost too many gifts. Born to place and power, she achieved distinction for herself by her personality as well as her lineage. Her father, a famous general, had been elevated to the peerage, and her mother, who had died at her birth, had been one of the beauties of Queen Victoria's court. General, Lord Desmond, married again and had more daughters, but none of them could touch Flavia in looks and individuality. The well known fact of her stepmother's antagonism to her made people more tolerant of Flavia's caprices and escapades.

For of course like all young and beautiful creatures she was inclined to be excessive in everything she did—and among the mistakes she made was that of over-loyalty to people unworthy of loyalty, and insolence to people she despised for baseness and ill breeding but who were able to requite her disdain with injurious tales. Stories and scandals clustered about her name. She was the most popular but the most talked of girl in London. In spite of being unhappy at home she did not marry at once—she might have had anybody, people said, but—people also said—she turned up her nose at everybody. At any rate it was three years after her first coming-out before she bestowed all her gifts and graces and scandals upon one of the great *partis* of the day—Terence, Lord Tyrecastle of Tyre Castle, in the County of Tyrone. Rich, handsome, a noted soldier and sportsman, crack polo player and racing man, he did all the things girls admire men for doing and did them well. True, he was nearly double the age of the bride and had been somewhat of a *viveur*, men said, but they were declared to be madly in love and it was looked upon as an ideal match.

All the world went to the wedding. The bride with her valiant air, full of grace and eagerness, was radiant on her father's arm as some matchless golden rose for whose signal beauty the whole bush had been cultivated. Tyrecastle's fellow officers of a regiment with annals of great glory attended in force. There were many rakes among them, but they were rakes of distinction—and unmarried. One of the regiment's extraordinary boasts was that no officer had ever "stooped" in marriage, or having married ever disgraced its record by public infelicity; and Flavia on that bright day of sunshine, fanfare and fragrance seemed to offer herself as a crown to their boastful arrogance and pride of life.

Every visible sign of worldly weal and happiness was present in St. Margaret's at three o'clock, and at seven the same evening—snap, crack over the wires, sharp as the flash of doom that had ended two lives, came the startling news. It seemed to people they had only just come back from seeing the bridegroom leave the church with his bride on his arm, smiling, insolent with happiness, when the newsboys were shouting the tidings of his death.

"Terrible tragedy at Dover . . . Duel between two officers . . . Death of Lord Tyrecastle and Captain Gerald Sillinger!"

The mystery of that duel in the Dover Hotel had never been solved. Only Flavia could have told why the two men fought to kill in her presence, within four hours of her marriage; and no legal inquisition had been skilled or powerful enough to unseal her lips. All that they ever knew was that within a few minutes of Tyrecastle's arrival Captain Sillinger, just landed from a Channel boat, went to their sitting room. The three had remained shut in together for ten minutes or so; then shots rang out. When servants and guests rushed in it was to discover Sillinger dead, shot through the head by Tyrecastle, and Tyrecastle dying from a self-inflicted wound, the smoking revolver still in his hand. The bride, seated in a chair, was white but calm as a spectator at a play.

She had always been fond of the play, people remembered, especially tragedy, and now she had one all to herself. Some went so far as to say she had arranged it for her own entertainment. There was indeed no end to the mordant things people said as the days went by and no elucidation of the mystery was forthcoming. All that Lady Tyrecastle would state at the inquest was that the two men had quarreled violently about a private matter which she was not at liberty to



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divulge, that each had seized a revolver from a case that lay upon the table and fired at the other. Tyrecastle, having killed Sillinger, had turned his revolver on himself. They were his revolvers, beautiful, deadly little weapons he was taking with him because he and his bride were going to honeymoon in the desert. Only spoiled, capricious Flavia Desmond would have chosen a honeymoon that called for the carrying of loaded arms—and this was what had come of it.

One or two odd details stood out in the grim tale. Sillinger had been a friend of hers from her girlhood up, though like Tyrecastle he was much older than she. Then he went to India with his regiment, and it almost looked as if he rushed home at the news of the engagement, which had been extraordinarily short. As a fact everyone knew that Sillinger had always loved her. Asked at the inquest whether it was true that she had knelt down by Sillinger and tried to staunch his wounds whilst taking absolutely no notice of her dying husband, she coldly admitted it.

The tragedy might have ended there if it had not been for Tyrecastle's people. They were not Irish for nothing, and they did not content them with keening their dead. There were many of them and they came from the Tyrone fastnesses headed by Tyrecastle's eagle-faced old mother. She had been too frail and aged to travel to the wedding. But this was vendetta and the Irish are never too old and frail for that. They were like bloodhounds on the track. Blood had been shed, but they wanted more. It almost seemed as if they wanted the blood of the girl who would not speak. Failing that, they wished to strip her of the title and the fortune Tyrecastle had piled upon her in marriage settlements.

Neither of these desires was possible of attainment without the acquiescence of Flavia. And there the rather sordid side of the story obtruded itself. Flavia would give up nothing. She accepted the abuse and insinuations they heaped upon her at the legal proceedings which followed the inquest, but she would cede nothing. The Tyrecastle tribe fought fiercely, and so did she. The money was hers and she insisted on having it. She did not say so, of course, but she paid lawyers who said it and who wrangled with the Irish like a pack of wolves over a carcass while she sat by, stony and serene. She was alone by then. Her father had died of heart failure when the boys shouted the news of the tragedy in the streets. Her stepmother and young sisters turned their faces from her, and one by one friends dropped away. Those who could forgive her silence could not forgive her greed and the besting of the trembling, fierce old Tyrecastle dam.

So, absolutely alone, she made her fight—and won it. And of course she was absolutely within her rights. Grace, pride, generosity, disdain perhaps might have kept her from taking the money . . . But of these, once her distinguishing qualities, she showed no sign. So she won—and lost all else in the winning. It would have been forgiven in some women . . . but that exquisitely proud, disdainful Flavia Desmond should sell her birthright for a mess of pottage was beyond pardon. It was as though a goddess with all the fruits and flowers of enchanted worlds at her disposal should come forth and insist upon gobbling up Irish stew. That was how a poet who once had been her devotee put it. And the rest of the world put it in harsher phrase.

"A greedy adventuress," they called her, and "a brazen Jezebel found out in her misdeeds, grabbing all that was left to her—money!"

For needless to say surmise as to the cause of the tragedy was not distinguished by charity—what was first whispered came in time to be cried from the house tops—that Gerry Sillinger had been her lover and Tyrecastle, made aware of it through the former's jealousy, had preferred death to the dishonoring truth. Thus Flavia, Countess Tyrecastle, fell from her high place, and the world that had petted and spoiled her cast her out. Small wonder that she abruptly disappeared. No one knew where she had gone to. Once it was rumored that she was hiding in Paris, living amongst the rowdiest set of artists and students, but those who had known her well disbelieved this of fine and fastidious Flavia.

The years had gone by—and no word of Flavia! Until now . . . news indeed! The wires rang and hummed all that night, not only in South Africa but in Paris, New York and London town.

For Loochia Love-a-little had not been idle. Long before the case came on, in fact from the very day of Lypiatt's amazing Sketch discovery, she had been preparing her secret campaign for vengeance against the "boy" who had rebuffed her amorous advances on the ship and later defeated her plans for the capture of Druro.

The evidence she had given in court of Lypiatt's commanding her silence was true. *He* had acted on the principle that Desmond's secret might be of use to himself, and she dared not openly disobey a man who held both her and her husband in the palm of his hand. But there was nothing to prevent one so utterly unscrupulous as herself from passing on the information anonymously, and that she had done.

Among her accomplishments was that of scribbling paragraphs for the Cape and Johannesburg papers—snappy little scraps that just escaped being libelous. So it happened that she had plenty of newspaper openings for the batch of clever little sketches she proceeded to compose about "A Celebrated Countess" who lived in Rhodesia not only "incog" but in disguise.

At first she contented herself with mysterious hints; then later she began diligently preparing a narrative of Desmond's life and adventures on the veldt. The day she heard of Lypiatt's death and Desmond's arrest, in fervid delight and freedom from all fear, she brought her work up-to date, illustrated it with many snapshots, some of Desmond alone, some in company with Druro and others, and gave the full name of the "heroine." A mail left the following day carrying this manuscript, and almost coincident with the trial it was in the hands of the editor of a London paper renowned for its "scoops." The case, already immensely talked about on account of the accused being a woman in disguise, became through Loochia's story the sensation of the moment.

Nothing was omitted from her narratives, which began on the Glenconnor Castle and ended at the Jubilate Deo; and all the malice of a petty nature had been uncorked to the labor of hate. The unadoring Eric on reading it—for like all artists Loochia could not refrain from trying her work on someone—was moved to epigram.

"When dog eats dog there's something doing," quoth he. "But when cat eats cat hell's to pay."

As for the subject of the monograph, there was little rest or repose in her whitewashed cell that night. Not that she was aware of the full extent of Loochia's betrayal, nor of the revelation of her past with which the wires were humming. But enough had been told for her to realize that even if the best happened and she got free, her career as young Desmond, her loved life of the veldt was finished and past. The fact was so bitter and doomful that she thought she would not very much care if the law decided to take her life. She had from the first been willing to face the contingency of that for Druro's sake. What she had *not* counted on was the exhumation of the old tragedy—those sad bones that had been moldering in the grave for years and were now dragged forth into the highway for all the world to gape at. The name and title she had cast to the winds were back on her shoulders, branded there like marks of shame, stuck there with the gouts of mud the world had flung.

And there was another thing. Druro's evidence. What did that mean? Her heart turned sick, there was dust in her mouth. Was nothing and no one, then, worth love and sacrifice? Was nothing that was human, fine? Was there no beauty except in the inanimate things of nature—trees, flowers, hill and skies? Were all the rest just shallow mockeries? Words, words—words to cover up the baseness or at best the emptiness of the human soul? Sacrifice, self-immolation were great and wonderful privileges in the service of love. But if the object of them were unworthy and afraid, with a base, cowardly fear? Then indeed sacrifice was not great. It was dust and ashes. It was defeat.

These were some of the thoughts that kept her company through the night while she paced her cell or stood long at the window looking through the bars at the peace of Africa which seemed almost as the peace past human understanding. A great white moon rode glorious in the sky so bright that not a star could be seen. The land was full of a mysterious ghostly light, as though only for spirits to move in. All human beings had hidden themselves in their homes and beds. Even the insects were still, for they prefer darkness in which to utter their shrill calls of love. The fantastic euphorbia trees with their air of magic stood like ebony sentinels before the jail, stretching twisted arms to the sky as if in worship or despair.

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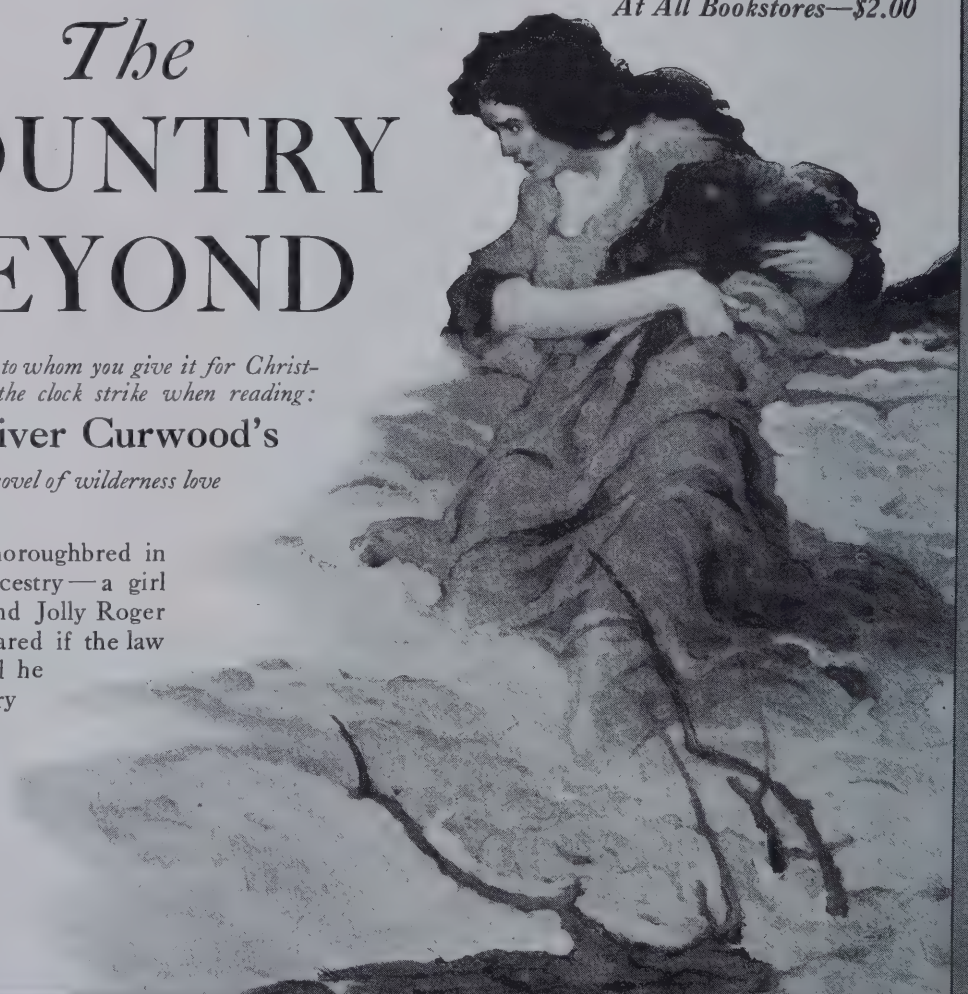
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The Old Boy

(*Continued from page 51*)

with the wolf hound! And that little pair of flappers—what? It's good to be alive!"

He'd always treated me in a friendly but very reserved way. There was a big gulf between his station and mine and he'd never done anything calculated to make me forget it. But this morning he acted familiar and chummy, as if we'd been the same age. He dug me suddenly in the ribs and said:

"How'd you like to be a Turk, old top?"

V

He was altogether changed. And he wasn't changed for the better. He was like some wild, moneyed boy just out of college, and nothing tired him. He discovered Broadway and never got home till two or three o'clock in the morning.

I never saw such energy, such keenness, such curiosity and such enterprise. But he scattered the energy, wasted it and squandered it. He'd start some tremendous business deal, and in the midst of it he'd tire of it and start something different.

At times he seemed to forget all about Miss Pembroke, and then he'd remember her and write her lots of letters and send her pearls and diamonds. But she'd stopped being the only woman in his thoughts.

Still, when it got to be time for Palm Beach he was keen to go. And when he got to Palm Beach and could actually see her again and be with her, he went quite as crazy over her as ever. And he wanted to marry her then and there.

But something saved her from that—just the natural stubbornness of a girl who's happy enough the way things are and doesn't propose to be hustled into anything. And the old man had to put up with that; but he didn't like it. He sulked about it and acted spoiled. And then he'd forget that he had anything to sulk about and would simply blaze and crackle with energy and enthusiasm.

Nothing tired him—except work and concentrating his mind. Whatever he'd gained in bodily health and stamina he'd lost between the ears. His memory got worse and worse. And he knew it. He told me so frankly.

"I'm getting to be a regular scatterbrain," he said. "For Heaven's sake watch over me closely and don't let me forget too many engagements and promises."

He began to get himself talked about. But it was lucky that he wasn't living at the hotel but in his own house; so that some of the most eccentric things he did never got out.

One night, for instance, I heard a tapping on one of my windows. I got out of bed and went to see what it was. It was the old man's ten toes.

He was making a circuit of the house hanging to the gutter by his hands. No, not drunk. Asleep. Nearly every night now he walked in his sleep. But I ought not to say that he walked. He climbed.

You didn't dare wake him. All you dared do was watch him—and pray.

It got so bad that I telegraphed the doctor. I telegraphed in such a way that he jumped on to the first train. I met him



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at the station and told him all the awful things that were going on, and that I didn't know how to cope with them. The doctor seemed to be terribly shocked and frightened. He said "My God . . . My God . . ." And then he made a clean breast of the whole rotten unnatural business. "We had a young fellow—Smith—all signed up and paid up. At the last minute he lost his nerve and cut and ran . . . Sooner than disappoint the old man . . . Well, you know . . ."

"The thing that was under the sheet in the next room?"

"You looked?"

I nodded.

"What's to be done, doctor? He'll break his neck."

"Any other symptoms but climbing?"

I had to smile; the other symptoms seemed so petty and foolish.

"He comes home from the beach with his pockets full of bright-colored shells. He has hundreds of them in his room—all over the place; and he's got a craze for coconut milk, has it served at all his meals instead of water—awful stuff."

"How about Miss Pembroke?" asked the doctor.

"He wanted to marry her right off; but she wouldn't. And lately it's seemed to me as if she was afraid of him . . ."

I took the doctor straight to the club house because I knew Miss Pembroke and the old man would be playing roulette after their morning swim, and I wanted the doctor to have a good look at the old man without being seen himself.

He gave one look and turned white.

"Good God!" he whispered. "Doesn't everybody *see* what has happened? It's as plain as day."

And it was. I had a moment of clear vision and it was perfectly obvious that among the men about the roulette table there was one that wasn't a man.

But the effect lasted only a moment and left me blinking. After that my employer looked natural enough—only preposterously young and alive.

When he heard that the doctor was in Palm Beach he insisted on having him come to the house to stay. I was glad of that. The doctor might be able to do something—to undo what he'd done. I was powerless, and the responsibility was too heavy for me.

The doctor studied the situation for two days. On the third day it came out that Miss Pembroke, without saying a word to anyone, had slipped away from Palm Beach on a north-bound train.

I never knew just what had happened. If the old man knew the chances are that five minutes later he'd forgotten. But when he found out that she had gone he went into a terrible frenzy of rage.

He rushed up the stairs to his room and we could hear him screaming and breaking things.

The doctor may have been a bad man and a fool, but he was brave. He went upstairs and I heard the sound of the old man's door opening and closing. I don't know what the doctor said to him—that is, I don't know exactly. What puzzles me more is how he managed to get his attention so that he could talk to him at all. But he did. And all the awful noises stopped.

By and by they came downstairs together. The old man seemed to be under a terrible mental strain, but he was quiet and natural. His eyes were pathetic, though. I never saw an expression of such horror and misery.

He made a splendid fight to be himself—to be what he was meant to be. But the strain told and deep lines came into his face.

"I had to tell him," the doctor told me. "It was the only way. I had to tell him about—Smith—and he's enough of a man still to make a fight for—yes, for his liberty. And of course he has horror and disgust on his side to fight for him."

God knows he had, but they weren't strong enough. It was in his sleep that the evil forces got the better of him.

I suppose we ought to have kept better watch; but he'd been so quiet and reasonable for nearly a week that he caught us off our guard.

We found him lying at the foot of one of the tall palm trees back of the house. His neck was broken, and his right hand was still clutching the green coconut for which he had grown thirsty in the night.

When a peaceable old fellow is put upon by his women folks he's got to avenge himself somehow. Read "The Revolt of Camposanto" by Gouverneur Morris in February COSMOPOLITAN.

The Desert Healer

(*Continued from page 34*)

It was nothing new to Carew—use had accustomed him to even greater squalor than this—but Geradine's disgust was evident as he stared about him with curling lip, spitting the sand from his mouth and shaking it from his clothing.

Wet and angry, and in no mood to be further inconvenienced, the sight of the horses vigorously propelled into the hut through the narrow entrance moved him to noisy expostulation. But Carew, who was stooping to unloosen Suliman's girths, waved an indifferent hand towards the door and intimated sharply that if he preferred the sandstorm he was at liberty to remove himself, but that as far as he—Carew—was concerned men and horses remained where they were until the weather conditions improved.

Unused to opposition, and too selfish to think of anything but his own comfort, the flat refusal was all that was needed to stir Geradine's smoldering rage to a white heat of fury. An ugly look swept across his lowering face and he started forward with a threatening gesture. For a few seconds it seemed as if the open quarrel Carew had feared was now inevitable. Tired and on edge, goaded by the other's insolence and overbearing manner, driven by his own hatred, nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to respond to the provocation offered him.

The atmosphere of the little room seemed suddenly to become electric—alive with naked passions—as the two men stared into each other's eyes. Behind them the Arabs, sensitive of the tension, were watching intently, and Hosein was edging nearer to his master, his hand stealing to the knife in his belt. Then with a tremendous effort Carew thrust from him the temptation to which he had almost succumbed and swinging on his heel without a word turned back to his horse. Checked despite himself by a silence he did not understand, Geradine made no further protest but fell back with an inarticulate growl and crossing the room dropped down heavily on the cleanest spot he could find, as far removed from the others as possible.

Lighting a cigar with difficulty, for his matches were wet, he smoked sulkily until the horses were unsaddled. Then fumbling in the pocket of his sodden coat he produced a good sized flask and, gulping down the remaining contents, shouted to the sullen faced Arab—who was leaning moodily against the wall beside the steaming horses—to bring him more brandy. Apathetically the man unstrapped the leathern holster from his master's saddle. Following him, Carew saw the savage kick aimed at him as Geradine snatched the second flask from his outstretched hand.

With growing hatred and disgust Carew listened to the uninterrupted flow of evil language. Was this what the girl heard day after day and night after night? He flung his wet cloak back with an angry jerk, scowling at the sudden thought. It was no business of his, no business of his, he whispered doggedly as he searched for a cigarette. No business of his—but remembrance, stimulated, was easier than forgetfulness and for long he stared somberly at the wreathing clouds of faint blue smoke that, curling upward in fantastic spirals, seemed to frame the exquisite oval of a pale, pure face.

When at last, by sheer strength of will, he forced his mind back to the immediate present, Geradine's grumbling had ceased and he seemed to be asleep. The men too were dozing. Carew wondered if he also had been asleep. Listening for the gusts of wind that before had shaken the crumbling building, he realized that the storm had passed. The atmosphere was stifling, and going to the door he wrenched it open and went out into the night.

There the change was almost magical. Swept clean, the heavens were blazing with stars and the desert lay calm and still in the soft clear light of a rising moon whose slanting beams shone silver on the sand. A peace and silence that was gripping. To Carew, still seething with the hatred that a little while since had almost mastered him, the marvelous beauty of the night was like the touch of a healing hand. Watching it, for a time he forgot even Geradine.

Behind him the tiny collection of huts straggled dark and mysterious in the deep shadow of a great bare rock. But he did not look at the sleeping village. It was the desert that held him—the desert that with its silent voice was whispering, enticing, as so often it had whispered and enticed before, drawing him with the glamor of its hidden secrets. Caressingly

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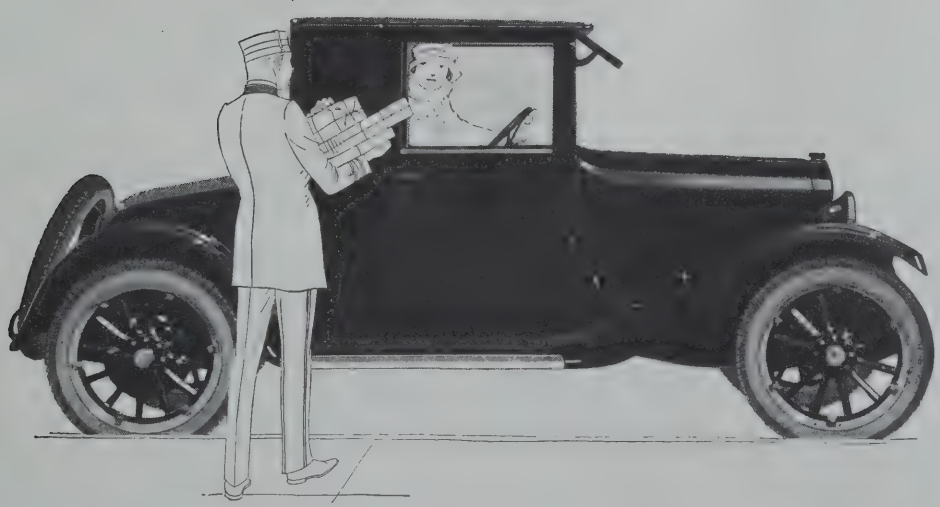
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his eyes swept the moonlit plain. He was one with it now, a nomad for all time. More than the stately house in England, more than the miniature palace in Algiers, it was his home. For ten years he had lived in it. For ten years, seeking to cure his own hurt, he had tried to bring relief to others, fighting misery and disease, appalled by the magnitude of his task and seeming to have accomplished so little. But even the little was worth while. By even the little he was repaid. His toil had not been altogether in vain. By God's grace he had been enabled to do something, and by God's grace he would do still more. In the deep stillness of the eastern night the sense of the Divine Presence was very near, and in all humbleness Carew prayed from his heart for strength to continue the work that had become his life.

As he rose from his knees Hosein came to him, uneasy at his absence and the unwilling bearer of a message.

"The English lord is hungry," he announced briefly.

With a last glance at the shining stars Carew went reluctantly back to the hut.

Half hidden in a haze of cigar smoke and aggressively wide awake, Geradine hailed his appearance with no more civility than before.

"Clear out those cursed beasts," he shouted truculently. "I can't sleep in a damned stable! And get me something to eat. Something—to—eat. *Quelque chose à manger, comprenez?* You blasted fool!" he added, pantomiming vigorously.

The blood rolled in a dark wave to Carew's face but determined to keep his temper he swallowed the retort that sprang to his lips and gave the required orders with apparent unconcern. But he smiled inwardly as he watched the men lead the horses away. It was very doubtful whether food of any kind would be procurable at this time of night, and even if Hosein's endeavors met with success it was not likely that Geradine would appreciate the rough fare of the necessitous little village.

And when at length Hosein returned with a bowl of curdled camel's milk he was not surprised that the viscount after one glance of mingled dismay and repugnance, rejected both it and the unsavory looking little mass of sand-covered fruit with a disgusted "Lord, what beastly muck!" and retired into his corner with his hunger unsatisfied to curse himself to sleep. He was still sleeping heavily when Carew woke with the dawn and went out to find Hosein and the horses and make arrangements for Geradine's return to Biskra. It was not his intention that they should ride together.

To escape the leave-taking that was otherwise unavoidable he did not go back to the hut when, an hour later, he was ready for the road and had concluded his interview with Malec and the headman of the village.

But as his foot was in the stirrup Geradine appeared, yawning sleepily and swinging his arms to get the stiffness out of them. Having wakened for once without his customary morning headache, he was in a better temper than usual. Apparently oblivious of his incivility of the previous evening he lounged forward with an air of condescending geniality, prepared evidently to make himself agreeable. His shouted greeting terminated in a loud laugh as he glanced at Carew, clean shaven and immaculate as Hosein always contrived he should be, and then at his own soiled clothing.

"You look smart enough, by gad," he said, fingering his rough chin tenderly. "Where the devil do you find water and a razor in this filthy little hole? You're off early—what's your hurry? Oh, damn it, I forgot you can't speak English! Well, never mind, you're a sportsman whatever you are. I'd have been in the soup last night if you hadn't come along. Many thanks—dash it, I mean *très obligé, mille remerciements*—and all the rest of it, don't you know." And with another laugh he thrust out his hand.

But incited by the gentle pressure of his rider's heel Suliman plunged wildly and shot away, leaving Geradine with his arm still outstretched, half annoyed and half amused at Carew's abrupt departure.

Proud as Lucifer, like every other potty little chief he had ever met—but the beggar could ride, he reflected as he stood looking after the galloping horseman; and the man he had with him was worth a dozen of the fool *he* was landed with. And yawning again he turned back to the hut and roared for the fool in question.

CHAPTER VIII

IN HER bedroom at the Villa des Ombres, Marny Geradine was standing before the open window staring out into the darkness. She stood very still, her colorless face set like a mask of marble, her hands clasped tightly behind her. Only the tempestuous rise and fall of her delicately rounded bosom betrayed the inward tumult that was raging within her. Five minutes ago she had dismissed a white faced and pleading Ann and now, alone, she was facing a decision that took all her courage to sustain.

It was the night of the Governor's annual ball. By now she should have been dressed. But the wonderful Paris creation that Geradine had insisted on ordering specially for the occasion still lay in shimmering folds on the chaise longue and Marny had not changed from the simple tea gown in which she had dined.

She was not going to the ball. She was not going to submit again to the open shame and humiliation that had been her portion throughout her married life but which during the last few weeks had reached a culminating point of horror. Her husband's gross intemperance, his notorious infidelities, his callous disregard for anything beyond his own pleasure, had driven her at last to rebellion. She had reached the end of her endurance. She knew that at home she must continue to suffer the brutal treatment he meted out to her, but she had resolved never to appear in public with him again. How would he receive her decision? How would she brave his anger? A shudder of pure terror ran through her. If he would only come—as she knew he would come—to demand the reason of her lateness. Waiting was torture.

And yet when the door burst open and banged violently to again and she heard his heavy step behind her, the dread she had felt before was as nothing to the paralyzing fear that now rushed over her, robbing her of all power of movement.

She could have shrieked when his hands closed with crushing force on her shoulders and he swung her round to face him. But she managed to control herself and meet his furious stare courageously. He was in the quarrelsome stage of semi-intoxication that of late had been his usual state, drunk enough to be cruel and vindictive, sober enough to be dangerous.

"Not dressed yet! What the hell have you been doing all this time? You're damnably late!"

She was used to being sworn at; she had come to feel that nothing he could say could hurt her any more; and tonight it did not seem to matter very much what he said.

She forced herself to answer him.

"I'm not going to the ball, Clyde."

He glared at her in speechless anger.

"The devil you're not! And why, might I ask?" he bellowed furiously.

Panic-driven, the temptation to evade the issue she had raised, the cowardly impulse to plead illness to allay his wrath, was almost more than she could suppress. But she fought back the words that rushed to her lips and turned away with a little hopeless gesture.

"You know why," she said in a low voice.

"I'm damned if I do!"

She turned to him swiftly.

"You do know, Clyde," she said steadily. "You know perfectly well why I dread going out with you. You've known ever since we were married."

"I know you're a little fool," he retorted angrily. "Look here, Marny, I've had enough of this nonsense. You'll go to this damn ball whether you like it or not, just as you will go anywhere and everywhere I choose you shall go. I'll give you ten minutes to be ready—not a second more. And you can keep your infernal objections to yourself in future. I'm not going to be preached at by anybody, much less by you. Look sharp and don't keep me waiting any longer. Ten minutes—that's your limit," he shouted and moved as if to leave the room.

She shivered, her pale face whiter than before, but her determination was stronger than her fear.

"It's no use, Clyde. I'm not going," she said slowly. And for the first time he heard a ring of obstinacy in her voice.

He swung back towards her, staring at her for a moment incredulously, rocking slightly on his feet, his big hands clenching as he worked himself up to a pitch of passionate rage.

"You mean that?" he said quickly.

Her dry lips almost refused their office.

"Yes," she whispered faintly.

"You deliberately disobey me?"

She wrung her hands in sudden agony. "I've always obeyed you, always done what you wished. But this—oh, I can't!"

He towered over her, his bloodshot eyes menacing. "You can't?" he sneered. "I rather think you both can and will. There's only one person in this house who says 'can't'—and that's me. You'll do what you're told, now and always. Put on that dress—and God help you if you keep me waiting!"

She lifted a quivering face of appeal.

"Clyde—I—*Clyde*!" Her voice broke in a cry of terrible anguish as he struck her, the whole weight of his powerful body behind the smashing blow that sent her reeling across the room to fall with a crash on the parquet floor.

He looked down at her callously, his crimson face twitching, his big frame

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shaking with passion. Then he walked slowly across the room and sat down heavily on the bed, his smoldering eyes still fixed with a look of cruel satisfaction on the prostrate little figure that lay so still. He had no compunction for what he had done. She was his—and if she had not yet learned who was master it was time she learned it now, once and for all.

She stirred at last, moaning with pain, her slender body convulsed with terrible shuddering. Dragging herself to her feet she stood swaying giddily, her hands pressed on her throbbing temple, her heavy eyes looking listlessly about her till they rested at length on Geradine's massive figure, and into them there flashed suddenly the horror of dawning remembrance. With a little choking sound she turned and staggering a few steps fell into a chair before the dressing table, burying her head in her arms amongst the costly appointments that littered its shining surface, her shoulders shaking with hard, tearless sobs.

And as Geradine had watched her insensible, so did he watch her now, pitiless and unmoved. He had no use for half measures. If she had to be taught a lesson it should be at least a thorough one. He lurched to his feet and strode across the room.

"How much longer are you going to keep me waiting?"

The harsh words jarred like a stab of actual pain, and sick and faint she raised her eyes to his. One look convinced her of his determination. He meant it, oh, very well she knew he meant it! Too dazed, too broken to oppose him further, she knew that she would have to obey. With a stifled gasp of pain she struggled to her feet, her head reeling, and caught at the table for support, pushing the heavy hair off her forehead and wincing as her fingers touched her injured temple.

"If you will please go I will ring for my maid," she muttered indistinctly, choking back the sobs that rose in her throat.

"I'll go when it suits me, and you'll ring for no maid," he said sharply. "You'll dress a damn sight quicker with me in the room. It won't be the first time I've valeted you, and it won't be the last, I'm willing to bet. And I'm hanged if I'll have that grim faced old harridan you call your maid poking her nose in where she isn't wanted. I'm about fed up with her as it is. She's not the kind of woman I want about you, anyhow. She'll have to go, and the sooner the better. You can pay her her wages tomorrow and tell her to clear out by the first available boat."

"*Clyde!*" The sharp cry was wrung from her. And forgetting her pain, her fear, everything but the heartless ultimatum he had launched at her, she sprang towards him, clutching at him with trembling hands, her face working convulsively, pleading as she would not have stooped to plead for herself.

"Clyde, Clyde, you don't mean it, you *can't* mean it! You can't send her away, you couldn't be so cruel. She's old, I'm all she's got, it would kill her to leave me. And you promised—you promised me faithfully I might keep her. I know it's only to punish me—but don't punish me through her. It will break her heart. Oh, Clyde, be generous! Do what I ask, just this once. If you let me keep her I'll never oppose you again. I'll do anything you wish—I'll be anything you wish——"

A sneering look of triumph crossed his face as he flung her from him. "You'll do as I wish without any bargains, my lady," he said significantly. "You've had your orders and there's an end of the matter. The thing's finished. And might I remind you that the horses have already been waiting an hour?"

That was apparently all that mattered to him. Of less value at the moment than the pedigreed animals he prized, her distress of mind, the pain and weariness of her bruised and aching body, were beyond his consideration. A feeling of numbness came over her, a kind of frozen apathy that seemed to turn her into a mere automaton, and without a word she turned slowly to do his bidding. She had a curious impression that the white-faced, weary looking woman reflected in her mirror was some other than herself, that, divorced from her own body she was watching the suffering of a total stranger. And as she dressed with mechanical haste only one thing was clear and instant with her—the consciousness of menacing eyes that followed her every movement until their burning stare became a veritable torment. But throughout the process of her toilet he spoke only once, a characteristic remark:

"Put a bit o' color on your face. You're as white as a ghost."

"I haven't any," she faltered.

"Haven't—any? Good God!" he ejaculated and relapsed into silence.

But when she was dressed he came to her, and as his critical gaze traveled slowly over her slim figure the heavy scowl smoothed from his face and the old look of proprietary admiration crept back into his eyes. With the quick change of mood that was so marked in him he caught her in his arms with sudden passion.

"Damn it all, Marny, what the devil do you want to make me lose my temper for?" he grumbled petulantly. "Give me a kiss, and don't be such a little fool again."

Sick with loathing but helpless against his strength, perforce she lifted her face to his. But unsatisfied, he laughed with angry contempt. "Do you call that a kiss? Gad, you've a lot to learn!" he said scornfully, and crushed his mouth once more against her trembling lips. Then he let her go and, swelling with the sense of his own magnanimity, hurried her with heavy jocularity to the waiting carriage, there to soothe his ruffled feelings with a cigar which he smoked in silence during the short drive into Algiers.

And huddled in her own corner of the roomy victoria, Marny leaned back and rested her aching head against the cushions, staring before her with fixed unseeing eyes.

During the five years that had been a physical as well as mental martyrdom she had suffered much at her husband's hands. In the furious rages to which he was liable he had often hurt her cruelly, but until tonight he had never deliberately struck her. But it was not of his brutality towards herself that Geradine's wife was thinking now as the carriage rolled swiftly along the deserted road. Her mind was filled with only one thought. Ann! How to tell her. How to break to the faithful old woman the fact that her lifelong service must end so abruptly, so callously.

Her husband's impatient voice roused her to the fact that the carriage was at a standstill. Tonight, the gala night of the year, the Governor's palace was filled to overflowing, a scene of vivid animation, gorgeous with oriental splendor, rioting with color and echoing with a confusion of voices laughing and chattering in a score of different languages. The spacious rooms, flaming with lights and decorated with a wealth of scented flowers, were crowded—a motley gathering of nearly every race and creed moving in a never-ceasing stream to the strains of the crashing military band.

The gaudy costumes of the desert sheiks, the crimson burnouses of the grave faced Caids, the striking and picturesque uniforms of Spahis and Zouaves, made distinctive notes in the brilliant assembly that eclipsed even the radiant hues of the marvelous toilettes of the French and English ladies.

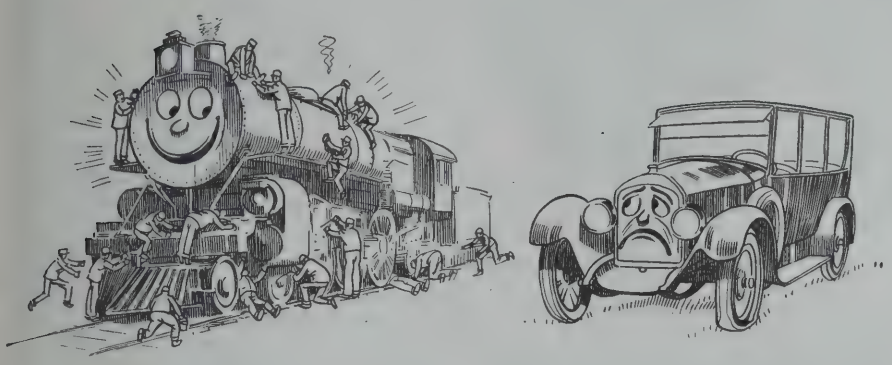
There were many curious glances that followed and many eager tongues that discussed the tardy appearance of the two important English guests as they made their slow passage across the room, and the Governor, whose twinkling eyes were roving constantly in quest of new faces, was quick to notice their arrival. Punctilious to a nicety, he stepped forward to greet them with a deference that was due to Geradine's rank and to the beauty of his wife. But as she responded to his gallant and happy little speech of welcome Marny's voice faltered slightly and her pale face flushed with a wave of beautiful color; for near her in a little group of desert men beside the Governor's dais she saw Carew standing, clad like them in native robes but distinguished by the dark blue burnous he affected. And Geradine, whose French was as limited as was the Governor's English, while replying somewhat laboriously to his host's courtesies, had also noticed the tall Arab-clad figure and grasped eagerly at the chance of cutting short a conversation that bored him infinitely.

"I'm hanged if that isn't my friend of the sandstorm," he exclaimed, and waved pointedly at Carew who, unwilling to add to the public attention already aroused, came forward reluctantly and submitted to a boisterous greeting. With a loud laugh Geradine turned again to the visibly astonished Governor.

"Seems a decent sort of chap," he said condescendingly. "Pulled me out of no end of a hole in the desert a week or two ago. Introduce him to my wife, will you? She's interested in the natives. And Marny," he added, his own slight interest already evaporating, "you speak the lingo better than I do, say something civil to the fellow—only for heaven's sake remember he's a Mohammedan and don't put your foot into it and inquire for his wife and family. And when you're tired of him His Excellency will find you partners if you want to dance. I'm off to get a drink." And with a careless nod he swung on his heel in search of the nearest buffet.

His graceless incivility was no more than much that Marny had been called upon frequently to endure, but tonight his boorishness was almost more than she could bear. His mistake with regard to Carew though regrettable was a perfectly natural one, but his cavalier treatment of the courteous little Frenchman was unpardonable. Scarlet with shame and confusion, she could find no words to break

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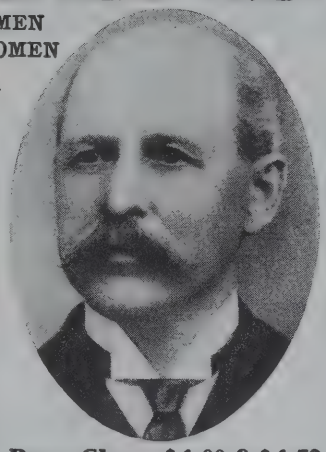
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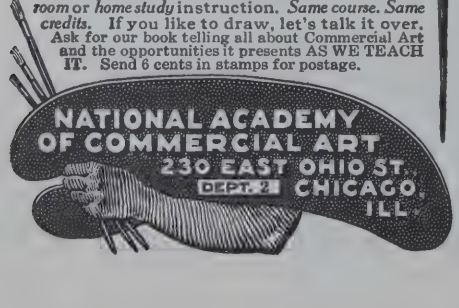
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the awkward silence that ensued. But the Governor, whose saving sense of humor was fortunately greater than his feeling of mortification, plunged nobly into the breach and made the best of the embarrassing situation in which he found himself.

"Madame," he stammered, with twitching lips, "I—I have the honor to present to you Monsieur Carew—a compatriot of your own," and fled to hide his secret enjoyment of a contretemps he found exquisitely amusing. Carew the woman hater—and he had just introduced him to the most beautiful woman in Algiers. *Bon Dieu, quelle comédie!*

But to Marny it was no comedy. Miserable and tongue-tied, giddy with pain, she tried vainly to collect herself, to formulate some adequate excuse that should cover her husband's blunder and lessen the resentment she was sure the man beside her must feel at being publicly forced into an action that was totally against his universally known principles. Would he blame her for being the cause, though the unwitting cause, of his present predicament? Would he too leave her in this crowded room, the cynosure of curious eyes, to find her way alone to the group of English dowagers with whom she had the slightest acquaintance? Super-sensitive and innately shy, the very thought of it made her shrink.

The few seconds that had passed since the Governor's hurried departure seemed magnified into hours. Angry at her own gaucherie, she had nerved herself to make some halting apology when the opening bars of a waltz rising above the din of conversation occasioned a general rush for partners and in the comparative quiet that followed she heard the deep soft voice that had become so dear to her speaking with the slow hesitancy she had noticed before.

"You are looking very tired, Lady Geradine. Shall I take you out of this babel?"

And almost before she realized it she found herself walking beside him down the length of the long room, piloted skilfully between the dancing couples who already filled the floor. Once or twice he paused to exchange a nod and a passing word with a uniformed officer or an isolated group of Arabs, but she hardly noticed these slight interruptions; and at length they reached the rapidly emptying entrance hall. Crossing it, he turned down a short corridor that opened into a little winter garden where chairs were placed amongst palms and banks of tropical plants. At the moment the place was deserted. And quiet and dimly lighted, to Marny it seemed a haven of refuge after the glare and noise of the crowded reception rooms. With a feeling of relief she followed him to a fern-screened couch at the farther end of the conservatory and sank into the low seat, stripping the long gloves from her hands and closing her eyes wearily. Looking down at her, Carew saw her face convulsed with a sudden spasm of pain.

In a scene more powerful and dramatic than any in "The Sheik," Marny and El Hakim and Geradine cast the die of destiny. See February COSMOPOLITAN *on sale at all news stands January 10.*

The Return of the Tide

(Continued from page 99)

"For Heaven's sake!" Josie exclaimed, turning from one face to another in distress. "That doesn't sound like ma! Is she as blue as all that?"

"Oh my!" Annie and Ida and Mary all ejaculated together, shaking their heads in mournful triumph. "You wouldn't know her, Jo. She's just—well, she's a different woman!"

Josie made no answer in words, but her eyes watered with a sort of angry and incredulous pain. The girls were exaggerating, she thought resentfully. She had come from her trim little home, her nicely managed little establishment, with its clean Danish girl in the kitchen and its delightful order and prosperity, and everything here in the old environment looked shabby, shiftless, unnecessarily ugly to her.

After the first flush of meeting Annie, she had noted the general poverty and plainness of Annie's house and the worn, patient courage of Annie's soul and body. She had at once suspected Annie's secret, and the fact itself annoyed her, as well as the fact that Annie did not tell her about it. Another baby! Jo thought despairingly, her intolerance springing from sheer affection for and loyalty to Annie, and yet hurting Annie far more than mere indifference would have done.

Then Jim hurt her, too, for Josie adored her only brother, and the thought that this wretched attempt at merrymaking tomorrow was to be made without him cut her to the heart. No, he said quietly to her coaxing, he'd a little rather not try it tomorrow. They weren't to worry about him, they weren't to think about him at all. He'd be all right.

To put a final touch upon Josie's discouragement, young Marty, who had been visiting her, developed a thick, painful throat this evening. If Marty had mumps, then of course Rose Agnes would have mumps! And probably the whole Curley nursery would catch them, and perhaps poor Ida, who never had had them, and who was in no condition to fight any illness. Josie wished heartily that they had never attempted this ridiculous party!

John and Frank and Jim and Danny, warned not to go near ma, went out after dinner to see old friends in the neighborhood. But the women sat about in Annie's crowded parlor, putting the finishing touches to Christmas dolls and beribboned doilies, and talking, in continually sinking and saddening voices, of family matters. And Josie was conscious only of a desire to scream at them all that they were a helpless, stupid, fearful lot, and then grab her baby and rush back to her own home, where women read the backs of the magazines and men were not afraid of losing jobs. Frank Curley had nothing to be afraid of—he was a master mechanic, after all, and there were other iron works in the world. To have Annie, who had been so pretty and so neat, sighing here and wiping her eyes and biting threads——

Marty, asleep upon a lounge, woke up fretful. His throat hurt. The women looked at each other, appalled.

"Try him on a teaspoonful of vinegar, Jo!" Annie whispered as they threaded



Good News

That millions of women tell

Millions of women, all the world over, have found a way to prettier teeth. Some by dental advice, some by this ten-day test.

They have spread the news to others. Now wherever you look you see glistening teeth, and more smiles to show them.

We urge you again to accept this test and prove to yourself what they know.

Must combat film

That viscous film you feel on teeth must be combated daily. Otherwise it clings, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar.

It also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Why it remains

The tooth brush and the ordinary tooth paste cannot effectively combat it. So nearly everybody, however careful, had teeth discolor and decay.

Dental science has for years tried to combat this condition. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them, and leading dentists now urge their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, called Pepsodent. It corrects some old mistakes. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

It does far more

Pepsodent does more than that. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

It omits soap and chalk, which now are known to bring undesired effects.

You'll know at once

Pepsodent brings quick results. A week will make them conspicuous. Once you see and feel them you will never go without them, or let your children miss them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the delights of Pepsodent, with the added protection and beauty it brings.

Do this without delay. Cut out the coupon now. This is most important.

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Only one tube to a family.

their way between the filled beds in the dark bedroom. "My goodness, I wish we could ask ma!"

They were to reach ma's just at noon the next day; by eleven o'clock they were all tired to the breaking point. Annie had dragged herself to early mass, sick and dizzy; had come back to roast turkey and boil potatoes even while every fiber of her being was in revolt at the mere smell of food. She spoke to the children gently, screamed at them, and spoke gently and apologetically again. Frank did his best, buttoning clean rompers wrongly and misunderstanding directions.

Through a sweet, clean Christmas noon, of dazzling snow and bright sunshine, with bells ringing and holiday joy abroad in every red-painted coaster and consciously worn fur collar, they presently trooped to the old house. By this time the children were in wild spirits, and John and Dan laughing together, and even to Annie's lifeless cheek an unwonted happy flush had sprung.

The gate creaked; they were up the path, they were at the door. How well they knew the rubbed dirty space about the bell, and the penciled "Roslyn 369" that some impatient messenger had scrawled there!

A long delay; then ma at last, with an amazed, almost truculent look in her handsome face, and one big foot bare. She had been soaking her foot in a bucket of warm water; she looked as if her privacy had been somewhat outraged.

"Well, whatever!" she said dryly. "I thought I was to go to Annie! And you're down, Josie? Forevermore! Take his cap off, Frank, for the Lord's sake, the way he won't have his ribbons all chewed to nothing on you! It's a wonder you wouldn't let a body know—I've a taste of stew in the ice box, and that's all——"

Even their greetings, their resolute laughter and comment, could not quite carry it, could not make the ensuing hours a success. Even when the kitchen stove and the stove in the parlor were roaring hot, and the presents had been given, and the table enlarged and set, and the cranberry sauce divided into glass saucers, there was a consciousness of something forced in their hilarity and something missing to their felicity.

The women chattered courageously; ma wasn't to do anything, but they did everything gaily as they moved to and fro. Annie's face blazed, she looked her pretty self again with her red cheeks and shining eyes; she had pinned on a great, stiff white apron, and put a cluster of red berries into her lifeless, meekly looped hair. Mary was irresistible, and Josie merry and affectionate and full of stories and gossip that were new. Ida sat near her mother-in-law, a little breathless and more than a little apprehensive. She kept running over the months upon nervous finger tips; June to February came out nine, over and over, and yet she did have a queerish feeling that was not quite unfamiliar, nor insignificant!

The men helped clumsily, eagerly, or stood about large and awkward, smoking. Any little topic of conversation that they could keep moving they followed with passionate seriousness. Also they spoke frequently to the children, who were beginning to feel restless and hungry, as the clock struck two.

It was ma who was responsible for all this discomfort. Ma, who in old times had been the animated, garrulous, loving, dictatorial heart of all their groups, was oddly changed and aged today. She received them magisterially, with a certain aloof dignity. She watched them, she listened, she considered her answers. There was a stiffness, a sort of tacit disapproval in her manner that made them all uneasy.

This had been home to her three girls, once. But nobody felt at home today. The irresistible currents of life had drawn them away, one by one, and they were alien here. The depth and passion of their mother's love had been able to show itself, after all, only in endless little services, in the daily intimacies of coffee cups and ironing board; now those services were no longer needed, and those intimacies had been long interrupted, and she felt her children to be strangers.

More than that, her only son was absent; roaming the snowy world desolate and alone, his big heart aching for his son. And when she remembered Jim, Mrs. Callahan's heroic struggle to seem natural and happy died away in ashes and despair. It was a fine Christmas Day whatever, she reflected, without a sight or sound of the lad!

"Do you know, I think she would have liked it better if we'd put the whole job up to her," Mary murmured despondently to Annie in a moment of privacy. "I believe she'd have liked to do it—I'm afraid it's kind of hurt her, our taking it out of her hands!"

"I think so too," Josie agreed, stricken. "She acts so funny. She just answers yes and no—not a bit like ma!"

"Well, we'll just have to go on with it," Annie answered, sighing. For the dinner was in the actual process of dishing up.

From an epicurean standpoint, nothing could have excelled the meal. Ma herself had never roasted more wonderful turkeys, Josie's biscuit was perfection, there were gravy and jelly and dressing and corn pudding for a multitude. The children stuffed, passed plates, and stuffed anew; their elders showed only slightly inferior appetites.

And yet there was a singular heaviness in the air. Ida secretly mourned for her absent Jim, and counted the months from June to December with a sinking heart. Annie filled Frank's plate with the choicest bits of everything, timidly watching for his smile. Josie talked gallantly, although a certain feverish heaviness upon the part of little Rose Agnes was making her heart stand still with terror. Ma ate, complimented the cooks punctiliously, addressed herself principally to her grandchildren. She remarked that little Francis had been with them at Christmas two years ago and wondered aloud who would go next.

Failure. The family dinner was an absolute failure. Annie could have wept, thinking of the money and time and effort that had been wasted to force this wretched affair into being. The men were heavy, dull and in the way, when the ice cream and cake were finished and the children were ubiquitous and quarrelsome.

The sun had gone behind leaden clouds, and a cold raw wind was blowing over the sunless snow. Josie was practically and briskly preparing the six children for a good half-hour's play out-of-doors when her husband, in his capacity as doctor, interfered. It would be dangerous, flushed and tired and excited as they were, to send them out so late in the winter afternoon, he said. No, Rose Agnes positively should not go. No, it was not safe.

John was always so gentle and kind that Josie felt his tacit reproof like a blow. Tears were in her eyes as she wiped glasses and spoons and knives, and plates and plates and plates, at the old familiar sink. Ida was ready for tears too; it was a strange Christmas Day without Jim. And Annie was exhausted almost to the point of joining them; she felt as if it were physically impossible for her to get home this afternoon, and get Frank a cup of tea, and tumble the children into bed.

"Put your coat on, Frank dear, and step up toward the cemetery and see if maybe you can't get hold of Jim and tell him how bad ma feels!" she whispered over the hot, clean knives. "Don't worry, darling!" she added, kissing him tenderly as he turned to obey.

But as the patient, shabby shoulders disappeared, in the stiff thick old coat, she felt a dry ache of tears in her throat, and she ran after him to kiss him again.

"Ma," Josie asked anxiously, "how do you know when it's mumps?"

"I suppose by taking them into a hospital and cutting something out of them!" her mother replied witheringly; and although Josie joined in the laugh that followed, it was not without a glance half pitying and half pleading to ma.

The shabby old rooms were very hot and heavy with food odors now, and in frightful disorder. Christmas toys were mingled in among the mussy plates and tumbled napkins, and the steamed windows were marked by dirty little sticky fingers.

It was Matt Curley, masticating an immense hard chocolate candy, and lounging in youthful ennui against one of these windows, who said suddenly, over the general hubbub of the dining room:

"Oh, gee, look—it's a drunk! Oo, no, it's not—they're bringing him in—it's a man that's been killed——"

"God save us, what's the child talking about?" Annie muttered, as she and Mary and Josie flew to the window. "Oh, God be good to us! *God be good to us!*" she said, in a hard tone that rang through the room.

One moment, peaceful dishwashing and cheerful Christmas disorder. And the next moment—*this!* This view of the familiar yard, the gate blocked with snow, the bare lilacs rattling in a bleak wind under a sullen sky. And the men—strange, silent, huddling men, in their heavy, worn overcoats, bringing in something hideous, heart-stopping—bringing something in——

There were screams, and the stamping of quick feet, and the children were pushed aside. A bitter draught of icy out-of-door air clove through the thick, food-scented rooms. Big muddy feet trampled in; the cluttered table was shoved aside; they laid Frank Curley down upon the dining room lounge. To the half-circle of pallid-faced, terrified women, some man, gruffly and awkwardly, spoke:

"It was Cottle's car—poor Frank was up by the Iron Works—he'd asked some feller there had he seen Jim Callahan. It was Cottle's fault—there was a cop right there, and he said so!"

"Oh, God help us—God preserve us!" the women whispered, their eyes upon the helpless, sodden lump that was Frank. A

great gasp and shudder went through the craning group when Mary, her young face ashen, gently eased the crushed head upon a crimson velvet cushion, and Frank moaned.

Suddenly Annie came through the press; Annie, with the freckles showing upon her pale, strained face, and the years of patient motherhood stamped upon her flat, thin body; Annie, with work-worn hands and her sweet, trembling mouth.

She sank quietly upon her knees beside him and took the torn, discolored hand that had been roughly rolled in mud and snow in her own hand, and her thin cheek rested upon his rich disordered hair. Over and over again the motherly voice said softly, breathlessly:

"Frank—my sweetheart! My own true husband——"

She looked bewildered at John Concannon as he gently put her aside. Josie, crying bitterly, was holding a basin of water; Mary, ashen-faced, was behind the couch, supporting the stained muddy head. In the background there was a huddle of terrified faces; Annie saw her baby boy in his highchair, with his big new ball in his fingers, and with a piteous trembling of his little mouth.

She caught him to her flat breast, stumbled into the kitchen, Matt and Helen clinging to her blindly, and found herself and her children suddenly caught in her mother's great arms.

"Come now, darlin'," said the familiar voice, with all its old heartening vitality and ring. "Annie—be a woman, dear! He'll want to see you the minute he opens his eyes. It's only a bad fall, dear! Take courage to yourself——"

"Ma——" It was poor Ida, forgotten in the last few moments of uproar, but staggering with pain and clinging tightly to the big comforting shoulder. "Ma—I don't know that I can get home——"

Mrs. Callahan, distracted in spite of herself, fixed alert eyes upon her son's wife. With Ida writhing and helpless, and Annie sunk in a stupor of agony upon a chair, with children pale and frightened about her, a sudden energy and courage almost youthful seemed to descend like a visible mantle upon their mother.

"The dear Lord stand by!" she said, richly and heartily concerned. "Don't you have a moment of worry, Ida dear, you'll do fine! Matt, take a handful of wood and run up to Aunt Josie's old room and make a grand little fire in the stove," she commanded. "Get hold of Uncle Dan, Helen, and tell him Gogga wants him. I'll send Mary upstairs with you, dear, and you just take everything easy—it'll all be over very quick this time, I told you so a month ago! John's here when you need him, and as soon as poor Frank feels better—sit where you are, Annie, and keep the baby in your arms—you poor girl, you. I'll go in and find out how things are going——"

Brisk, capable, resourceful, she stepped from her kitchen with the old, erect step of long ago. She immediately assumed control of everything that was passing in the dining room; somehow the onlookers scattered, and the children disappeared, and the door was closed. And by degrees, with here a little help from Josie and there a little more from Mary the big table was cleared and pushed empty against a wall, and order succeeded chaos.



He thought he knew her well

NO matter *how* well you know a person—maybe even your very closest friend — there is one subject you instinctively avoid.

You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

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Established a Century Ago

X-Bazin's success has inspired many imitations, but X-Bazin is still the absolutely *safe* way to remove hair. You can use it again and again and again—it does not coarsen the hair or irritate the skin.

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Send 10c for trial sample and descriptive booklet

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Perhaps you saw him this morning. His step was buoyant. He was off to work with a smile. He knows that good health is a determining factor in his success. He takes no chances with constipation, which impairs efficiency. Make sure that he is not more fit than you. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a matchless corrective for constipation. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, you will know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel and form no harmful habit. Price 15 and 30 cents, at all druggists.

Dr. Edwards'
OLIVE
Tablets

Outside, the dark, brooding Christmas Day moved heavily to twilight. The wind, howling bleakly, ruffled the shawls and hats of frightened women, gathered whispering and glancing, in the snowy yard. Josie and Mary, and John and the strange doctor, fussed incessantly about the still unconscious and occasionally moaning Frank. Annie had the old rocker close beside her husband now; the baby was asleep in her lap, one of her thin, work-worn hands held Frank's hand.

Dan came back with the nurse for Ida. John Concannon was free for a few minutes to step upstairs. And Josie waylaid him in passing, and drew him into the big bedroom next to Ida's—the bedroom that had for so long been Jim's. Would he just look at Marty and Rose Agnes? Wouldn't it be the terrible thing if this was mumps?

They had a brief talk, husband and wife, and then ma came panting up, to find Josie in frightened tears.

"Shame upon you, Josie Callahan, the way you would be weeping and lamenting over such a thing entirely!" said ma roundly, half shaking and half embracing the terrified Josie. "Wit' poor Annie never letting a cry out of her—and the child smilin' up in the face of her, and his father all but dead on him——"

"All but dead?" Josie echoed, shocked, and instantly upon her feet, her tears dried. "Ma—is he so badly hurt?"

"We don't know yet, dear," said John gently. But he slowly shook his head. Josie looked from one to the other, her lips steady and a new look in her eyes.

"Why, mumps are nothing!" she said, quickly and reassuringly. "Rose Agnes would have to have them sometime, and I don't know where I'd rather be than here with ma! I'll put her in one bed, ma, and Marty in the other, and John can go back home without me when he has to go!"

"Well, now you're talking like yourself, dear, and you a great comfort—for all you're so nervous about the child, entirely!" her mother said in approval.

"And is Ida better, John?" Josie asked as she dried her eyes and began to examine the available blankets and pillows.

"Ida?" he said, smiling a little. "You know what's happening there?"

"What!" Josie whispered, aghast. And as her look met their answering, significant glances, she turned a little pale, undecided whether to laugh or cry. "Ma!" she faltered. And then "Ma——"

"Well, why not? Sure, she's much more comfortable here, with the pack of us to look out for her," Mrs. Callahan said reassuringly. "It won't be much work! I've got the turkey pretty well cut up—we'll have a big pot of stew and a sheet of me cornbread for supper. And that'll be enough, with plenty of tea all night in case me young lady here"—she glanced toward Ida's room—"keeps us all up. And please God it'll be a healthy baby, boy or girl—for it's a little soon—and give Jim something to fill up the poor broken heart of him!"

"I'll get these youngsters to bed and fire up the other stove," said Josie, capably.

"Mumps, is it?" asked Mary, who had just come in, and stood, in her water-and blood-stained Christmas finery, smiling at the now consciously important Matt and Helen. "Well, never a dull moment—that's your house, ma! Kate's come in," she added, "and she said she'd take Helen and Matt home with her, the way they wouldn't get the contagion, and Jule Mooney's here, she's got the kitchen like a pin. Dan's gone off to find Jim."

"I'll give Jim Callahan a piece of my mind, walking off on all of us this way!" Mrs. Callahan said heartily. Her daughters' surprised looks met; there was in them a certain deep amusement and relief. It was good to hear ma scolding and bossing again! And ma went downstairs with the step that had not echoed so buoyantly through the shabby old house in months. She had mourned, she had brooded, she had petted and sympathized with Jim. But there was no health in all that compared with this sturdy and vigorous resentment!

"You'd think it would kill her," Mary whispered, following.

"Well, there's no help for it anyway!" Josie said.

At seven o'clock that evening Jim Callahan came quietly downstairs and into his mother's kitchen. He looked weary, but there was an expression of utter peace upon the handsome dark face, and his Irish blue eyes were dark with happy tears under the black crest of hair.

His mother, in an iron-gray calico, with a great stiff white apron tied about her waist and a knitted pink and gray shawl about her shoulders, was seated in a big rocker by the range. A good fire was going, and now she rose, opened the oven door and placed before her son a great plate of smoking, delicious food.

Jim looked at her a little timidly; her expression was magnificently stern. But it was wonderful to him to have ma her old, scolding, busy self again, managing the whole crowd of them with this scornful, brisk superiority. He brushed his face against her arm affectionately and said boyishly:

"Go on, ma. Jump me, and have it over!"

"A big, strong feller like you," his mother began readily and witheringly, "stravaging the streets on Christmas Day like a Turk that has no home, and poor Ida and the little one-een laying up there—and might be dying like poor Rose Devlin herself, and you maybe at that minute buying yourself a cigar!"

"I didn't buy myself any cigars today," poor Jim said meekly. "I—I'm ashamed of myself, ma. But somehow—being Christmas—and thinking of him—the square little friendly feller he was——"

"Well, now you've got another boy to worry the heart out of you and have measles and sauce you back and play hookey and smoke cigareets on you, the way you done on me!" his mother said roundly and unemotionally. "Did Kate give you a peek at the child?"

"She brought him in. Ide and I had a look at him, and then Ide went to sleep," Jim said, grinning, and then openly wiping his suddenly wet eyes. "He seems a fine little feller. I—I *am* grateful, ma. I'm not going to let little Frank's going spoil everything for Ide any more. I'm going to take her and the children out for picnics—the way we've always done—I know I've made it harder. I'm sorry, ma. I don't know what got into me. But it'll all be different now. You'll see!"

"I wouldn't wonder if the Lord would take the others now, if there's any more

of this running off from your good wife and breaking her heart on her!" his mother warned him sternly.

"Yes, I know, ma. You'll see, ma!"

"Well, I hope I will!" Mrs. Callahan said briefly. "Fine goings on for the man of the family," she muttered. "And now," she added suddenly, with a glance at the closed dining room door, and in a lowered voice, "now maybe with Annie—poor ger'.l!"

Jim's face shadowed.

"I know it!" he said quickly. "It makes me ashamed that I ever thought of my own trouble. Ma, we'll stand by her if poor Frank don't pull through, won't we?"

"She'll have her mother and her mother's home, and we'll do what we can," his mother said, with a sudden quiver of her handsome mouth.

"Any change, ma?" And Jim glanced in turn at the dining room door.

His mother compressed her mouth, narrowed her eyes and slowly shook her head. Mary and Dan, returning from a trip to their own home, where Cecelia and Helen and Matt were established for the night, quietly entered the kitchen, shuddering with the cold, and powdered with the first flakes of a fresh blizzard.

"Any change, ma?" Mary whispered. And "Any change, ma?" Josie, returning from a last glance at the victims of the mumps, echoed anxiously.

"No, there's no change," their mother answered with a significant look. And heavily she added: "There'll be no change. John's there, and poor Annie sits there—she won't go to bed. We'll have to stand to poor Annie now, ger'rls——"

"Oh, ma, we will!" Mary and Josie cried passionately, one on each side of her on their knees, arms locked about her.

"She and her children will never want," Jim said steadily. "Poor Frank didn't speak to me. But when she was out of the room I knelt down beside him and I said that to him. And the look that come into his eyes—he knew what I meant! There's many a millionaire that doesn't leave his children what Frank Curley does!"

"You said the truth then," Mrs. Callahan assented, with a great sigh. And for a few minutes there was silence in the warm, orderly kitchen. Then ma roused herself, glanced at the stove, glanced at the clock.

"Well, I'm going to set me bread," she announced, rising. "With sickness in the house there's not much good in baker's stuff. Christmas—and all of us together for a little celebration—and look what's in it! May God make us resigned! Life's short for all of us!"

But in the firm, capable hand that reached for the pan, and in the bend of the straight back, and in the keen glance of the black Irish eyes, there was no sign of breaking. Life and death were hovering over her house, and the future was chaos, but the years had brought back the Callahan children to ma's guidance and ma's service, and the heart of Agnes Callahan, little as she or anyone else suspected it, was singing a song of gratitude and triumph within her breast.

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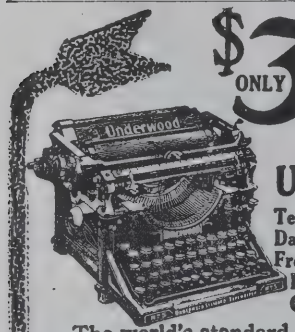
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His Children's Children

(*Continued from page 64*)

lifted her face and he saw that her eyes were swimming with tears.

"Come to the reception room!" he said, taking her by the arm and leading her towards the door. She followed willingly enough—but rather as if in a trance. Over his shoulder Maitland could see Florian hurrying down the corridor in the direction of the dining room. He could feel Sheila's heart beating against the back of his hand. They reached the reception room and Maitland pushed Sheila gently across the threshold in front of him, closing the door as Diana took her sister in her arms.

"Forgive me!" she begged. "I was horrid to you this morning!"

Sheila let Diana kiss her, then stepped back and threw a glance of inquiry at Maitland.

"Did you two come together?"

"Naturally," he answered. "I couldn't take you back to New York with me without a chaperon, could I? And, you see, you really can't stay here because your father is in trouble and needs you all to stand by him. He would not understand it if you didn't want to go."

"He never stood by me!" she retorted. "Neither he nor mamma ever took any real interest in me! Everything that makes life really beautiful I've learned from Doctor Dhal——"

"Doctor Dhal!" cried Diana fiercely. "That miserable sham!"

Sheila's eyes flashed and she clenched her fists.

"He is nothing of the kind! He is very wise and good." Her voice became thin and high. "He is 'all good.' I will not hear you say anything against my *guru!*" She faced Maitland with clasped hands. "I will go with you if you really want me to," she said. "I will go because you ask me—for no other reason. I do not believe papa needs me at all. That is just a trick to get me away. But I don't mind if *you* ask me to go. Do you understand?"

"I do ask you," Maitland assured her.

"Very well," she said. "I will come. But I must get my things. They are in the little house in the grove. I shall only be gone a minute."

She walked a few steps towards the door, but as she stretched out her hand to turn the knob it opened, disclosing Doctor Dhal upon the threshold.

"What is this?" asked the Yogi.

"Miss Kayne has decided to return to New York with her sister," said Maitland sternly.

"No one stays here against his will," Doctor Dhal answered with a smile. All are free to come and go as they will. How is it, my child—do you wish to leave your *guru?*"

He leaned towards her, looking into her eyes and still smiling, smiling. His wreathed lips murmured some word in a foreign tongue.

Sheila faltered, smiling faintly in return.

"You do not wish to leave your *guru!*" he said in a harsh metallic tone quite different from his ordinary glutinous utterance. "You do not wish to go! You will not go!"

"I do not wish to go!" repeated Sheila mechanically.

"You see, she says herself she does not wish to go," smiled Dhal without taking his eyes from her face.

Maitland saw he was losing ground.

"Sheila!" he said authoritatively, stepping between her and Doctor Dhal. "I ask you to come with me. You said you would do so if I asked you. Come!"

He put his arm around her and drawing her to him led her towards the door where stood the Yogi. The smile did not leave Dhal's face, although a wicked gleam flashed for an instant in his black eyes.

"Wait a moment!" said Doctor Dhal.

He raised one of his short dangling arms, barring their passage with a pudgy open palm.

"Get out of the way!" ordered Maitland sharply.

"Sheila! Little one——" purred the Yogi, dropping his hand to the child's shoulder.

With his full weight back of the blow, Maitland drove for the pulpy face just where the lips parted to show the glint of white. It was a blow that would have felled a far tougher philosopher than Doctor Dhal. The Yogi's head flew back, his knees gave way and he pitched forward to the floor, where he lay motionless, a bizarre and grotesque figure, his arms flung wide like a gaudy doll.

Maitland had struck without full realization of his act or of its possible consequences. But the satisfaction he derived from the blow would have amply compensated him for a month in jail.

Sheila seized him convulsively by the arm and buried her face in his shoulder, while Diana and he stared at the body on the floor as if they rather expected another Doctor Dhal to come floating sweetly out of a corner with a "Here you should look!" But nothing of that sort occurred. Apparently, if you hit him quick enough and hard enough you could dislocate Dhal's astral machinery.

The left foot in its crimson slipper twitched. An arm stirred; a stertorous sigh came from the swollen mouth. The omnipotent one was coming back from Nirvana or wherever he had been excursioning. From the other end of the corridor could be heard the echo of approaching voices. Maitland quickly snapped off the light in the reception room and dragged Sheila into the hall. Mr. Oscar Florian's scarlet dinner jacket flared close by. One of the women in bathing suits followed just behind him.

"Have you spoken with Doctor Dhal?" demanded the artist.

"Yes," answered Diana, "and I am taking my sister away."

Florian turned inquiringly to the young woman, who was evidently puzzled.

"I am afraid there must be some misunderstanding," she interposed, stepping forward. "Miss Kayne told me less than ten minutes ago that she expected to remain at the club for at least a week."

"She can speak for herself," said Lloyd. "Are you coming with me, Sheila?"

The girl raised her head but at the sight of Florian and his companion she turned away her face with a look of aversion.

"Yes," she whispered.

Without further parley Maitland and Diana hurried Sheila down the hall to the

veranda. As they stepped upon the gravel path the lights in the reception room burst forth again. They could hear the frenzied ringing of an electric bell. Shadows, like huge bats, darted to and fro past the windows. There were muffled shouts from within.

"Run!" directed Maitland. "Let's do a vanishing act ourselves!"

There was a key on the inside of the door in the wall and Maitland removed it, closed and locked the door behind them, and tossed the key into the bushes.

"And that's that!" he remarked. "Don't throw on your lights until we get farther down the road."

Next instant they had glided off into the darkness, Diana at the wheel, Sheila and Lloyd upon the back seat. She was trembling and after putting his coat over her shoulders he kept his arm about her. But she soon became calm and by the time they reached the highroad she was in her usual spirits. She would not permit Lloyd to remove his arm, however; it was more comfortable, she said.

The prosaic red and white lights in the drug store windows at Jamaica gave them all a sense of comfort. It was quite natural to Sheila to let her head rest on Lloyd's shoulder, as she so often had in her dreams, and to find herself answering all his questions so unreservedly. Now that the Butterfly Club was twenty miles behind them, her visit there seemed to have a curious quality of unreality.

Tactfully and by degrees Lloyd extracted from her what little there was to tell. She was sorry for Doctor Dhal, she said. He was really a well meaning man; but of course once you got away from it the whole thing did seem rather silly. She had had a pleasant enough time. There had not been the slightest need to worry about her. She was half asleep by the time they reached Queensboro Bridge and when Diana pulled up at the curb in front of the house the child seemed disinclined to get out. Before she did so she lowered her head as if to look for something in the bottom of the car, caught Lloyd's hand and pressed it swiftly to her lips.

There were two closed motors already there and Jarmon threw open the front door before they had reached the top of the steps. Two strangers were talking together in the front hall.

"Has anything happened, Jarmon?" asked Diana apprehensively.

"Your grandfather, miss. He had a stroke in the Park. He's upstairs in his room."

Instinctively Diana put her arm about her sister. One of the strange men accosted them.

"Miss Kayne? I am Doctor Wheelock. Is your sister Sheila here? Your grandfather keeps asking for her—that is, so we understand him. Will you see that she goes to him at once?"

Diana half closed her eyes. "Oh, Lloyd! Lloyd!" she murmured.

He took her hands. "This is where you're needed!" he said.

"And where we all—I—need you!" she answered feverishly. "Come, Sheila!"

They found Claudia upstairs sitting with Uncle Billy. The old man appeared stupefied at what had happened. The door to their grandfather's bedroom was open, light streaming from it.

The Pirate lay on his cot, his shaggy white head slightly thrust forward by the extra pillow behind it, staring at the door. A nurse stood in the background. Their father was kneeling beside the bed. In a chair at the foot sat their mother. There was something noticeably unnatural in their grandfather's position. Every moment or two he would make a spasmodic effort with his right arm and from his lips would issue an odd sibilation, a grotesque labial hissing. The nurse saw them and stepped forward with a smile of professional encouragement. Their father lifted his head, but Diana could hardly recognize his face. Elizabeth had the strained look of the self-consciously sympathetic. She got up and motioned to Sheila.

Sheila, her hands clasped before her, drew near the foot of the bed.

"Grandpa!" she whispered, forcing back a sob. "It's me—Sheila."

The eyes of the Pirate widened, and he lifted his head the fraction of an inch. It could not be said that a light came into his face, but the lines of his forehead moved upward and the pathetic semblance of a smile twisted one cheek. He made a heroic effort to articulate but his tongue had lost its power.

"Th—th—ss——"

Then his head sank to his chest and he gave vent to a long suspiration of relief.

When half an hour later she came downstairs, Diana found Lloyd waiting in the hall. To his glance of inquiry she said:

"He is quite helpless, poor old man! He may live as he is for some time. Conceivably he might make a partial recovery. But another shock would end it. It's terrible for father!"

"Come and let us get a bite to eat somewhere," he proposed, and he could see that the suggestion pleased her. They descended the steps just as the chauffeur was taking the car away.

"How lucky Sheila came with us!" she said as they walked along the avenue. "Grandfather knew her at once and it seemed to make him quite happy." Under its burden of sorrow her face seemed to him the most beautiful and the most tender that he had ever seen. "Of course you know the reason she came back?"

He read the answer and hurriedly looked away. "I never suspected," he answered in a gruff voice. "Poor kid!"

"But why?" she continued, very softly. "She's so sweet! And she needs someone so!"

"No!" he replied. "It can't be! It's no use! I'm sorry. But I've nothing to blame myself for!"

"Except for being you!" she said.

His heart was leaping, leaping! Was it possible that he had been wrong, misjudged her entirely all along? Slowly his vision cleared.

"Oh, Lloyd, you can't guess how I've been worrying about her the last forty-eight hours! She's so innocent! So easily influenced. And now everything seems to be falling about our ears. If I could only feel that she was safe!"

"It can't be!" he repeated, his brain awhirl. He was not going to find Diana merely to lose her! "It can't be!"

They walked on nearly a block without speaking. Then she said:

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judgment of some sort. If it weren't for you, Lloyd, I don't know what I should do. You give me strength."

Again his heart leaped, forcing the blood to his eyes, his ears, his fingers!

"And I need it, Lloyd!" she went on. "For I have nothing else to cling to. I've never had any father of the ordinary kind at all. Church and all that sort of thing has never meant anything to me. I've never believed in a future existence of any sort. I've never been able to satisfy myself that there's any reason why any of us should accept the moral doctrines that are preached to us. We find ourselves here—that's all! And usually it seems wiser to play the game according to the rules."

She lowered her head and dropped her voice.

"Sometimes I've followed the rules and sometimes I haven't—but in the end, if I haven't, I have always been sorry—for no reason that has seemed adequate."

His heart stopped entirely. Obviously she was speaking of Devereaux. It was as if a lance had been thrust through his breast. Yet he knew that the pang was only lest she should still love Devereaux and not himself.

"At first it doesn't seem to matter what you believe, because life is such fun anyway. You have the idea that nobody is really bad except in books. And then you discover that in point of fact the world is full of all kinds of crookedness and that the people on top and often the most respected are apt to be the worst of all. You wonder what is the use of trying to be on the level yourself. You run into two poor souls like Claudia and Nigel and you realize that there isn't any justice in the world. And—and—sometimes you want to kill yourself!"

She spoke with a bitter intensity that almost frightened him.

"You have never felt like that!" he challenged desperately. Why should she have ever felt like that, except for one cause?

"Indeed I have!" she answered gloomily. "Most lives on their face aren't worth living. And sometimes it seems as if the game wasn't worth the candle."

"Then why," he demanded, "are so many sure that it is? If life is nothing but 'dead sea fruit' why are there so many people who are really happy?"

"Perhaps they aren't!" she replied. "Perhaps something has blinded—doped them. Perhaps in every case the man or woman who thinks he or she is happy is doped by success, or money, or fame, or popularity, or—something. If they die before it wears off, well and good; then perhaps they die happy. If they live too long they just—for the most part—keep up a pretense."

"But haven't you been happy?" he asked in surprise. "I certainly always thought of you as that."

"Oh, Lloyd!" she answered sadly. "If you only knew!"

"Then you were never doped by money or popularity?"

"For a year or two perhaps—not any longer. You see now why I need your help—your encouragement? I'm the only one of the family that isn't in some sort of trouble. I've got to pull things out if I can. And somehow I feel as if I were entirely alone. I've got nothing really to go by. I don't say I'm an absolute cynic, but only that, so far as I can see, there's no logical answer to the cynic's argument of 'what's the use?' I don't know of any reason for being honest or decent or sincere. That's what makes everything so hopeless!"

"Why do you tell me this?" he asked suddenly.

"Because it's only fair that you should know—if I am asking your friendship."

He began laughing excitedly. The last six hours had been fairly emotional for a dry-as-dust. What a jolly ass he had been!

"But Diana!" he cried, pulling her around so that she faced him. "Don't you see—hang it all!—that you've answered the question yourself? The reason you do the things you ought to do is because you must do them if you want to be happy. And you always know what it is, every time!—or pretty nearly every time," he qualified himself.

"Conscience?"

"That's what I call it."

"But I don't believe in conscience!"

"Call it anything you like, then."

"Conscience didn't make me want to tell you about myself."

"But something did!"

She twisted away from him, but he caught her by the arm.

"Diana! Why tell me the truth if you don't believe in it? It's because you do believe in it! You may think you don't believe in anything and refuse to admit that you've any religion. But all the time you know that you're part of the whole works, and recognize it by what you call 'playing the game' and 'being a sport.' I'd rather have your instinct than my conscience, all confused as it is with law and ethics and inherited conventions. Oh, Diana, you are just as you look! You think you're cynical and materialistic but you're not—you're generous and true—and—and beautiful!"

"No! No!" she protested but her eyes sought his hungrily. His heart swelled in a great ecstasy.

"Diana," he cried, "I love you! I love you! I love you!"

He felt her arm tremble in his grasp and heard her catch her breath. They were passing a flight of steps and he led her into the shadow. A policeman eyed them suspiciously. Maitland took her by both shoulders. She lifted her face to his and her eyes were closed.

"I love you! I love you!" he repeated excitedly. "You're everything there is for me in life! I've always loved you! You're the most wonderful, astounding person in the world for me! I can't live without you. You must have known it. Of course you knew it. Why did you try to get me to say I cared for Sheila? When I love you—only you—never anyone else! Diana! Say you love me! Say it! Say it!"

"Oh, Lloyd! Lloyd!" was all she said. But there was a radiance in her face.

He was kissing her now, holding her head in his two hands, and her tears were slipping warm across his fingers. He brushed them away with his lips.

"Anyhow say you need me!" he whispered.

"I—*love*—you!" she answered, holding her cheek to his.

He was wafted to paradise, all about him he heard the chiming of bells and the strains of celestial music, smelled the odor of strange and intoxicating incense.

"Quick! Let me go! That policeman is coming across the street!" she said.

He felt like a giddy fool as, tightly holding her hand, they continued without consciousness of direction along the avenue.

"And I always thought—was sure you were in love with Larry. Are you quite positive that you were not?"

"Quite!" she answered, laughing. "I liked him tremendously but I never was the least little bit in love with him. I never was in love before. One can't mistake it, you know!" And then she added, glancing up at him with a little husky laugh, "I may be 'doped'—but I'm happy!"

CHAPTER XXIX

A RED flag drooped—flapping intermittently—from an oaken pole protruding from one of the lower windows of the Kayne house. It bore in large dirty white letters the word "Auction." It was the hour when Rufus Kayne usually made his appearance at the head of the brownstone steps, deferentially followed by Jarmon, and descended, buttoning his gloves, to his waiting motor. But on this particular morning his place was occupied by a colored boy in green livery, wearing a pillbox cap marked "Peterman" in gold letters.

The colored boy, leaning against the iron grille of the open door, regarded the pedestrians below with hauteur. Until Mr. Burleigh should arrive—which would not be until precisely one minute before ten o'clock—he was in charge, and he was full of the insolence of office.

Spring had burst the invisible bonds forged secretly by winter, and in an unrestrained paroxysm of relief had scattered its evidences everywhere up and down the avenue like confetti after a carnival. And on the ledges of the Kayne house bloomed window boxes full of geraniums, heliotrope, crocuses and yellow cowslips, since nobody had warned the florist that his semi-annual visit was to be unnecessary that spring. There was certainly something incongruous in this tax on permanency, this last touch of personal luxury and elegance, and the huge canvas sign suspended between those flower-decked windows, reading:

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For two weeks now the Pirate had hovered between life and death upon the upper floor. In the excitement attendant upon the old man's collapse no one had had time to think of business matters and the preparations for the auction had gone on until it was too late—at any rate Mr. Burleigh said it was too late—to cancel them.

The old man had hardly stirred since they had laid him upon his narrow cot—the hard narrow cot that he so preferred to Miss Lamb's box springs. They knew that he was probably dying and by virtue of that fact he regained for the time being in their imaginations all his colossal proportions. The Head of the House, the Founder

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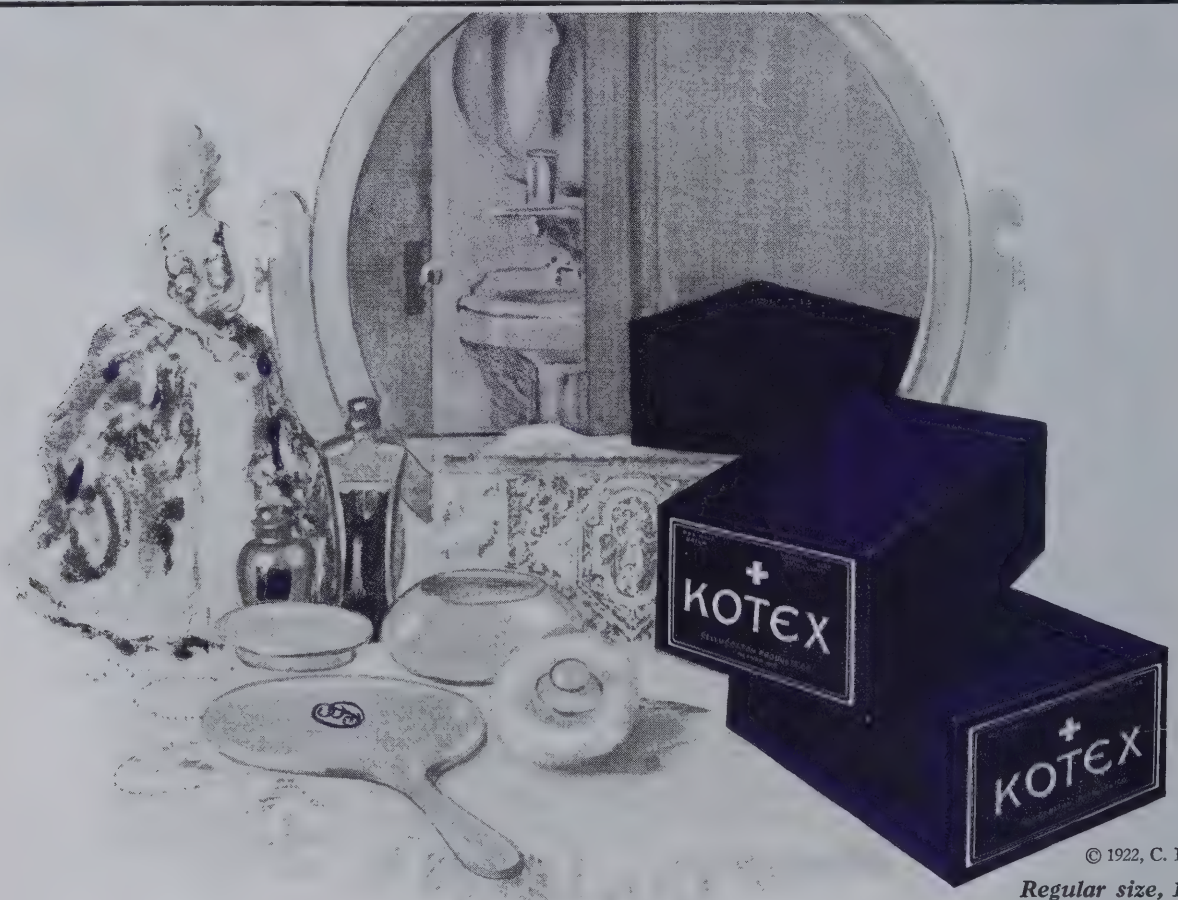
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of the Family, the Giant—was dying! They thought no more of him as a gentle, feeble octogenarian. The frail body that lay motionless in that silent room harbored the soul of a great man, a hero, a pioneer—and they thought only of that great soul. He had come back. Once more he dominated their minds, their very bodies, seeming to pervade all the rooms and to stand at the head of the stairs.

Just as their steps inevitably led them to his door, so their thoughts centered ceaselessly about his bed. Rufus left the room only for his meals. He was dazed, dumbfounded by his own grief. Nothing else had touched him. He could imagine life without the trust company, without Elizabeth, without any of his children—but not without the Pirate. He knew that the Pirate's room was the only church in which he had ever really worshiped. And now the shrine would soon be empty. Anxiously he watched his father's set face; watched until his eyelids were weary and his eyeballs ached, watched until he seemed to be in the same sort of trance as that in which the old man lay.

The girls spent much of their time there too. Everybody had been very kind and the front hall had been kept full of flowers, for which Diana wrote the letters of acknowledgment besides taking over the entire management of the house. But although they all made a pretense of being cheerful and of believing that the Pirate would get well, they knew in their hearts that he would never leave his room again.

Still, on the morning of the auction Doctor Follansbee, who had been in faithful attendance, said that the old man really seemed better. He could detect a slight return of muscular power in the leg and arm. The nurse might even use her discretion about letting him sit up for a while in the armchair. It was possible that it would do him good. But they must watch him and not let him make any undue effort.

So while the colored boy in his pill-box cap lounged below in the sunshine smoking his cigarette and waiting for his master to come and knock the house down to the highest bidder, the man who had built it lay upstairs ignorant of all that had happened. So far as old Peter knew the House of Kayne might last forever. Rufus, sitting beside the bed with his hand thrust beneath that of his father, was struck by the dignity of the old man's profile as he slept, the nobility of the marble forehead as it rose from the aureole of untrimmed hair and beard in which it was framed. There was in the face an austere and august stateliness.

Gently, so very gently as hardly to be noticeable, the sheet upon the Pirate's breast rose and fell. Two sparrows lit upon the adjacent sill, twittered, cocked their heads at Rufus and darted off again. Far up in the blue there could be heard the drone of an aeroplane.

The Pirate thought he heard a fly buzzing and woke. He objected to flies, and there was a bell—a doleful bell—tolling! All his senses were alert. He had not suffered; he was not suffering now. It was only that strange numbness of his left side—a touch of sun in the Park, the doctor had said. He'd be all right. Well, it had been worth it! Those children! How they had enjoyed it! He mustn't be cross! And Sheila had come back. She was over by the window looking up into the air.

"An airplane, grandpa!" she said. "Right up there!"

He followed her glance, but his eyes could not get beyond the frame of the window in which she stood. Not a fly, then. The clatter of the plane filled the room. It made him angry. He stirred and uttered a sound of feeble protest.

"Yes, father! I'm here!" answered Rufus.

Sheila came from the window. "What is it, grandpa dear?" she asked.

"I want to get up!"

They were startled. It was the first time that he had articulated normally since he had been stricken, and his voice seemed like a voice from the tomb. Yes, his appearance was reassuring. Surely there was a slight tinge of color in those waxen cheeks! Could it be that the fighting spirit which in the past had overborne all his competitors was now to vanquish his last and greatest enemy for another round?

The nurse hurried forward from the corner.

"If he wants to!" she said. "The doctor suggested it himself. This lying in bed is so weakening!"

She turned down the sheet and the soft shriveled body filled Rufus with acute compassion. Slowly they raised him to a sitting posture and lifted his thin old legs over the side of the bed. Tears were in Rufus's eyes as he knelt down and put his father's feet into his slippers.

Then the nurse thrust his arms through the wide flowing sleeves of his dressing gown, and unassisted transferred the wasted body to the invalid chair, stuffing pillows about it for support.

"Fine!" said the Pirate, highly excited by so great an adventure. "I'm—going—to—get—well! You'll see—Sheila!"

It was half-past nine as Maitland approached the Kayne house. There was to be a military funeral at the Cathedral that morning and as a member of the Legion's local post he had donned his uniform for the first time since returning from overseas. How strange to be walking up Fifth Avenue in a uniform which he had worn within sound of German guns!

He had thought constantly of Dorman ever since the news of the latter's suicide had been made public. A brave soldier, a loyal friend, a good fellow, a chivalrous spirit! One of the heroes of the war! Their regiments had struggled side by side through the ravines of the Argonne. His mind refused to grasp the fact that Dorman was dead—and by his own hand. He had seen him only recently at the Players and now recalled that he had seemed discouraged over his lack of success in finding work for such of the survivors of his regiment as were partially disabled. He could suffer himself—but he couldn't stand watching their suffering. His nerves had buckled under the strain. His poor brain had cracked. Another gallant lad gone West!

Maitland paused on the corner opposite the Kayne house. Motors from which fashionably dressed women were getting out stood at the curb. A few stragglers were idling on the sidewalk. The front of the house wore an unfamiliar look, as if its mouth and eyes were opened in surprise at what was going on. Maitland stood and looked at it. So it was going! Just as the Kaynes were going. Such houses, such families, rose and fell, came and went, with hardly anybody the wiser. Monuments to the inconsequence of human life!

He crossed the street, ascended the steps and entered the front hall where the auction was to take place. It looked gloomier than ever with its rows of folding chairs. One of the big tables had been swung around crossways at the foot of the organ. Upon it had been placed a huge pile of catalogues.

There were a score of people already seated or wandering around examining the *objets d'art* and more were coming in at the doorway every moment, bringing with them an odor of cigars reluctantly discarded upon the topmost steps. These earlier arrivals for the most part were seedy looking men among whom was a scattering of sharp-featured, capable women—obviously professionals, second-hand dealers.

What were they doing there, these strangers? Were they lost to all sense of decency that they could thus swarm through another's house, straggling through the rooms, fingering the rugs and window curtains, tracking up the stairways, examining the pictures and china, prying into the closets and opening the piano? The soul of the house was being violated; its sentiment, its atmosphere defiled!

It was shocking to expose these intimate possessions of the family sacred to them by long association! Here they had dwelt—four generations of them—sheltered from public view in what the law had said was their castle. Here Rufus had brought his young wife and entertained their friends. Here his children had been born. Here they had passed their girlhood. Here Claudia had been married with the organ pealing out the wedding march and the hall crowded with uniforms. Here Elizabeth had lived her life, such as it was, and gathered her fat friends about her. Here the old Pirate had climbed—before the elevator—to his room on Uncle Billy's arm. Here, in the earlier days at least, there had taken place family quarrels and conclaves, childish tears, confessions and repentances, whispered avowals and laughing protests, sad goings-away and gay homecomings—and up those stairs no longer than two weeks ago the stricken form of the old Pirate had been carried to the room where now he lay.

With what care and study—no matter what the taste exercised—each of the pieces of furniture had been chosen! What an event the purchase of the tapestries! No room, no passage, no landing, no stair, no square foot of floor space that was not pregnant with memory, peopled by the ghosts of former years!

The crowd behind shoved Maitland along and he made his way through the hall and ascended to the second story, where he encountered Jarmon. From him Lloyd learned that the old gentleman seemed to be somewhat better and that Miss Diana had gone out.

Lloyd descended to the landing on the mezzanine floor and paused, surveying the hall below. The visitors were coming in now in a steady stream, each receiving at the door one of the circulars, then working around among the chairs for an advantageous place.

Squarely implanted in the middle of the second row Lloyd could see the robust figure of Mrs. Brice-Brewster in a coquettish straw hat fringed with spears of wheat.

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Senator Krass, a vacant expression upon his long pink face, made his way towards the front followed anxiously by his small wife like a dog at heel. He indicated a seat in the front row, removed his hat with solemnity, reached for a catalogue and sank down beside her. In the center of the room sat Mrs. Wingate and beside her Rita Ricardo to whom, evidently, Doctor Dhal had extended a half-holiday. Most of the chairs were taken by this time and a line of standees had formed on the side next the staircase. In one of the front windows he could see Darcy and Longwood, and wondered what they could be doing there. A couple of hundred women formed a solid phalanx in the middle of the hall. It was like an afternoon tea.

The same old crowd—drawn by curiosity, cupidity, or by the desire to experience that satisfaction which La Rochefoucauld so cynically claims the best of us derive from the misfortunes of our friends. This tragedy of success was nothing to any of them. With the exception of a few dull souls, who like Emily Brice-Brewster had a sincere if mild affection for Elizabeth, none of these people cared two straws for the Kaynes or what became of them. Most of them actually disliked Rufus and disapproved of his children—were glad of the opportunity to say "I told you so!"

Maitland glanced at his watch. It was one minute to ten. He looked about him for a place where he could comfortably see and hear all that went on, self-consciously aware that his uniform made him too conspicuous to go downstairs. He was vitally interested in the price which the house itself might bring, since upon the success of the sales depended his future father-in-law's ability to meet his obligations. There was to be no "upset" price; it was to go for what it would fetch, and the auction might be a fiasco.

The mezzanine gallery ran entirely around the wall and he stepped into it and sat down on a bench over the organ. On his left hung the three great Flemish tapestries purchased by old Peter thirty years before for forty thousand dollars—to cover up Howlett's original scheme of decoration, which Elizabeth had regarded as too commonplace; huge affairs fourteen feet by twelve and correspondingly heavy, hung by a few brass hooks on a gilded molding and entirely covering the westerly side of the hall, including the cornice. On the one nearest was depicted an amorous, or possibly merely amiable, group of Olympians quaffing goblets of nectar amid the clouds, their muscular arms about one another's pillar-like necks—undoubtedly the best people of their time.

At that instant, as foreordained, Mr. Burleigh made his entrance, pushing authoritatively through the crowd about the threshold. The vital moment had at last arrived. In spite of himself Maitland experienced a choking of excitement. Mr. Burleigh—short, abdominal, with a gray beard and horn-rimmed glasses over his watery blue eyes, a carnation in his buttonhole and a tiny pair of golden antlers pinned just below it—strode past the rows of chairs with the air of a benign autocrat. For thirty years he had been the popular auctioneer of the metropolis. He was the master of ceremonies—the whole show—they could not get on without him. He knew who everybody was, who meant business and who was there merely for the fun of it. But knowing these things did not affect his detachment. It was nothing to him what price anything brought or who bought it. It was his business to sell to the highest bidder whatever was offered; and he would sell with like indifference a rug, a picture, a basinette, a statue or a rolling pin. Had he lived prior to 1861 he would, with equal nonchalance, have sold slaves.

There was that about Mr. Burleigh which made Maitland shiver. Was it possible that the man was entirely destitute of feeling?

"I'll sell the house first," said he in a mild but penetrating voice. That was all: "I'll sell the house first." With no more ceremony than that did he open the obsequies of this palatial brownstone edifice. He was no barker—no mountebank—although he knew his business.

"The house itself is of course worth nothing," he continued. "But the land—the possibilities of this location—are immensely valuable. It is undoubtedly one of the best sites in the city."

Worth nothing? Lucky that old Peter Kayne lying on the top story could not hear him! Worth nothing? Maitland imagined the walls quivering with mortification, the floors trembling with indignation. Worth nothing! Had it not cost, with its furniture a million dollars? Did Burleigh not know that that house had been built to last? That it was the best house of its time? That its beams and rafters were of the finest seasoned timber, its brownstone chiseled from a special quarry, each brick handpressed and baked, its foundations excavated to the solid rock, its floors sound-proof, its walls of double thickness—a mansion, a castle, a citadel, a stronghold, a fortress! Worth nothing?

The words reverberated along the mezzanine and among the pipes of the organ. Maitland no longer heard what Burleigh was saying. Could it be true that it was worth nothing? The House of Kayne worth nothing? He looked over the rail behind which he was concealed. Directly below him in the second row beside Mrs. Brice-Brewster was his partner Vincent Pepperill, nodding at the remarks of the auctioneer. He recalled vividly what the old gentleman had said the first time he had deigned to discuss the Kaynes, stigmatizing them as materialists, all the more significantly for that he was one himself; intimating that they worshiped the golden calf of wealth, place and fashion, that they lived "by bread alone." Had he not been right? And was not Burleigh right—although in a different sense? Was the house worth anything? He had seen those figures on the roof! Had Howlett with his keen insight into men known what would happen to the Kaynes?

Mr. Burleigh was announcing the terms and conditions of sale—twenty-five thousand dollars down, balance in fifteen days. Maitland, stretching his spurred and booted legs, became conscious again of being in uniform. In a few minutes he would be following Dorman's coffin up the aisle of the Cathedral. Poor Chuck! One more gone to join the fifteen million upon whom had been visited the penalty of the world's materialism.

"Boom!"

The Cathedral bell had begun to toll. It trembled in the organ pipes and the shudder in the air took him back to the Argonne. It was like the detonations of a

German heavy; like those on that misty morning after the Boche had felt them out and got the range, when the two regiments had received the order to advance and he had talked to Dorman over the field telephone and they had wished each other luck. That same morning when he had fired at the gray ghost and it had screamed and died. Had that been for nothing? Was it all for nothing?

"Boom!" He must go—go to Dorman!

What was Burleigh saying? "Seven hundred thousand?" Ha-ha! He and his faun-eared assistant were laughing at such an offer! Someone had bid seven hundred and twenty-five!

The floor creaked. A hand fell lightly on Maitland's shoulder. A kiss brushed his cheek. Diana! He seized her hand, drew her down beside him on the bench and touched his lips to her forehead and hair.

"Grandfather's better," she whispered. "He's quite wonderful this morning! The doctor has let him sit up in the armchair, but if he should get well he'd be frightfully upset about the house. Poor old house!"

Maitland held her to him without reply.

"Why are you in uniform?" she asked suddenly. "I like you in it!"

"I'm going to a military funeral," he answered. "You can hear the bell."

"Whose?"

"Chuck Dorman's—we were together on the other side."

She shivered and drew closer.

"Boom!"

He looked at his watch. Ten minutes yet. Burleigh's rasping voice rose from the floor below, punctuated by the tolling bell.

"Seven hundred and thirty thousand? Giving it away I tell you! Do I hear the five? Thank you! Do I hear forty? Forty—forty—forty? Thank you! And five? It's your bid, sir. Thank you. Seven hundred and forty-five thousand dollars! Do I hear the fifty? Fifty—fifty—fifty? Do I hear the fifty?"

The bidding had centered between two men in the front row, and the audience was pressing forward the better to see and hear what was going on.

"Boom!"

Mr. Burleigh leaned over the banister and looked inquiringly at a snuffy little man next the aisle. The little man nodded almost imperceptibly.

"And fifty!" ejaculated Mr. Burleigh, and the crowd exhaled with relief.

"Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Do I hear the five? Going at seven hundred and fifty. Fifty-five—fifty-five—fifty-five? Do I hear the five?" He looked at the opposing bidder, who shook his head and reached for his hat.

"Boom!" went the Cathedral bell.

"Going at seven hundred and fifty thousand!" intoned Mr. Burleigh in the same key.

The Pirate sat in his chair, his arms extended, his shaggy head protruding from the pillows like that of some law-giver of old. Rufus had gone downtown to finish up his business at the trust company and Sheila had taken Uncle Billy out for a walk. The nurse, hoping that her patient would go to sleep again, had gone into the next room and, leaving the door open between, was reading a detective story. But the Pirate could not go to sleep, and he did not want to. All his irritation had disappeared.

It was not right to be fussy when they were all so kind. The air was sweet—sweet. The Pirate could feel new strength stealing into his veins. Yes, he was going to get well! More of life! The thought filled him with painful gladness. The numbness that had made his left side feel like lead was almost gone.

And now, through the door left open by the nurse, there came to his ears a rasping, intermittent noise like that of a distant phonograph. It rose and fell, paused and began again; a curious noise to be in a private house, as if somebody was delivering a lecture downstairs. He stood it patiently for a while although it annoyed him. Yes, somebody was talking in an exasperatingly loud nasal tone. His irritation returned. Why couldn't they keep the house quiet! Where was the nurse? Why had she left the door open? He called her name, but at that moment she had stepped down to the pantry for a glass of milk. Angry at his failure to get any response, the Pirate pushed off the coverlid from his knees and stood up. The effort did not inconvenience him and he took a few steps towards the door, intending to close it to keep out the sound of the voice. He seemed to be able to walk as well as ever!

He paused with his hand on the door frame and listened. From where he stood the whole house seemed full of strange squeaks and murmurs, whisperings and rustlings, broken by the sing-song shouting of the voice which floated up from the front hall. What was going on down there? Strange people had intruded into his house. Who could they be? He must see about that!

Shakily, with his hand upon the banister, the Pirate felt his way down the stairs. The noises grew louder with each step of his descent; and his anger grew proportionately. Who was making all that fuss in his house? He reached the third landing and started down toward the second, just below which the gallery of the mezzanine led off. The noise that now filled the house was like that of the sea crashing upon the rocks. Above the thunder of the surf he could hear the tolling of a bell buoy. Someone was shouting to him, but the waves drowned the voice so that he could not distinguish what it was saying. Clang! went the knell of the buoy. Clang! He was on the second landing now, and the roar of the breakers in the entrance hall was like thunder in his ears. He would not go down there. He would only go into the gallery and peek over to see what was happening.

"Going at seven hundred and fifty thousand!" Mr. Burleigh was chanting down below. "Do I hear the five? Fifty-five—fifty-five—fifty-five? It's being thrown away, I tell you! Thrown away! For the last time—going at seven hundred and fifty thousand! Going once! Going twice!" He raised his pencil and looked round the hall. "Going three times!" He brought the end of the pencil down with a smart tap.

"Sold! To the Goethals-Schwenken Company for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

There was a general murmur of relief, a shuffling of feet. Mr. Burleigh poured out a glass of water and drank it slowly. Half a dozen people got up and went out.

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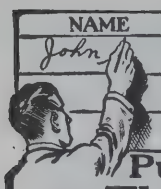
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Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 22 CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTE—To Art and Engraving Firms: Secure practical artists among our graduates. Write us.

"And now," continued the auctioneer, picking up the catalogue and opening it at the first page, "we will dispose of the furniture and *objets d'art.* I will begin with the three tapestries hanging on your right. Number one. Very rare allegorical eighteenth century Flemish—fourteen by twelve. Buyer to have option of purchasing either or both of the others at same price."

The spectators resettled themselves, turning with one accord towards the corner by the organ where hung the Olympians.

"These tapestries, ladies and gentlemen, are museum pieces and should bring a handsome figure. They were bought in Europe for Mr. Peter Kayne at the time the house was built. I may say they were the talk of New York."

He beckoned to the negro boy. "Now Jo, just lift up the corner of number one—yes, that next the organ—so the ladies and gentlemen back there can see the design."

Diana and Maitland, from the gallery above, watched the boy walk across in front of the first row of chairs, past Senator Krass, past Mr. Pepperill and Mrs. Brice-Brewster, bend over and take the corner of the tapestry in his hands. Many of the audience moved their chairs to get a better view. There was going to be a chance for everybody to pick up a bargain.

"Boom!"

The Cathedral bell had begun again. The "minute bell" for the dead.

Suddenly Maitland felt Diana's clasp tighten.

"Look!" she gasped. "Look!"

At the other end of the mezzanine, but twenty feet from where they sat, under the full glare of the electricity, stood the patriarchal figure of her grandfather in his dressing gown, gazing down upon the throng. His face wore a puzzled look, but his figure in its flowing garment had an austere and rugged grandeur. For an instant only did he stand there. Before either Diana or Maitland could stir to help him they saw his left hand clutch the tapestry at his side, his body stiffen and collapse backward into the gallery.

The tug on the tapestry loosened one corner from its fastenings. The group of Olympians sagged sideways. A hook leaped singing into the air over the heads of the audience. The molding cracked ominously.

"Look out!" cried a voice. "It's going to fall!"

"Boom!" came from the Cathedral. "Boom!"

There was a frenzied rush on the part of the spectators to get clear. Two or three women screamed. Chairs were overturned. With a loud report the tapestry ripped the molding from the wall and fell upon the floor in a crumpled heap.

There was a momentary hush. A cloud of dust rose towards the mezzanine, slowly settling again, while the startled onlookers gradually regained their composure. There burst forth a confused hubbub of ejaculation, jocularity, laughter—followed by silence as their eyes turned to where the tapestry had hung. Upon the wainscoting beneath, totally forgotten and now revealed for the first time since it had been carven there forty years before, appeared the inscription:

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

THE END.

Beach Roses

(Continued from page 73)

"Do you mean that?"

"Look at me."

When she looked at him he kissed her; and then they sat together, side by side, gazing out at the ocean.

"This is certainly wonderful," he said, hushed. "It's great. Yes, sir, this is one of the finest spots in the world!"

And so, at dusk, he took her back to a dingy house at the seventeen dollar end of Seaward, and then, fortified by her promise to meet him again at eight, he walked briskly back to the flower stand opposite Herzfeld's Chowder Pavilion. The old woman with the sea-blue eyes was still there and glanced up from her newspaper to give him her wrinkled smile.

"Now look here, mother," said the young man with grim directness, "I paid you for two dozen of those——"

She held up both hands to interrupt him. "And do you know what happened? I give them to the prettiest little girl you ever see—all shabby-like—one of the girls from the club—and she's that surprised she would almost have fell in a faint—and then she turns around and sees Miss Anne Hudson over there—Miss Anne Hudson with all her millions, that lives at the club and spends every penny on the poor, God bless her—and the little girl, she takes out four roses and she runs over and gives the rest to Miss Hudson. 'There,' she says, 'take them,' she says. 'You don't know me but I know *you,* and I want you should have them,' she says, and with that she runs off down the beach." Here the old woman winked slyly. "And she's there yet—with the night clerk from the Strand, and a nice boy as ever you saw he is, too. And I doubt he'll be wearin' one of them roses behind the desk tonight, so I do."

The young man stood like a soldier. "Miss Anne Hudson!"

"The same . . . What's wrong?"

Nothing was wrong at all, except that at the same moment he had caught sight of a headline of that local newspaper. "Percy D. (Lucky Dan) Carroll at the Seaward Inn—He Arrives Unexpectedly—Avoids Reporters."

"Not a thing, mother," he said thoughtfully. "Much obliged."

He struck out for the Inn, where his suite was costing him sixty dollars a day; but presently, when he saw two figures silhouetted against the afterglow, he quitted the boardwalk and took to the sand. The two young people, oblivious to the universe, were sitting with their arms around each other; at the girl's breast were three red roses, and a fourth was in the man's buttonhole.

And not hearing Carroll's footsteps on the sand, they kissed each other.

Under his breath Carroll laughed blithely. The old woman had been right; and four separate people were believing in fairies all over again.

One Block From Fifth Avenue

(Continued from page 23)

the bed to go. Being an east window it looked toward Fifth Avenue, but of Fifth Avenue there was visible, from this point, only a fretted and formidable skyline that rose beyond a jumble of boxed-in courts, and odds and ends of lesser buildings, and queer-shaped slices of wasted space enclosed in high useless fences. Also there was a tree. It was one of those trees which seem to grow exclusively in New York back yards. Such trees thrive on dampness and everlasting shade and the Monday drippings from somebody's clothesline.

They are curious fronded trees which give off a sour smell when the sap rises in them in the spring and again when their leaves wither in the fall. I do not know the right name for them; let's call them back yard trees. They are to be seen only when the wreckers tear away the houses in front, thereby exposing an inner walled town of rear tenements and unsightly sheds, which until then had been unrevealed and unsuspected; or when you live, say, as in this instance, on the third floor, back.

When the occupant of the room in point wearied of her own private view, which was often, and when she had the time to spare on her hands, which was generally, she might, by walking the length of a short hall to a window at the farther end of this hall, command a different outlook. Here, spread beneath, was life and plenty of it. The elevated, like a thousand-legged earwig, spraddled by just below her, with its striped back narrowing in perspective and finally diminishing off this way and that to nothing at all. And when the trains went past, like lesser insects scooting along up and down the spinal column of this greater one, their weight and their speed made the long endless worm shake; and the grating of their wheels for the moment would drown out the sound of everything else.

The L's centipede chopped the vista short off at the downward angle. Even so, there was much to be observed by one stationed above. Within the compass of the block might be seen a taxidermist's shop, an undertaker's shop, a shop for the curing of raw furs, a misfit clothing parlor where garments which had died once elsewhere came to undergo a purgatorial delay under hot irons and benzine before their next reincarnation; a painless dentist's, a loan parlor, called by the vulgar *hock-shop;* a bird and animal store advertising itself by its own aromas; a stationery store, a tobacconist, selling likewise daily papers and periodicals; a Yiddish lunchroom specializing in cold fried fish and strictly kosher hot frankfurters; a hat-cleaning establishment, a basement dweller who dealt in ice, coal and kindling wood; a Greek employment agency, a club for Swiss waiters, head, side, and omnibus; two orangeade stands, an Italian greengrocer's, a hardware store, a second-hand furniture store, a museum of human anatomy—Boys under Sixteen Positively Not Admitted; a corner where a saloon has been, now For Rent, With or Without Fixtures; a boot-blacking stand, a jobbing house in artificial flowers, a trunk store which always was on the point of going immediately out of business and therefore offered sacrificial bargains in suitcases and grips. Not all these were on her side of the street nor yet all on the ground levels. They began in the cellars and they mounted above one another, flight by flight, to the attics; but all of them and more besides in that same briefened stretch, from crossing to crossing, might be ticked off on the fingers by one who had leisure for such employment, as this one had; and sundry establishments among them might also be smelled, especially where two or three firms hived together as joint lessees of a single floor, pooling, as it were, the essential perfumes of their respective businesses.

Lesser merchandisers, of the itinerant cast, throve on the sidewalk trade, preempting space for themselves in doorways and along curbstones and even out on the perilous roadway beyond the pavement line, and holding their ground against a clamorous and occasionally a threatening opposition. One day, warranted all-silk neckties seemed to have the favor of these ardent competitors; about every other one of them would be offering silk neckties at one for thirty-five, three for a dollar. Another day it would be bath sponges that they pushed, or patent pants hangers at ridiculously low prices, or roach poisons in handy packages. But the pretzel venders never sought to tempt the popular fancy with new wrinkles. Their stocks, coiled like varnished brown snakes on upright spindles stuck around the edges of baskets or pushcarts, were staples, dependable and in constant demand. This likewise was true of the dealers in dill pickles; they knowing their public and having their regular clienteles.

Always, in the daytime, the avenue crawled with motion and went clanging the cymbals of industry. It was most active, though, and rivalry for customers reached the highest peaks, at noontime when the loft workers came downstairs for lunch and air and conversation; surface vehicles scarcely could get through the wedged pack then. There were two Jewish men of this persuasion who daily stationed themselves in an areaway almost directly under the window where our lodger watched, coming together for the resumption of an argument which, it seemed, would never be ended. In time she came to know both of them and to be on the outlook for them. In a dulled sort of way they fascinated her; their inevitable appearance made an interlude in the deadened monotony of her own midday. One of them, a small shabby man, talked with his mouth, his shoulders, his legs, his arms, his collarless neck and his hands—notably with his hands. His hands were forever in motion. Frequently, in the fever of debate, his fingers clutched the air as though he would seize argument out of the ether. His antagonist, a second generation American and dressed accordingly, rarely spoke and never gesticulated. He expressed all varying emotions—contempt, doubt, acquiescence, denial, conviction, wavering—by three mediums, to wit, his eyebrows, his under lip and the cigar that teetered between his teeth. His silence, somehow, was infinitely more potent than all the outcry of the posturing adversary. He probably had the most skeptical pair of



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Contains no creosote or harmful ingredients. Does not spill or dry up like liquids. At all druggists' 25c, or by mail upon receipt of price. Made for 35 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.



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Vaseline
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EUCALYPTOL
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A small application of it in the nostrils heals the infected membranes of the nasal passages.

The best way to cure a cold is to *check* it. Keep a tube of "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Jelly ready for instant use.

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

eyebrows in the world, and the most eloquent lower lip. Certainly a more facile or a more oratorical cigar than his has never been rolled.

Your true creator of pictures could find material here to keep him busy squeezing tubes for a year. For this place, with its grindings and shriekings and its overhead quiverings, with its swarmings underfoot, its countless eager concerned faces, its jamming together of nervous bodies, its swirls and masses, its stinks, even, was a profile and a perfect cross-section of life that fairly dripped with the city's essence. Its component parts fell naturally into panoramic groups, and its local color was every color of humanity there is. But, as was said some pages back, this one had not within her what a bona fide artist must have. To her it was a brazen desolation of ugliness and heartlessness and harsh sounds, peopled with alien breeds of men and women following noisily after alien gods—the strange gods that were so disregardful of the lonely and the forsaken.

Down yonder in Whippoorwillville Eddie Sackett got so he just naturally couldn't stand it any longer. Faithfulness cannot feed forever on itself; it needs more material provender, lest it starve to death outright. Anyway, from the standpoint of the economics, he was in position to take a trip. Out of its annual earnings and the fullness of its heart the railroad had at length seen its way clear to granting that raise in salary. Eddie put on his new mail order fall suit and caught Number Seven, east-bound. It had been nearly four months now since that last puzzling short letter came to him, nearly eight months since he had seen its writer.

A common carrier deposited him at Grand Central in the latter end of an October forenoon. From the moment of his arrival, almost, New York began jolting him financially. He knew what hotel he meant to stop at; it was one that advertised in the Dentondale Weekly Sun-Independent, mentioning moderate rates for single rooms with bath. The directions concerning street cars which a policeman at a door of the station gave him seemed distressingly intricate. To be on the safe side he took a taxicab. And the taxicab literally ate up money. Nearly every time he looked at the meter it had jumped another ten cents. Eddie Sackett wasn't stingy, but in Whippoorwillville a dime was nevertheless a dime and you expected some proper return for it.

Then there was the hotel when he arrived there, a confusing, a mastodonic, and despite its printed promises, an expensive establishment. A clerk gave him a room at a rate per day which the clerk evidently regarded as a very reasonable rate. It was dinner time now—dinner time comes in the middle of the day at Whippoorwillville—and Eddie Sackett, for all his devotion, was none of your puling and pining lovers; Eddie was hungry. He asked the location of the dining room and was directed to a place called the grill. But the tariffs, as set forth on the menu, were calculated to bitt his appetite. Moreover, there was a waiter of an aggressive aspect who exhaled in evident and audible impatience as Eddie ran a forefinger down the price list, and this fussed the new guest. In his flustered state his eye finally fell, halfway down the card, on a fish dish—fish *a la something*, with sauce *something else*—which alone, of all the items named, seemed reasonably priced.

He told the waiter he would take a piece of that, with coffee and bread and butter and fried potatoes. It was quite a long time before these things were brought and after they had been brought and he had eaten, a genuine shock awaited him. The total cost of the meal, as scribbled on the check, was the cause of this shock. To begin with, there were separate entries for the bread and the butter and for the cup of coffee and the potatoes. They threw those things in free with every meat order at the owl wagon or the Elite Restaurant back home; but it appeared that in New York they were charged for—and when he questioned the amount entered on account of the principal dish the waiter, producing the menu which, in accordance with the metropolitan custom, he previously had taken away with him, directed Eddie's attention to the figures plainly printed there. Eddie saw his error then; all things considered, though, the mistake had been, on his part, a perfectly natural one. The "20" hadn't meant twenty cents at all; it had meant twenty minutes.

In spite of the prospects of mounting outlays it became necessary for him to take another taxicab in order speedily to reach his next destination. After listening to certain involved and bewildering statements by the uniformed official who warded the hotel entrance, he had a conviction that, going afoot, the trip would eat up hours of his time. And he was in a hurry to get where he was going. At least, so he was at the moment of starting.

But as the taxi took him on his way, crisscrossing in and out of streets which roared to the traffic in them, a grave doubt as to the wisdom and the advisability of his adventure began to assail Eddie. Considering it, he almost forgot to view the shifting sights or watch for the spasmodic bounding of the meter. That same doubt had been living in the back part of his mind since before he started for New York; his advent into the city and a sudden daunting realization of the size of the city had quickened it into this present activity.

He had not written to his sweetheart of his intent. He had jubilantly designed to take her by surprise. Just what was to follow on the heels of the surprise—what he would say and do, what he would propose, what he would suggest, he did not exactly know. At no time of his exciting thirty hour journey had he known exactly. He had been content to let the immediate future take care of its own contingencies; and now here he was in New York, bound for her studio and due there shortly, and still with no definite plan of campaign—practically with no valid excuse for having come at all. Question marks began to pass before him in a succession of heavy curlicues.

What right had he, without invitation or encouragement, to bring his puny desires, his hopeless longings, his unimportant countrified self to her here in this place of her great endeavors and her greater aspirations? She would be busied in noble undertakings; engrossed inevitably in congenial and suitable companionships; and he—well, he was just plain inconsequential Eddie Sackett, forlorn and desperate from lovesickness. He was a fool and it was a fool's errand that had brought him and, for

him, humiliation and regret must lie at the impending end of the journey. Maybe it would be better, all round, if he turned round.

The jolt of stopping jarred him back to realities. The taxi had halted almost directly under some sort of overhead railway. As he stepped out, Eddie comprehended the surroundings. Dubiousness arising from a fresh cause—from a condition now and not from theories—assailed him. Was it possible that this neighborhood actually bordered on Fifth Avenue? It wasn't possible, surely!

"Are you certain this—this is the right place?" he asked, making exact change to cover the amount of the fare as recorded. "Looks to me like we must have made a mistake."

"Same address wot you gimme," stated the driver. He flirted his thumb. "Dis is Sixth Avenoo and dere's your number." He derisively flipped the coins Eddie put in his hand; the absence of a tip annoyed him sorely. He set his car in motion and went briskly away.

Right enough, the proper number was set above a door directly in front of him; but the door opened into a small cluttered cigar store. Within, behind a showcase, with his back half turned to Eddie, was a dark, foreign looking man. He swung a broad and sullen face about as Eddie hesitated on the threshold.

"Vell?" he inquired. His voice seemed to come rumbling from his lower abdomen.

"I'm looking for Miss Leatrice Ember," said Eddie, "in care of a Miss Harriet Devore."

"Mush Devo'?" With the least possible waste of physical energy the man motioned to the left. "Dwo vlights upt!"

"Which?—did you say two flights up?"

"Pshure!—don' you onderstan' Unglish? Oudside und upt der shteps. Ring der doorbell on der landink ven you get dere."

So Eddie, more mystified than ever, went outside and up the steps indicated—remarkably dirty steps they were—mounting a well of semi-darkness until he came to the second of a pair of long narrow halls and to a door which faced him at the turn of the staircase. Set in the jamb of the doorway was a push button. There was a card tacked to the woodwork alongside the button but in that light he could not read what was written or printed on it. Something was wrong; this couldn't possibly be the place. He might be pretty ignorant of New York, but some things he knew intuitively. Still, since he had come this far he might as well go farther. On a venture he rang the bell.

Response was immediate. The door opened part way. A woman's shape showed rather dimly in the opening—Eddie was vaguely aware of the details, of much and very bright hair and a vivid kimono—and a woman's voice challenged him with:

"Well, what?"

"I'm looking for a Miss Harriet Devore's house," stated Eddie; "but I guess maybe——"

"Quit guessin' then, you got your wish."

"Could I see her a minute?"

"You're seein' her now." She seemed unnecessarily short. "And part of your minute is gone already. Make it snappy, Waldo!"

"Was there—is there a young lady named Ember——"

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The need of finding a satisfactory preparation for my own use was what caused me to discover and perfect my own hair color restorer. Now millions who have used this famous scientific preparation have joined me in saying, "Once I was gray." Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is the most popular, biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold.

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My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, pure and clean as water. There is no greasy sediment to wash off or rub off or to stain your hat linings and pillow slips. The restored color is perfectly even and natural in all lights and is not affected by shampooing or bathing in fresh or salt water.

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While my restorer is a time-tested preparation long past the experimental stage, my laboratories have recently made another important discovery. This discovery is in the form of a special preparatory powder, which puts the hair in perfect condition for the use of the restorer.

This powder is a combined antiseptic and tonic whose use would be highly beneficial even if your hair was not gray. A trial package is enclosed in my special patented Free Trial outfit, sent absolutely free if you will fill out and mail the coupon.

Use Coupon Today

Send no money, for my offer is absolutely free—I even prepay postage. Just fill out the coupon carefully, sign your name plainly and, if possible, enclose a lock of hair with your letter.

By return mail I will send you the special package which contains a free trial bottle of my restorer, trial package of preparatory powder with full directions and explanations for making my famous "single-lock test," which proves beyond a doubt how easily, quickly and surely gray hair can be restored to its perfect, natural color.

When you have made this convincing test get a full sized bottle from your druggist and restore all your hair. If he cannot supply you with my one and only Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, or suggests a substitute, write me direct and I will gladly supply your needs.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered in your ad. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly.)
Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....
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"You're Beautiful This Morning"

(Did your husband say that this morning?)

Young wives, young maidens, have you learned the secret of keeping your skin fresh and fair . . . .

Has anyone told you of the method of complexion care which is better, safer, more satisfactory than cosmetics . . . . . ?

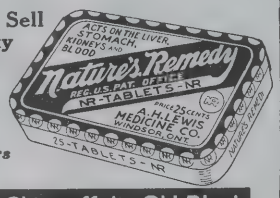
Do you know that a good aperient is the certain key to a beautiful complexion? Have you tried this method of clearing your complexion *from within* . . . . . ?

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) a vegetable aperient, acts naturally to clear the skin of blemishes, and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance. It improves the general health and prevents and relieves constipation, headaches and biliousness.

Nature's Remedy does more than a laxative. Take a tablet tonight, and tomorrow notice the improvement, not only in appearance, but with a healthy buoyancy, free from the usual headaches, irritations and nervousness.

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NR JUNIORS Jrs CANDY COATED

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NR JUNIORS — Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. C, St. Louis, Mo.



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Our best advertising is from the unsolicited statements of those who have used Vapo-Cresolene. For coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, asthma and catarrh.



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Sold by Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
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or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

"They was—and they is." She had such a disconcerting way of interrupting.

"Well, I just happened to be here in New York," said Eddie, his diffidence increasing, "and I just thought I'd drop in——"

The suddenness with which she moved caused him to break off his speech of explanation. With a jerk she had opened the door wider so that a better light from within, where the gas was turned on even though it still was mid-afternoon, shone past her on him. Her voice had sharpened, too:

"Say, are you by any chance from down yonder, wherever it is, that she come from?" Seeing him now more distinctly, she answered herself: "Yes, you must be! And, say, are you a friend of hers?"

"Yes, I am."

"Good friend—know what I mean?—old-time friend from the old home town and everything?"

"Yes, of course."

"And still they's some'll say this religion stuff is the bunk!" This speech was not a question; it was an exclamation, rather.

"Which, ma'am? I don't know as I get you. You see, I've known her pretty much all my life and I——"

"You have? Then come on in here with me a minute."

She backed away and he followed her into what plainly was a room where the domestic side of living was consolidated with its social side, and she revealed to him a head of golden hair that was too good to be true—even Eddie could tell that—and a curiously pouched and mottled middle-aged face. With a puffy hand she closed the folds of her red robe at her throat and spoke rapidly:

"Say, listen: It's almost like as if you'd been sent—comin' today of all the days in the whole year. Here all day long, ever since this mornin', I've been wonderin' what they was for me to do. And then in you walk! And you ast me does she live here! And say you're a friend of hers!"

"Is she sick? Has something happened?"

"Something has mighty near happened. Say, listen: How long is it since you seen this kid?"

"Not since the eighteenth day of last February, when she first started East," replied Eddie.

"And how long has it been since you heard from her—letter or message or something?"

"June twenty-third was the last letter I got."

Seemingly without reason and all in one moment, the woman turned violent:

"Say, what the hell was you and all the rest of the people in that hick town thinkin' about anyway, leavin' her all alone here all this time? Wasn't they nobody nowheres that'd have the interest in her to find out about her?"

Eddie stiffened. In that same instant, too, he had found himself.

"She had me," he said stoutly. "She's got me now. Only, if anything serious has been the matter I didn't know a word about it."

"You're goin' to know about it in a minute. It'd be better for me to tell it to you first—much as I know—and then maybe that'll sort of save her feelin's. Listen: She's been sick, all right, but it ain't nothin' that a doctor could cure her of. It's a different sort of medicine she's needin'."

"Where is she? Let me——"

"Just a minute. Lemme give you the dope first. I reckon it's news to you, ain't it, to hear that she's been strictly up against it? Well, she has, like many another like her is, in this man's town. She come here—let's see, it was back yonder along about the end of May it must 'a' been—and taken my small back room on this here same floor. I lease these here two top floors and rent them, furnished, by the week, get me? I ain't payin' her any mind except to collect from her every Sat'day night. These here lodgers don't mean anything to me; they come and go. I got my own worries, me doin' the best I can and just about gettin' by, what with some of these skates runnin' out on me every little while and bilkin' me out of my rent money and all. So all I notice about her is that she's quiet and ladylike and minds her own business, whatever it is. But here lately it seemed like she's been stickin' in her own room mighty close—well, that's all right, too. But this mornin' early I smelled gas 'scapin'—we burn gas here—and I traces it to her room and they she is, layin' in bed with the gas turned on full."

He seized her by her arms and shook her. He was altogether a new Eddie Sackett—masterful, white, tense, on edge to defend and to succor his womankind.

"She's a l right? It was an accident? She's still here?"

"She's all right, so far as that goes. And she's still here. But it wasn't no accident, Mister—Mister——"

"Sackett—Sackett's the name, damn it!"

"Not no accident, Mister Sackett. She was fixin' to do a Dutch—get me? She wasn't far gone, though—the gas hadn't had a good chance yet to get her. A little fresh air and me workin' over her a spell and she comes right out of it. And then, bein' weak and all, she just breaks down and spills the whole thing to me. Seems like she come up here from that comic town of yours with the trick name, aimin' to set New York on fire paintin' pictures. And right away she falls for some sort of a greasy faker that promises to set her in right, and he skins her out of the biggest part of her jack—her money, I should say. And then he turns cold on her and gives her the air. And she comes down here and hires a room off of me, figurin' maybe she can live cheap and get by for a while doin' picture jobs for business houses or something. But the stuff she turns out is the limit and nobody don't want it—the poor kid! And what little money she's got left begins to run low on her. And she begins to get wise that she's been playin' a big game of pretend and it ain't got her nowheres—and never will, neither.

"With a girl like her in that fix, here in New York, they ain't but one of three ways out—she can go on the streets, or she can go back, licked, to the place where she come from, or she can bump herself off. And this kid was too decent to turn hustler—excuse me if I speak plain language, but that's the facts of it. And she was too proud to go back home and own up to everybody that knows her how she'd flopped. She just couldn't bear the thought of that, she told me; seemed like anything else was better than that. She can't bear the thought of 'em knowin' it, even now. So, what with her bein' so lonesome and down-and-out, and livin' for

months on bum food and not any too much of that, and never gettin' nowheres, she just decided to turn on the gas. She tells me she'd heard that gas was one of the easiest ways of croakin' they is.

"What I guess I should 'a' done, findin' her that way, was call a cop and get an ambulance sent for and have her taken off to the hospital or the station house or somewheres. But I didn't have the heart to do it. So, instead of attendin' to my own business, I been settin' here wonderin' where she was goin' to head in and what I was goin' to do about her myself—and then this here bell rings and in you walks—the first, last and only person that ever come astin' for her all the time she's been here. I'll say it again—it's like as if you'd been sent as an answer!" Suddenly a note of doubtfulness came into Miss Devore's voice. "But say, listen: Think you can get her to go back home, Mister Sackett? She's still dead set that her home folks ain't ever to know the truth about how she failed—says she'll die first, before she'll tell 'em. If she goes, you'll have to cover up for her, some way."

"Think I can get her to go? Huh, I'm going to take her! She's good enough for that town or any town. She's too good for this damn town!"

"Boy, listen: You and me live more'n a thousand miles apart, I guess, and our ways of thinkin' may be even further apart than that. But when you talk like that I got to hand it to you for bein' an all-right guy. But—but what'll she do when she gets home—without money and no way to earn her own living and not no kinsfolks to fall back on neither, from what she tells me? That's something for you and her both to think about."

"What does she need with money?" The manner of the protector and the provider competently was his. "I've got the money. I reckon I can make a living for two. My wife won't have to work."

"Your wife?"

"Certainly! We're going to be married —married right here in your house, if you'll let us."

"If I'll let you? Say, listen, man, I'll give the bride away."

"Then let's go tell her!"

"Tell her what?"

"Tell her she's going to be married, soon as the minister and the license can get here.'

"Say, for a guy from a rube town you're swift, ain't you? When I first saw you five minutes ago I didn't think it was in you, honest I didn't. How long have you two been engaged anyhow? She never mentioned bein' engaged when she was spillin' her troubles out to me this mornin'."

"A long time," said Eddie; "only she didn't know it. But I knew it all along. And say, Miss Devore, there's a reason why I'm specially glad you're going to let us get married here."

He half shut his eyes, the journalist, shaping in his mind the introductory sentence of the telegram he would send that night for publication in the ensuing issue of the Dentondale Weekly Sun-Independent: "Wedded: At the studio apartment of the bride, in Greater New York City, one block from Fifth Avenue, Whippoorwillville's most gifted daughter, and more lately one of Gotham's rising and successful young artists, Miss Leatrice Ember, to ye proud and happy scribe——"

He snapped back to roseate earth again.

"Well, what are we waiting for, Miss Devore? Let's go tell her."

The woman led the way for him out into the hall and down the hall to its darker and deeper end and there swung open a door for him to enter by. As the girl on the cot bed sat up and cried her joy at sight of him who crossed the threshold to take her in his arms, Miss Devore, turning her head, uttered, aside and to herself, what was at once a defiance, a boast, a triumphant pronouncement and, yes—by the blowzy Miss Devore's curious standards—a prayer:

"And still they's some'll say they ain't no God!"

Another story of Ben Ali Crisp, the newspaperman who uses human nature to detect crime, appears in February COSMOPOLITAN—*Irvin Cobb's "The Thirteenth Degree."*

The Eagle's Feather

(*Continued from page 46*)

of diplomacy, he sang the potency of love. Martha, standing against the wall, crushed her hands together and winked at the triumphant tears. They could not be controlled; she fled to the cold quieting spaces where, a tall pine between her and the house, she faced the grim late afternoon and throbbed with her human happiness. She stood out there in the bleak stretch of ground under iron mountains and steadily moving dark sky, like a torch. Winter had no power over her young blood, marching against him, bannered. But something else had power and all her blood stopped dead when Trent, coming softly under the branches, gathered her up against him—all of her, in tight arms.

He put his mouth to her ear and said: "Now! Martha."

"You mean?" she turned her head so that she could look into his eyes.

"I mean—Delila's waiting to see me and Carey. I've asked her for five minutes first—alone. I'm going to tell her about us, Martha, our love. I'm going to ask her to give us a cabin for our own. I'm going to ask her if she doesn't want her foreman to be a married man."

Martha, as though suddenly she felt the cold, shivered.

"Not now," she begged him, "not now."

"Why not—you queer child?"

"I'm afraid."

"How I *do* love you! You small coward! Do you think I can wait another hour after all these hours of years?"

"And you want to go—now—and tell her, ask her about—me?"

"Yes. Now—now—now! Love has been choked down in me so long that I am eaten by it. It's got to have its way. Think how I've worked—God!—and sweated and frozen and held back. Now is the time. Winter's coming. Don't you feel that wind? Don't you smell the snow?

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I want you here, warm in my arms. Last winter, when you left me——"

"John, listen! You want to tell Aunt Lila now when she's given you the biggest reward in her power that you've done this work for just me! Please listen! You are her foreman, her—well—Dandy, who's so clever with the men, calls you her 'favorite.' This dinner's been given just for you. Today sort of winds up your work, what you've done for her, I mean. It's something she only dreamed of—being the boss of the whole valley—but you've made it come true. Now, when she's given you the best she has, you come to her and you say 'Let me marry little Martha,' just when she's thinking you all hers, for her plans, her future work. Oh, can't you see?"

Trent shook his shoulders stubbornly. "No—damned if I can see. Is she a generous woman, your aunt—or not?"

Martha struck his chest lightly with a small urgent hand. "John! John! Yes, she's generous, but you don't understand her—well, any woman—like I do. You see, she's awfully proud. You've done a lot for her and, what's more, for her ranch, which is just her child. What did you tell me you said to her—you're so smart!—when you asked her for a job, way back that first day?"

"I don't know. Let me go in, Martha."

She clung. "Wait! I can tell you what you said. 'I want to work for the biggest man in Bear Valley, and that's you.' Didn't she take you on because of that speech? Now you want to go and tell her, 'I was working, not for you and Circle R all this time, but for—Martha.' See!"

"Well, why not?"

"Because it'll be the end of you, John Trent." She looked away to the iron hills, moving her soft-haired head, restless and sad. Her eyes had lost their pretty love laughter. They were desolate. He took off his coat, put it around her and said: "Wait here, you darling fool, I'm going in."

She seized him then. "Don't do it, John! Or at least don't do it like that! Don't tell her the whole truth suddenly. You're clever. Can't you put it some way like this? You've worked for her—yes—you've devoted your whole strength and brain and feeling to her work. But you're a man and she's a woman. She's too high up for you to think of, but while you work and sort of—worship her, there's a little niece you kind of get into the way of telling how you feel towards the greater woman—so, gradually, being hopeless——"

Trent laughed and a snowflake touched his lips.

"All right. I can put it like that if you think that will make her happier. I think she's *too* great a woman to need such flatteries. My way would be—the whole truth."

"But I know her, John. I love her. Please do it my way."

She pulled herself up, both hands on his shoulders, and pressed her lips upon his.

"Anything for that!" he whispered when he could speak, and went away, alert and smiling.

Martha shrank into his big coat, drew herself under the tree and waited, pale now and tremulous. Suspense gave her a sensation of sickness. The fine snow began to sift across the ground, dusting the sage and the fence rails, the corner logs of the cabin only a yard away. She could hear the murmur of Trent's voice, hesitant, groping, shy. She wondered if he were clever at such diplomacy as this. Abruptly he was silent. A chair scraped, Delila said a quick word or two. A door opened and shut. Martha, parting the branches, saw her aunt walking swiftly towards her. The eagle eyes flared soft and wet, the mouth trembled, the hands moved against each other. "Martha! Martha!" It was an urgent soft calling for help.

Martha stepped out and Delila clung to her, drew her back into the shelter of the swinging boughs and began to talk breathlessly.

"Marty, is it true? Speak—quick!"

"Y-yes—why, yes."

"O God!" The woman put her shaking fingers across her face. "Then it don't seem funny to you? Or out of all sense? You're so young and pretty, like a rose. I thought he must love you, just seeing you about. I didn't believe a man would work like he did except for loving someone. And why wouldn't it most naturally be you?"

Martha gasped once and stood still. Delila whispered on. "I'm near to fifty. They tell you, or I guess you just tell yourself, that you're too old. It's too late; leave the loving to girls. Be—just a ranchman, go on, get rich, be the biggest man in Bear Valley. And so you get older and harder and you don't care for the gray hairs coming in or the wrinkles round your eyes. But all the while way down you know that, being a woman, nothing in your life is good for anything but love. Don't you forget that, Marty, when your time comes! Love. Just love. Give it and get it, let the rest go by. You know I love you, girl."

"I love—you," Martha murmured.

"I guess *you* did it, Marty. He told you things. Hadn't it been for you he'd never have dared. Listen, when he came in to ask me for something I thought it would be for you. That'd be so natural. And I'd have told him, 'Sure, go ahead and marry her!' though it felt tight inside my heart. But Marty, he told me—Oh God—*don't smile!*"

"I'm not smiling, Aunt Lila," the girl whispered through her shuddering.

"He told me over and over again—about *love*. He hadn't dared—but he'd *worked* for me. He thought of you, he said, as something near to me—like me. Marty, there are men, clever men, that'd think more of all the everlasting love and worship and power I'd give them—wouldn't they?—than just of brown eyes and pink cheeks. There have been *women* who've loved great older men. When he was speaking, trying to tell me—I was scared. I felt like choking. Everything broke up inside of me. I told him to wait. I must go out and speak to you . . . another woman."

She started violently. "There he comes now. Martha! Martha!"

He strode up close and, turning his white face and steady eyes to Delila, he took Martha into his arms.

"I want her," he said quietly. "She's what I want. I was trying in a stupid, muddled, half lying way to tell you so."

Martha writhed against him, put up her hand to his lips. "Only because you think you can't get—her, John. Only because you think she's too great a woman for you."

Delila was looking swiftly from one to the other of them, a terrible change in her eyes.

"No, by God!" swore Trent and laughed out between the two tormented beings. "I want you for yourself. She's big enough to understand. I tried to put it the way you wanted, Martha, but that won't do." He held out his right hand to the eagle woman. "You're great and you're generous. I loved your niece. That's why I came here. I worked for you, yes, with all my mind, and I'm your man always, but I worked to win her—Martha. Now let me see the stuff you're made of, Delila Jameison."

She had a bleak gray face. She turned on her heel and strode away from them.

Trent laughed angrily. "Women like lies better than truth—even you, Martha. Kiss me. I'll forgive you for twisting me out of my own intentions."

"It's too late," Martha sobbed. "I'm afraid. You ought to take her, John. See, you were made to be a great man. She is the woman you ought to marry. I was trying to let you go."

"Stop trying!" he said sharply.

A girl came to the cabin corner, sheltered her eyes against the snow filled air and called: "O-o-o, Martha! Martha! Miss Jameison wants you."

Martha tore herself from Trent and ran across the open space into the house as a moth flies straight into fire. Trent moved a few steps and his body struck the fence. He stood with his head down, the light snow drifting across him, and remembered an azure evening, a groping mountain head, a star.

The air had grown warmer with the coming of snow. Behind him, round the corner of the building, the guests were leaving with sound of wheels and hoofs muffled. It was getting dark. Lights were showing in the cabin windows. Dishes were being washed, with rattling and laughter. He began to walk moodily to and fro, restless, uneasy and depressed. He wanted to stay out here in the swirling dimness until the women should have cried themselves out to each other's hearts. A sort of horror of emotion, of Delila Jameison, was upon him. He wondered if he were coward enough to be afraid. When, after an age of chill darkness, his summons came, he did not run, blindly brave, like Martha; he dragged himself over to the house on leaden feet.

He came into the living room and faced Delila. The long boards that had done service for the feast had been cleared of dishes and of draperies. They stretched, as bare and dry as years of lost labor, between the woman and himself. She pointed him to stand at the foot. He saw then that a dozen men, Dandy amongst them, were lined up on either side of her. All were standing except Delila, who sat with incandescent eyes in a drawn, beaked face.

Under her hand lay a roll of bills and a bag of silver money. She spoke with the voice of a dull saw driven through hard wood.

"Boys," she said, "I've been a fool, but it isn't too late yet to admit it. That young gentleman was too clever for me. Jeff Carey gave me a hint, but I was set in my own opinion. Today, before I made him foreman—likely he hadn't guessed at my intentions—there was found under

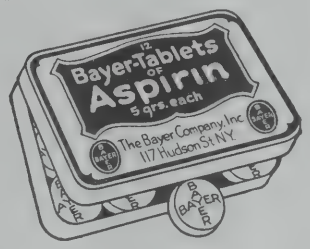
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Trent's bed hidden at the bottom of his box the money that I'd drawn to pay you fellows off with—the whole of it—for a season's labor. Today I found out he was planning to carry off my money and my niece. Lucky Jeff Carey found him out—and Martha talked to me . . . in time."

The men moved, and swore, boards creaking beneath their feet. They breathed rapidly. Trent, half closing his dizzy eyes, thought of a pack of dogs. The other method, Dandy's, was the safer, then. Keep your hand on the pulse of the people, be flattering, adroit, study the mob. Let the queen favor whom she will. The queen was speaking again:

"Now, since I've caught him with the goods and since we're none of us losers, I'm not going to hand him over to the law. I'm going to hand him over to you boys. It was from you he was trying to steal, wasn't it? Carry him down to the bunk house quietly—I don't want any rumpus on the way; Parson's turned in and Doc—but down there, when you're good and through with him, let him loose. He can travel down country afoot, like he came. Don't kill him. I'd suggest"—for a second she lost control of the boiling tumult of pain, humiliation, jealousy that scalded her breast, and snarled, leaning towards him—"a quirt."

Trent spoke. "Where's Martha?" he asked quickly.

"Come back and ask me when you've had your licking," said Delila. "Maybe I'll tell you then."

Dandy and Scout took him by the arms and he walked between them quietly out into the snow. He remembered with a queer detachment some scene from mediæval history read out to him when he was a child. Wasn't this always the end of the favorite, the queen's plaything—hard hands of a mob, torture, death? In the bunk house, with a sudden wrench, he freed himself and set his back against the wall. He spoke with his bland English smile.

"No use telling you men that I didn't take the money," he said. "Why should I, when I'd so soon be drawing a foreman's wages?"

"Ah, but you didn't know that when you took it—damn you!"

"Well, that's so. It's no use. Dandy's primed you against me. God knows he's been at it long enough. But this is a good country—a man's country. I ask you, because you're square, for fair play. You're a dozen to one. Let me fight. Let me take on, one at a time, your five best men. If, after they're through, there's anything left of me, will you let me off? I've worked with you for nearly two years——" There was a pause; he swallowed audibly. "Boys, I don't like the idea of a quirt." He looked about the room from face to face. "Isn't that fair?" he asked gently.

Well, they argued, he hadn't been a bad sort; he'd been a decent fellow enough; a fight was always worth looking at; five fights in succession, something of a treat. Perhaps the man in them half guessed at the woman in Delila's vengeance. Dandy struggled against the rising change of humor.

"What did the boss say? Hold him down on his bunk, a couple of you, and the five best men will take it out of him one by one with my quirt. That's orders."

No, sir—public opinon ran—thief or not, he's too good a man for that sort of thing. You can be the fifth to stand up to him, Dandy, and if after Scout and Buster and two others have finished with him, you can't quirt him without sitting on his head, why, he's earned his getaway, I'll tell the world——

Dandy was clever enough to recognize finalities. He drew back his lips, sat down on the edge of his bunk, smoking and swinging his booted leg. The floor was cleared. John pulled off his flannel shirt and stepped into the middle of the ring; white and hard as marble with glinting eyes and a set smile. A little feverish child's hand seemed to be plucking at his heart. It was for Martha's hand he fought.

Delila sat at the end of her table and broke her heart slowly on a wheel. Trent's sufferings, she suffered. She was racked and, though she herself had sentenced him, the pangs twisted her out of her woman's stoicism. This man had tricked her, betrayed her, broken her pride. She had been head and shoulders above men. Hadn't she always ruled them—dealt them her favors or her punishments? It was for this bland-eyed young cat to steal the softness out of her with lying words, to melt her heart and then set into it his claws—laughing. He and Martha—kissing and loving and promising themselves success! Oh! she had been a fool, cheated, flattered, and at last made into a shape for eternal masculine mockery—an old maid who fancied herself loved by a young lover and smiled and beckoned and grimaced. God strike at the man's heart, cut it and scar it so that it never again beat to the tune of laughter! She lighted no lamp; the fire glow showed her grim stillness, crouched forward over her hands, nails sunk into her palms, eyes closed to endure her misery or opened wide to stare it down. They took a long time, those men, to beat the boy out of his consciousness. How noisy the night was with its whistling march of snow!

There had been no outcry. Surely she'd have heard, even through the storm, his voice of rage and pain, perhaps a cry for mercy. She'd like to hear that. What mercy had he for her? There would never be an end to this lashing on her naked pride.

She looked up because a cold wind, smelling of snow, blew across her and the fire jumped. By its sudden vigorous burning she saw Trent come across from the door slowly. He moved as though his limbs were half torn away from his body, and rested near her, his weight against the table edge on two bleeding hands. His clothes hung about him in strips, his face was torn and bruised. He said something three times with his lips before his words were audible.

"Where's Martha?"

She steadied her topaz eyes to look mercilessly into his dim and bloodshot ones.

"I sent her down the valley, on foot, the way she came."

He lifted his head a little and listened, with bruised lips apart, to the storm.

"On foot—in this?"

"Yes. She started after the last guests had gone. She can foot it now as far as Van Breuwen's before she drops. He'll take her in."

Again his bruised lips painfully shaped themselves to words.

"She told Van Breuwen she wouldn't marry him—you knew that?"

"Yes. There are a few things I did know."

"But you didn't know what he said to her." Trent drew a long breath and mustered strength for longer speech. "He said: 'You've lost your chance of being made respectable. I'll make you what your mother was.' "

Delila half rose. "He wouldn't dare say that!"

A film passed over her eyes. John turned away.

"I'll get my horse," he muttered.

"No more horses for you from Circle R, John Trent. You follow your girl on foot. But before you go, tell me your opinion of Jeff Carey's quirt."

John looked at her again. He used his smile.

"Miss Jameison, I fought my way into the boys' belief, so that they made me a present of a horse and saddle. If I were going to stay here as your foreman, I'd be a popular fellow now. They love a man's fists in this valley even if they hate his brains. Ask Dandy that question of yours about a quirt. He thought I was done after I'd laid out Buster and he came third—two turns ahead of his original intention. I cut the truth out of him with his own whip. He ate his lies."

Trent laughed shakily, drew the back of his hand across his eyes, smearing the lids red, and moved away from her, steadying himself now and again by wall or chair. Just before going out he said, as if to himself:

"The girl has your blood. Because of that, I used to call her the eagle's feather—good by."

Delila flung up her head sharply, as though she had heard a calling in the distance. The eagle's feather . . .

She heard him go, went to the window and saw a dim mass moving away, accompanied by a long whirling phantom of snow which wrapped its arms about the horse and the body of the exhausted rider. Delila did not go back to her chair. She crossed to the inner door and stood gripping its knob. Fifteen minutes brought her to her decision.

She buckled her six-shooter round her waist, got into a coat of coyote skins, went down to the stables and, commanding no help, harnessed her sturdiest team to a buggy. She left them in the barn and returned to the house, where she knocked on the parson's door. He was presently awakened, a big, young, pleasant natured fellow, and received his orders meekly. Delila was easy to obey. "We've got to travel down country, storm or no storm," she told him. "It's a matter of life and death, or—if the words suit you better—of Heaven and Hell. Just your business, Mister Sin-Buster."

He protested once feebly when, on his way to the stables, the snow squall struck him almost off his feet, but Delila laid her hand on his arm and he found himself presently seated beside her in the buggy. The woman, a bear in her furs, backed the team and lashed them out and down the smothered road with their noses to the wind.

There was no man in Bear Valley who could get from a team so nearly all the strength and cleverness that was in it as could Delila. Her horses, working against a stinging wall of wind and sleet, carried her and the bewildered Joseph Winger with sure speed. If they slipped, her hand was there to pull them up; if they lagged, her whip was searching and clever; if they reared, her iron voice sawed into their docile consciousness. She found herself straining her eyes ahead for a bent figure on horseback, though reason told her that Trent, if his will kept sense in his pounded body, must by now have reached his destination.

Van Breuwen's ranch house lay near the river at the base of a steep decline from the open ranges. Until a rider was just above it, it was as secret as a lair. Delila herself, though she knew her directions and distances half automatically, was startled when the buggy plunged down and she saw a snow-veiled light. The cabin by its situation was sheltered from the storm and as they descended the air grew softer and stiller, the noise dropped from their frosted ears. Here the snow fell straight and soundlessly through leafless aspens and the gray tangle of cottonwood. It had not drifted.

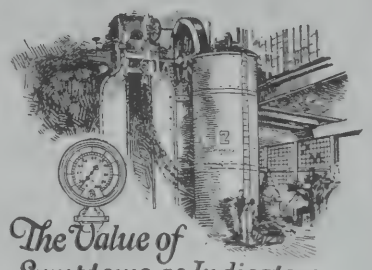
The team took itself into an empty corral amongst the trees, and Delila, with the aid of an electric torch, closed the gate on them and, hushing her companion, walked softly through the damp carpet of fresh snow towards Van Breuwen's visible window. It was uncurtained, and beckoning Winger to stand back and be silent, Delila crept up close to it and looked in.

The room, after her long blind driving, seemed ablaze with light; a stove glowed with red iron sides in one corner and a big glass lamp, unshaded, stared at her from a central table. Van Breuwen was standing near it in his shirt—its sleeves rolled up to the elbows showing his red hairy arms, its collar open across the red and hairy chest. He was moving his head to and fro and talking in a slightly accented voice that rumbled out, thunderous and reproachful. Martha was crouched up in a big elk-hide chair, her hands tightened into fists, her hair hanging in half dry wisps all about her neck and shoulders. Her face was shrunk into a mere symbol of resistance, its eyes narrow, its mouth set; no color, no flesh, nothing but the bones of her young will stiffened to a fight to the death. She was as fierce as a cornered wildcat but wasting not a breath in spoken defiance or in outcry. Delila's eagle blood must have thrilled at the sight of her . . .

At first the woman's eyes missed Trent altogether; then, starting, she distinguished him from the corner post of a great set of shelves to which he had been roped. He was conscious and every nerve and muscle was strained so evenly, so tensely, that he seemed statue-still. Tears were running down his battered face and every place the rope touched showed frayed and stained. His lips moved continually but Delila could not hear his voice above the noisy Dutchman's.

"I vas goin' to keeb her here undil she vould decide to marry me. She coom to me, eh vhat? of her own vill. I didn't fetch her. She coom flutterin' again' my door like a white moth, half dead with dat cold, dat snow. Didn'd I took her in and tread her fine, like a vather—vhat?—dry her and warm her and gif her a drink? Was I hurdin' her? No. You—vool! to

OSTEOPATHY



The Value of Symptoms as Indicators

SO FAR as their significance is concerned symptoms must be regarded much the same as the reading of the gauge is regarded by the engineer.

As the indicator quivers, advances, hesitates, falls back, every fluctuation of the motive power generated by the machine is recorded. When trouble is there, the gauge will warn. Unfailingly, it will tell *when* things are wrong. Yet it cannot tell *where nor why.*

Symptoms have the same limitation. They are but indicators, dependable enough within certain limits. Yet alone they cannot identify the source of the trouble nor can they locate the cause.

For thorough, reliable diagnosis, the true physician must go far back of the surface indications pictured by the symptoms. It is not enough to know that trouble exists. It is necessary to know where that trouble is and above all why it has occurred.

Osteopathic Diagnosis is Thorough

In order to locate the cause that gives rise to the symptoms the Osteopathic physician brings every procedure of proven scientific value to bear upon the problem.

Laboratory diagnosis, with chemical tests of structure and fluids, is resorted to. Environment, diet, personal habits, all are searched for the contribution they can make toward finding the irritating factor.

And more important still, the methods of structural analysis that characterize Osteopathic methods are called upon. Quite like the engineer, the Osteopathic physician searches the mechanism of the body to locate parts that fail to properly function, and to determine the cause of that failure.

To the Osteopathic physician nothing is more important than thorough, intelligent diagnosis. Upon this depends all of the effectiveness that has given Osteopathy its high place in public opinion. Diagnosis, careful and responsible, is the first duty.

Nature of Treatment

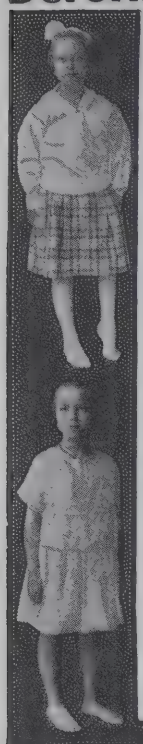
Osteopathy treats sickness without the use of drugs as curative agents. In their stead adjustment of structure is utilized. Spinal adjustment originated with Osteopathic principles and is still the cornerstone of the science.

The Osteopathic physician makes use of all the principles involved in diet, hygiene, sanitation, environment, and surgery. His training is a standard course—four years of nine months study in each.

Bureau of Osteopathic Education

An Organization for Disseminating Responsible Information Concerning Osteopathy

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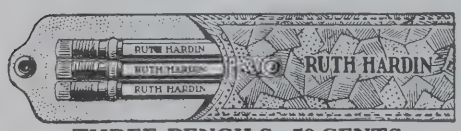
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coom and meddle with me. She'd haf stopped here safe wid me undil she hat made up her mindt for herself to marry me. Pefore the snow haf gone she'd haf been ready—oh yiss, sure! Now vhat you done? You haf mate me mad. Now I vill punish you. You stand dere and cry and fight vhile I teach dat girl nod to say —no. She say—no to me vonce too often. She now goin' to learn how to say yes—to one big strong man. Before the day coom she'll be prayin' for me to vetch parson—eh vhat?—prayin'."

Delila stepped aside, beckoned to her companion and, loosening her pistol, walked quickly to Van Breuwen's door and flung it suddenly wide.

"Some prayers get answered, Pier, before they're prayed. Here's Martha's parson now."

Van Breuwen staggered round on his heel. Martha screamed faintly. Trent paused in his soft, delirious cursing. The room became Delila's audience chamber. Big in her furs, and bigger in the fiery vengeful intentness of her will, she dwarfed even Van Breuwen. They seemed boys and girls, children, startled at some wicked play.

She spoke to the pastor over her shoulder in a voice like a saw singing through soft wood.

"Step across there, Winger, will you, and untie—the witness."

Winger obeyed, using his knife. His face was stern, pale and bewildered, but he was Delila's henchman. Trent fell forward from the post and the clergyman supported him to a chair where he drooped, half fainting, fighting against complete unconsciousness. Martha rose to go over to him when Delila spoke again and halted her.

"You got the marriage service by heart, Joseph Winger?"

"Yes, ma'am. I think so."

"Then pull out that table there and stand beside it. Marty, step up in front of him. Do like I tell you—don't you see my gun?"

Martha moved over, white and light.

"Now we got our witness"— she glanced at Trent— "and we got our bridegroom. Hold on, Van Breuwen, I got you covered. Just you wait for orders, savvy? John Trent, you were held for witness, weren't you? Have you got the strength to step up there near Winger?"

He pulled himself together and wavered to the parson's right. He looked at Delila with his dazed, half comprehending eyes.

"Now, Van Breuwen, you come along with me. Read out the service, parson."

The clergyman stammered. "W-which —who—who am I marrying, Miss Jameison?" he asked, flushing and dubious.

"You are marrying my niece, Martha Jameison, to the man she's chosen."

Martha slipped forward, was caught up by Trent and stood there, swaying, while the parson spoke.

Except for the rather melodramatic circumstance that Delila kept Van Breuwen covered with her gun, the service went with conventional smoothness to its close. The bridegroom's responses were whispered and the bride's tremulous, but there was no hesitation or doubt in the faint, determined voices. Delila, eyes and pistol on the Dutchman, stepped forward sideways and gave her niece away. The pastor raised his hand: "In the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost —I pronounce you man and wife. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder——"

"Amen," said Delila and bent down her head.

"Now, Winger," she said brusquely after the pause during which they all heard the tapping of snow and the snapping of the red hot stove, and looked at each other with strange eyes, "you take this six-shooter of mine and march Van Breuwen into the store room—give him some blankets—and lock him in. Afterwards I'll drive you back to Circle R. I figure we can just about make it before we're drifted in. It's near daylight now so we can make time."

After Van Breuwen's enforced departure —he seemed crestfallen and resigned— Delila spoke more softly.

"John Trent, you take your wife into her bedroom. There's near about nothing left of her."

He led the girl to a door, watched her creep through, closed it gently and looked across the room towards Delila.

She had sat down in the big elk-hide throne near the table end. She looked pale and old and tranquil.

"John," she said, "I never did believe that lie of Dandy's."

He was silent, leaning against the door.

"John, I've got a wedding present for you—Van Breuwen's ranch. You're coming into Circle R as my partner. As soon as the snow's melted enough for holding a business meeting, we'll fix up the arrangements. Meanwhile I'll leave Van Breuwen here—you can have my gun, though I don't think he'll bother you any—until you can send him down country with his team and his belongings. The personal stuff, you know, is rightly his. He's a mean actor but I'm sort of sorry for him." She sighed. "You'll have a good home down here, you and Martha, after she's had a chance to tidy it up."

She began to stroke her silk skirt with one dark and restless hand.

"Likely," she said in a low voice, very patient, "I'll learn to love your children, John . . . eagle's feathers . . . " Moisture filled the long wrinkles in the corners of her lids.

He came over to her and, after standing before her a moment, he bent his knee, took up one of the restless hands and bowing over it touched it lightly with his lips. Then he rose and walked backward, gracefully, gravely, forgetful of himself as he had been once in the presence of an august Personage. Just before he went in to Martha he straightened to look up at her again.

She sat erect, the right hand across the left, which he had kissed; her eyes, haughty and wistful, were looking far and away beyond him as though they could see across the mountain barriers to some conquest vaster than any of which in her narrow valley she had dreamed.

Don't miss the fresh, winsome love story of the days of America's youth in February COSMOPOLITAN— *"The Last Witch," by Haute Tarkington Jameson.*

The Bear Trap

(Continued from page 94)

running the point of his knife in at the shoulder and turning back the corners and catching them between his strong thumbs and forefingers. The skin came away as he pulled, came away clean and intact. Then with a quick double sweep of the knife he removed the backbone and cut away the belly, leaving only the white flaky cutlets which he dropped on his hot skillet greased with bacon fat.

She watched him admiringly as these cutlets browned in the steady heat and an odd pang of hunger took possession of her. She watched him with a vague wonder in her eyes as he made ready their meal and pushed the rough table over close beside the bunk and propped her up against the shack wall padded with a couple of wolf skins. For the first time they ate together. Yet they talked little.

When he had finished, Holgar got up and started for the door, for he had made it a rule, since she had been in the cabin, never to smoke there.

"Would you mind not going for a little while?" she asked, still leaning back against the gray wolf skins.

He put his pipe in his pocket and sat down again. But the heaviness of his face did not make it easy for her to say what she had wished to say.

"Do you live here all the time?" she asked, after a silence.

"Yes," he acknowledged in his non-committal bass.

She looked slowly about the shack, from the leather-hinged grub box above the water pail to the trap door that opened on the cool-hole beneath the floor. It seemed miraculous to her that life could be so simplified. The accepted primitiveness of it all puzzled her. She was even more puzzled, however, by the row of books above the pegged array of mink traps and snowshoes and stretching frames, and the incongruous "college eight" photograph on the wall above the bunk.

"Do you like it?" she finally asked.

"I put up with it," was his response.

"But what have you got?" she found the courage to inquire. "What have you in your life?"

His morose eye studied her face.

"What have you?" he countered.

She compelled herself to laugh, at that. But she was soon solemn again. For she found certain difficulties in framing an answer to that question. What, after all, did she have in her life? What, above and beyond the nonessentials of existence, could she claim as distinctively her own? It was an unformulated dissatisfaction with everything about her that had driven her from the city, that had made alluring the thought of a stabilizing month in the North Woods. For already, that spring, she had felt something sharper than the steel jaws of a bear trap. She had seen her trust in her husband snap like a bead string. And she had asked for solitude, for the pine woods and the peace she had always loved, in which to reconstruct her shaken world.

She turned and studied Holgar, shadowed and silent beside her. He, too, had betrayed her. She had been made to suffer this time, not through a man's deceit, but through his cruelty. It disturbed her to find that she was still seeking some extenuating source of that cruelty, some secret injustice of an earlier day to excuse a strong man's weakness. For the fixed impression she now got from Holgar, in the face of his foolish timidities, was one of strength. And she was disturbed still again at the thought that she might in some way forgive cruelty from the strong while she stood unable to forgive deceit in the weak.

"I don't suppose it matters, after all," she said out of the silence that had fallen over them.

He asked her what she meant.

"I mean, it's not what we have that counts, but what we are. That's what decides whether we're to be happy or unhappy."

"I guess it's what other people do that counts most," said Holgar, staring out of the open door.

"Is that what brought you here?" she asked, struck by the pathos of the browned face in the strong side light.

He did not look at her. But his color deepened.

"I was thinking of you," he retorted. "And what I did to you."

"Let's not go back to that," she said, quietly enough, but with a deepening of her own color.

"I can't help it," he protested with an inadequate gesture of his huge hands. "But I'll pay for it, all right!"

"How?" she prompted, stirred more than she cared to be.

"I used to like to be alone," he said. And as he spoke he looked heavily about the neat but blank walled shack.

"Well?" she prompted, breathing more quickly than before.

"It'll be different," was all he said as he got up from his chair.

She sat with knitted brows as he strode out of the shack. When he came back an hour later she asked for a needle and thread and her clothes.

He brought her the bale of neatly folded clothing without speaking.

"I ought to be able to get into these in a day or two," she said as she shook out the garments and looked them over.

"I suppose so," was his listless response.

"Surely I can get around a little now," she argued.

"I suppose so," he repeated as before. Then he took a deep breath and added: "I'll make you a pair of crutches tomorrow. They'll help."

She thanked him absently, and then asked: "How long will I have to use crutches?"

"A few weeks," he told her.

"And then?" she prompted.

"Then I'll have to take you back," he said to the russet range into which he was stoking stovewood. But the flat deadness of his voice prompted her to lean a little lower over the garment seam which she was sewing together.

III

THE days grew warmer as spring crept over the land, and the northern silences grew vocal with the twin business of migrating and mating. When Adrienne



At last she found out

Something was amiss. Her animation and buoyancy, once so marked, were giving way steadily, it seemed, to lassitude, indifference and depression.

In despair, she determined to take careful inventory and try to regain her failing powers.

Back, at last, upon the road to robust health, she had learned—as thousands are now learning—that nine-tenths of all human ills come simply from wrong eating habits and deficient foods.

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A TONIC FOOD



Wheelock was able to creep out into the open again she found an odd lassitude taking possession of her. It was not altogether peace that came to her, and it was not altogether unrest. But as she went on with her sewing, seam by seam and garment by garment, she wondered more and more about the world that had forgotten her.

It was a week later, as she sat alone in front of the shack, drying her hair in the sun, that an emissary from that world broke in on her solitude. It was Michel Pecotte, the halfbreed, on his way to the Post. And she resented the silence of his approach just as she resented the pointedness of his stare.

"Where heem?" asked Pecotte, with his squintıng old eye on the dooryard tracks.

"He's away," retorted the woman, with an echo of her visitor's impassivity.

"Heem back soon?" demanded Pecotte with another of his intent stares.

"Yes."

"You hees woman?"

Adrienne Wheelock flushed painfully. "No," was her sharp retort.

The *metis* grunted.

"How long you stay wit' heem?" he asked.

The color by this time had gone from the woman's face. "I was hurt in the woods," she explained, "and he took care of me."

Again the *metis* grunted. She hated that animal-like and half derisive sound. She also stood vaguely in fear of it, for it seemed to typify far off difficulties which would some day have to be faced.

"Gimme leetle taback and I go!" announced Pecotte.

She turned and studied the immobile old face. Then she took up the crutches padded with rabbit skin and made her way into the cabin. The *metis* said nothing as she returned with a handful of Holgar's tobacco and passed it over to him.

She watched him, equally silent, as he went down to the river, stepped into his canoe and paddled away. But her brow was so clouded with thought when Holgar returned that he was prompted to study her face.

"Has anything happened?" he asked. He had scant need for putting that question, since his trained eye had already read the history of that morning's intrusion. He had read it in the gum rubbed from Pecotte's canoe on one of the shore stones, in the fresh moccasin prints on the path, in the crutch prints that met the footsteps of the visitor.

"An Indian came here this morning," she explained.

"That was Pecotte," acknowledged Holgar. Then he stopped short. "Did you send out word by him?"

"No," she replied, without meeting his gaze.

And nothing more passed between them, at the moment. That night after supper, however, as they sat watching the sunset from his rock shelf above the river, she told him that she was able at last to walk without her crutches.

"That means you want to go back," he said, staring into the pine-fringed west. She sat silent, arrested by the tremor in his voice. He impressed her as being like the land which had engulfed him, sorrowful and silent and touched with mystery.

"That's the odd part of it," she confessed. "The part that rather frightens me. I've got to go back, of course, but I've no impulse to go. It almost terrifies me to think what the last month or two has done to me."

"What has it done?" he asked.

"It's given me time to think certain things out. And I've been wondering why women are so fond of Sèvres and cinnamon toast and azure silk and cut glass things with gold stoppers."

"They'll seem essential enough when you get back to them."

"It'll be different, of course," she said in a slightly flattened voice.

He half closed his eyes. "You know how it'll be here when you've gone," he surprised her by saying.

"How will it be?" she asked, quietly enough.

He uttered the one word "Hopeless!"

"Why should it be different?"

"It'll all be empty."

"Empty of what?"

"Of *you!*" he asserted with his first show of vehemence.

She seemed to be thinking this over. "You mean empty of companionship," she corrected. "And I'd call companionship essential to life, in a country like this."

He neither agreed nor disagreed with her. So she finally found the courage to ask:

"Why did you ever come here?"

"That's something I've never talked about."

"But talk about it to me."

"Why should I?"

"It may explain something I need to know."

"It will," was his curt retort. "It was back in your world, in November, after I'd been moose hunting up in the Temagami country; I'd been married the June before. I got back unexpectedly. There was a man there. The bedroom windows were quite high, and I threw him through one of them. His neck, they found, had been broken by falling on the terrace balustrade. I waited until things were settled, as much as such things could be settled. Then I came away."

The woman beside him did not speak for a long time.

"So *that's* why you hated me!" she said at last.

"I don't hate you," was his solemn reply. "It's the world you come from."

"Where we were very much in the same boat," she amended under her breath. Then she broke the silence by saying aloud: "Will Pecotte tell them I'm here?"

"I'm afraid so," he acknowledged, though he wondered, a moment later, as to the reason for the half tragic and half trivial twist of her interlocked fingers between her knees . . .

Holgar, however, was not in error as to the tendencies of Michel Pecotte. That traveler out of the North, it is true, had not a great deal to tell. But an audience had been prepared for him. A woman of wealth and position in the world had dropped out of life. The wildernes had sent back no echo of her; frantic searching parties had found no trace of her; and Erskine, Wheelock's field engineer at Coppermine Camp, still brooded hour by hour over the wording of the ominous message that must eventually go to his manager in the East. But the advent of Pecotte, with his brief statement of having stumbled across a white woman in the wilderness, took that unpalatable task out of Erskine's hands. The news traveled by "moccasin telegraph" from the Post to Buckhorn Landing and from there to the rail head, where, dramatized to self-justifying dimensions, it was put on the wires and in due time made its appearance in a New York evening paper. There the abrupt information of how a millionaire's wife had survived fierce combat with a wounded bear and had lived in the woods on bark and roots until rescued by a sourdough trapper who had taken her into his home brought Robert Wheelock to his office telephone, where his pale face grew still paler as he called for a time table, sent a hurried message to his valet, ordered a taxicab and caught an evening train for Montreal.

He was more composed the next day as he thundered westward on the Overland Limited, but an undefined sense of betrayal mingled with a sense of remoteness once more took possession of him as he turned north on a rough logging line, carefully outfitted at the rail head, and struck overland for Coppermine Camp. Only fools, he felt, went into a country like that. And his errand, he remembered, was as foolish a one as a man could undertake.

Yet as he approached the Wapiti River country he became less openly restive. He was given to long silences and found little to say to his guides. He seemed to have a great deal to think about. And when they told him they were within a day of Holgar's territory he ordered them to make camp while he took a canoe and went on alone. With him he took a blanket and food. And Pierre Cat, the head guide, noticed that he also took along with him one of the rifles.

Wheelock's progress down the river seemed an advance into unreality, a world of amber colored waters and reaches of green-tinted gloom twining through receding hill tiers fringed with pine tops. His distaste for the territory increased, even before he came to a still lonelier area of burnt-over stumpage. They spoke of it as the "New North," he remembered, yet it impressed him as a land not new but sorrowful and immense and infinitely old; the oldest formation known to the geologist, he idly recalled. He could not imagine anyone willingly living in such a country. Even the river along which he advanced began to impress him as a waterway leading to the phantasmal end of a phantasmal earth, a stream of dull mystery creeping off into the heart of darkness.

Wheelock did not hurry. A second wind of craftiness had come to him by this time, immured in his black joy of turning over fragment after fragment of unpalatable information on which he had stumbled along the way. He wanted to come on them at dusk, at nightfall, when they would be least looking for a visitor.

He tried to be cool about it all, but he was more excited than he had anticipated. He even fell to dramatizing the meeting with his wife and that other man; that other man about whom he could not now think without a hardening of the jaw muscles. And when that meeting came about, he intended to be the master of the situation. Life had confronted him often enough with problems more complicated than this one, and he had engineered his way out to success. He even nursed a

growing impatience to see the thing brought to an issue.

Yet he was wary enough in his approach to that culminating moment. He watched the sun go down behind the black fringe of pine and as it went it seemed a sun that had gone out for all time. The desolation of the country more than ever depressed him. But he refused to be overawed by the barbaric.

He had intended to hide his canoe upstream and effect a secret approach on the cabin in the woods. But he suddenly realized, as he rounded a bend in the river, that it was already too late for any such maneuver. For on a rocky bluff overlooking the water, silhouetted against the sunset, he could see a man watching him. He sat motionless as he drifted on with the current, staring at that sentinel figure as he approached it, resenting its silence and its inalienable air of dignity. It seemed gigantic, in the clear northern twilight, grotesquely gigantic, on that enthroning black rock that thrust it up in clear profile against the vivid orange and green of the paling sunset. Yet neither man spoke.

Wheelock glanced down at the rifle lying along the bottom of his canoe. He could, without trouble, send a ball into that sullen black figure. But he could not construe this as any final solution of his problem.

The man, after all, was subsidiary. The vital factor was the as yet undisclosed woman beyond the man.

Wheelock beached his canoe and climbed to the top of the rock bluff, taking his rifle with him. He resented the Titan-like immobility of his enemy, who did not even turn as he approached. He resented the fact that he had to circle about that silent and somber figure, like a sheep dog circling about a mastiff.

Then the two men stood face to face in the twilight. They stood for several moments without movement or speech. The newcomer spoke first.

"Where's my wife?"

He uttered the three words quietly enough, yet they came with a savagery which was not to be mistaken. The other man, however, merely moved a massive head towards the cabin half hidden in the pine trees above him.

"How long has she been there?" demanded Wheelock, with his narrowing eyes on the barricaded big face.

"Nearly two months now," was the final response. Yet that response was uttered in a voice so quiet that the newcomer found something maddening in its assured tranquillity.

"What have you got to say about this?" he cried out, with his jaw squared.

"A great deal," was the still unruffled reply.

"I guess you ought to have!" contended the other.

Wheelock, for all his anger, found it hard to speak. He too had a great deal to say. But he sensed limitations to the manner in which it might be said. And it was betrayal touched with exasperation that sounded in his voice as he cried out: "What have you done to her?"

The other man stood silent a moment. "What I ought to be shot for," he said with a gesture of helplessness that seemed grotesque from a figure so huge. "But I want you to understand how it happened."



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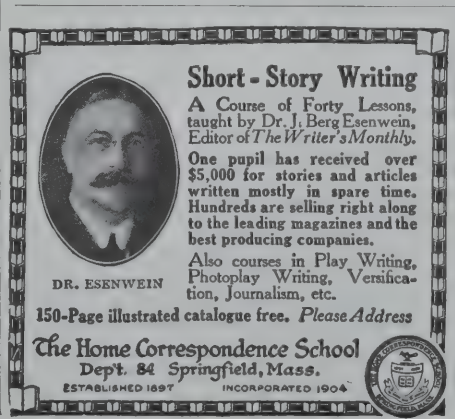
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Continued from page 8

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"Isn't it enough that it's happened," retorted Wheelock, "without hairsplitting over it? Damn you, I don't even want to hear you!"

Slowly Holgar drew his forward-slumping shoulders together. It seemed to take him some time to master his voice. He finally said: "Then what is it you want?"

"I want my wife," retorted the other man. "What's left of her!"

"She's there," said Holgar, pointing heavily towards the cabin, where a light now shone from the window. Then he turned and walked slowly off into the forest.

Wheelock stood looking after him. For the second time his turbid brain cradled the thought of sending a bullet into the shadowy figure. More than once one man had killed another, in that country, and claimed his victim had been mistaken for a moose. But that story, instinct told him, would not be easily swallowed. There would be a better time and a better way.

Wheelock lowered his rifle and went slowly up the wooded hillside. He stood panting in the clean swept dooryard between the frugal piles of stovewood. He waited, wondering at the silence within the low-walled cabin, puzzled by the thought that a place so small could house destinies so vast. Then he stepped forward and swung open the door.

IV

WHEELOCK'S wife did not even look up as he stepped inside. She was seated at a rough table on which stood two lighted candles. These candles were home-made, from the fat of some animal, and the smell of them in the closed cabin was unsavory. It made him think of an Eskimo igloo. It combined with the animal skins and the ax-hewn furniture and the inadequate sheet iron stove to bring home to him an impression of the primitive, of the barbaric. And the sight of his wife, bent placidly over her sewing, served to strengthen the impression. He thought of her as something docile and squaw-like, humiliatingly roughened in the rough apparel which tended to translate her into a being he had never before known. And with her needle, he noticed, she was stitching a patch on a man's flannel shirt, worn almost threadbare.

She looked up at him, at his gasp of anger touched with bewilderment, and their glances locked together. He waited for her to speak. But she seemed to have nothing to say.

"I guess this just about puts us even!" he cried out, with his foolishly recurring waves of anger. But still she sat studying him with her level, hard stare.

"Apparently you weren't expecting me?" he mocked, hurt beyond expression by the beauty he could still find in that remote and slowly paling face which floated before him in the uncertain light.

"I knew that you would come," she said at last, very quietly.

"You mean you *wanted* me to come?" he taunted with a protective parade of incredulity.

"I knew that you would come," she repeated, as quietly as before.

He advanced into the room, with his jaw set. He came to a stop at the end of the table where she sat. Her linked fingers rested on the rough flannel of the man's shirt she had been mending. But her eyes, all the while, were fixed on her husband's face.

"And what did you expect when I got here?" he demanded, hot with the knowledge that she was in some way throwing him on the defensive.

"That rests with you," she said with her maddening quietness.

"Well, it's a sweet mess for a white man to be dragged into. It's a sweet pill to swallow, with half the world knowing your wife's been——"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"I didn't expect you to feel sorry for yourself," she said, with her first show of spirit.

"You couldn't expect me to feel sorry for *you!*" he countered, with the last of the color gone from his face.

She sat back, studying him once more.

"Listen," she said at last. "All that life means to us, all our future happiness, stands like a lighted candle on this table between us. It must not and cannot be handled like this. If it goes out, it can never be lighted again."

Her sustained impassiveness was only fuel to the fire of his anger.

"For two months you've lived along with this bushwhacker and then you mouth about the delicacy with which the subject must be mentioned. It isn't a matter of lighting candles," he cried out, "it's a matter of commonsense and decency. For two months you have lived in this shack with a man who isn't your husband, and when your husband turns up you warn him to watch his step! And I'll tell you right here and now that most husbands wouldn't take the trouble to turn up!"

She stared at him with a slow look of illumination creeping into her face. She was able, at last, to articulate the scattered skeleton of all her earlier distrust.

"And what do you propose doing with me?" she finally asked.

He sat down, at that, as though she had thrust on him a burden that was too heavy for him. He sat for a long time, with his face working. Then he looked up at her.

"I propose getting you out of here," he said in a steelier voice than she expected.

"Do you mean you're taking me back?"

"Yes, I'm willing to take you back," he finally conceded.

She closed her eyes, to absorb the enormity of his mistake.

"That is good of you," she said with embittered tranquillity. But her face saddened, involuntarily, at the thought of the gulfs that yawned between them.

"This time—but never again!" he qualified, resenting her passiveness before a situation which still impressed him as calamitous.

"When are you taking me?" was her next question.

"Tonight," was his short reply.

She sat studying the flannel shirt, the abominably conspicuous flannel shirt, under her linked fingers.

"Where's Holgar?" her husband heard her ask.

"What's Holgar got to do with this?" he barked out.

"I'd like to see him before I go," his wife explained.

"I guess you've seen about enough of that man! You've——"

But her gesture once more brought him to a stop.

"I think there's something you don't understand," she said after a moment's silence. "Something about Holgar and me. Do you realize just why I've been here nearly two months?"

"The bald fact that you've been here ought to be enough for most people."

"But the fact isn't as bald as you may have believed. It's mixed up with other things, like most of the facts of life."

"Well, it's not the sort of mixture I want a wife of mine to be in!" he cried out at her in a hardened voice. The hostility of his face held her silent for a moment or two.

"You don't think this man—cares for me in any way, do you?" she demanded. Her husband's embittered glance swept slowly about the four crowded walls that enclosed her.

"I can't see much evidence to the contrary!" was his deliberate retort. And again their glances locked.

"But when I'd been lost for two days and came to his door, he turned me away. He refused to help me. He did even worse than that. He let me walk into a bear trap."

"He what?" cried Wheelock, incredulous.

"He stood and let me walk into a trap he had set for a wild animal. That broke my leg and left me helpless."

Wheelock stood up, his face strained. Yet he spoke quietly enough.

"You mean he deliberately let this happen?"

"I'm better now," observed the woman. Her statement seemed inconsequential to the man confronting her.

"Then by God he'll get a dose of his own medicine!" Wheelock bit out with a quiet savagery that brought the woman's eyes back to his face.

"That's impossible!" she said in little more than a whisper.

"We'll see if it's impossible!" was the other's embittered cry.

"But that would make you worse than he was," she reminded him.

Her husband stopped short. "You're not arguing a case for this half witted bushranger, are you?"

"No, it was more for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, I was hoping for bigness from you," she said as she relinked her fingers over the flannel shirt.

"Then, by God, you'll get it! I've played second fiddle in this situation just a little too long. You seem to have a weakness for the cave man stuff, so I'll give you what you want. Get ready!"

"For what?" she asked, her breath quickening.

"To come back with me," he retorted.

"When?"

"Now! At once! As soon as you get together what you need!"

She laughed for the first time, though not without bitterness.

"I've nothing to get ready," she explained to him. "All I brought with me was my rifle."

His gesture was one of impatience.

"Then get that," he commanded as he went to the door and looked out.

In silence she put on her hunting coat and cap and took down her rifle from the two wooden pegs in the wall where Holgar had placed it. Her husband was staring at the iron bear trap that hung in the farther corner of the room. And she took her turn at looking out into the night.

"Can we travel, in darkness like this?" she asked.

"I'm not as helpless as you seem to imagine," he retorted as he waited for her beside the open door.

She noticed, as he followed her outside, that he had forgotten his rifle, but she said nothing about it as they groped their way down to the river bank.

"Shall I come in my canoe?" she asked.

"No; you come with me, in mine," he promptly announced. But he stopped short before he stepped into the canoe after her.

"I've forgotten my rifle," he said. "Wait here for me."

Several times, as he climbed the hill again, he waited and listened and peered about through the gloom. Then he made his way back to the cabin. Once inside, he swung the door shut. After a quick inspection of the room he took down the heavy bear trap and placed it within three paces of the door. Then, with the ax he found in the cabin corner, he drove the bit of the trap's anchor chain deep into the heavy timber, drove it until the head was well sunk beneath the surface. He next gave his attention to setting the trap. To do so took all his strength. Sweat stood thick on his face when he had finished. Then he so placed the rough chairs and table that they marked off a narrowing alley, an alley which led directly over the set jaws of steel. Anyone moving in through the darkness from the door to approach the bed bunk would have to pass over those waiting jaws. Before he put out the two guttering candles, however, Wheelock took up the man's shirt on which his wife had been sewing, studied it, and then with infinite care draped it lightly over the outspread iron jaws.

He was composed enough by the time he had returned to the canoe and pushed out into midstream. He was grateful for his wife's silence. She did not speak, in fact, until he had paddled a mile and more through the uncertain light.

"Why did you nail up that cabin door?" she finally asked.

"What made you think I did?" he countered.

"I heard you."

"That wasn't a door being nailed up," he said with his little laugh of triumph, "I was doing something quite different."

"What was it?"

"I was getting a dose of his own medicine ready for that backwoods Romeo of yours!"

She did not seem to understand him for several moments. Then even in the uncertain light he could see her shoulders stiffen against the canoe thwart in front of him.

"The trap!" she said in a thin whisper of comprehension. But there was no further sound or movement from her.

She sat ominously silent until Wheelock, an hour later, announced the futility of trying to make further headway in the darkness. He was tired, and they could land and sleep comfortably enough until daylight left things easier for them.

She watched him as he made ready a sleeping place by spreading jack pine on a sloping rock shelf.

"There's only one blanket," he observed. "So it'll have to be a case of sharing again."

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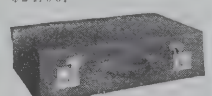
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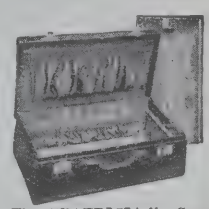
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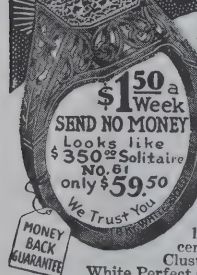
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She made no reply to that, and he accepted her silence as weariness. But she lay awake, painfully awake, listening to his breathing. She waited until he was asleep. Then she slowly and quietly slipped from under the blanket and crept to the water's brink. There she headed downstream again, groping her way through the darkness. It was not easy going. Sometimes she found fallen cedars to climb over. Sometimes there were boulders and tree roots to trip her up. At one time she was wet to the waist and at another she had fifty feet of a pebbly cut bank to climb. But she realized the need of keeping close to the river. Once a bobcat screamed, within a stone's throw of her, and her blood curdled at the sound. The acids of fatigue filled her body and her leg hurt her more and more. But she fought her way on, hour by hour, with her clothing torn, with her face slightly smudged with blood from a briar scratch on her hand.

The presaging gray light of morning was creeping over the land when she won back to Holgar's cabin between the pines. She had to rest several times before she could mount the path leading from the river to the worn little dooryard. She had to climb slowly, steeling herself for what awaited her between the familiar low walls of spruce so neatly matched and dovetailed together.

Her breath came in short gasps as she hesitated a moment outside the door. She listened in vain for some sound from within. Then with a deep breath she swung the door open.

The cabin was empty. On the table, restored to its accustomed place, lay the flannel shirt on which she had been sewing, neatly folded. On its hook in the far corner hung the huge bear trap, and beside it stood Holgar's ax and rifle and broom of shaved hickory. The floor was fresh swept and the bunk made. Over the room, with its humanizing odors, hung a fortifying air of neatness, of competence unshaken and unshakable.

She turned in the doorway and sat down on the narrow threshold. A deepening rind of orange and opal showed in the east above the receding loneliness of the hill tiers. The forest birds were choiring a new day into being.

There Holgar, coming back with a pail of water from his spring, found her with her head on her arm. He put down his pail.

She heard the sound and looked up. Slowly she rose to her feet, with one hand against the rough door frame. Just as slowly he advanced towards her.

"I've come back," she said, very quietly.

He stopped, amazed at the desolation in her voice. About her heart, too, crept a tightness at his silence.

"Was it the trap that made you come back?" he finally asked.

"No, it was something bigger than the trap," she acknowledged with a tremor in her voice. "But I was afraid of that, too."

"Afraid I'd walk into it?" he asked, incredulous.

"Yes."

He drew a deep breath. "We woodsmen are taught to have keen eyes. We see many things that other men never see."

"Then you know why I came back?" she asked, with that odd band of pain still belting her quick beating heart.

"I know," he said as he kneeled down in front of her, and his great arms clasped hungrily about her wet knees.

"Do you want me?" she asked, with her briar-scratched hand reaching out for his bent head. She could feel the momentary tremor of his body. But he did not look up.

"When I've earned you," he said with his head against her knee.

You won't want to miss Louis Joseph Vance's "The Lone Wolf Returns," each chapter of which is a thrilling mystery story in itself—beginning in February.

The Talking Vase

(*Continued from page 88*)

No one could fail to be impressed by such gravity of mien, by such tones as issued from that majestic robed and turbaned figure. With some nervous giggling, the library filled up and the door was closed.

"Sit erect, with your hands upon your knees. Concentrate wholly upon the questions you have asked." The professor stood near the vase; his eyes were gleaming, his brow was furrowed, he had become dominant, immense. Again his voice became sepulchral. "Concentrate! Be silent! Wait!"

Followed a long pause, insufferably intense. "O Voice of the Vase! Great Spirit of Poopar!" Tremblay cried sonorously. "We knock at the gates of the Beyond. We await the sign."

Again a breathless silence; then came a faint rustling as of dry leaves, or the sighing of a breeze, and the bearded figure stirred. "He comes! The Voice! Yes, Mighty One, you call for—for Mary? Miriam? Is there a Miriam?"

Miss Donaldson spoke in a reedy, frightened voice.

"Ith it me?"

"Come forward, please."

Miss Donaldson rose and went blindly to the table; she inclined her head and listened. Through the silence was heard the unmistakable tones of a thin, far away voice. Far away indeed, since it spanned centuries. Miss Donaldson gasped and clutched at her throat; she nodded as if in answer to a question; then she tried to form words but her lips failed her. The murmur from the vase was like the faint tones of an oboe but evidently the message was distinctly audible, for the girl's pallor increased with every sentence. Her bosom heaved; with her free hand she pawed aimlessly. Those who watched her growing agitation were appalled when, without warning, she uttered a piercing shriek and collapsed.

The door to the living room was flung open. Ginsberg, Hyman and others crowded through. They were met by Professor Tremblay bearing the unconscious star in his arms.

"It is nothing," he calmly announced. "The first subject has fainted, as usual."

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brought the victim around. She opened her eyes to discover Bush Thorndyke, white and helpless, staring down at her the while her employer, Ad Hyman, feverishly massaged her hands. A most amazing thing then occurred. Miss Donaldson snatched her hands away and spoke to Hyman as follows:

"You dirty dog!"

Hyman sat back upon his heels; his mouth fell open; then, attributing the outburst to hysteria, he spoke soothingly. But the diminutive beauty would not be soothed. "I've got your number, you—you *therpent!*" With one small palm she smote the producer a resounding smack upon his full olive cheek. "Buth! *Buth!*" she wailed and held out her arms to Thorndyke.

Thorndyke knelt gracefully beside the couch and gathered her to his bosom. He moved slowly, as if through force of habit he timed his action to the cranking of a camera. Over his shoulder he explained:

"We didn't intend to announce it, but Miriam and I were married a month ago."

"Ach!" Hyman recoiled, his eyes blazed. "There goes fifty thousand off 'The Gutter Lily'! And after I've spent a fortune advertising her as the Public's Darling. Co-starring with her *husband!* Why, it's like announcing that Jackie Coogan is a married man. Isn't business rotten enough without trying to run the fans out of the theaters?"

Miss Donaldson had won fame by her ingénue portrayals, by her playing of placid sixteen year old innocents, but she qualified now as an intensely emotional actress. She withered Hyman with a glare of hatred. "You thnake in the grath! Wait until I tell Buth! *Wait!*"

"I must warn all of you," gravely announced the professor, "that the Voice is pitiless. How could it be otherwise when it speaks only the Truth? Perhaps some of you fear disappointment, bad news——"

"It wathn't bad newth: it wath good newth," declared the bride of a month, the "Gutter Lily." "It—thaved my happineth." She bowed her head upon Thorndyke's chest, in the exact spot where she had bowed it so many times for the slow fade, and wet his shirt front with her tears.

"She seems to be all right again, so let's go on. There's something I simply *must* know." It was Stella Green of the expensive spine who spoke, and when others shared her eagerness the sitting was resumed.

This time it was Madame Turin who was summoned from the circle. "You may take the vase in your arms," Tremblay told her. "Let us be sure there are no concealed wires—no trickery of any sort."

Reverently the singer lifted the relic and bore it to her chair. There was nothing hysterical about Turin; hers was the blazing ardor of a zealot. "I am waiting!" she declared in her full, round voice.

Again came the eerie whispering from the shadow world, but this time those sitting near the great artist could distinguish occasional words and phrases, and their scalps tingled.

". . . glorious gift of song prostituted . . . this vile and degrading employment . . . multitudes waiting to acclaim . . . Paris, the entire Continent in grief at your desertion . . ."

"Yes, yes, but my contract?" Turin cried in tones of panic. "It calls for four more. I—it's—oh, that is *impossible!*"

The birring continued for some time. Closer the songbird clutched the urn; she strained it to her bosom; her eyes were tragic. She questioned it, she argued, she protested. Hers was indeed a demonstration and she made the most of it. "*Thais!*" she cried at last. "But it was promised to another . . . I—understand. It is the climate. I've noticed the change . . . It will go and never return? . . . There's more money in opera . . . I—I thank you."

It was plain that the singer had experienced a great shock; nevertheless she withstood it nobly. Like one in a trance she returned the vase to its guardian. Breathlessly she told him: "This was a priceless privilege. Priceless! And a superb demonstration! It has changed my entire career, my life."

Next the vase called for Wilbur Kent, most popular of the Notable Film Company's directors; then "Red" Courtney of the Screen Writers' Guild, and Stella Green the last of the Gins-Art stars. Several others were likewise summoned.

Despite this unique opportunity of learning something about the spiritual world, about the beatitude of their departed relatives, it seemed that each and every one of these earnest students of the psychic had propounded questions concerning their own material selves—questions of a purely business nature. Their yearning to prove the existence of life after death, strangely enough, had taken the form of requests for professional counsel—the future indeed concerned them, but their own immediate futures only. That the Voice conversed in terms of dollars and cents, that it discussed salaries, contracts, renewals and options indicated that the Rajah's spirit was not only endowed with a god-like patience but also that it possessed an amazing familiarity with the film business. Much "inside" information passed between it and them and no more convincing evidence of a supreme intelligence could have been adduced.

The first group of sitters became enthusiastic converts and the library rapidly filled up for the second show.

Ad Hyman was among the first to receive a message and evidently it was not a pleasant one. He said little, but he perspired freely and even after he had gone back to his seat he continued to mop his face. He was no longer a skeptic but a worried if reluctant apostate.

As for Ginsberg, when his turn came he talked frankly to the vase—upon banking matters. "So? . . . It ain't possible? . . . Listen, I don't care if it *is* the biggest group in Wall Street. Why should I let 'em put in four hundred thousand dollars when already we got more money then we need? . . . Six percent, eh? . . . Sure! And I don't know if I want to take on any more stars, either, with salaries coming down every day . . . Wait! Don't tell me!"

Whatever it was the Vase told him, Ginsberg was astonished. He could barely credit the good news and when he had finally finished his spirit interview he announced to his hearers:

"Maybe it's a fake, but for what I just heard I wouldn't take a hundred thousand dollars, cash." When he reseated himself, he was seen to nod and to smile and to compute upon his fingers. He was heard to mutter strange and cryptic words.

The last guest had gone. In Ginsberg's dining room was laid out a midnight spread, largely liquid. At the table sat the producer himself, Jimmy Lord, Moe Apple and Joe Thomas; before them was a stack of envelopes and sheets of note paper. These Sol and Moe were reading between drinks.

"Listen to this from Ad Hyman," chuckled the host. "'Is it safe to risk Myrtle Sawyer in a leading role?' Ha! It should take an Injun Rajah to answer that! Only for Myrtle's sake and yours, Joe, I could wish Jimmy had boosted her for a Bernhardt."

Lord shook his head with a grin. "I warned him to beware of a blue eyed woman who had recently come into his life and said the home office had got wise. Told him they were sending out an efficiency man to cut overhead and it meant her job or his. But Donaldson will put an end to Miss Sawyer's future, anyhow."

"Say! What did you pull on her?" Ginsberg inquired. "I never heard such a screech."

"She's been getting candy through the mails for a month—some nutty fan, of course—but I told her it came from Ad and he intended to poison her so as to put Myrtle in opposite Thorndyke. Well, candy *is* poison to Miriam. Another five pounds and she'll be too fat to get over. While we were shooting 'The Bride of Hate,' she ate a box of Turkish paste and her liver went bad. It cost us six thousand dollars. Of course I didn't know she and Bush were married—that was pure luck. I'll bet they'll be back on our lot in a week."

"It looks like a big night's work for you," Joe Thomas told his host, "with Madame Turin eager to cancel and hurry to Paris while there is yet time to save her voice and the future of Grand Opera, and with the Passion Flower wedded to Gins-Art for life, not to mention the others! Some of them spoke so low I was afraid the dictaphone wouldn't pick up their voices."

"I didn't catch everything they said," Lord confessed, "but after Donaldson did her flop they were ready to take anything."

"What made you call Red Courtney?" Ginsberg inquired of the director.

"He's married to a rotten sequence in his last script and I thought I'd clean it up, for my own sake."

"Maybe you told him five hundred dollars was too much for a bum original?" Sol beamed hopefully.

"Say, you're in luck that nobody wandered downstairs and found Apple and me with that wireless rig and these written questions!"

Apple agreed to this. "Sure! A lot of 'em came here to kid the thing and they'd have done it, too, only for Joe's thought transference. That one had me going and I don't know yet how he did it."

"Don't you fellows believe in anything except alcoholic spirits?" Joe grinned and put a new "collar" on his glass.

Ginsberg shook his head positively. "After tonight, spirits, with me, runs in the end book."

"Well, there is a bright bellboy at the Ambassador and I hired him to stay in

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By HECTOR FULLER

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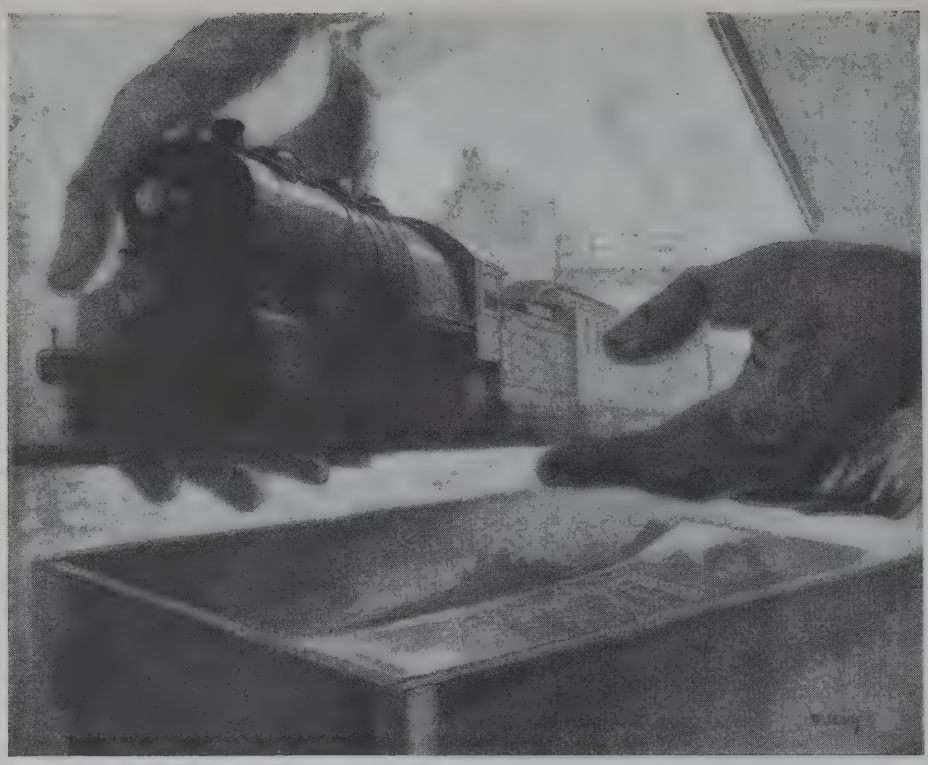
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my room. With him I left a list of names—two columns. The first column contained ten given names, like John, Henry, George and so on, and each name was numbered; the second column was made up of ten family names, Adams, Murphy, Graves, Johnson, similarly numbered. When Hyman asked for Henry Graves, the boy looked at his list. Henry was two, Graves was three. He read my mind and knew I was thinking of twenty-three. It was as simple as Moe's conjurer's bag with the double pocket and the duplicate envelopes. That is an old gag but I couldn't think of any better way to get those questions into Jimmy's hands."

"Tse! Tse!" Ginsberg clucked and shook his head. "It's a shame you should waste such brains on the electric business."

Moe Apple was examining the turban Joe had worn. He looked up to say: "Wasted, is it? And him with the patents granted for his new coil and this head set. It's too bad you won't have a piece of his royalties to waste on pictures. The first time I looked at that vase, I'll say it fooled me. I had to run a wire up the spout to detect the amplifier."

Thomas was of a similar mind. "Yes, if I've cured Myrtle of the movie habit I won't consider my brains wasted. 'Fragrant Myrtle Thomas, the Wonder Wife'! I'll be around in the morning, Sol, and rip the wiring out of your library."

It was a week later. Joe Thomas looked up from a magazine as his wife spoke his name. Outside the car windows the desert was gliding past.

"Yes, dearie?"

"Are you getting tired of me already?"

"Why, sweetheart, I'm in Heaven." The groom leaned forward and kissed her pouting lips.

"I didn't know. You haven't said anything nice for—ever so long. And Joe! You'll never tell anybody what a miserable failure I was in pictures?"

"Nonsense. Who says you were a failure?"

A moment passed, then Mr. Thomas was again interrupted. "What are you reading, pettie?"

"One of those articles about spirits. It's great."

"Surely you don't believe in such things?"

"Of course I do. There are certain phenomena of nature——"

"You're one of them, dear." Mrs. Thomas favored her husband with an adoring gaze. "You're better looking than any of those leading men and I'm going to be frightfully jealous." The speaker ran her fingers through her husband's head of wavy midnight hair and he grinned fatuously at her compliment. "Poor, hard working Joe!" Again the pouting lips invited him. "This trip must have cost a fortune! And we could have spent the money for furniture!"

"Nothing like it, honey! You see I wired Ginsberg's house for him while I was in Los Angeles and he gave me a tip to buy Gins-Art stock. The trip hasn't cost a cent."

The name of Frank R. Adams stands for stories with a delectable human touch. "Super-People," in February COSMOPOLITAN, *is one of the best he has ever written.*

VOL. LXXIV FEBRUARY, 1923 NO. 2

COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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Next Month

THE best novels grow for several years in the author's mind. Now and then an excellent story springs into manuscript spontaneously but most of them are written and rewritten in the imagination before they are put on paper. You readers of COSMOPOLITAN are to get one next month which has been developing for five years.

"THE HOPE OF HAPPINESS"

By Meredith Nicholson

Mr. Nicholson and I are fellow Hoosiers, graduates of the same newspaper in Indiana. We see each other in New York or in Indiana several times a year; and there hasn't been a time in five years that we haven't discussed his plan to write a novel which would put in understandable form the human yearning for happiness.

After all, that's what we all want—happiness. Some of us think it comes from money, some think it comes from love, some from success, some from religion. Mr. Nicholson believes it comes from something which is none of these individually but is compounded from all of them.

He expresses his belief in one of the most dramatic stories I have encountered in my fifteen years in the magazine business.

RAY LONG

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President RAY LONG, Vice-President JOSEPH A. MOORE, Treasurer W. G. LANGDON, Secretary, 119 W. 40th St., New York

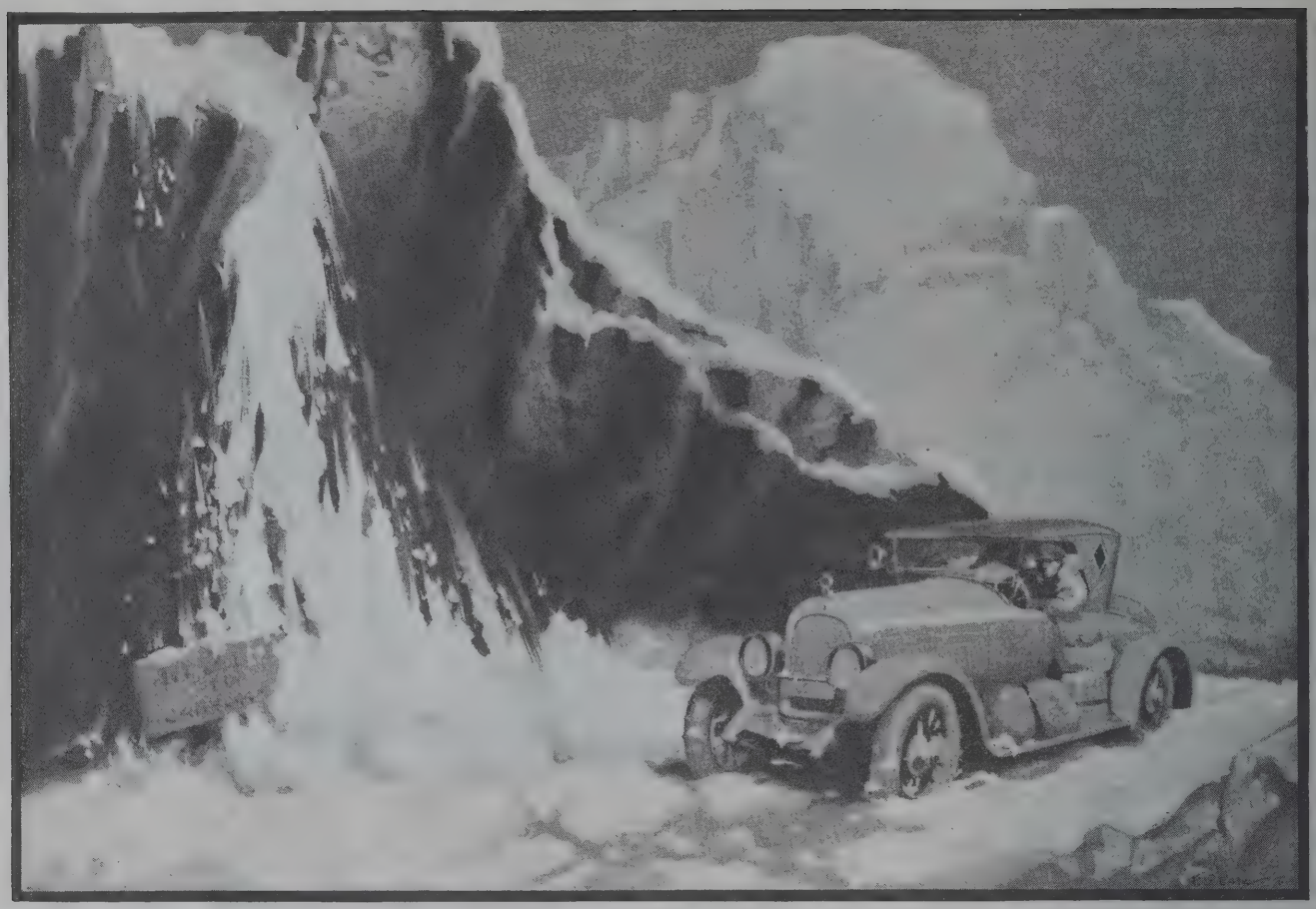
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Barney Oldfield crossing over Raton Pass in mid-winter—A painting by F. S. Cole

"My Marmon Surely Stands the Gaff
-cross continent eight times"
By Barney Oldfield

"I've driven many makes of high grade cars, but none ever had such hard service as my Marmons.

"The reason for this is that since adopting Marmons I have undertaken the manufacture of Oldfield tires, which I test personally. To get definite, first-hand knowledge of how my tires stand punishment, I've driven my Marmons continuously under most extreme conditions—high speed on race tracks, ordinary travel on bad roads and hard going on cross-country trips.

"My Marmons have served as pacemakers for a lot of races during the past two years, and I have driven all over the country visiting Oldfield dealers.

"Mrs. Oldfield is equally enthusiastic over her Marmon Coupe, having driven it across the continent twice. She comments constantly on its easy handling, comfort and dependability.

"I've had a hunch that the national survey of Marmon mechanical maintenance would prove the great economy of this sturdy car, and I'm not surprised that the monthly average is as low as $4.71. My Marmons pile up mileage with practically no maintenance expense to me.

"Believe me, there's no car to equal a Marmon for dependability, performance, and economical maintenance."

M A R M O N

The Foremost Fine Car

VOL. LXXIV No. 2 COSMOPOLITAN FEBRUARY 1923

Not Guilty

by S. E. KISER

I'M glad I'm not the man who takes
The rent a certain widow pays;
With dulled eyes and a heart that aches,
She drudges while her landlord plays.
Her children bitterly have learned
That want and wealth are constant foes;
I'm glad that when her wage is earned
I'm not the one to whom it goes.

I'M glad I'm not the man who wrecked
The hopes an anxious boy possessed;
His proud ambition has been checked,
His eager spirit is repressed.
I'm glad I did not turn him out,
To wander forth, pursued by fear,
His daring undermined by doubt,
The victim of a spoiled career.

I'M glad I'm not the man whose greed
Has caused distress and want to spread
Where old men lack the warmth they need
And their old wives are underfed.
Because of profits others take
They have been driven to despair;
I'm glad I have not helped to make
Them think that God is deaf to prayer.

I'M glad I'm not the man for whom
The girl found floating yesterday
Renounced the world and sought the gloom
No morning breeze will blow away.
Her spirit may be where there's none
Who challenge her by word or look,
But I am glad I'm not the one
Who sent her on the course she took.

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How Can We Regard With Awe

By GEORGE ADE

Illustrations by

ERNEST WISEMAN has loitered in every kind of settlement, from the one bordered by cornfields to one bordered by crime, and yet to this day he cannot lay down a working rule for safely dividing the socially important from the bourgeoisie, the *déclassés*, the second-raters, the impossible, the ones who do not belong, the persons one is not expected to know, the non-eligibles, the culls, the discards, the dubs, the sorry ornaments of the fringe, the climbers, the pretenders.



In every community sufficiently ripened to have samovars and country clubs and a vague interest in English lecturers, there is a segregated band recognized by the local newspaper as "society." It is set apart from the commonalty of lawn sprinklers and those who carry to their homes ice cream and oysters in paper buckets.

No one living within the radius of illumination generated by aristocracy can be left in doubt of the fact that there is a wall of fire dividing the elect from the plebes.

But no one can tell just what requirements a candidate must flash in order to sneak past the cold-eyed ladies who guard the sacred portals.

Many persons of impaired credit, bad manners and rancid reputations are safely inside, holding life memberships, while kind hearted couples with bank accounts and one hundred percent deportment and well behaved children are pacing up and down outside—not a Chinaman's chance of edging past the turnstile.

Let us not scoff at them too hard for wanting to have their names put down in the golden volume. They think they are missing a lot of Elysian days and Arabian nights. In the meantime the favored ones are missing a lot of sleep.

Have you ever met any families of enforced morality who would gladly trade their respectability for just one mention in the scandal weekly which circulates openly at resort hotels and surreptitiously in perfumed boudoirs? Did Washington's men freeze their feet at Valley Forge in order to give us this brand of democracy?

If prizes were to be awarded for best answers to the question "Who is the lonesomest and



A FAMILY TREE *Which Has Just Begun to Bear* NUTS?

F. Foster Lincoln

unhappiest mortal in the U. S. A.?" do you think the winner would name the sheep herder out on the plains; or the derelict stamping his feet on a warm grate in the pavement; or the keeper of the lighthouse, surrounded by churning waves and reading a paper six weeks old; or the country girl who weeps over mother's picture in the most forlorn back bedroom of a cruel city?



No, after all investigations had been sifted over it would be learned that the lonesomest and unhappiest mortal among us is the woman who has closets full of clothes and chamois bags full of jewels and who wants to give a parade but cannot exhibit her accessories of grandeur to anyone except the husband and the waiters. The only definite ambition she will realize is finally to become acquainted with a celebrated nerve specialist.

Now, if we can keep our faces straight, let us regard the steel-clad defenses thrown up against an attacking horde of "newly rich." Of course there is no money, even in New England, old enough to be redolent of anything except the mint. Furthermore, there is no habitation west of Pittsburgh in which the plaster has thoroughly hardened.

Statistics show that 996 out of every 1,000 women who smoke in public still feel like circus performers and the man who can wear white gloves without being self-conscious is practically nonexistent except in the most depraved centers of continuous revelry.

How can anyone become reverential in front of a family tree which dates back to the Chicago fire? It has just begun to bear nuts.

A family tree does not inspire awe until it is withered at the top, tattered in the boughs and encrusted with lichens, fungi, moss and parasites.

There is this to be said for almost any set-apart unit known as "society." Only a few of the individuals who have been herded into the royal stockade become emotional over their good fortune. Most of them don't know how they got there and wonder what the whole darned thing is about. Some who have moral heroism of the Savanarola kind climb out and live happily ever afterward. Not many. The show isn't much after you get a front seat. But think how scarce the tickets are!



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

as he looks when he is extricating the Lone Wolf from a particularly tight situation

A New Novel by

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The Lone Wolf Returns

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens



Indisputably a fascinating creature, Folly McFee. "Who," she cried, "wants to take me down for this tango?"

"I LOVE you," said Michael Lanyard.

He spoke in French; and that simple phrase, covered by the surging song of strings and wood winds, was inaudible to other ears. Only the woman with him heard and, hearing, roused from the reverie into which she too insensibly had lapsed, turning back from the prismatic pageantry of the dance eyes whose grave regard gave never a clue to the emotions his words had inspired.

Making no more acknowledgment than this, she studied him intently but kindly, touched by the wistfulness that shadowed the demeanor of unpretending dignity which she had learned to like best of all the many phases of the man their friendship had revealed.

The severity of evening dress in line and lack of color became him well, setting off the lean, sculptured contours of his face, giving value to its even warmth of tone. Traces of silver at his temples hinted at that history, not too happy, with which she was in part acquainted. The strength with which his mouth was modeled affected her, as always, with a faint, strangely pleasant thrill of alarm; the dark, clear eyes, at once deferential and demanding, held her in a spell she had no wish to break.

"I love you," he repeated.

Her brows took on a quaintly plaintive cast. "I know, my friend," she replied, in the same tongue and tone. "For a long time I have known . . . as you have known my love was all for you. And yet . . ." The slender, exquisite shoulders lifting their fairness out of the corsage of her jetted gown sketched a shrug.

"I had to wait to tell you," he said, "till I was sure——"

In indulgent raillery she interrupted: "Sure that you loved me?"

He smiled, but wagged his head in stubborn earnestness: "Sure of what else I must say."

"There is more?"

"Much more." The man leaned nearer over the table, with a deepened accent of sincerity. "I love you so dearly, Eve, the thought of a life without you is beyond my understanding . . . Yet I may not ask you to be my wife."

"May not?" Hands of consummate grace fluttered above the cloth in tragi-comic impatience. "Or will not?"

"Will not because I may not."

Eve de Montalais held a small pause of perplexity, made a small sign of frustration. "It is a riddle," she said. "But when one speaks in riddles, one speaks playfully . . . as you do not. Tell me, then, my Michael! why you think you may not ask me to marry you, when between us all else has been said?"

"I love you too well——"

"Too well to make me happy!"

"Too well to let you risk your happiness on the hazards of such a life as mine."

"You forget, if you deny me the right to share those hazards, whatever they may be, I shall have no happiness to risk."

"You are young," the man stated thoughtfully, "the best of your life lies before you. And you are, I think, the loveliest woman that ever lived. Many men after me will long for and love you; one of them you will find worthy . . ."

"Still, you forget, my heart is given."

"Time heals all memories."

"You believe that?" She withdrew a little, settling back in her chair, and used her fan, gazing away over its nodding plumes. "I was mistaken, then," she commented. "I believed you loved me too well to hold my love the whim of a day or a month or a year. I thought you knew me too well to think my love was lightly given, or once given might be recalled."

He winced under that reproach. "Without your help," he pleaded, "how shall I be strong? You know what it costs me to say what I am saying, that I could not say anything to displease you if I held your happiness second to my own. It is of you alone I am thinking—you whom I love and who are not for me."

"If you love me," Eve de Montalais said quietly, "you will never leave me."

"Better that, better you should learn to hold the memory of me in contempt, than I should risk your waking up too late, as some day you would surely waken, to realize you had joined your life to the life of one whom the world esteems a common thief."

"'The world esteems'!" Disdain touched her lips. "You are not that."

"I was once——"

"The past is dead."

"Or merely sleeping: who shall say?"

"Ah, no, my friend! You waste your time if you ask me to believe that."

The music fell, and the gay rumor of voices that replaced it, as the dancers began to move back to their tables, was not enough to warrant the former sense of security from eavesdropping by inadvertence or intention. In tacit silence, Madame de Montalais extended her hand; Lanyard offered his cigarette case, then a match. But after a single inhalation the woman forgot to smoke and permitted the tobacco to fume to waste in its jeweled holder, her attention seemingly diverted by the pomp and vanity of that sumptuous cavern wherein the folk of her world were accustomed nightly to foregather and play yet once again the time-old game whose fascination never fails, whose stake is love . . .

But Lanyard had eyes for his love alone.

Her beauty in his sight was like a pain in his heart, a hand at his throat. Slender and gracious and fair, with a sense, hard to define, of something more than human in that warmly human loveliness, something that made one think of a sickle of moon afloat in an azure midnight sky, of dawnlight fleeting breathlessly athwart a summer sea . . .

And his for the asking!

He had loved before, but never as now, never with this tenderness, this all-possessing wish to serve and safeguard, this passionate self-abnegation . . .

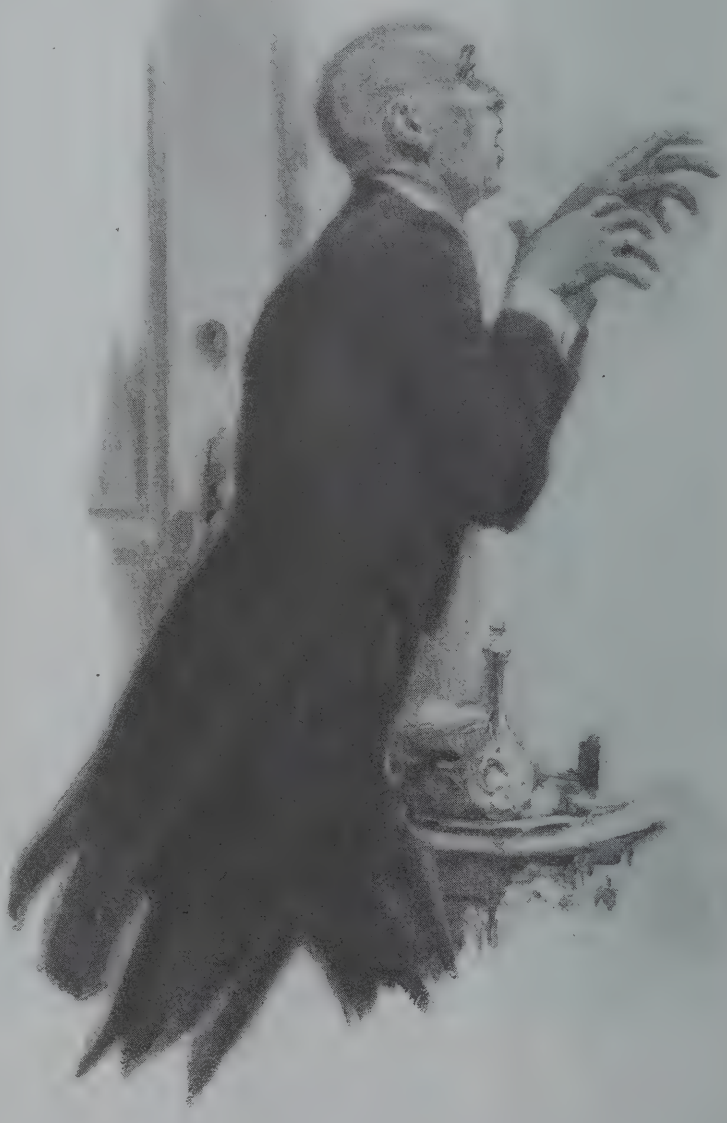
"What is it?" he asked, seeing her start, with an almost imperceptible suggestion of aversion, as she sat looking away across the room.

"That man," she replied—"that creature, rather, whom one never sees without shuddering. And one sees him everywhere."

Even before he looked Lanyard had divined the occasion of this antipathy. It was true, what she had said; ever since the tides of destiny had brought these two together in New York, no matter where they had turned in quest of amusement, or rather for an excuse to be with each other, of an evening, at some time in its course it had seemed fated that they should cross the path of this personality, odd, compelling and in some how forbidding.

One saw the man now, with a party of guests laying claim to a table on the far side of the floor, a table that had been conspicuously reserved and refused to others, though the Crystal Room was crowded and late comers were importunate. A gross body, ponderous and slow of movement, with a heavy face of singularly immobile cast, resembling, and for all its fleshiness as destitute of color as, a mask of papier-mâché, with a strange effect of transparency as if lighted by an inner glow akin to phosphorescence. Punctiliously mannered and at all times dressed with the nicest care as to the cut and propriety of his clothing, but unfailingly bedecked like a sultan with an incalculable wealth of jewelry in sets meticulously matched; yesterday with emeralds, today with diamonds, tomorrow with rubies, at another time it might be with fire opals burning on fingers and watch chain, serving as cuff links, waistcoat buttons and studs for his shirt. A bizarre shape to meet in the haunts of fashion . . . And never alone, always surrounded by a little court of sycophants seldom twice of the same composition, but as a rule including a few fragile beauties, apparently of the stage, and invariably one whom Lanyard took to be a paid clown, an undersized man with the face of a sage droll, the dress and deportment of a diplomat, and something in his fixed solemnity which suggested an ever present expectation that his lightest word would win a gale of laughter—as, indeed, it seemed to.

The other sat, as by habit, taciturn and aloof in the heart of his noisy company. A dull man or a deep. Speaking seldom, eating little, drinking nothing, never smoking, holding one pose without stir for long minutes at a time; only the eyes beneath hood-like lids, eyes of a repellent pallor and surprising brightness, were restless, ranging from face to face, not only of his companions but of every person within his scope of vision, peering into each with a steadfast, imperturbable and penetrating curiosity . . .



Lanyard had more than once been resentfully conscious of that prying look. He was conscious of it now and rather hoped its author could read his lips, reckoning its impertinence ample justification for the temper of what he was about to say.

"The Sultan of Loot," he observed, adding in answer to Eve's quick and mirthful glance: "My private nickname for the animal. If it does him injustice, he ought to take in his sign, don't you think? I know him by sight, of course, but that is all. Some bucketeer or bootlegger, no doubt. Prohibition no less than Providence makes strange bedfellows nowadays in this mad country."

"Strange," the woman mused, "how people one doesn't know sometimes seem to haunt one."

"When it *is* strange."

Her eyes narrowed. "Why do you say that, Michael?"

"I hardly know," he confessed with a deprecatory laugh. "More, at least, than this: that it has seldom been my fortune to be so haunted without something in the nature of a sequel."

She made a mental shudder vivid. "In this instance, for your sake, I trust the rule will not hold good."

"I hope so, indeed. I entertain the least inclination imaginable to better my acquaintance with that monsieur. And yet, it would surprise me not at all if I were to see much more of him before I see less."

There was music again, a retrograde movement from tables to open floor.

"Why so mysterious, Michael?"

"Upon my word, I can't tell you! Why did you shiver when you spoke of the fellow? Blame it, if you like, to that sixth sense, that instinct of self-preservation which serves some men as intuition serves most women—call it what you will, I have quite definitely a feeling I am no more done with that one whom I do not know than I am as yet begun with him."

A sidelong glance discovered the personage in question indulging one of his rare smiles, an introspective smile that might mean he had indeed been reading Lanyard's lips, or might mean nothing of the sort. True, he was no longer looking at Lanyard; it remained equally true that he was apparently paying no attention to the conversation of his company . . .

"And that is why"—a derisive shift of the woman's eyes indicated the quarter of the room in which the subject of their speculations had established himself—"you are trying to jilt me—is it?—and excusing your ungallant conduct with vague references to the 'hazards' of your life!"

Lanyard shook his head, again possessed by the gravity of his purpose. "I am scarcely so childish," he said. "But for days—for months, indeed, but especially in these last few days—I have been thinking of the life I had to offer a wife, the life of a man hunted, without fortune or position, friendless in a strange land but for you."

"Hunted?"

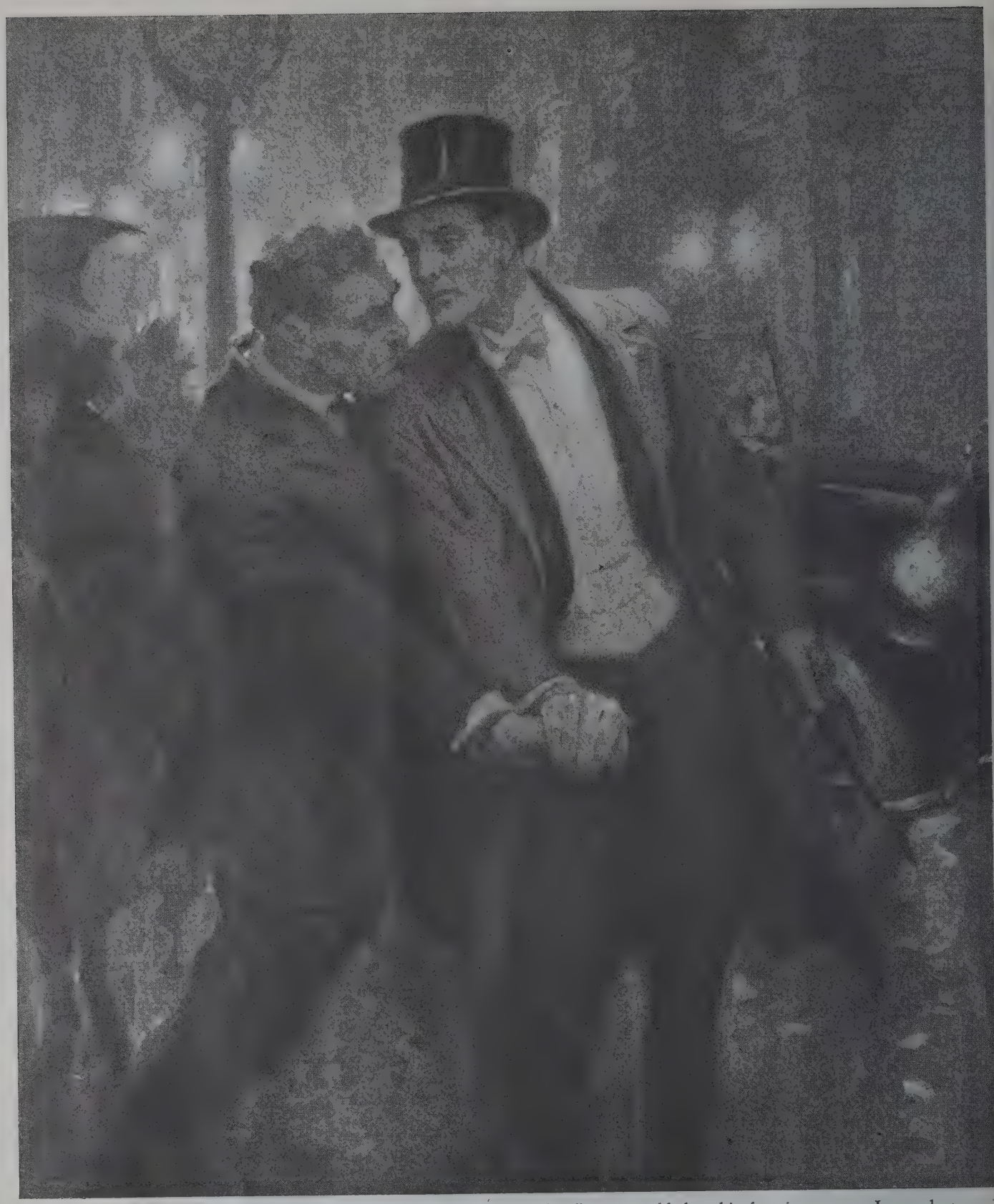
The echo deprecated the strength of that term, but he would not modify it. "Hunted," he reiterated. "The life of an outlaw. Society does not forgive; it will sometimes applaud a successful transgressor, but it never has patience with the penitent."

"Tell me why you say that, Michael. I have the right to know . . ."

"It is this, then," Lanyard said with reluctance: "Wherever I go, I am a marked man. The world wears mocking eyebrows



"Monsieur Morphew!" stuttered Theodore between clashing teeth. "The police! A raid! A raid!"



As the woman uttered peal upon peal of laughter the chauffeur scrambled to his feet in a rage. Lanyard stepped

when it hears that the Lone Wolf no longer prowls. 'Perhaps, today,' it says; 'but wait. Let him prove his sincerity and fortitude against the dead drag of my indifference; let him make his way if he can; I have my own affairs to busy me . . .' The police are satisfied my change of character is merely a blind. Another class, even more skeptic, is composed of those whose lot today is as mine was yesterday, creatures of envy, greed and uncharitableness, all those qualities that make criminals. These, should they see me in rags, would say, 'One more turn of the screw and he will be one of us again.' Seeing me apparently prosperous, they say, 'Observe that he wants for nothing; he is cunning, that one.' Or suppose some unknown make a famous coup; the chorus is then, 'The Lone Wolf has done this thing!' . . . Society indifferent, its police distrustful, its enemies envious; one needs strength to make way against so strong a tide!"

"You have it."

"But will it last?"

"With mine to comfort and encourage you when your strength wearies . . ."

"But figure to yourself a possible event: We marry. What happens? Your friends are affronted, they turn from you——"

"Did you call them friends?"

"Even friendship fails when one flouts its self-esteem . . . You are left alone," Lanyard pursued obstinately, "but for me. And for every friend you have lost, you have found an enemy—



between them. "None of that!" he enjoined, raising his voice to drown the man's snarl.

my enemies. These good haters of mine will resort to every expedient to poison your mind against me, while to me they will come saying, 'Do as we bid you or be prepared to see her suffer.' Conceive me mad enough to tell them to go to the devil; the next time we find ourselves conspicuously placed in public, a hand falls on my shoulder, I, your husband, am arrested on a trumped-up charge. Assume that I clear myself; still the disgrace remains, the shame. And I its cause! . . . No—never ask me to condemn you to a life like that!"

He sat brooding in a silence which she respected for a little, watching him with shrewd vision all the while.

"Something has happened," she said at length, "to make you think such things."

"You are right." He nodded heavily. "I have come to my senses. These months I have spent in almost daily association with you have been the sweetest of my life. I have been happy . . . But they can't continue. I love you too well."

The plumed fan was arrested, the woman's eyes widened and darkened, her breathing quickened. "What do you propose?"

"I think you know."

"Tell me!"

He entreated her with haggard eyes. "Since we may not marry, what else can I do but go my way?"

"No!" she countered impatiently. "There is something more in your mind than you have told me."

"Neither there nor in my heart."

"You are keeping something back for fear of frightening me, some danger that threatens you . . ."

"Nothing."

"Nevertheless you have reason to fear——"

"I have always to be on my guard. Misfortune visits in strange guises, and most often unannounced. For myself I am accustomed to that, I do not greatly care. But for you—that is another matter!"

The fan resumed its weaving. After a pause Eve said: "If you must go, so be it. But 'whither thou goest, there go I——'"

"No!"

"It matters not how far," she nodded. "What is it to me where I live, so I am with you?"

"Can you require that of me?"

"I?" she cried, startled. "Of *you?*"

"You are a woman of this world, Eve. Do I not know? Can I forget how you were when I found you, buried to life in that isolate château half a hundred years to the south of Paris? Can I not see what a change has come over you in these few months of your New York?"

"Of you——"

But he would not listen. "You were born and bred to breathe this atmosphere. Can you ask me to doom you to exile in some hole or corner, some place so lost that the whisper of my ill fame will not find it? Some kraal in South Africa; some iron hut in the Australian bush! Where else? . . . You would die of such a life, or live only to learn to hate me."

"Never that. Love outweighs all."

"So we tell ourselves, so we believe, until we are required to lay down for love even our self-respect. Could I retain that—could I forgive myself—knowing I had robbed you of all that



"What is it?" asked Michael Lanyard. "That man," Eve replied, "whom one never sees without shuddering."

had made life fair for you, and left you only the happiness of giving up your life for love?"

"Selfishness speaks there . . ."

"Vanity, the father of selfishness, is present in every human affair. It is not a pretty thought; but men and women in this world are made that way. There is my vanity, too, to be thought of." Lanyard had a twisted, apologetic smile. "Consider that you have never known a want you could not gratify out of your private means; while I am a penniless adventurer, a man living from hand to mouth, today on a modest pension from the British Secret Service, tomorrow on God knows what . . ."

"At last!" said Eve de Montalais. "It is that, then; it is your pride that stands between us."

"A man with less is not a man whom you could love."

She made no direct answer, but after a time she stirred, sat up and began to gather round her the folds of her evening wrap.

"I am a little weary," she told him. "There is more to be said than you ave said, my Michael! but not now, not here . . . Perhaps another night . . . Please take me home."

CHAPTER II

The breath of that November night was soft and warm, its dim sky distilled a pensive rain with frequent pauses. Burnished by the daily traffic of eighty thousand tires, the wet pave of the Avenue resembled a broad channel of black marble veined with pulsing gold. Over churning tides of after theater travel the police towers watched like great gaunt goblins, stabbing the misty murk with angry eyes, ruby, emerald and amber.

The brougham drifted sedately with the northbound press; its pace all too swift notwithstanding, its journey too quickly accomplished. Yet neither of the lovers had spoken since leaving the Ritz. Only when the gray palisades of the Hotel Walpole loomed ahead, spangled with the gilt of a thousand windows, the woman stirred in her corner and sat forward, peering with sweet concern into the face of the man, giving him her hands.

"Be patient with me, Michael," she murmured. "It isn't that I can't read your heart. I know, my dear, I know! All you said just now was true enough; but all the truth has not yet been said. Neither are my wits as ready as yours. You must give me time to think. You will, I know."

"I am altogether yours," he answered. "Your happiness is all that matters."

"Not all, not my happiness alone, but yours as well—ours!"

She swayed into his arms; for the first time Lanyard knew her lips . . .

He came to himself—after a fashion—standing bare of head beneath a lamp-fringed canopy of bronze and glass, formally touching her fingers and mouthing polite phrases as to a woman he barely knew . . . Absurd!

And on her part only enriched color and the deepened radiance of her eyes betrayed the revolutionary work of those too few moments . . .

"Tomorrow," he heard Eve saying . . . "No—not tomorrow, I'm dining with the Druces. The day after. Call for me early, Michael; we'll have a long drive and a little dinner somewhere in the country."

Her look said so much more, he had no certain knowledge of what he stammered in response. But presumably the phrases served. She nodded gayly, hastened up the steps. He watched her whisk through the revolving door and fade from view in the hot illumination of the foyer before it occurred to him to re-cover his head. And his stare was vacant when her chauffeur delayed him with a respectful query; to which, after a moment, Lanyard replied, many thanks, but he felt more in the humor for a stroll than to be motored to his rooms; he wouldn't mind the drizzle.

The goblin eyes blinking from red to green, he profited by the interruption of up- and downtown travel to cross to the west side of the Avenue before settling into stride for the walk of a mile to his modest lodgings; in a mood of exaltation too rare to countenance return of those misgivings to which he had that night for the first time given voice, those doubts and fears by which his lonelier hours of late had none the less been ridden, ever since he had learned that his love for Eve de Montalais had grown to be a passion passing his strength to withstand.

He had done his best but had essayed the impossible tonight, in attempting to make her see that marriage between them were for her a madness. He saw that, now he knew of her own confession that she loved him. Now with the music of her

incomparable voice still chiming that assurance in his memory, now with the fragrance of her lips lingering on his own, Lanyard knew that whether he had fought well or ill to save her from himself, the fight was lost, one course alone remained to him: to do away with every hindrance to the firm establishment of Eve's happiness, to reorganize his life so that every objection to their union might be compromised, every echo of the past silenced, every embarrassment of the present compensated.

A task to tax the wits and heart of a superman, contemplation of it in that hour affected Lanyard with no dismay; armored in and inspired by her love, he could not fail.

In this ecstatic temper only subconsciously aware of his surroundings, the man was measuring off a round four miles an hour, southbound on the sidewalk over across from the Cathedral, when that occurred which brought his head down from the clouds: the semaphores signaled for another suspension of traffic on the Avenue, and an instant later a taxicab inexpertly driven at unlawful speed passed Lanyard crabwise, skidding wildly on the greasy asphaltum as its chauffeur threw out clutch and applied brakes to avoid crashing into a file of cars debouching from west Fiftieth Street.

An old-fashioned, gloomy contraption, of that high-chested hobbledehoy type now fast becoming extinct, the cab performed two complete revolutions like a skittish monstrosity chasing its tail, and toppled perilously as if minded to try a somersault as well, before it brought up, rocking and growling, broadside to the curb a dozen paces or so ahead of Lanyard.

From its black pocket of a body noises of embittered expostulation were issuing in a woman's voice and a foreign tongue; neither the voice of a gentlewoman nor language such as one would employ with whatever provocation. It was to Lanyard, indeed, like a souvenir of younger years to hear that broadside of vituperation couched in the argot of the thieves' kitchens of Paris. And at a discreet distance he paused, diverted, humanly hoping for the worst.

At the same time a badly rattled driver, comprehending no word of the abuse cascading upon his head but sensitive enough to its tone, fell off his box and made for the door, vainly seeking to make an authentic brogue audible. But his hand was no sooner lifted to its latch than the door flew open in his face and a lovely lady in resplendent attire and a towering fury bounced out and—a figure of flaming color in the blue-blacks of the nocturnal scheme—addressed herself to the man with gesticulation so vividly adequate to her temper that instinctively he lifted both arms to guard his features and, stumbling over his own heels in panic retreat, sat down with suddenness and shocking force.

No national spirit is so exquisitely responsive as that of the French to the comedy of physical misadventure. When the chauffeur coming into contact with the sidewalk gave up his breath in one vast *"Ouf!"* of agony, his fare forgot to be angry, cut a blistering epithet in two, and incontinently passed into such spasms of mirth that she was fain to lean her finery against the dripping side of the cab lest her limbs fail to support her. And while she shook and held her sides and uttered peal upon peal of laughter—heedlessly permitting her wrap to fall open and expose to the inclement air the most cynical of décolletages framing flesh quite literally crusted with jewels—the chauffeur was scrambling to his feet in a rage that threatened to rival her own late transports; and a crowd was beginning to gather, too, as crowds will in New York, upon any provocation, in any street, at any hour of any day or night. On which accounts Lanyard reckoned it time to interfere.

Hurriedly consulting the taximeter, he stepped between the two, fished a bill from his pocket and pressed it into the palm of the chauffeur before this last comprehended what was happening.

"None of that!" he enjoined, peremptorily, raising his voice to drown the snarl with which the man was tuning up to repay abuse and derision with the drippings of his own vocabulary. "You've got your fare, so clear out before this officer whom I see approaching gives you a summons for careless driving. D'you hear?—not another word!"



A gross body; a personality odd, compelling and in some how forbidding.

And as the chauffeur, cowed by this appearance of authority, shut a gaping mouth and stumbled to his seat, Lanyard turned to the woman and caught her arm in a firm grasp. "Come, Liane! Compose yourself. I'll find you another cab."

The woman responded with a moment of stupefied silence during which her eyes rounded incredulously, then with a squeal of rapture—*"Lanyar-r-r-rd!"*—and an impulsive offer to enfold him to that generous bosom which clever footwork alone availed to foil.

"Michael!" she cried in French. "My Michael! Of all men living the one whom I most have longed to find!"

"Observe that the lost is now found," he advised in the same language, smiling. "But be so amiable as not to keep me waiting here in the rain. Pull yourself together, Liane—your wrap as well, if you don't want to catch cold in your chest—in most of it, at least." In a more urgent voice he added: "Can you not understand your danger? Cover yourself, Liane—you are mad to expose such treasure on a public street at night!"

"What flattery!" the woman responded demurely. Nevertheless she did as he bade, clipping her cloak at the throat with one hand while the other slipped beneath his arm. "I am so overjoyed to find you again, my friend, I do not believe any evil could affect me. But come . . ."

She tugged him out of the grinning (*Continued on page 102*)

Love Lyrics of a Lounge Lizard

Illustrations by



You think I'm a gay bird, a young cabaret bird
Who shakes a mean dog just for fun.
Well, can that impression, I'll make a confession—
I do it to harvest the mon.
These fat dames of forty who think they are sporty
Fall hard for us pleasant young men
Who're willing to drag 'em around in the dance
And kid 'em a little when there is a chance
To make 'em feel twenty again.

And so if these hens who would like to be wrens,
Who gad around town pretty much,
Should on some occasion without much persuasion
Hand over a twenty or such—
Well, why should I spurn it? Believe me, I earn it.
Consider the stress and the strain
Of hearing 'em talk about systems of diet,
And teaching 'em dance steps. Oh baby, you try it!
It's tough on the feet and the brain.

[2]

I didn't think that I could get a thrill
From any kind of Jane. I thought I'd seen
Most every sort: the kalsomined chorine,
The haughty dame, the peppy little frill
Who flirts with danger as these flappers will
With baby face, and eyes both hard and keen.
But say, tonight I lamped a little queen
Sweet as they make 'em. Honest, I could spill
A line of talk about her for an hour.
For she was like the simple forest flower
I've never seen, but that I've read about.
Her eyes were warm and soft, she seemed to glow
With happiness at all this Broadway show—
The place seemed kind of dead when she went out.

[3]

She came here last night with a bird that I knew;
I breezed up and met her—and danced with her too;
She shakes a mean pump and she's light as the breeze
That sometimes I've heard in the Central Park trees.
She isn't a bit like these cute "baby vamps,"
But nevertheless since I've looked in her lamps
I've gone off my nut and I can't do my stuff
Of tossing these middle-aged damsels the fluff.

The kid is so young and so gay and so bright
That after I'd sat at her table last night
The rest of the women appeared, for a fact,
Like painted wax figures whose varnish had cracked.

Her color's her own, and it's peaches and cream,
Hot dog, she's the marbles—a blonde little dream.
Her front name is Prudence, her last name is Hall,
She came here from Kansas and "just loves it all!"

She "just loves New York with its hurry and strife,"
She "just loves the gay cosmopolitan life,"
But I'll tell the world with some vigor and pith,
I don't think so much of that crowd she is with.

I'm not any preacher, but I've got a hunch
To slip her the low-down on all of that bunch;
The women aren't much and the men are a mess
—But still, it is none of my business, I guess.

[4]

There's something the matter with me,
For some way I don't seem to be
So pleased with the stunts
That I've done. All at once
I'm watching myself, and I see

A guy who is playing a part
Which he thought was clever and smart,
But lately I find
That it troubles my mind,
Or maybe it's mostly my heart.



By BERTON BRALEY

C. F. Peters



I'd patted myself on the back
For craftily "getting the jack"
From middle-aged dames
By my cute little games;
I'd prided myself on my knack

Of getting by, easy and slick.
But now—well, it's making me sick;
I'm a poor sort of fish
And I certainly wish
I never had pulled such a trick.

I wonder just what she would think
Of any such cheap little gink
Who'd grafted and lied
Like a crook and a snide
To pick up a handful of chink?

It isn't much fun, you'll agree,
To look yourself over and see
The kind of a mutt
That a Nice Kid would cut—
There's something the matter with me!

[5]

Isn't it funny how you'll go along
Mixing around among the "giddy throng,"
Working your graft and dragging down the kale,
And then—and then you'll meet some little frail,
And after that it never is the same,
You cannot keep your mind upon the game,
She comes between you and the easy money—
Isn't it funny?

Isn't it funny? I have seen her twice
And I've met lots of other girls as nice
(Or some would think so), but this dainty kid
Has got me skidding, I can't keep it hid.
It's weeks since she has been here, but I find
I keep her all the time within my mind,
Her face and figure and her voice like honey—
Isn't it funny?

Isn't it funny how a bird will get?
She's probably forgotten me, and yet
I fret about her, hoping that the child
Won't get in wrong. That crowd is pretty wild
She travels with. I'm not the guy to pan 'em,
But if she asked me I'd say, "Kid, you can 'em!"

Say, think of me, the hard-boiled Broadwayite,
Wanting to show a girl the way that's right,
Wanting to keep her sweet and pure and sunny—
Isn't it funny?

[6]

I never seem to mind the paint
The others wear. But on the dead
It pretty nearly made me faint
To see Her lips a drug store red.
She's put mascara on her eyes,
The rouge upon her cheeks is thick,
It may get by with other guys,
But say, it makes me kinda sick.

It never shocked me when a Jane
Got slightly edged on bootleg booze,
But when She did—well, speaking plain,
I guess I changed my former views.
I even mentioned it to her,
She answered, sort of cold and clear,
"You're not my guardian, kind sir,
I'll thank you not to interfere!"

I guess I've put myself in bad,
I guess my good advice is barred,



But though I'm not an angel lad
I hate to see her growing hard.
I'd like to help her if I could
And be her buddy, if I might,
But—she thinks I'm not any good
And probably the kid is right.

[7]

She's getting quite jaded
And faded
And thin,
She can't stand the pace she is going—

You cannot get frisky
With whisky
And gin
And not have effects of it showing.

This here cabaret life
Is gay life
All right,
No harm if you use moderation,
But she steps out daily
And gaily
Each night
She seeks for some novel sensation.



She looks like a "cutie,"
Her beauty
Will lose
Its innocent charm and its flavor,
The kid's actions grieve me,
Believe me,
I'll use
The best that is in me to save her.

[8]

I guess I'm just a zero
Or not much, anyway,
Why can't I be a hero
Like a fellow in a play?
Why can't I think up something
Some action, brave and strong—
And not act like a dumb thing
That lets his girl go wrong?

Why can't I get a jigger
Of courage in my heart?
Why can't I show some vigor
And play a decent part?
Why can't I have the gizzard
To prove I'm better than
A smooth-haired dance floor lizard,
Why can't I be a Man?

Slip me some laurel, and I'll tell you why,
For I am a hero, I cannot deny.
I've rescued my lady
From ways that are shady,
For once in my life I'm a Regular Guy!

Some hard little chicken slipped Prudence some stuff
That looked like the snow to me—boy, I got rough,
I jumped in, oh mommer!
And grabbed the dope from her;
"Too much," I remarked to that bunch, "is enough!

"Hereafter this nice little kid trots with Me,
I trust all you ladies and gents will agree—
If not, some smart lollop
Is due for a wallop—
Ah, everything's pleasant and peaceful, I see!"

I took the kid home in a taxi. She cried,
Her face on my shoulder, for all of the ride,
And shaky and teary
She sighed, "I'm so weary,
Please take me away where a bad girl can hide!"

I kissed her and called her my own little queen,
And well, it was Great, if you know what I mean.
And it thrilled me all right
When she called me her Knight,
I need a new Kelly—say size seventeen!

[9]

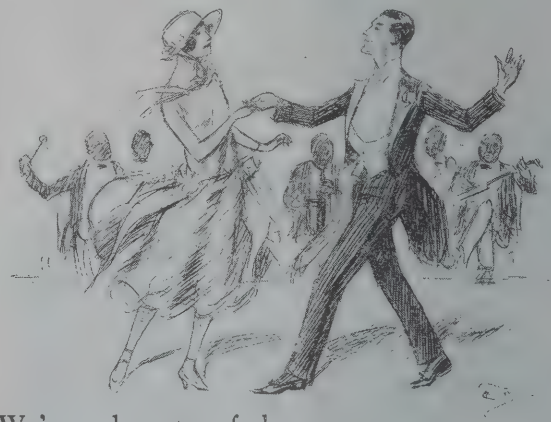
She knows the kind of a bird I've been,
But she says to me: "Dear, you'll find
That out in the West where the Men are Men
We can leave our past behind;
We will pack and go where the Great Winds blow
And the air is sweet and clear,
And out afar from where cities are
We can build a new career!"

And I said to her: "It's a noble plan
But I haven't the railroad fare
To take me out where a Man's a Man
And—what would I do out there
Where there's not a chance for a bird to dance
Which is all the trade I know?
But I know for a fact we could frame an act
That would go in a Broadway show!

"I've had my lesson and you've had yours,
And in Broadway's 'open places'
We both can find as permanent cures
As 'out in the open spaces,'
For it's not the town that has pulled us down,
No matter how much it's tried us,
We can both come through like we ought to do
If we've got the stuff inside us."

[10]

We're a syncopated couple in a syncopated town,
But although some kinds of people look us over with a frown,



We've a decent roof above us
And some decent friends who love us
And we earn a decent living in a syncopated way.

We're the king and queen of Jazzland and we surely make it pay!
Life is all in how you take it,
Even Jazz is what you make it,
It is deadly for the foolish, but a tonic for the wise;
We are getting wealthy by it,
And I'll whisper, on the quiet,
That we rock our kids to slumber singing jazzy lullabies

By KATHLEEN NORRIS



A Story of—and for—
Husbands and Wives
the World Over

The Man *Afraid of* His Job

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"AH, HERE you are at last, you old darling! Freezing, of course; and are you dead? And what sort of a day?"

Maryland, fragrant, eager, loving, came with the words, in a rush, from the little warm sitting room. Scott Waterman could see the glow of the lamplight behind her, and her pale pink knitting under the lamp. He shed his big rain-spattered coat, and as she put her young, strong arms about him he leaned against her wearily, her warm, living cheek touching his cold and lifeless one.

"*Fine!* What kind of a day yourself, sweetheart?"

He tried to say it spontaneously, convincingly. But he was too weary in soul and body. His voice slackened oddly on the words; he went past her into the dining room, and silently, her own face grown suddenly sober and tired, Maryland followed him.

They repeated this little failure night after night. No use to try to deceive each other; they were too close. Despite her most desperate resolution Maryland could not meet him gaily; despite his anxious determination Scott could not seem to reach home in a happy and confident mood.

The instant their arms went about each other Scott felt a great weariness and relief overwhelm him, and Maryland's eyes flooded with the tears that rose from weakness and great need. And in frank admission of fatigue and unhappiness they would cling together, unable to wear any longer the trying masks of the long day.

"Idiot!" Maryland would usually say of herself, half apologetic, half laughing, when he wiped her eyes on his big handkerchief. And "I'm a little tired—be fine when I've had dinner!" Scott always added. Without ceremony they immediately began the meal. Sometimes Scott said that he was too tired to eat, but he always liked to have her coax him into it.

They had been married four years, four hard years. Life was, to them, pretty much what it was to thousands of other young persons, and yet of late they had begun to be a little bit frightened.

Of what? Maryland used to muse, in the quiet, brooding days, when she went about slowly wiping dishes, dusting the piano, peeling the dinner potatoes and putting them into clear cold water. Nothing was really wrong. Other women kept house and had babies and managed somehow. There was no real reason for this constant sense of uneasiness, of apprehension. Yet she felt it, always, and she knew Scott felt it too.

She knew Scott looked at other men bewilderedly; men who talked about turning in the car for a new car and sending the little girl to a private school. How sure they were of themselves! They played poker—they belonged to clubs—they were free——

Scott and Maryland had no particular ambitions regarding poker and clubs, but they would have been grateful for a little margin—for a surety that when the baby came everything would be all right—that they could keep their heads above water.

"We aren't beaten so far!" Scott would say when they went over their bills every month. And once, lately, Maryland had



added fearfully: "Scotty, what happens—to people like us when they *are* beaten?"

He had merely laughed at her; he had said that as long as Iverson and Ivers were in business, his job was safe. But the laughter had died, as all Scott's laughter did in these days, upon a drawn, tense expression intended to be a smile. Scott was beginning to have uneasy dreams, or rather one dream, over and over. The dream of losing his job.

He would start up, wide awake, in the night, staring about the little bedroom into which a street lamp sent bright bars of light, his brain confused, his heart hammering——

It was all right, only a dream. Scott would sigh, sink back ready for sleep again. It had been only a dream of himself humiliated and dismissed, pleading with Eckstein, with Floyd, for an explanation, for mere justice.

But the dream made his nights dreadful and lingered with him through the silent, worried days. He held long mental conversations with his various superiors in the firm, desperately



Scott's brow was dark when he found the McGavins at the country club—bootlickers, he inelegantly described them.

morous conversations beginning with a "Say, what's the idea? here do they get this stuff . . ."

Fired! He was cleaning out his familiar desk. He was ing away. Maryland was going to have a baby, and the city as big, and dark, and coal-less. And he was being pointed t, the Iverson and Ivers man who had been fired . . .

No. That was just another dream. Damn the dreams! e was awake, looking feverishly and breathlessly about e room, with the street light brightly barred across the wall and bureau. His forehead was wet, his mouth dry.

Scott would lie wakeful for awhile, counting and recounting the arguments that made him sure—absolutely sure—laughably sure—of his job.

Scott was thirty; he had been eight years with the big furniture house; his father had been a trusted employee of Iverson and Ivers when Scott was born, and for all his life. Maryland's father too had been head of their storerooms for thirty years, and Maryland had been old "C. P.'s" secretary when she and Scott met.

The firm had more than a business significance for them; it was the important, the fundamental, fact of life. Iverson and Ivers was the world, eternally absorbing. Maryland asked every evening for the news from the office. What about the new man? Who had taken Miss Rogers's place?

Especially she was interested in the personalities; the Ivers boys, the Iverson girls and their husbands. Alice was in, was she? And what did the man Bella was going to marry look like? It always pleased Maryland, when she went into the offices, to meet some member of the firm and have a personal word. And she had been made really happy two weeks ago by a message from magnificent Mrs. Floyd Iverson, just a word, to Scott to tell his wife to take care of herself now, and that the Iversons were very much interested to hear that there was going to be a baby.

"I wonder how she knew?" Maryland had said, deeply gratified. "That was awfully gracious of her!"

"She always liked you," Scott had reminded his wife. And Maryland had said with pleasure, "Yes, I believe she did."

"You remember," Scott had said, "that they sent us flowers——"

"Yes," she had answered quickly, "I remember! And Bella wrote me—I'll never forget that! They've always been kind to us."

"I guess they keep a closer eye on us than we think," Scott had continued, less to keep the conversation moving than to drive the shadow from his wife's brown eyes. It always came there when she remembered the days, more than three years ago now, when the Iversons and the Ivers and all the rest of their little world had sorrowed with the young Watermans, who had lost their baby.

They had sent flowers, and Bella, from the Fitch School, had written. And before that they had sent Scott Waterman and Maryland Bliss, both of "the office," handsome wedding presents. And not long after the marriage both the Ivers and the Iversons had invited the young pair to dinner, an honor not paid to many of the office force.

So Scott and Maryland were bound to them by a hundred ties; the glories, the trips, the country homes, the fashionable weddings of the Ivers and the Iversons were a part of their lives. They felt that they belonged to the firm and the firm to them.

But then, why were they afraid? They did not know. Old Ivers hated to let any employee go, much less a trusted one of eight years' standing. And Floyd Iverson was personally fond of Scott. But both men were rich, their word was law in the firm, and their ways and thoughts were not the ways and thoughts of their trooping hundreds of employees. Scott, almost a product of the firm, and a dozen other trusted clerks, had an actual reverence for the way they managed affairs, stood in a sort of superstitious awe of them.

Tonight he was unusually silent, unusually grave. He came to his dinner with a long sigh, attacked his soup absent mindedly.

But Maryland had a way with soups; she had made a knowing combination of what was left of the cream of tomato with what was left of the green pea. It was scalding hot and strewn with crisp croutons. Scott had a second plateful, finished the little tureen. His color began to come back.

"Mrs. Floyd Iverson was in today," he said then, after a long, relieved breath, as he relaxed in his chair. "She asked most particularly for you."

"She did?" Maryland said, smiling.

"And wants us—there!" Scott tumbled a crumpled letter on the cloth. "Wants us to lunch with them at the Beachways Club, some sort of special occasion, a week from Sunday."

"Scott *Water*man!" Maryland was really pleased. "They've never asked us there before! Isn't that nice of them? Won't it be fun?" she said.

"Sure it will." But he had not warmed to it; he was holding something back. She eyed him expectantly. "Oh, yes! by the way," he said casually, doubling a bran muffin over a lump of butter, "they've given Phil Knox the mail order department."

Maryland was turned to stone. She moved only her brown eyes; they rested upon his.

"They have?" she said quietly, with a dry throat. And immediately she looked down, moving her fork slowly back and forward; he saw that her lips were trembling and that her eyes brimmed. There was a silence.

"Don't feel so badly, you little old sweetheart!" he said then tenderly, trying to laugh.

"Scott," she said thickly, imploringly, "they haven't!"

"Oh, yes they have!" he assured her lightly and philosophically. "You know we thought they would? Old C. P. made it a point to stop beside my desk today, and he told me himse He said that the directors had been watching Phil, and that t boy really seemed to have settled down, and that they all su gested it."

"Phil Knox—that *kid!*" Maryland said bitterly. Her fa had flushed darkly. "Scott, it's not fair——" she pleade "C. P. himself promised it to you, when Babcock resigne Don't you remember?"

"Yep, perfectly!" Scott said. "But that was before Be got engaged to Knox."

"I hope he ruins the department!" Maryland exclaim passionately after another pause, in which their eyes we riveted together.

"Well, he won't," Scott said with a rueful grin. "For course I'm there, under him, to save him!"

Maryland flushed again; the thought was insufferable. H splendid Scott, at thirty, working under this boy of twenty-fi who had been but a matter of months with the firm! In silen she rose and carried the empty plate and the tureen to the kitche returning with Scott's chops and his stuffed potato and her ov bubbling bowl of milk toast.

Breakfast sickened Maryland, in these days; luncheon w at best an experiment. But supper, of hot rice or hot milk anything thin and simple and hot—hot—hot, was the revivi time. She lived all day for this blue bowl of comforting fo at supper.

Her face dark, she began it in silence. Fury seethed in h soul. It was hard to go on quietly sipping with this tempest rebellion within.

"Nothing you can do, Scotty?" she said, forcing her to to patience, after a while.

"Nope. Kenyon spoke to me about it—the boys feel ve badly. But there's nothing to be done. I was showing Phil t ropes all afternoon."

Oh, insufferable! Maryland narrowed her eyes to hide tea

"You couldn't go to old C. P. yourself?"

"No. Not very well. They're cutting down everywhere, y know. Everybody's nervous. It wouldn't do any good, a it might hurt me. My best bet is to stick behind Phil—Bell got a barrel of money, he may not stick it out long. They decide to go to Europe or something——"

Maryland looked across at him, and the contrast between th younger woman's lot and her own, this younger man's lot a Scott's, was bitter in her mouth. Bella would be married in glo and excitement, Bella would decide to go abroad, just abo the time that the Scott Watermans were painfully figuring o what hospital and nurse expenses would be.

There was probably a big dinner going on at the Iverses' th minute! Butlers were passing all sorts of wonderful food——

She was suddenly reminded of the invitation.

"So this is why we are asked to the Beachways Club!" s suggested scornfully.

"I suppose so," Scott admitted. "Doesn't it make y mad?"

Maryland studied the letter darkly.

"I won't go," she said flatly. "They shan't treat you like dog and then have us dress up and smile and talk all a whe Sunday. I won't do it!"

"I'd rather not go," Scott said simply.

"Scotty," said Maryland after a pause, and out of a brow study, "Scotty, do you suppose the Iversons know how bad they're treating you? They've always been so nice—do y suppose they *realize*——"

"Well, I suppose when a business gets to be as big as ours he conceded mildly as she paused, "it's hard to keep the person element in view. Their main idea was to place Phil somewhe But it knocks all my plans into a cocked hat. I hoped for th job, and then if the old man fell for my advertising idea I w going to ask him straight out what the prospect was of my son day buying my way into the firm—not this year perhaps, b if we work that royalty basis and you keep well I thought perha I could let the royalties pile up——"

"You ought to be in the firm some day, Scott!" his wife sa warmly. "Think of it—you in Iverson and Ivers! Wouldn't yo father be proud, and wouldn't *my* father be interested?"

"If Phil blows up and the old man drops out—he's eighty mused Scott with shining eyes. "I don't see why not. Ivers began with a little crossroads store, you know, sixty-one yea ago. Funnier things have happened."

Maryland had finished the milk toast and looked ten yea younger than the woman who had welcomed Scott home hour ago. Her cheeks blazed with brilliant color, her brow



"I'm as big a man as any of them. World's full of things I could do," said Scott. "And I'm *free*."

es shone, all her radiant vivacity and animation had come back. "Scotty, you darling, I only mind this for you!" she said in r tender, motherly voice, laying her hand over his own. "But ver mind, dearest, the Iversons had their bad days sixty ars ago, and we're having ours now! It can't go on being so rd. And I don't really resent their being so rich," added aryland, establishing herself in her husband's lap now and ing her soft cheek against his, "it's none of my business what ey do—there's plenty left for us, and we'll have it some day! I rather have my own darling baby in my arms, and just old len to cook for us, than all their servants," said Maryland. This is bad luck, but the next'll be good, and meanwhile don't orry about my grumbling, Scotty, because this is really the etchedest time! In a few weeks I'll feel gorgeous, and it'll spring, and thank God there's no influenza now to complicate. ut let's not go to their party at Beachways—that's a little *too* uch. And if ever I see C. P.—I hope he'll get over what I say him, that's all!"

Scott laughed luxuriously, unalarmed. For her voice was at its pleasantest now, childishly severe, and between her pretty eyes was a stern little pucker that made her look like a cross baby. And she was young and sweet and fresh, and—despite worries and responsibilities—it was heavenly here in the little house, warm and alone, rested and fed, and with Maryland to talk to.

"Lord—Lord, I wouldn't change places with any one of 'em!" he said.

Maryland put the letter in her mirror rim, and for several days she was extremely scornful about it. Then the tide began to turn.

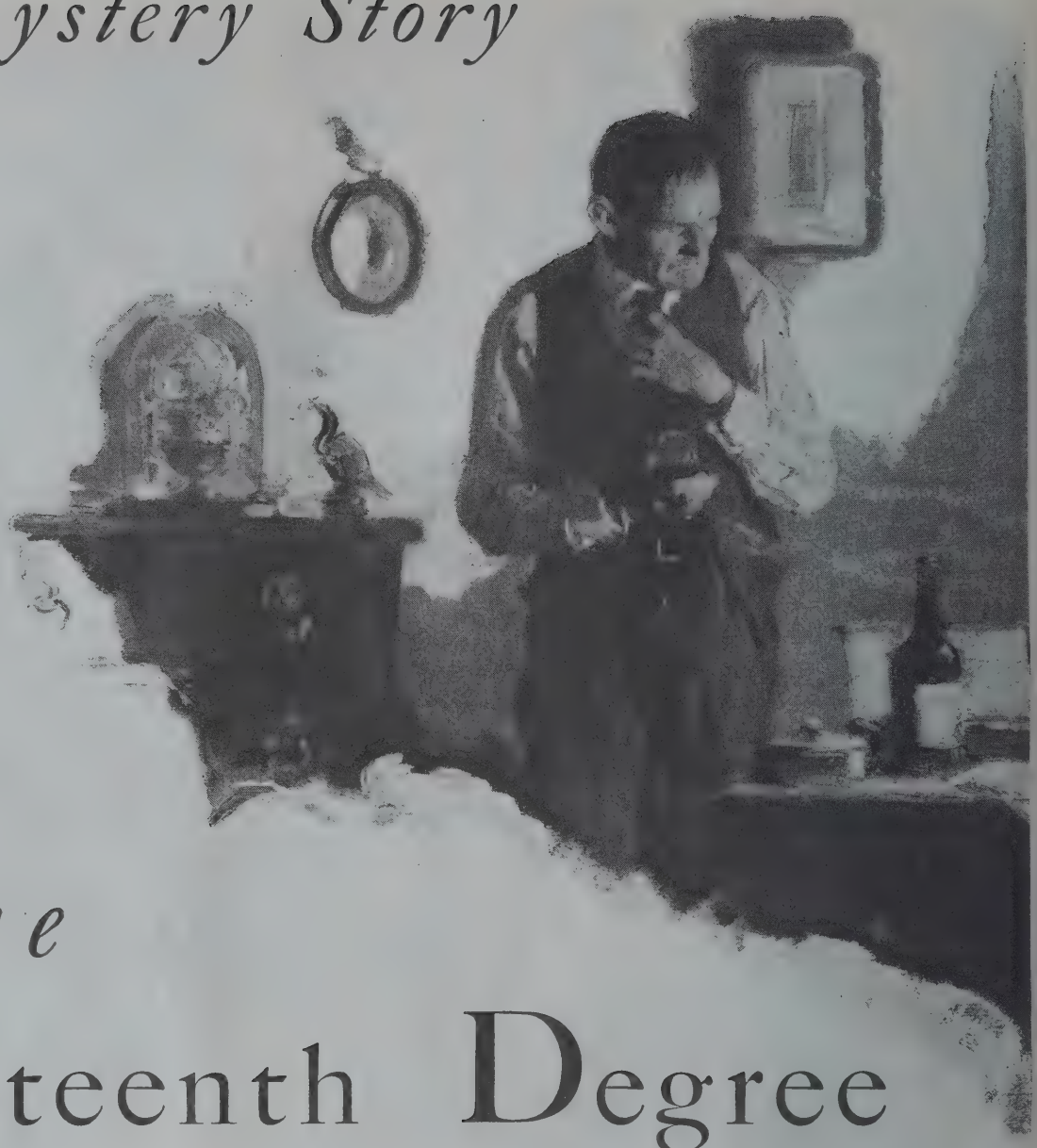
In the first place Phil Knox was very friendly with Scott, and although Scott was sore and resentful he could not but somewhat unbend. Then it appeared that Floyd Iverson was really anxious to have the Watermans come to his Sunday luncheon because Billy Brooks had turned up from somewhere and was also to be entertained on that day.

Billy Brooks was a man of fifty. He had been employed by Iverson and Ivers some eight years ago—had even owned some stock in the firm—and had known (*Continued on page 138*)

A Mystery Story

By

Irvin S. Cobb



The Thirteenth Degree

HERE the other day you may have seen by the morning paper that former Inspector Daniel P. Bryce was dead at his farm up in the Catskills. It was only a paragraph, though, that the paper gave him, giving his age and a scant chronology of his service in the police department and winding up the briefened obituary with the date of his retirement.

In the account you probably saw his official connection with the Caspar murder was disposed of in a couple of lines. But at the end of the week one of the Sunday editions followed up with one of those full page specials so beloved of Sunday specialists. There was a spread head and a heavy picture layout, and much emphasis was put upon the Nemesis which, it would seem, had pursued so many of those individuals who figured prominently in the Caspar affair.

Anyhow, the writer of the article professed to see in it the Dread Hand of Nemesis—which is his phrase, not mine. He set forth a whole sequence of fatalities; a sudden death or a tragic one for first this and then that actor in what had been a famous drama out of real life—the drowning of the woman in the case; the accidental poisoning of the chief attorney for the defense—some ptomaine in some canned lobster did for him; the foreman of the jury losing his life in an automobile smash-up; his honor, the trial judge, stricken by heart failure on the bench within the past year, and so forth and so on; and now, for a climax, ex-Inspector Bryce passing out while yet in the prime of life.

But in his mortality list he failed to include the name of Ben Ali Crisp, late city editor of the Daily Star, and this was an oversight which certainly should be corrected. Still, and after all, the bright young man of the Sunday staff was not so much to be blamed; his sin of omission was an unintentional sin, no doubt of it. Even at the time—and the time is some fifteen years back of us now—probably not half a dozen persons knew of Crisp's part in the affair. The Star got glory for a beautiful beat; Bryce took a promotion. But Crisp garnered his rewards anonymously—in private satisfaction and a handsome bonus from his journalistic overlord. He was like boozy old Omar in at least one respect: just slip him the cash and he'd as lief let the credit go.

The Caspar murder story was one of those stories which are as jam and whipped cream to a city desk. It had mystery in it—and everything. It furthermore was unique in this respect, namely: that of the three individuals who fell under suspicion, each one of the three presumably had a motive for killing the man who was killed. Finally, there was the personality of the victim to be played up and made much of. It was a veiled and a sordid life that Watkins Caspar had lived, and his death, by its manner and in its setting, was of a pattern to match with the rest of his earthly material.

Briefly, these were the prior facts of the case: Before he reached middle age Watkins Caspar had made a tidy fortune out of Dr. Blue's Bitter Balsam, a proprietary pain killer. He owned it, name, trade mark and formula. It was a panacea, so advertised, and fine for whatever ailed you. It carried forty percent of alcohol in the blend, with a good strong dash of morphine and certain flavory essences to make the mixture bland to the taste. Those who tried one bottle usually returned for another, praising it as a remedy and for its invigorating and tonic properties. But a muckraking magazine went prying into the patent medicine field and put a crimp in its popularity; and shortly thereafter along came the Federal Pure Foods Act and practically ruined the market so far as this particular cure-all was concerned.



Illustrations by
Pruett Carter

Caspar and Melody had been drinking all evening and had fallen to quarreling.

Mr. Caspar took his and got out while the getting was good. As the saying is, he retired from active business on his earnings.

But the game must have got into his blood. He kept on playing it from under cover. Right on up to the end of his life, when he was in the sixties, he played it. He furnished the brains and the financial backing for a ring of ver 'ers of forbidden narcotics. They peddled the stuff—cocaine, hashish, heroin, opium, what not—among drug fiends, looking to him for their stock in trade. They took most of the risks and fifty percent of the profits. He, dealing with these retailers through a middleman or go-between, took none of the open risks and the remaining fifty percent. The go-between was a man named August Melody, who passed for Caspar's confidential secretary but who really was his man-of-all-chores—a sort of combination of butler, valet and associate in an unhallowed and despicable huckstering. This Melody was a drunkard and a thief.

Two persons other than Caspar, the master, and Melody, the underling, lived in the Caspar mansion. Let it be stated that it wasn't a mansion really—that was what the newspapers would have it—but a weather-beaten, monstrous bulk of frame, all jig saw cornices and wooden belfries and slate mansards, that dated back to the dark ages of our native domestic architecture. It spraddled its weird and rambling contours under the neglected trees of a two acre plot in a part of the Bronx already threatened but not yet entirely beleaguered by a creeping invasion of model tenements. There was something pathetic, something almost wistful in its shabby state and utter homeliness, and yet its hooded dormers, with blinds that never opened, gave a sinister aspect, too—like a sloven mid-Victorian damsel wearing a highwayman's mask. It was precisely the sort of house any fiction writer would have picked on as fitting background and locale for a conventional detective yarn—a prison place for an abducted heiress, a hiding place for coiners or conspirators, the scene of some dark and unfathomable homicide. For once, fact was to live up to the conformed demands of story book fancy.

As just stated, two others had a home of sorts there. One of these was a woman who, for respectability's sake, called herself the housekeeper. Well, to her credit it should be said that she did do such housekeeping as was done for those who abode under this roof, also the cooking and the chamber work. She was a washed-out, dyed-in blonde of forty or thereabouts. In her day she had been a professional fortune teller, a self-ordained trance medium, a keeper of a furnished room house in the old Tenderloin. She spoke of herself as Madame Cabanne; her real name, it appeared, was Sarah Ann Morgan.

Caspar's nephew and his only known kinsman by blood was the fourth member of the household. This was one Jared Rusk, a man in his late thirties. He, however, was scarcely to be reckoned as a regular resident. He came and went. Operating

on capital furnished by his uncle, he was a partner in a bucket shop down in Wall Street. Even by the flexible and generous ratings of his brother bucketeers he was of a most dubious repute.

This, then, was the confederated group of dwellers in the said establishment—a clutch of four bad eggs, as you might say, all in the one fouled nest. You'll understand, though, that the world generally neither knew nor cared what the past behaviors of the several individuals had been, nor what their present traffickings might be, until a thing occurred which thrust them out of a congenial obscurity into the broad sun-glare of publicity. That which occurred was the murder of the patron of the remaining three, Caspar; it was then that the police—and the reporters—dug out these historical details.

The act of the murder was discovered on a morning in September. A milkman coming soon after sunrise took note that the window sashes of a front room on the lower floor were raised and the shutters thrown back; also that behind the drawn curtains lights seemed to be burning. These small phenomena quickened his curiosity; he made so bold as to set his eye to a convenient peep hole where the curtains at one window failed to overlap. What he saw then sent him, with a face almost as white as his own milk, running to find a policeman—or somebody.

It was a policeman he found and the policeman climbed in through the window. It was a most untidy living room that he invaded, but the untidiest object in it was its late owner, clumped in a stiff ugly posture in an armchair, his legs spraddled, his arms dragging, and his shirt front a mess of dried red stains.

Someone, presumably someone who stalked him from the rear, had stabbed him in the throat with a dagger, a knife or a sword—anyway, with some slender sharp blade—so that, probably without struggling, he had bled to death where he sat. The weapon itself was nowhere about; the murderer must have withdrawn it from the wound and carried it away. Apparently, robbery or intended robbery had been no part of the purpose. The dead man's wallet, containing a considerable sum of money, was in the dead man's pocket and seemingly nothing of value was missing from the room or from the house.

Madame Cabanne was asleep, or apparently asleep, in her room on the second floor. As regards Melody, there was no possible doubt that he slept when the policeman came to his door, his being the profound slumber of drunkenness. Both professed a complete ignorance of the murder. The woman said she had left Melody and Caspar in company when she retired shortly before eleven o'clock. They had been drinking together all evening but they had fallen to quarreling, she said, as she went upstairs. Melody admitted the drinking, and under pressure of cross-questioning, the quarrel. Dispute had arisen, he said, over certain money matters but he swore that when he quit his master, shortly after midnight, the latter was quite as usual except for the effects of liquor. Melody was tremulous and frightened; he broke into tears when confronted with the Madame's story of a violent dispute, and quite went to pieces on being told he would be held for further inquiry.

The woman, when she saw the body, had an attack of hysterics—or, rather, what those thought who watched her, eager for any betraying signs, was a creditable imitation of one. She turned defiant and abusive after they told her that she also would be kept in custody as one having in possession material facts.

Shortly after eight o'clock the nephew, Jared Rusk, reached the house. Detectives halted him as he entered the front gate. He had not been in the Bronx at all, he declared, since the afternoon previous. He had spent the evening at a theater and the rest of the night at bachelor apartments which he maintained in west Fortieth Street. Arising early, he had come by subway to the borough for some private papers which he left behind him after changing his outer garments the day before. The first he knew of his uncle's death was when the officers told him of it. This was his story and he stuck to it.

He stuck to it in the face of circumstances immediately transpiring. So, too, did the remaining pair of suspects maintain their respective positions, proclaiming their innocence in the face of more or less correlated developments. Very soon, then, the men of the detective bureau and the newspapermen working with them came smack up against a most extraordinary situation, to wit, as follows:

To begin with, there was no scrap of proof to support the theory that a thief, entering the late Mr. Caspar's house by stealth, had killed the late Mr. Caspar. By simple reasoning it therefore followed that the killing had been accomplished either by a person already in the house or by a person having access to it and familiar with its interior.



"Danny," said Crisp, "you said the third degree hasn't got you anywhere. Well, this will be the Third Degree Plus."



The woman, Madame Cabanne, used to be a fake spiritualist and give bogus séances.

Now, of such persons there were three and three only—the so-styled housekeeper, Madame Cabanne; the inebriate odd-jobsman, Melody; the dissolute nephew, Jared Rusk. Which one of these three, each of them with a more or less unsavory past, had plausibly a reason for desiring that Caspar be put out of the way?

That was the big question. The answer to it was that each one of the three had a reason, which, from the standpoint of the investigators, was no proper answer at all. They had set out, aiming, through processes of deduction, to eliminate two of the suspects, which naturally would put the burden of presumptive guilt upon the third. And lo and behold! they found now that though there was no seeming collusion, nevertheless they could eliminate neither one nor yet two of them. They had to include the whole trio. There was a three way trail to follow and following it, by this route or that, merely brought you right back where you had started from. Like this:

First: Take Melody. He had been stealing from his employer for months past, perhaps for years past. In his stealings he finally had been detected and had been faced with the proof of them. The early phases of the inquisition brought this out. That drunken quarrel of the evening before, to which the woman had testified and which Melody himself admitted—that had been an outgrowth of it. Under fire he owned up that Caspar, in a maudlin rage, had threatened him with prosecution. If Melody, himself already far gone in liquor and fearing prison, had stabbed Caspar to death as the other lolled in his chair helpless from drink, why, see, wasn't that exactly the sort of thing which a man of Melody's habits and nature might logically have been expected to do? Score a heavy mark against Melody.

Second: But there still was the woman to be reckoned with. The inquiry very soon showed that she had even more at stake than Melody had. Not ten days before his death, as shown by the date on the instrument, Caspar had made a will in her favor, leaving her practically all the worldly goods that he owned, which were considerable. He had not signed it, but she thought he had—thought so up until the moment when it was brought forth from a wall safe that was in the room where the murder

took place. Seeing it then, all properly done in the dead man's writing, but lacking his signature and the signatures of witnesses, she genuinely renewed her hysteria, using most shocking language under stress of a terrific disappointment. Set a black line opposite the name of Sarah Ann Morgan, alias Cabanne.

Third: The third bracket stands for Jared Rusk. He did not know until now that his uncle had been cajoled into drawing up a will by which he was disinherited. He figured himself the sole heir. At his uncle's death he had expectation of coming into sundry hundreds of thousands of dollars in realty and funds, and in stocks and bonds on hand.

Moreover, he was at this particular moment in acute want of money. While he and his partner had been cheating the gulls who patronized their deadfall of a bucket shop, he, not content with a trapper's half share, privily had been cheating his partner; and the partner had found it out and had demanded restitution and was undeniably in position to press the demand to the point of putting him back of a row of steel bars. Besides this, he had other needs and pressing ones—needs having to do with bad checks and the claims of a lady in a leg show.

Altogether, it would seem the wasteful and self-indulgent young Mr. Rusk had wound himself in a tight mesh of entanglements. For him, in this emergency, there had been but one conceivable way out and that way was by coming into immediate possession of the Caspar estate. In the equation let *X* represent the desperate and harassed nephew.



Jared Rusk was seeing something. With eyes popped and riveted, he was

And there you were—at a standstill, with three separate individuals under scrutiny and under suspicion; three persons having three separate motives, three persons capable, any one of them, you would figure offhand, of doing the thing. And yet, as the issue stood, there was no skein of tangible evidence against any one of them—no footprints, no accusing finger marks, no bloodstains on garments or person, no nothing, really, that was definitely incriminating.

The papers went at the story—naturally. They spread-eagled it all over the front pages.

There were times when the Daily Star, being by policy a great one for crusades and investigations and reform campaigns, was on the outs with the Department. When in doubt, pound the cops—this axiom was matrixed into the editorial creed. Then again there were times when the paper and the police pulled together, amiable as seasoned yokemates. It so happened this was a season of truce between them, which same considerably simplified things for Captain Bryce, at present in command of the Bronx detective bureau.

On an evening when the Caspar mystery, unsolved and seemingly impregnable, was turning the corner of its second week, Captain Bryce sat across the table from City Editor Crisp, of the Star, in a good little chop house under one of the Manhattan-side arches of the Brooklyn Bridge. Orders had been given; their double sirloin was on the fire.

In the ancient days of the old Intelligencer when Crisp had been its star reporter, Danny Bryce had been its spriest office boy. A good many office boys graduate into sport writers or circulation rustlers; but Danny, growing up a tall and handsome stripling, followed in the broad-flanged footsteps of his Irish-Scotch dad and joined the force and rose therein. He was the youngest captain in it. He had ambition to rise yet higher.

He sat now, fiddling with his plated tableware. Crisp, pronging a fork into the pickled beets, squinted a chill gray eye at sight of this finger play.

"Well, Danny," he said as the waiter passed on beyond earshot, "what seems to be weighing on your mind? Heiney



seeing something which it was not good for any human in normal case to see.

says that steak ought to be here inside of two minutes; that means we'll wait at least twenty. By the way, you look a bit jumpy."

"It's that damn Caspar case," said the younger man. "It's got me groggy for fair—I can't sleep. I'm working on it day and night and not getting anywheres. I need to get a new slant on it, just like I'm telling you when I calls you up this afternoon asking you as a special favor will you meet me here at Mallory's for a bite and a talk after you're through at the shop. I need help—need it bad, and that's the holy truth."

"What makes you think I can be of any help?" asked Crisp, reaching for the rye bread.

"You? Think I'm ever going to forget the times you're setting this man's town on fire covering police under old Pop Stein, and I'm a runny nose kid hustling copy for you and tagging you every chance, trying to pick up pointers from seeing you work?" The boy worship of his youth was revived in Bryce's tone. "Think I don't remember that night when you turns up with the kidnaped Starbuck baby after the cops have all fallen down on their foolish faces? Think I don't know that if you hadn't went and sewed yourself to a city desk you could give any professional detective in this country cards and spades and then go out on him? Well, I do—and knowing it, I'm asking you, for old times' sake, to lend me a hand in this case if you can."

If this evidence of a sincere admiration coddled Crisp's vanity he chose not to betray it.

"Never mind the old times' stuff," he said, ignoring the flattery. "We'll put it on a plain business basis. It would mean a lot to you, wouldn't it, to find out who killed Caspar? Well, it would mean something to the Star to pull off a nice juicy beat. I don't mind telling you this story appeals to me. I've been wishing all the week that I was on the outside again, covering the assignment. I think I know what angle I'd take."

"What'd that be?" In his eagerness Bryce snapped the question.

"Never mind that now—I want to get your reactions. Looking at it from your end, how does it stand?"

"Right where it did two days after Caspar gets bumped off. We're holding three parties. I pull the regular routine on 'em—arraign 'em on short affidavits. None of 'em give bond and so I've got 'em under my eye right from (*Continued on page 112*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY

Introducing among American authors

HAUTE TARKINGTON JAMESON

sister of Booth Tarkington and a proof that writing runs in the Tarkington blood



The Last Witch

Which Tells a Dramatic Episode of Salem in 1683

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

[*Writ by* ELIZABETH BALDWIN]
[London Town, *June 16*, 1682]

THERE be strange and divers religions and controversies abroad, the which seem far from us, and in no wise should I wish to be a part thereof. "The fanatiques" is how they are mouthed about, meaning Pilgrims or Puritans. Coming tonight, I met one, Lord Hastings, who did impart to me, to my grief and chagrin, the grave news that Lady Isabella is outfitting a boat wherein to sail to the New World to practice there amazing religions.

"It is the talk of the time," quoth he, "that with her she will convey her niece, the toast of the town, the lovely Mary Newton but lately come into her heritage."

Lord Hastings, very scoffing, told me of Sir John Tyndale, who did talk high of the fanatiques as ever he did in his life. He finds that he and this company are the true spirits of the nation—and the greater part of the nation, too—who will have liberty of conscience in spite of this "Act of Uniformity," or they will die. "If they may not," saith Sir John to me, "preach abroad, they will preach in their own house."

In the next room one was playing very finely on the dulcimer, another sang; there was much merriment. Lord Hastings stood overlong on leaving. He did seem to hint such a question, "Know you aright of Lady Isabella, this most racking gossip, or of this adventure?" He said this most discreetly, and though quite against his judgment, he did add the name of Mary Newton, and he did so denounce the non-conformists and separatists as fanatiques, and with fine flattery to me as the companion piece to Mary Newton, protesting that I, Elizabeth Baldwin, were fairer, and he did ring all the bells of folly for my persuasion, as if I were in secret communication with this mad conception of duty. So was I then in a longing mind of going to see Mary Newton on the instant, but the following day came she herself in coach and four, with all the new furbelows and jewels from France, a goodly and worldly sight, and like to excite envy and covetousness.



So absorbed were the multitude only when the smoke of the faggots curled slowly did they hear a bugle

My cousin, Mary Newton, with tenderness and dignity did announce her intention to cross the seas with the Lady Isabella to the New World to worship in freedom and abide by the teachings of the Pilgrims. With tears and entreaties I did beseech her to think on the joy of life, renounced by her; to consider the perils and dangers to one so young and beauteous.

Alas! Unmoved was she by my sorrow, and to reconcile me to our separation she promised to set down daily some account of her life in the wilderness.

"By so doing, dear Elizabeth," saith she, "you will be with me to share the hopes and fears which may beset me. You will know all the happenings, and if I fare ill, let it be a secret between us, and you will protect and guard my memory."

[*Writ by* MARY NEWTON,
Salem, *May 5*, 1683]

THAT the reading may sometime testify for me, by the advice of several worthy persons and many who are anxious for my well being—among whom is my cousin, Elizabeth Baldwin—I will set down daily some of the happenings to me in my life in the wilderness and send what I have writ, as chance offers, to my Cousin Elizabeth. My loneliness in this manner will albeit be comforted and she will seem a part of each day, united in thought and prayers by me.

[Salem, July 7, 1683]

TO ELIZABETH:

I think of you in the smooth symmetry of events, of your well ordered life, and I am the tempted one—tempted of a thousand



blow thrice. A shouting and tramping of horses was, and a great cloud of dust rose from over the hill.

winds, each blowing across the wide ocean. "Come back from the wilderness," they call to me. "Come back to ivied towers, to fragrant gardens where roses bloom, where beauty lives, wanton and unrepressed."

But I turn away; I close my ears to vagrant suggestion, and pray for grace and submission to the law and rule of the new church. I am tormented by an ever lashing conscience: Am I following the straight and narrow path preordained for the Pilgrims? Shall I be one of the elect to raise the banner of righteousness in the New World? Have I, in reality, a frivolous tendency toward gaiety? Doubts beset me by night and peer at me from the dark places of my soul.

Then—oh! then, I fear I may weaken; and I wish that I had not followed my aunt, the revered and pious and lovely Lady Isabella, on her mission to this new and strange world. The historians will, no doubt, write of her, "She left an earthly paradise in the family of Earldom to encounter the terrors of the wilderness for a pure worship in the house of God, but in a few months left that wilderness for the Heavenly Paradise." Such, indeed, is already the Reverend Sidney Brown's tribute to her, written by him to her brother, the Earl of Lincoln.

Elizabeth, you have a tinge of worldliness when you ask me what it is all about and why should we not remain at home and worship, conforming to the rites and regulations of the church, since Heaven may be obtained by fasting and prayer under whatever sky.

I think of you, dear Elizabeth, now, in the long twilight, smiling, mayhap twining jasmine in your hair, gathering flowers unmolested. A terrible longing has possession of me to take

passage on the good ship Fortune. She is soon to be in our harbor—but only four nights—and then weigh anchor for home. I have days of longing and nights when all is dark. I fear I have not enough of piety, not enough of the spirit of adventure—which in itself is of great assistance to piety—coming into this new country, this wilderness. My brother Walter is endowed with an imagination that makes every cabin a palace. The red men are his friends; his only foe is the unknown land, which he desires to conquer.

He goes forth, armed with an ax and a compass, a hymn on his lips and a prayer in his heart; he discovers hidden springs of water; builds roads; and inspires hope in his followers. He is ever being sent by the Governor on long journeys to plan where towns shall be and to devise such matters with other dreamers. His goings leave me alone, and though I am unafraid, yet the great trees cast daunting shadows on moonlighted nights, the wind knocks on the cabin door, and the noises of the night conspire against my spirit.

Lately, since Lady Isabella's death, I have sought refuge from myself and my lonely dreams. I leave our cabin to be under the protection of Elder Winslow and Mistress Winslow. Sometimes people, dear Elizabeth, but contribute to one's loneliness. Tonight even prayer seems to rise no higher than the smoke of the camp fires of the new-come settlers. The smoke tries to reach up to the stars, but rises feebly as the embers fall, and the stars shine on, knowing naught of what troubles us so far, far down here below them.

Dear and good cousin, you do not believe that the flesh and the Devil are at work to destroy the soul of a maid if she pause to look at the sun rising from the sea. The sun, in its joy of finding the earth, safe overnight, having left us to the insecure light of the stars, repentant, mayhap, pours its treasure of golden light over the earth.

But such notions are the wanderings of an idle mind, Elder Winslow would say, and unbefit my calling. I will pray to be more like Mistress Winslow, or Humility Cravens, but to you I may say foolish things. You did well warn me I was not the stuff to make a martyr or a saint; that one must have a very genius for martyrdom, and I think you spake wisely.

When my brother said he would embark on the good ship Isabella, outfitted by my aunt, the Lady Isabella, in her zeal for the Pilgrims, and when she herself determined to go into the new world and said she had need of me, then, ah, my dear, I prayed for wisdom, I listened to the voice of duty and conscience, and I came. Now I am finding how to be of service, and with the littlest aptitude for nursing, I am taking care of the sick. Doctor Warren, a chirurgeon of some note in the world, obeyed the call to come into the wilderness and teaches me the use of fair medicines. He has a right merry humor, being one who has not forgotten how to smile, and at times I go to his cabin, set apart for his experiments in medicines. When trouble lies heavy on me, I go to him for help and one of those smiles, which I know I will find in Heaven, if Heaven be truly, as they say, a happy place.

Doctor Warren comforts me upon the harshness of the church; he insists that strong and stern foundation must be builded on a rock. He says that religion is not just a warding-off of fire in the next world; it is meant to be a source of joy, a refuge and a belief in the eternal life, with a knowledge of the sovereignty of the Eternal Will.

This same Doctor Warren has taught me some cunning in the use of such herbs as he gathers and distills and he insists that I could even administer medicines. The distilling of sweet waters from violets and lavender for the use of the sick is another of my accomplishments; and I might be a skillful nurse under the chirurgeon's direction, when he takes me with him to visit the sick. My liking was never for spinning or weaving, knitting or cooking, although I must do my part in all of this; but I love better to be of direct use to those who are fainting in heart or body. And there are beautiful days when the sun shines and I find I have a gift I never knew except in the wilderness: The birds come to my call. I whistle in the forest and they answer; they call out a welcome to me. They will fly to me as I quietly gather the herbs, moving so slowly that nothing could fear me. Doctor Warren says merrily that I cast a charm, and that is why the birds come.

I am happier since I am learning to be of service, and in my heart I know that service leads to happiness, the kind of happiness that has little to do with place or circumstance but is a part of the treasure laid up in Heaven, a state of mind. And yet—and yet I remember in every song of bird or blushing tree of spring a lost moment and a neglected explanation. There was a rose garden, moonlight, and Merry England. I wore a white embroidered muslin, lately come from France, brought to me by the Lady Isabella. And there came Sir John Tyndale in great bravery of velvet and fine silks.

He came into the garden where I was to beg me for a rose, and I could not forbear, but gave him one, which he put to his lips saying, "With this rose I plight thee my troth," and he did beseech me to say those words with him that I listened and did repeat the words as he desired. With that he knelt, kissing my hand, and did say various praises of my hair, my eyes, my singing, and did greatly beseech me. But it may have been, dear cousin, the madness of midsummer—a rose garden, a silvery moon, someone singing in the great room beyond the terrace. Then Lord Alfred Hastings, a gentleman not liked by me, came into the garden, and seeing us pretended to withdraw, but did not so. He stood observing us, hid from Sir John's vision, but seen by me. Sir John responded to my quick desire to return to the drawing room where Lady Isabella was with her guests and thither came Hastings smiling, with a triumphant look, wearing a red rose—one purloined by him from the garland I had left on the bench in the garden. Sir John, taking his farewell of Lady Isabella, saw the rose (who could help it—worn so jauntily?). He looked at me strangely then, and Hastings bowed before me, taking my hand for a dance as the fiddlers set up a strain. Sir John vanished, but his strange look, as of one greatly hurt, will stay with me forever. But oh, my dear Elizabeth, how could he believe that on that night I could give my favor so lightly? If he believe that of me, how may I trust him?

I saw Sir John once again, at Court. He bowed low when, as misfortune would have it, I passed by with Lord Hastings. In truth Sir John took a step forward, held out a protesting hand. How was I to know that land and sea—perhaps eternity—would separate us before I saw that look again? And as I went from Court in the coach with Lady Isabella, she told me that she had suffered a grievous disappointment. Sir John Tyndale, on whom she had so put great faith, had told her that it was well-nigh impossible for him to journey to the New World. The King had promised him fifty thousand acres and a goodly number of men, so she told me, for the founding of a new colony, but events would detain Sir John, who was now to be sent on an embassy to France, possibly sailing for the New World a year later. It was after my aunt had told me this that she did entreat me to go with her to America. So I came.

If you know aught of Sir John, I pray you tell me, and if I should again see that look of tenderness, of forgiveness, as he looked at me that last night I saw him, I would know that I had died and gone to Heaven.

The good ship Fortune sails tonight, bearing what I have set down to you, Cousin Elizabeth.

[July 23, 1683]

I BLUSH in my sleep that I wrote of past vanities instead of the seriousness of life. I rebel at the belief of the Elders that levity is sin and joy or gaiety a quality of the Devil—and yet, much of roguery is done in thy name, O Gaiety! Governor Bradstreet's nephew has come to town. He is a sincere and solemn youth. He comes to this house and sits and sits. He seems to be educating me; he talks of the saints and martyrs and infant damnation, in which he devoutly believes. Henry came upon me reading Shakespeare, and what appeared upon his countenance seemed to discover me in a murder. He made report of me forthwith to the Elders. I would have been fined, aye, and imprisoned, had my brother not taken the crime of bringing the book into the house, testifying that it was but a maid's curiosity that led me to open it. The book was burned in the square and my brother Walter publicly chidden. It is my belief that Henry Bradstreet is "courting" me, as they say here, and endeavoring to make me worthy of his great name.

Henry has lately builded a house on the outskirts of Salem, which denotes a looking toward housekeeping on Henry's part. Many of the maidens greatly appreciate Henry and his possessions, and look askance at me. I may have earned the dislike of Humility Cravens, unwittingly, through Henry's visits to me. Humility, no doubt, thinks of Henry's orchards planted by Mr. William Blackmore, and of his house and garden. Henry himself is an honest, sturdy specimen of yeomanry, and of fine deportment. Humility discovered me, one evening in June, wearing a white muslin frock, white slippers and hair curled, capless, with Henry sitting in the chimney corner, as (*Continued on page 168*)



I find I have a gift I never knew except in the wilderness. The birds come to my call. I whistle in the forest and they answer; they call out a welcome to me. Doctor Warren says merrily that I cast a charm and that is why the birds come.

The BOWERY—

By O. O. McINTYRE



Chuck Conners

THE BOWERY is no more!

The picturesque midrib of New York's East Side squalor has flung off tattered garments. Instead of shiny serge, there is now the faint rustle of silk.

Windows once crammed with pawn pledges are spilling with roses. Blue Nose Murphy's swing door saloon is labeled "Silberstein–the Florist."

Where once the bung-starter spoke with authority, the Bowery now "says it with flowers."

McGuirk's Suicide Hall, whither soiled ladies crept to quaff the hemlock, is a spick-and-span electrical shop. Next door at the old Kelly Garden, John Callahan is angling for lost souls at his rescue mission.

Gone are the iniquitous cesspools, "The Flea Bag," "The Alligator," "Nigger Mike's" and "The Doctor's"—where one beer was served with two straws and "third rail" whisky was a nickel a shot with a back room "flop" thrown in.

The scrofulous façades of other myriad bazaars that specialized in "knock-out drops" and ten dollar murders are bright with new paint—their vices swallowed in respectability.

The Bowery may not wear silk hat and spike-tail coat but it has discarded cap and sweater. Bells that guided uncertain steps to pawnshop doors are stilled.

The Bowery purse is mirrored in the Bowery Savings Bank—one of the strongest financial institutions in the world.

In its new dress the Bowery has not entirely lost its shades and colorings. It remains the dark, brooding, sunless street—one of the widest in Manhattan.

Fat wives of shopkeepers sit in dingy doorways and the human lees still eddy there as hopelessly forlorn as the midnight shriek of the elevated high above the roof tops.

Yet the bread line's surge of misery in every block has vanished. "Dummy chuckers" are no longer throwing their fake fits in front of Beefsteak John's.

The one-cent coffee houses are white tiled cafeterias. The bedraggled old women who screamed their imprecations on passers-by have disappeared.

Gum chewing girls in plaid skirts, faded blouses and rakish tams exist only in Bowery fiction. Broadway modistes have branches along the Bowery.

The secondhand book stalls flaunt Tolstoi and Ibsen along with yellow-back thrillers. The public libraries of the Bowery are more generously patronized than those in uptown New York.

Once sailors flocked to the Bowery to have hearts and anchors etched on manly chests and brawny arms. Now they go to the "De-tattooing Parlors," on the same street, to have them removed.

The urge of beauty is keen. Indeed, Slip McGuffin's old stuss house has become a ladies' coiffure parlor in the strange Bowery metamorphosis.



Fire escapes are not filled with balloon bedding and flapping wet wash in the early morning. The strange loaded silence that hung over the gray street has been replaced by the sharp jangle of commerce.

All the old Bowery characters who tinged poverty with romance have ascended the starry trail. What characters they were! No other city has produced their like.

Doc Shuffield in high hat and boiled shirt—a fellow of a Royal Surgical Society—does not minister gratuitously to the Bowery sick. He died in a snowdrift struggling to reach a patient.

Chuck Conners with his bowler derby and pearl buttoned short jacket—a self-appointed Mayor, philosopher and intimate of the great. And his "skoit" Nellie, the best "spieler" in the dance halls.

Chinatown Gertie who cast her miserable lot among the Chinese and emerged from the foul causeways "a white lily" whose oratory drew sin-stained wrecks to the mourners' bench.



I'll Never Go There Any More

Illustrations by
Albert Levering



Gold Tooth Fannie who once lived on the Avenue and fed the poor at dawn from a banjo-torched cart.

The Sullivans—Big and Little Tim! Owen Kildare, the Bowery poet. Spike O'Day who pawned his peg leg each morning and retrieved it at night with a beggar's spoils.

Jew Dave Kelly, a fiery little despot who licked cops and spent his earnings feeding friendless cats. Margolly Nickerson—the Bowery dude, remittance man and Oxford scholar.

Sophie the Scrubwoman whose life-sized painting now hangs in a Doyers Street Mission. Blind Toots the singer of Chatham Square. Stubby Tolliver the Bowery hackman. Salvation Annie!

All are gone!

Merchants now park limousines at the curb of their Bowery shops. From Chatham Square, where the Bowery begins, to Cooper Square, where it ends, there is not a "reliever shop" left. In these cellar hutches the outcast changed his shoes for those a little more worn and received in the bargain the price of a drink.

The dim-lit one flight up hotels have flashy electric signs and offices with mosaic floors. Their signs no longer read "For Men Only" but "For Gentlemen Only."

Ghastly museums that stressed the horror of social ills while Van Dyked medical charlatans—French-American doctors, Berlin specialists—awaited trembling victims upstairs, have been swept away.



The famous guinea pig store near Broome Street is now a London Dog Shop and sells the chow and fashionable borzoi. Signs of interior decorators greet the eye on all sides.

A lone penny arcade and shooting gallery is dying of inanition, a survivor among scores of other days.

Hogan's Roost in Bleecker Street where uptown beggars drifted for the night has become a printing house for Bible tracts.

The breath of reform has also spread to Chinatown, whose narrow, winding streets sprawl precipitously off a hip of Chatham Square.

The old Chinese theater is a house of Christian worship. Lantern-hung buses continue to carry visiting lodgemen and school teachers to see Chinatown wickedness, while a ballyhoo barks of the shuddering terrors.

But the Chinatown horror is only imagined—the pale young man in the opium bunk is a mere illustration of cosmetic artifice and he languidly puffs Virginia leaf instead of the dreadful poppy. During the day he is a gay soda jerker on Park Row.

White wives of Chinese no longer peer from latticed windows at a forbidden world. Slippered myrmidons of Opium Kings do not flit ghostlike in the shadowy catacombs underneath the sidewalk nor do frail young girls huckster their souls in a Hell's market place.

The ancient joss house is a "yokel yanker"—a prop setting to lure coins from tourists. The real Chinatown long since moved to suburban Jersey hide-aways.

Chinese merchants have their Chamber of Commerce and settle differences with silk-voiced diplomacy instead of tong wars. Gunmen have taken their "gats" to Harlem and the Bronx.

Big Jack Zelig, Louis the Lump, Foggy Bernstein and a score of others have died, as they lived, by the gun. To the new Chinatown they are not even memories. "Ganging the Cop" is a lost art.

The thieves' "fences" have moved to Avenue A. Nothing indeed is left that is remindful of the days when the Bowery was a hell-roaring street, ruled by the might of fists.

When the booze joints dried up, the Bowery bloomed with Danish pastry shops, bonbon parlors and soft drink stands.

The Bowery's "new front" is due solely to Prohibition. The disintegration began with the passing of the Volstead law.

With the coming of the debacle, the attempted Boweryization of Broadway began. The army of "grifters" bivouacked northward with their dime museums, snake charming parlors and catch-penny devices.

But the invasion withered up in a puff of scorn. A street that had bubbled with champagne foam was not ready to welcome beer-buying invaders from Steve Brodie's stamping ground. The tarnished "Fly-trap" could not compete with the mirrored elegance of a tea dansant.

When the Bowery started to move the soul of it died. It had completed its cycle and is now returning to its pristine simplicity. It is going back to the days of flagstone walks and flowery dells whence it derived its name.

At an old chemist's shop in the very heart of the thoroughfare, the aged proprietor shook his head.

"We don't keep leeches for black eyes these days," he said.

The Bowery, indeed, is no more.



By the Woman Who Wrote "The Sheik"



The DESERT

A Résumé of Parts One to Four:

IN ALGERIA and the near-by Sahara occurs the drama of the following lives:

SIR GERVAS CAREW, followed the old call of the desert when the young wife he worshiped left him, abandoning her dying infant son. A somber, mysterious figure, hating and despising women, he found something of peace among the Arabs, whom he served tirelessly as a desert healer, his closest companions a native servant, Hosein, and a blind desert waif, Saba. But the old wounds of memory are suddenly opened, and Carew, who thought himself done with women, is thrust into a terrific emotional turmoil when one night he rescues from

ABDUL EL DHIB—who is an outcast Arab and who later is killed attempting to take Carew's life—the beautiful and wistful

MARNY GERADINE. As for Marny, she too for the first time knows the meaning of love when this silent and chivalrous man, whom at first she thinks an Arab, because of his native garb, comes into her life. Twice again fate brings them together, each time intensifying the attraction between them, and making more bitter Marny's own problem; for she is the wife of

SIR CLYDE GERADINE, the most brutal debauchee in Algiers, and her life with him has been torment since he practically bought her from her dissolute brother five years before. Carew instinctively hates Geradine, whom he had nevertheless rescued one day in a desert sandstorm; and this feeling is not lessened when Geradine treats him with patronizing boorishness on the night of the ball at the palace of

THE GOVERNOR OF ALGIERS, for whom Carew has performed on occasion certain delicate missions among the Arabs. Geradine leaving for a drink, Carew takes Marny—who is dizzy and sick, having that evening been struck by her husband—to a quiet spot away from the throng, where, looking down at her, he sees that her face is convulsed by a sudden spasm of pain.

Part Five: CHAPTER VIII

CAREW was still inwardly raging at the incident of a few minutes ago, still seething with the strange hatred that had laid so strong a hold upon him—a hatred that, aggravated by Geradine's discourteous and overbearing manner, seemed tonight to have reached its culminant pitch. It was with difficulty that he had controlled himself

E. M. HULL'S *Romance of the Sahara*



HEALER

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

just now in the ballroom. But something had restrained him, something more impellent even than his desire to avoid a collision that could only have ended in a public fracas—that had risen up within him at the sight of the girl's strained face. And as he looked at her now with his black brows drawn together in a heavy scowl he was still wondering at the impulse that had come to him to shield her, still trying vainly to understand his own motive in bringing her here. What had prompted him? Was it anger or pleasure or only pity he felt as he stared again at the little drooping figure? A curious expression crept into his somber eyes. What a child she looked—what a weary, white faced child!

"You ought to be at home and in bed," he said, almost roughly. "Can I get you anything—champagne or a cup of coffee."

She glanced up with a tart.

"No, please, it's nothing. Only a headache," she stammered. "I don't know what's the matter with me tonight," she added with a shaky laugh. "I'm not given to headaches. I'm as strong as a horse, really." But as she uttered her valiant little boast her voice broke and she looked away, twisting her gloves nervously between her hands. He could see that she was struggling with herself but he made no attempt to forestall the explanation he guessed was coming, and waited, still standing, for her to speak. She turned at last, her troubled gaze not reaching his face but lingering on the picturesque details of his Arab dress.

"Sir Gervas—I'm sorry—that stupid blunder——" she faltered. Then suddenly her eyes met his and words came tumbling out in breathless haste. "But you were with him that night in the desert, you let him think you were an Arab. He couldn't possibly know you were English, that you could understand——"

"Do you think I mind being taken for an Arab?" he interrupted, pulling his heavy cloak closer round him and sitting down beside her. "It was a perfectly natural mistake and not worth a moment's consideration; certainly not worth the value of a pair of gloves," he added with a faint smile. And reaching out he drew them deliberately from between her twitching fingers. His voice was extraordinarily gentle but there was in it an underlying note of finality that made further apology impossible, and with a little sigh she relapsed into silence.

For a time she watched him smoothing the creases from the crumpled gloves, wondering at his unexpected presence.

"I didn't think you would be here tonight," she said at length. "You don't really like—this sort of thing, do you?" she added, with a vague movement of her hand towards the distant ballroom.

"Loathe it," he answered promptly, moving slightly to face



The woman broke off her song with a flippant remark and turned to face Carew.

her and settling his long limbs more comfortably into the corner of the sofa. "But I make a point of coming to this particular function if I happen to be in Algiers. I meet old friends."

"Desert friends?"

He nodded assent to the eager question.

"Is that why you wear Arab dress?"

"Partly," he shrugged. "They would hardly know me in European clothes. But principally because I prefer it."

"As you prefer to speak Arabic or French, rather than English?" she hazarded.

"I have scarcely spoken English for twelve years," he said shortly. Then as if to cover the slight piece of personal information he had let slip he added: "There is no longer any need for you to restrict your rides, Lady Geradine. The woods are safe enough now."

She turned to him swiftly. "What do you mean?" she said with sudden breathlessness. And as she listened to his bald, unvarnished account of the end of Abdul el Dhib the color that had risen to her face died out of it, leaving her white to the lips. She was shivering when he finished, her hands clenching and unclenching in her lap.

"And it was because of me—because of what you did for me that night," she burst out passionately. "Oh, I never thought, I never guessed the risk you were taking! And you knew all the time! It was he you meant when you warned me not to ride alone. Oh, if he had killed you, it would have been *my* fault! And I—I——"

She pulled herself up sharply, aghast at the sound of her own voice, at the confession that had been almost wrung from her. A wave of burning color suffused her face, and tingling with shame she averted it hastily, veiling her eyes with the thick, dark lashes that swept downward to her cheek—but not before he had seen the look that flashed into them, a look that sent the blood racing madly through his veins and made his heart leap with sudden violence. For a moment he sat rigid, stunned with self-realization, the hands that were clasped around his knee tightening slowly until the knuckles shone white through the tanned skin. With a tremendous effort he mastered himself.

"Nobody's fault but my own, I'm afraid," he said with forced lightness. "I knew the man I was dealing with. I have good friends in Algiers who gave me warnings in plenty, and because I chose to ignore them what happened was due to my own carelessness."

"It still doesn't lessen my obligation," she said in a stifled voice. But his quiet tone, his imperturbable manner, were fast restoring her own self-possession. Indifferent himself, why should he guess the true cause of her agitation? Perhaps what had seemed so blatant to her had escaped him, and he had seen in her outburst only a natural womanly distress for the danger of a man who had risked his life on her behalf. And the formal courtesy of his next words further reassured her.

"There was never any obligation," he said quietly. "I merely did what anybody else would have done under the circumstances." And abruptly he changed the conversation to the recent race meeting at Biskra.

Convinced that he had not divined her secret, her feeling of self-consciousness and restraint gradually wore away and only the joy of his companionship remained. She would get from it what she could, she would live for the moment and its transient happiness and leave to the future the misery and loneliness that was going to be so much harder to bear than it had ever been. Enough that she was with him and that she loved him, loved him as she had never thought it possible to love. A love that should be her secret strength in the bitter years to come.

Silence fell between them again. Content to wait until he should choose to speak, she sat very still beside him, watching him covertly as he leaned back with his hands clasped behind his head, his half shut eyes staring straight before him as if he saw more than the ferns and fairy lights at which he was looking. Tonight his face seemed graver, sterner than she had ever seen it. A tragic face it appeared to her, a face that bore the deep cut marks of sorrow and disappointment. And she wondered, with a dull pain in her heart, what had been the tragedy that had driven him to the solitary wilds of the desert. She knew nothing of his history—his name and the nature of his work amongst the Arabs were all that Mrs. Chalmers had confided—and she had no means of ever knowing.

A being apart, a type that had been a revelation, he would pass out of her life abruptly as he had come into it, to forget her in the greater interest of his chosen vocation. In the pitiless years that stretched so barrenly ahead she would have only a memory to cling to, a memory that would be at once her consolation and her pain. Into the tender, brooding eyes fixed on him there came a look of mingled pride and anguish. He would never know, thank God he would never know! But if he had cared, if she had brought sorrow to him—her lips quivered, and she began with fumbling haste to draw on the long gloves he had laid on the sofa between them.

"Oughtn't we to be going back to the other room?"

He turned his head slowly.

"There's plenty of time," he said lazily. "They are still dancing."

"But your desert friends——"

"—— can wait," he said succinctly.

Dreading the noisy ballroom, too tired and too utterly indifferent at the moment to care if she were outraging the proprieties, Marny did not press the matter. The quiet conservatory,

the restfulness and courage she seemed to derive from the mere presence of the man beside her, were giving her strength to meet the ordeal that still lay before her, the ugly scene that invariably terminated Geradine's so-called nights of amusement. She thrust the thought from her and turned again to Carew.

But before she could speak the peaceful little winter garden was invaded. Not a dancing couple seeking for a solitary spot in which to continue a flirtation begun in the ballroom but two men who, deeming the place empty, did not trouble to modulate their voices as they took possession of a wicker seat a few feet away from the fern-hidden sofa.

"And this *soi-disant* countess—this copper-haired goddess you are raving about——" The words were uttered in fluent French but with a rough Slavonic accent.

"*Soi-disant!* I have it from her own lips," interrupted an indignant voice that Carew recognized as belonging to Patrice Lemaire.

"Possibly," was the caustic rejoinder, "but not necessarily correct for all that. An Austrian, you say, from Vienna? The wife of a Count Sach who held a court appointment, and who abused her infamously—and now, since his death, a lady of independent means who travels through Europe trying to forget her unhappy past?"

"That is what I said. Do you doubt it?"

"Your word, no. But the lady's —yes."

"Why?"

"You forget, my friend, that I am also of Vienna. I have no recollection of a Count Sach who held a court appointment, or of the lady who styles herself Countess Sach. And she is no more Austrian than you are, Lemaire. From her accent I should judge her to be English."

"English? Bah! She doesn't speak a word of the language."

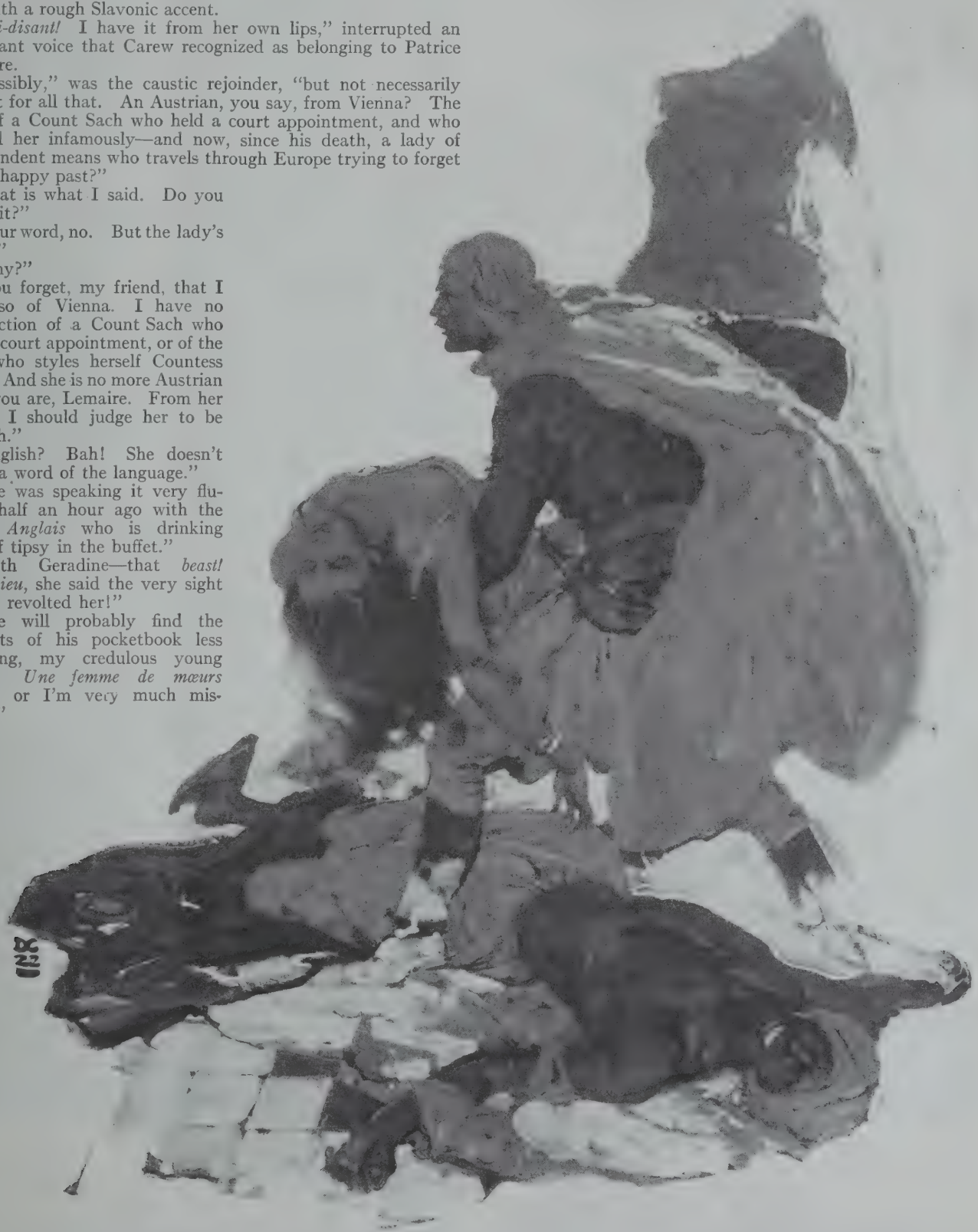
"She was speaking it very fluently half an hour ago with the *grand Anglais* who is drinking himself tipsy in the buffet."

"With Geradine—that *beast! Bon Dieu,* she said the very sight of him revolted her!"

"She will probably find the contents of his pocketbook less revolting, my credulous young friend. *Une femme de mœurs légères,* or I'm very much mistaken."

And listening to the cynical laugh that followed Marny wondered bitterly what more of shame and humiliation was yet in store for her. At the first mention of her husband she had been startled into a quick, involuntary movement but a strong arm had held her back in her seat and cool, steady fingers had closed warningly over her ice-cold hands. Wrestling with her own misery, she was scarcely conscious of Lemaire's furious protest or of the stormy altercation that ensued, and when at last the sound of the men's angry voices died away as they took their dispute elsewhere it was some time before she realized that her hands still lay in Carew's firm grasp.

She disengaged them silently. There was nothing to say,



Hardly conscious of what he did, Carew lifted the pitiful figure of Marny in his arms and carried her away.

nothing that either of them could say. They had overheard what was not intended for them to hear. And the Austrian's insinuations were very likely true. Geradine had spoken more than once of the beautiful Viennese who had recently dawned on Algiers society with no introductions but with an audacity of manner that had served her amply instead. That his acquaintance had probably developed into a more intimate relationship was no matter for surprise to the wife who was fully aware of his flagrant infidelities. It was only one more insult added to the many indignities he had put upon her, one more humiliation to bear—and ignore.

But if she was to retain any kind of hold over herself she must end at once the brief companionship that had given her so much happiness. The proximity of the man beside her, the sense of his unspoken sympathy, the sudden realization of the sensuous appeal of her surroundings with their dim obscurity and intoxicating odor of languorous scented flowers, was filling her with an overwhelming fear of herself. She dared not stay with him, dared not give way to the emotion which, growing momentarily greater, seemed to be robbing her of all strength. The exalted feeling that before had made her glad that only she should suffer was weakening in the natural human longing for the love that would never be hers. If she could but tell him, could feel if only for once the clasp of his arms around her, the touch of his lips on hers! She shivered. What was she thinking—what shameless thing had she become? And trembling with the very madness of her own wild thoughts she rose quickly to her feet, her face coldly set, her voice tuned to level indifference.

"I am quite rested now, Sir Gervas. Shall we go back to the ballroom?" Moving away as she spoke, she gave him no option but to follow her, and an incoming stream of people put a period to anything but trivial speech between them.

He did not go back to the public rooms and the end of the evening found him sitting in the Governor's study with Sanois and a few of the more Gallicized chiefs. And for some time after the sheiks had retired he lingered chatting with the General, delaying as long as possible the moment when he must face alone the shattering self-understanding that had come to him.

The chiming of a deep toned clock warned him at length of the lateness of the hour. There were still a few guests wandering about the hall waiting for carriages that were delayed, and a harassed attaché seized upon Carew to beg a lift for an elderly Frenchman who was forlornly contemplating a weary walk back to his hotel at Mustapha.

Only when he had dropped his talkative companion was Carew able to give full sway to his own thoughts, and when he reached the villa he walked up the flagged path too absorbed to notice the shafts of light filtering through the closed jalousies of the big front room which, though kept in scrupulous orderliness, had never been used since his mother's death.

He passed into the Moresque hall and was moving slowly in the direction of his own rooms when Hosein, emerging from a shadowy corner, glided forward to intercept him. "The *lalla*," he murmured hesitatingly, his hands sweeping upward to his forehead in a quick salaam.

His master faced him swiftly.

"The *lalla*——" he repeated sharply.

The big Arab nodded.

"The *lalla* who awaits my lord," he said softly.

For a moment Carew's heart seemed to stand still and under the deep tan his face went suddenly white. She had come to him—God in Heaven, she had come to him! Hosein's tall figure was wavering curiously before him as he forced a question in a voice he did not recognize for his own.

"Where?"

"In the salon, lord," replied Hosein and gave way with another deep salaam. And the whispering swish-swish of his robes had died away before Carew moved.

"In the salon." He started violently. She had come to him—and he—his face was rigid as he went towards the painted door.

It yielded to his touch and swung to noiselessly behind him, too noiselessly to be heard by her who, at the farther end of the room, was standing before the portrait from which she had stripped the curtains that had veiled it for so many years. She was humming a little song, a frankly indecent song of the boulevards, her copper-crowned head thrown back, her gleaming shoulders twitching from time to time with a petulant movement of impatience.

And behind her, leaning against the portière in which his hands were clenched, Carew stood as if turned to stone, staring, staring—not at the slender girlish form he had hoped and yet dreaded to see, but at the tall, sinuously graceful figure of the woman who had been his wife. His wife—that brazen thing of shame, half naked in a dress whose audacity revolted him! Fool, fool to have thought his own mad longing possible! To have thought that *she*——

He wrenched his thoughts from her. And the other? Why had he not guessed, why had nothing warned him when he sat listening in the little winter garden to the angry protests of Patrice Lemaire and the caustic comments of the Austrian who "was also of Vienna"? And yet, how could he have known, how imagine that she could ever come into his life again? And why had she come? Between them was an unbridgeable gulf—and the memory of a tiny, fragile child abandoned with callous indifference. A rush of cold rage filled him and with blazing eyes he swept across the room.

His soft booted feet made no sound on the thick rugs and still unconscious of his presence the woman broke off her song with a yawn and a flippant remark addressed to the portrait, and turned to find him at her elbow.

For what seemed an eternity they stared at each other, her eyes but little below the level of his; then she turned away with an odd little strangled sound that might have been either a sob or a laugh.

"Why are you here?"

His deep voice was hard as steel and she raised her head slowly and looked at him, a look in which there was latent admiration, wonder and an underlying suggestion of cunning curiously blended.

"I saw you at the ball. They told me you were going back to the desert. I had to come," she faltered.

"Why?" His face was devoid of all expression as he flung the single word at her.

With a lithe, almost feline movement of her graceful body that was undisguisedly alluring, she swayed nearer, her eyes all languorous appeal, her hands outstretched towards him.

"I came because I could not stay away," she whispered, her voice a subtle caress, "because—because—oh, Gervas, can't you understand? I had to come—because—I—love you, because I have always loved you—in spite of what I did. And I didn't know what I was doing—I didn't think, I didn't realize; he swept me off my feet. And then when it was too late—too late"—her arms were round his neck, her palpitating limbs pressed close to his—"can you guess what I suffered, can you guess what my life has been? Gervas, you loved me once; for the sake of that love forgive me now, forgive——"

Throughout her amazing declaration he had stood like a rock, his face averted. But as her voice died away in a trembling whisper he turned his head quickly, too quickly for the comfort of the woman who clung to him with passionate fervidness, for in the eyes that drooped almost instantly under his searching gaze he read not the love and contrition her words implied but a look of hard, eager cupidity. The look of a gambler who watches a last and desperate throw.

Though his heart was dead to her, almost he had pitied her, almost he had believed her. She had played her part with a skill and eloquence that, but for that last fatal slip, had almost convinced him. But self-convicted she stood for what she was, a consummate mistress of deceit—a liar as she had always been. To how many others had she made that same glib appeal? To how many others had she tendered the charms she so lavishly displayed? The hateful thought leaped unbidden to his mind as he looked at her with a kind of horror, fastidiously conscious of the deterioration that was so apparent in her. With a shudder he unclasped her fingers and put her from him.

"I could have forgiven you—anything," he said slowly, "but the child"—his voice broke despite him and a look of bitter pain convulsed his face—"the child you left to die alone—and you knew he was dying——"

"It's a lie!" she cried shrilly. "I didn't know."

He raised his hand with a gesture that silenced her.

"It is the truth," he said with accusing sternness. "Do you think there was nobody to tell me? The doctor, the nurses, everybody but you, his mother, knew that he couldn't live. And you left him. My God, you left him!"

She flung him a glance of furious anger. "You always cared for him more than me," she sneered, and for a moment she braved him audaciously with heaving bosom and quivering lips. Then she flinched under his steady eyes and shrinking from him flung herself face downwards on a sofa and broke into a storm of tears.

Heartsick and shaken by the scene he had gone through, he crossed to a window and stood staring unseeingly out into the night, striving to solve the problem of the woman who lay



"Oh, Gervas," Marny cried, "have pity! Take me away! If I see him again I shall go mad!"

sobbing on the sofa behind him. What did she want that she had come to him like any common courtesan, seeking by purely physical enticement to regain the old ascendancy she had had over him? There seemed only one possible solution. And yet, remembering the liberal settlement he had made on her, he wondered how even that was possible. With a deep sigh he at last pulled himself together and went slowly back to her.

"Why did you come to me tonight, Olive?"

At the sound of his voice she sat up, shivering as though the room were cold.

"I told you," she said sullenly.

He made a gesture of impatience.



Maddened with the thought of her suffering, Carew wielded the heavy whip, still

"Don't tell me any lies!" he said wearily. "You never cared for me, you don't care for me now. Tell me the truth. For only the truth will help either of us tonight. Why did you come?"

For a second her eyes met his; then she looked away. "Because I'm at the end of my tether—because I'm broke," she said with a reckless laugh that made him wince.

"And the money I settled on you?" he said slowly, hating the necessity that forced him to speak of it.

"Gone—long since. Did you think that I could live on that?" she flashed contemptuously.

With an effort he restrained himself. What use to point out to her that what she regarded as a pittance would have kept an ordinary family in luxury?



wet with her blood, till Geradine's moans grew fainter and finally died away.

"Then what you want is money—just money?" he said, his voice as contemptuous as her own.

"I must live," she retorted.

"And how have you lived?" he said heavily.

The color rose to her face. "What is that to you?" she muttered.

"Nothing—in one sense. If I am to finance you again—everything," he said curtly. "But I must have details. Without them I will do nothing." He paused for a minute, fighting his abhorrence of the whole situation. "You call yourself the Countess Sach. It is not the name of the man for whom you left me. Is he dead?"

"I don't know—I left him," she answered, very low.

"Why?"

(*Continued on page 146*)



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FRANK R. ADAMS

is the sort of man that writes successful plays [*like "The Time, the Place and the Girl"*], *successful songs* [*like "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"*] *and successful short stories* [*see almost any* COSMOPOLITAN], *and who prefers to live in a little Michigan town and raise dogs and run a movie theater and take long camping trips across the desert to California just to be free and outdoors*

PESSIMIST: One who has never read a story by

FRANK R. ADAMS

who now presents

Super-People

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell



—one of the most tantalizing feminine complexes in your entire course of study. Yes, indeed.

BEVERLY BINGHAM allowed Horace Amboy Smith to kiss her. That was kiss number two in her life.

No, Beverly was not a babe in arms as you suspect. She was twenty-one or twenty-two and aging rapidly, judging from the rate of speed at which she lived.

She did everything—rode, drove, cooked, flew, smoked, swam, danced, rolled 'em, swore occasionally, took a cocktail when needed, flirted, golfed, tennised, skated, sailed—oh everything! It just happened that she had mid-Victrolan ideas about being kissed by a man. You know how it is. Everybody has his limits; a stock-broker stops at second story work, a pick-pocket hesitates at murder and even an I.W.W. probably has some boundary which he will not go beyond unless especially irritated.

Switch back to Beverly Bingham's second kiss—number one was administered, awkwardly, back in high school days by a lad who was just learning osculation himself. Considering how long she had deferred the stimulus Beverly found the caress rather uninspiring. Was that all there was to it? Why did Horace appear to want to do it again? Well, they were engaged; she supposed she'd have to let him. Perhaps her appetite would increase with practice.

Finally she stopped him. A conversational interlude seemed to be in order.

"Now tell me," she suggested, "about the women you have loved before."

"I never have," Horace replied.

Beverly looked at him suspiciously. Did he think that was a funny line? No. Horace meant it.

"Don't be afraid, Horace," she encouraged. "I was not asking in order to lay up evidence against you. I was merely seeking entertainment and perhaps instruction. Speak right out whether it's the truth or not. What are the interesting facts in your life that are concealed from the public but which the partner of your joys and income taxes ought to know in order not to be surprised no matter who comes to call? Recount your adventures."

Horace looked at her half doubtfully. "Nothing ever happened to me," he confessed. "I volunteered for service during the war but all I did was drill cavalry in Texas. It was not very exciting."

Beverly agreed that he was probably right. She felt sure, though, that he was concealing something from her, but she was a patient person and could wait. Win his confidence first and get him started once; then, doubtless, he would be a fund of incident and a reservoir of anecdote. For the present Beverly herself could supply the conversational stimulant that elevates a "petting party" from a mere sexercise of the emotions into the realm of adult intellectual entertainment.

Because things had always happened to Beverly. Her life had been so crowded with incident, adventure and even melodrama that she was as full of plots as Scheherazade. She had been a stormy petrel in the midst of whirling world litter from the time she was born in Yung Ching during the beginning of the Boxer uprising in China, through the San Francisco earthquake at six years of age, through two shipwrecks, a hotel fire in New York, a race riot in Alabama, a hold-up in Wyoming and many other minor complications, including the time she was kidnaped, drugged, married and rescued before she regained consciousness when she was spending the winter in Paris. (If she was kissed that time she did not know it so it doesn't count.)

None of it showed on her face. Beverly Bingham was a placid blonde who looked sixteen physically and really much more unsophisticated than that if you compared her face with that of the average high school siren of the "jazzplus" period. There was only one thing that was wicked about Beverly's entire physiognomy—that was the look out of the corner of her eye when she was making up a few facts to entertain you; then the contradictory expression on her face made you realize that you had met up with one of the most tantalizing feminine complexes in your entire course of study. Yes, indeed. And no matter if you were the owner of several of the higher postgraduate degrees.

She was quite small, too, with thin legs that helped to carry out the illusion of youth. That mature swelling at the calf never appeared on Beverly's shin. In fact she was rather boyishly built from neck to ankle—brassières and corsets had never cost her a cent. Her skin wasn't masculine, though. Not so you could notice it. Soft cream colored rose leaves it was that never tanned or freckled or did anything that ladies have to put mud on themselves to remedy.

If the description seems to fit Mary Pickford it isn't intentional. Besides, Mary is older than Beverly even if she doesn't look it. No, this story is about a girl unknown to fame—as yet—and from the way things look now she al ways will be.

She hadn't really intended to get married at all but Horace Amboy Smith had appeared so overwhelmingly desirable to the other feminine inhabitants of the city of Charlotteville, Pennsylhampshire, that Beverly had given him an inspection to find out what gave him his kick and in the process thereof had become overpowered by the sheer masculine force of the man and had succumbed to his proposal. There was a lot of him, six feet plus, and all of it sound and good looking; he danced like a feather out of a goose's bosom; and he was making more money than his father had and in the same business. Life was cinched so far as Horace was concerned. Beverly was the ultimate jewel on his escutcheon.

Before giving up hope of drawing him out Beverly pricked him with one more question. "Who, Horace dear," she asked, "is your worst enemy? Tell me so I can help you to put an occasional tack in his garage."

Horace thought. "I don't believe I have any real enemies."

"But surely," Beverly insisted politely, "somewhere in all this world there must be someone—somewhere—who hates your—er—your digestive tract—and who won't be entirely happy until the violets are blossoming vigorously on your own personal cemetery lot."

Horace shuddered. "To think that anyone hated me like that would make life a hell."

"On the contrary I should think it would make life distinctly interesting." Beverly appraised nim carefully as she said it. She was glad he was shocked. At least that was something. You couldn't plan on living all your life with a man who didn't react to anything you did or said no matter how bizarre.

II

They embraced a few more times and parted until that evening. Beverly had a number of things to attend to and Horace Amboy was not loathe to have a chance to tell somebody of the good fortune which had befallen him.

One of the first to hear about it was Hubbard Kirk, the unpopular dramatic critic of the Charlotteville Times and occasional contributor to the standard fiction magazines. For some reason or other Horace and Hubbard were friends—probably because they were so different.

Hubbard received the news sourly. "Am I supposed to up and kiss you to show my glee?" he demanded when Horace suggested that a little enthusiasm would be appreciated.

"Well, don't you think I'm a lucky fellow, Squash?"

"Don't call me Squash. I don't mind much but it shows such lack of imagination on your part. If I must be nicknamed let it be 'Hub' or 'Bard' or something fairly dignified. Who is this girl?"

"Her name is Beverly Bingham. Do you know her?"

"No, but the alliterative monniker is vaguely familiar. I suppose I've seen it in the society section of the news sheet. But you know what a rotten memory I've got for names. It's all I can do to recall yours and I see you nearly every day. What's she like?"

"Like an angel."

"I can visualize her perfectly then. Tall, commanding, cold, white feathers, sport model portable gold harp and—am I wrong? I see clouds of disapproval gathering upon your manly brow."

"This is no joke."

"I should say not—not if you have gone as far as an engagement. But perhaps we can get you out of it even yet. I suppose that is your real reason for coming to me. Now, I'm busy all day today but about tomorrow I'll agree to devote thirty minutes to thinking up a way for you to retract, in a gentlemanly manner, of course, some of the passionate statements to which you have doubtless committed yourself. Just at present my editorial boss wants me to cover an amateur matinée given by the Ladies' Something or Other to raise money to put flowers on the soldiers' graves on Decoration Day. Sweet assignment—what? You can come along if you like."

"No thanks, I've got to go around to the office and tear off a little work."

"Business as usual," Hubbard Kirk murmured after the retreating back of his friend. "Praise to thee, Allah, that it isn't me—no, isn't I—shucks, Allah, let it go at 'me'—it sounds better between friends. Well, I wish him luck. And you, too, Miss Whatever-your-name-is. I've forgotten."

Hubbard Kirk raised an imaginary beaker of wine on high and quaffed it at a single draft in honor of the happy couple, afterwards wiping his mustache—also imaginary—with great gusto.

"What vintage is that stuff, Bill?" he asked of the white-coated heavy-set wraith who had served him. "'Ninety-six, eh? Send two barrels of it over to the house this afternoon."

III

The matinée was well attended. The lady press committee which had thought up the stupendous idea of inducing the managing editor of the Times to send his real, honest-to-goodness critic to cover the effort thought very highly of itself and greeted Hubbard Kirk rather effusively, and triumphantly escorted him to a box where they sat with him.

Hubbard Kirk never chose a box when he had anything to say about the selection of location himself. He never took anyone to the theater with him and never conversed with his neighbors.

By the time he had listened to the committee for an entire act he was all tied up inside into tight knots of nerves that were all set to let go and break something.

It was certainly a great idea on the part of the chairman of the committee to insist that he address the audience between the acts.

Hubbard Kirk had to do it because he was so conspicuously seated that his attempts to evade the honor attracted giggling attention.

"Ladies and—er—ladies," he said from the stage after looking vainly for another man in the audience, "I never say what is expected of me. Anyone who does might as well bow and be seated without taking up time with articulation.

"Therefore, instead of comparing this performance favorably with the work of Sothern and Marlowe, which would involve a more violent lie than I am accustomed to employing in my business, I will take up the time while the carpenters are repairing the damage done by the actors during the first skirmish by talking on a subject about which we all know nothing and can therefore discuss on even terms."

For the first time that afternoon all the ladies gave their undivided attention to the stage. Their interest had been diverted from their own affairs at last. It looked as if somebody were going to get hurt and they wanted to see the victims carried out.

"My text is taken from the program of this performance. Your program speaks of 'The Unforgotten Dead.' I say 'Let's forget 'em!'"

First blood—a gasp of shocked dissension.

Kirk smiled. Trampling on sentiment was one of his favorite diversions.



"Now tell me," Beverly suggested, "about the women you have loved before." "I never have," said Horace.

"Forget 'em!" he repeated. "They have forgotten you and moved on, we hope, to better things. We have a better thing to do ourselves than to shed expensive remembrance on the graves of dead soldiers. What is that better thing, you ask? Of course I had the answer ready before I suggested the question. It is 'Forget the dead, but for Heaven's sake remember the living.'"

Kirk cast a practiced eye over the theater, filled from pit to dome with fluttering femininity. "I don't know what you paid to come in here because I was admitted on a pass but even if it was only a dollar apiece it amounts all told to a couple of thousand dollars which you have spent for entertainment which does not entertain, to which most of you have not even paid attention.



"Get in," invited Beverly, "and I'll drive you wherever you're going. That is, if you're not afraid."

And the money will be spent on flowers for soldiers who would have scorned them, living, and who don't give a damn about them now that they're dead. And meanwhile two thousand live soldiers out at the Soldiers' Home on the outskirts of our city are starving. Not for food—they get enough of that—but they don't get any of the real essentials of life. You know what I mean by essentials of life—a few of them are entertainment, the companionship of women and the exhilaration which was technically eliminated by Mr. Volstead, all grouped succinctly by the poet under the heading 'Wine, Woman and Song.'

"You, the two thousand of you, could have conveniently forgotten the boys up there in the cemetery—they would never have known the difference—and have chosen the five hundred most attractive of your number, armed them with your own or your husbands' pocket flasks, two thousand dollars' worth of phonographs, orchestras, good cigars, cigarettes, candy, cake and ice cream, and sent them out there on a vamping party. I don't know what the result would be but I'll venture to prophesy that it would be worth mentioning in the papers.

"During the recent alleged war a good many of you sacrificed everything for our soldiers. It has been estimated that the women who fell outnumbered the men two to one. Our men were not so interesting then as they are now. Then they were callow youths fresh from the farm and factory. Now they are citizens of the world, they have traveled, have had adventures. And it would take less to make them supremely and unexpectedly happy than it did when you so freely offered your maidenly charms upon the——"

"Treason!"

Hubbard Kirk stumbled over the interruption and tried to see the lady who had thrown the verbal bomb. He even took off his glasses in order to get rid of the glare from the house lights, but he could not locate her.

"I wondered how long it would be before I would be stopped by the voice of convention."

"My name isn't convention, mister," came the same voice protestingly. "Nor is it Legion, American or Foreign. I just wanted to stop you before you ran out of things to say."

"Do you think that crisis was imminent?"

"Yes. I'm afraid that you've passed it. The high point in your speech was where you said you didn't know what you were talking about. I don't believe I have ever seen you out at the Soldiers' Home."

"Do you go there yourself?"

"Yes, sir—once every week—sometimes oftener if it rains."

"You mean if it doesn't rain, don't you?"

"No, I mean if it does rain. You've no idea how difficult it is to be an old soldier on rainy days."

A titter of amusement increasing to a gale of laughter interrupted whatever remark Kirk may have had nearly ready as a reply. At first he thought it was a belated appreciation of something he had said, but a slight twitching at his trouser leg caused him to look down and perceive a black cat clawing at his shin.

"Just a moment, ladies—another of your number has something to say."

He reached down and picked up the animal. Around its neck was a red ribbon tied on a card.

Kirk read it, first to himself and then out loud.

"Dear Sir: We've only rented the theater until six o'clock. Will you be any longer than that? Signed, 'The Actors.'"

Kirk considered a moment. "Cat," he said finally, "go back to the self-deceived egotists who sent you and tell them that I can take a hint. The stage is theirs. Ladies of the audience, including the Bolshevik, I thank you."

The applause which Kirk heard as he went out may have been caused by the raising of the curtain on the second act of the comedy. He never knew because he managed to find the stage door and make his escape to the street. If his luck was good and no one saw him who had authority to bring him back under arrest he was never going to know how that particular play came out.

IV

"I SAW your friend, Mr. Kirk at the benefit matinée this afternoon," Beverly told her fiancé that evening.

"Is that so? Squash isn't much to look at but he's a good scout at heart."

"He impressed me as being one of the super-people."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, super-people are most everything that the rest of us are not. They don't care what people think, they say out loud what they think themselves and in general get into a disturbance even if they have to create it out of nothing. Columbus was one, so was Alexander—all men who found the known world a little too small or too crowded and started out to fix it. There haven't been many women in that class. Catherine de Medici, perhaps, was one. A super-person is one who hates ruts and would rather have one good interesting enemy than a dozen friends."

"Who introduced Squash to you?"

"No one. I haven't met him yet."

"You must meet him."

"Oh, I expect to!"

"Good. I'll bring him around."

"Never mind. I'll run into him some rainy day."

V

THAT did not tally in the least with Hubbard Kirk's own expectations. He had no idea of visiting the Soldiers' Home at any time, much less during a rainstorm.

It just happened that the very next time there was a misty drizzle he had very little to do in the office and he ran out of cigarettes and his pipe needed cleaning and there was no book or magazine that he particularly wanted to look over.

Therefore his subconscious mind sorted over the shelves and began handing down interesting items for inspection.

"How about that woman who baited you at the benefit matinée the other day?" suggested the subconscious mind, which had thought about her a good deal in an irritated way ever since she had first scratched him.

"Oh, her!" Kirk acknowledged scornfully. "She's probably some smart Alec matron about forty-two, both as to age and chest measure, who minds everybody's business but her own."

"She seemed clever," reminded the s. m.

"So do lots of 'em, but they aren't."

"Hadn't you better find out? She might be young and attractive and everything."

"No such luck."

"Why not find out?"

"How, I ask you?"

"Humph! You know as well as I do. She goes to the Soldiers' Home on rainy days."

"Well?"

"It's raining today."

Kirk finally lost the argument and took a taxi out to the Home. He spent the entire afternoon there making the old soldiers grouchier than they would have been ordinarily.

Because he was the only visitor. Another one did drive by the door as he was getting out of his taxi, but upon observing him she steered her roadster right on past with a grin and went home.

There would be other rainy days.

VI

KIRK swore he would never, never go out to the Soldiers' Home again. That woman had deceived him, had told him an out-and-out flagrant falsehood.

But the next time it rained he grew restless. She did have a pleasant voice even if she was impudent. Perhaps she had been sick the first rainy day—or there had been a death in the family or something. He found a hundred excuses for the absence of his irritator. He couldn't help wondering if she were out there now.

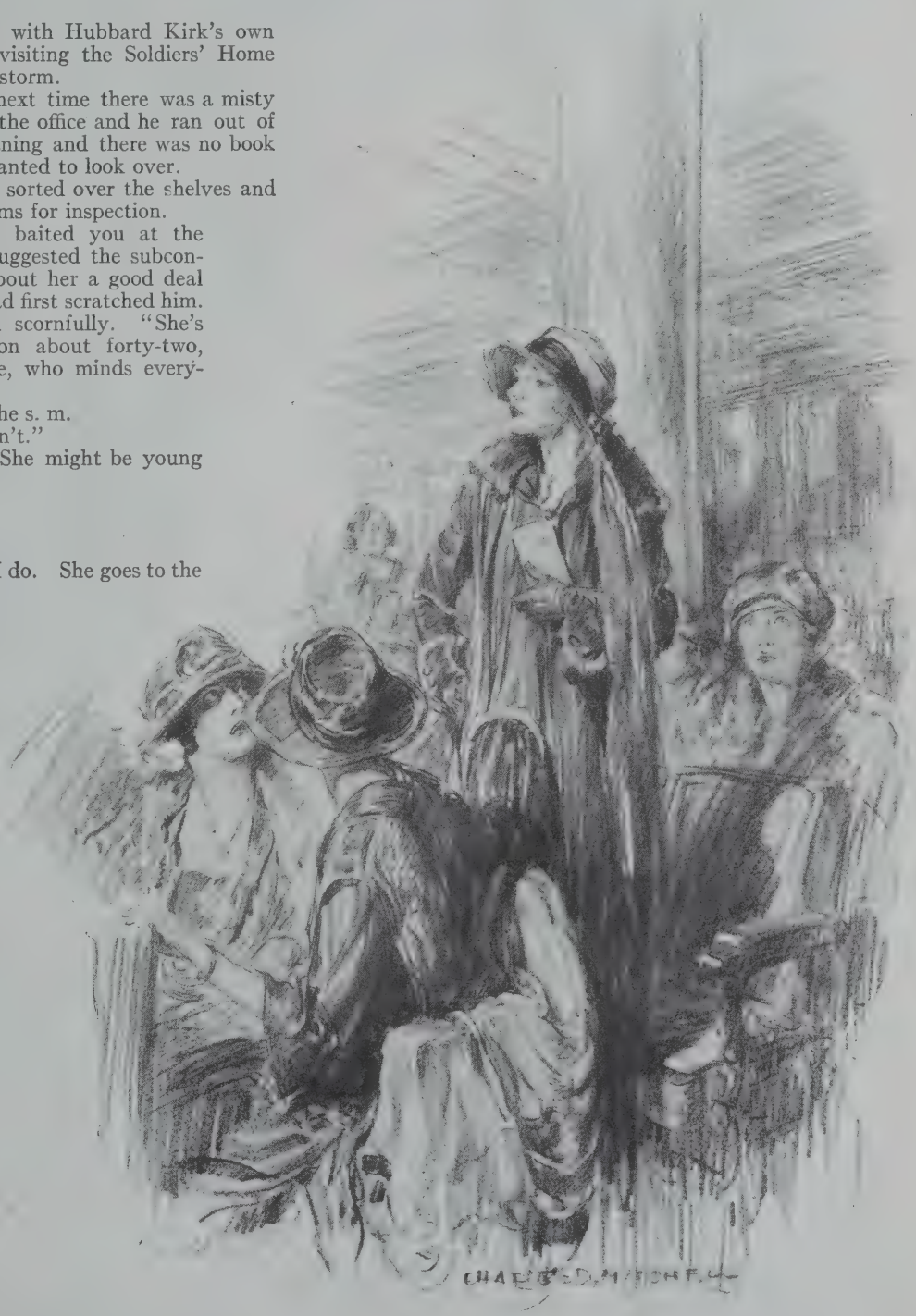
He wondered about it for an hour.

Then he went to see.

The veterans were pretty peevish. Aside from the fact that rain increased the voltage of each and every case of rheumatism in the institution and awakened reminiscent twinges in long-healed wounds there were two new, novel and original causes for complaint.

One of these was the fact that the government was issuing O. D. clothing instead of the traditional blue.

"I never reckoned Uncle Sam would want to make me look like a dodgasted nincompoop!" raged Elihu Fibblebender, the oldest relic of the Civil War group and consequently something of an autocrat. He held out a pair of sand-hued trousers at arm's length. They had just come into his unenthusiastic possession. "I fought the Rebs in blue and by God I want to be buried in my fighting clothes! Khaki may have been all right in the skirmishin' that was done in Europe but for the kind



"The high point in your speech," said the girl in the audience, "was where you said you didn't know what you were talking about."

of fightin' we fit in the Wilderness you can't beat Union blue. A man was proud to die in that color."

The only reason there wasn't an argument then and there was because there were no Great War veterans present to overhear the statements belittling their campaigns by comparison with the battles of 'sixty-one. There were only a few of Pershing's men in the home anyway and they were all gathered in the south wing, which had received a new group of inmates just that morning.

That new group was the second irritation under the saddle blankets of the old-timers. They were all men who had been so badly burned by German mustard gas that their lungs were not much good any more and never would be. They had been discharged from the hospitals, not as cured, but as incurable. They had a certain short span of their lives yet to live and they had to be fed, clothed and sheltered until—well, until.

General Grant's followers felt that the government was confused about the nature of their institution, that it had violated what was almost a contract by sending men there who were essentially hospital cases. There was much growling and smothered indignation among the older boarders.

Elihu Fibblebender in a one-sided conversation with Hubbard Kirk divided his anathemas between the khaki pants and the interlopers. "After we've slaved most of our lives to make this home what it is, a retreat for gentlemen, now comes an order to wear these damned mud colored overalls; and not content with that, they saddle us with a passel of sick boys that will probably get all the best of everything there is from now on."

"What nice new trousers!" exclaimed a voice, approaching and pretending not to have heard the irritation in the veteran's tirade.

"They ain't blue," Elihu pointed out glumly.

"No, but the Army of the United States doesn't wear blue any more. You're still a part of the Army, aren't you? On the reserve list, of course, but if they needed you you'd still be able to fight, wouldn't you, Captain Fibblebender?"

The old soldier tried not to swallow this but it was no use. He liked it and ate it. He wasn't a captain, never had been anything but a corporal, and his fighting days had been over for forty years. But the music of a feminine voice raised in admiration of himself charmed him reluctantly from his grouch.

"Yes, I'll fight and—I'll show some of these younger fellows a lot about soldiering."

"I thought so. So did Uncle Sam. That's why you're being issued the O. D. service uniforms. So that you'll be ready when the time comes."

The aged veteran regarded the trousers with mixed emotions. He was too old to reason things out very clearly. Besides, the argument had been put by a very pretty young girl, a cherubic blonde of about high school age who was as vivid on that rainy day as a shaft of sunshine in a prison. It was hard for him to resist.

"Well, mebbe I'll wear the pants but I'll keep on my old blue coat. I can change that quick enough after the bugle sounds assembly and I'd feel better in it. That way I'll save my blue pants for Sundays and funerals. I like to look nice for funerals because we always aim to have a kind of military service, you know, a field gun carriage and a flag and reversed rifles and a volley with 'Taps.' Do you think it will be all right to wear the blue pants then, Miss Bingham?"

"I do for a fact. If there's any question about it I'll take the matter up with the commandant." That seemed to settle that. "Aren't you going to introduce your friend, Mr. Kirk?"

"He ain't no friend of mine," averred Mr. Fibblebender with a reversion to his best rainy day manner, "and this is the first I heard his name was Kirk. Is it, young man?"

"Yes," admitted Hubbard, "but I don't know how the young lady knew it."

"You made a speech on the stage at a matinée last week."

"Were you in the audience?"

"Don't you recognize me? I stood up while I was arguing with you."

"Oh, are you that one?"

"Why, yes. Are you fearfully disappointed?"

"What? Why should I be disappointed?"

"Well, after coming out here twice to see what I was like it must be kind of an anti-climax to find out I'm only me."

She had hit so near the truth, especially in her statement that this was his second trip, that Kirk became confused. For once in his lifetime which covered thirty years or so he lost his poise, became a conventional masculine creature with extra and exceedingly useless hands and feet.

The girl herself was not hampered in the least by embarrassment or lack of conversation. She went right on. "I try not to be disappointing but I can't get away from the fact that I am rather small for my age and that my face doesn't look as if I knew as much even as I really do. You'll admit, won't you, Mr. Kirk, that I'm all wrong?"

"Well, I did expect a brunette."

"A tall, starved looking one?"

"Yes, slightly sallow but interesting in an acid sort of way." Kirk was reviving. His steam pressure was going up.

But Elihu Fibblebender was not particularly amused. He had long since ceased trying to follow the conversation and had retired to try on the offending trousers.

"But," continued the precocious child, "you did actually come out to see what I was like?"

Kirk hesitated. "Yes," he admitted reluctantly.

"Good—I admire a man who doesn't lie when he sees it won't be any use. And you don't know who I am?"

"No." Mystified.

"Well, as I know all about you, the great problem of getting acquainted is greatly simplified. All we have to do is talk about me, which after all is one of my favorite diversions."

"Begin."

"I'm twenty-two and I'd dress that way only I look more foolish than in this *robe d'une vierge.* I've been through many prep schools and one university, actually getting a degree from the latter. I read your dramatic criticisms and disagree with them violently. I read your magazine fiction and it—it——"

"It makes you sick?"

"Well, I wasn't going to say that but your stories aren't like you."

"I put the happy endings on because the editors require them. The public, they say, demands that romance shall always eventuate in wedding bells, church aisles, lost wedding rings, rice and grinning Pullman porters. My personal opinion is that a broken heart is one of the very best companions for one's declining years, infinitely preferable to an ideal which has become a physical disappointment."

"Have you ever had a broken heart?"

"No."

"I wondered if you spoke from experience."

Talking, they had gone from the main section of the building to the south wing where the new arrivals were located.

As they entered someone shouted "Tenshun!" and in automatic response the conversation instantly ceased and the men froze into rigid position.

Also automatically, Hubbard Kirk said "Rest! As you were!" and then laughed. "Excuse me, men, I forgot. It's four years since I've had the right to say that."

The men laughed, too. Beverly regarded her companion curiously. No one had told her that he had been an officer. He didn't act like a soldier. His mind wasn't that kind either. He would have been a better conscientious objector.

Beverly had a way of making friends with a group of men like the one in that bare room that did away with formalities at express train speed. Kirk hung back and watched her work. Her secret seemed to be that she neither pretended to be another man nor did she assume any airs of superiority. She did not require deference but got it anyway and made her entire appeal on the basis of femininity. She flirted outrageously with everyone she spoke to and several others besides at the same time. And yet her size and generally innocent appearance robbed her tactics of any hint of boldness. No one knew quite how to take her. That in itself was a considerable factor in the interest she aroused.

"Anybody here got any requests to make?" she asked in an official manner. "Do you want anything foolish that isn't included in the regular unimaginative government line of supplies and amusements? I'll be your good fairy. If I can't grant your wishes at least I can listen to 'em."

Her proposition had a paralyzing effect on the vocal organs of most of her audience.

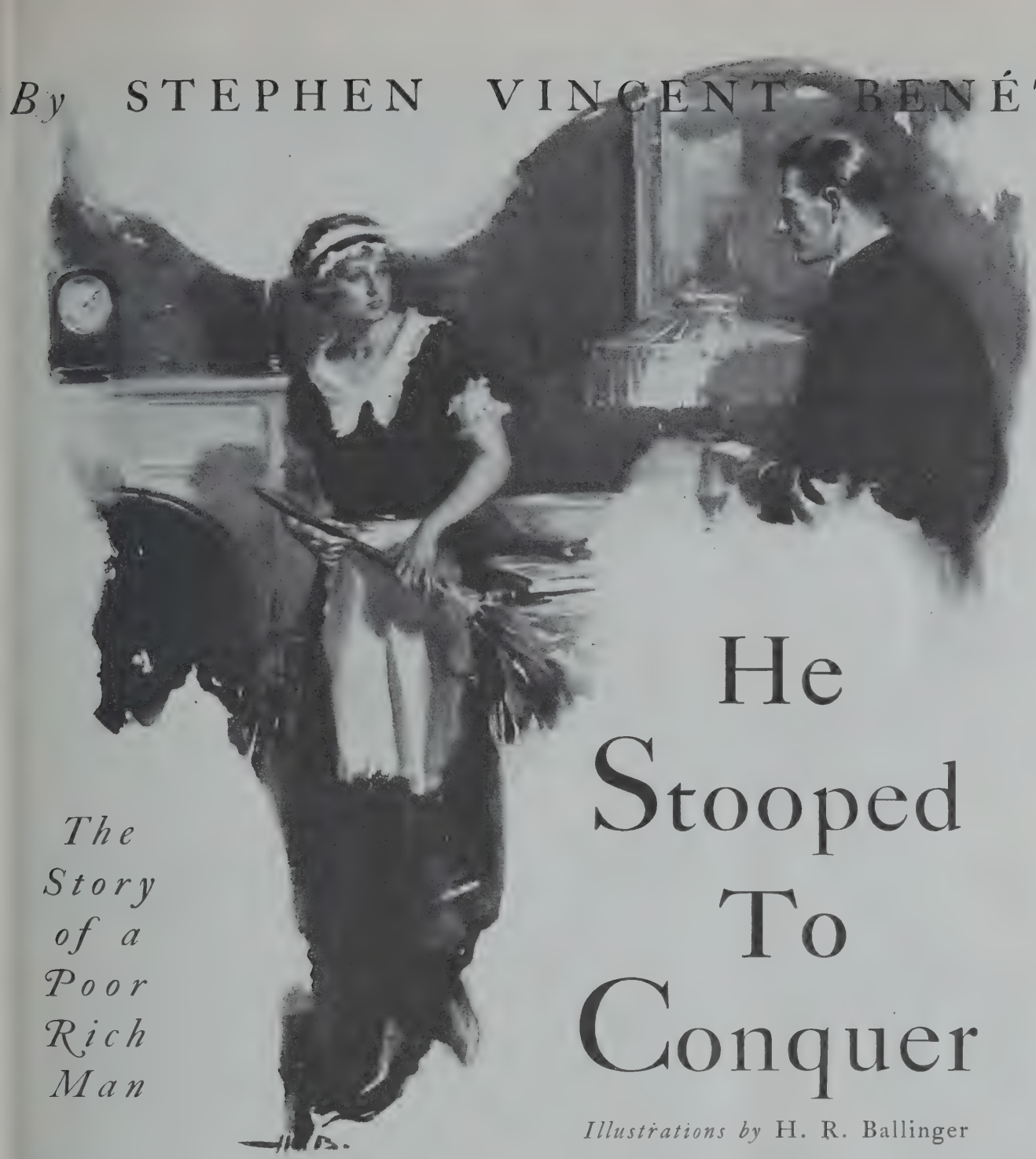
"Speak up, fellow voyagers," she urged. "If your desires are so violent that you can't express yourselves in the presence of a woman I will leave and you may speak freely to my secretary pro tem, Mr. Hubbard Kirk. Name your wish."

"I'll tell you what I wish," began one long, lanky soldier, mostly bones and a deep voice but topped off with rather pleasant eyes and mouth.

"Good."

"I'd like to be treated just once as if I was getting ready to live instead of preparing to die. We fellows know we've got to go and go pretty soon, but so have a lot of other people who aren't in Homes for one thing or another. (*Continued on page 122*)

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT



He Stooped To Conquer

The Story of a Poor Rich Man

Illustrations by H. R. Ballinger

"TOOT!" said the horn again a little impatiently. "Too-oot." Mrs. Jabez came in from the kitchen at a running waddle. A floury forefinger sought and found the proper electric button, pressed it. Then she bounced to the door and stood there, beaming, dusting her hands on her apron. The big iron gates outside the gatekeeper's lodge swung slowly apart, letting in a sudden shaft of light from the headlights of the waiting car. Then the motor picked up again and, even as Mrs. Jabez ducked an elephantine curtsey, was slurring its way up the drive to the lights of the big house.

Not before the boy in the car had had time to smile and wave, however, in gay if somewhat hurried greeting. A hand raised, looking stiff as a wooden man's hand in the sudden moment of glare before darkness wiped out the road again, a smiling mouth in a face that seemed singularly, coldly mature for its youthfulness. No words, or if there had been any they were lost in the noise of the car.

"Well—that's *that!*" said Mrs. Jabez conclusively, shutting the door behind her. Her niece, new-come from the country, nodded wide-eyed.

"Honest?" She spoke with a slow pure accent that made her occasional faults in grammar seem personal eccentricities. "Why, he looks just like anybody else, Aunt Sally! Acts so, too. Why, Aunt Sally—the way he waved—I'd have thought he said something, too—just seeing him——"

"Oh, he's polite! Real polite." Mrs. Jabez's formidable visage smoothed a little as she closed the gates again. "Always makes as if he was speaking to me when he goes past and I speak to him, too, generally—makes it easier for him, *I* think——" What conversation might occur was evidently between equals by her tone.

"All the same," she resumed, turning back toward the kitchen, "all this—houses and gardens and ottymobiles and you and me and all that money—millions and millions, the paper said when his pa died—and there's the New York houses, too, and *his* yacht and *his* private car *and* his box at the opyra—all of it going to him and him a dummy—well——" She paused reflectively. "Gives me the creeps sometimes—the cold creeps in my back," she confessed. "Not this way—just passing the time. But sometimes he'll stop and ask questions—oh! very nice, and how is Jabez's poor back and does Martha like her teacher, as polite as can be and taking in everything I say just as easy as anybody else with that funny grin of his and having to write out everything *he* says on his little pad like as if he was one of them nosy reporters—it ain't *right!*" She grew broadly ungrammatical under the stress of emotion. "It ain't right no way at all," she repeated firmly. "No way at all! *As* you'll see!"

"But Aunt Sally"—with a poor attempt to hide hungry curiosity under apparent carelessness—"was he born that way? I mean, hasn't he ever talked at *all?* Not once?"

Mrs. Jabez nodded her head portentously.

"All as bright a youngster as ever was and all over the place till his pa sent him to college, thinking himself so clever. Talk? He could talk the ears straight out of your head! But there he went to athletics and that was the trouble. He caught cold in his chest and would go leading those cheers in spite of it. And then"—she sank her voice to a whisper, raised it triumphantly—"para*ly*sis!" she boomed. "Complete paralysis of the vocal cords. In-cur-able."

"I'd have cheered 'em!" she added with a sudden vindictiveness surprising in one so wholly plump.

"But didn't they have doctors?" said Charity Jabez timidly.

"Doctors!" said Mrs. Jabez, with abolishing scorn.

An accusatory smell drifted in from the direction of the kitchen—a smell of burning.

"Lord," cried Mrs. Jabez desolately, "them cakes!"

She made for the disaster at a flat-footed run, her tongue still busy.

"Burnt to a crisp, I'm bound! Oh, Charity Jabez! And after I'd told Mrs. Wift that you was so neat and careful and never gossiped and losing three currant pies along of your gabble!"

The rest was lost in a flurry of violent action. But when she had gingerly withdrawn the crisping pies from the oven, she turned her flushed face in Charity's direction, sharply. That tidy and helpful young person she had so proudly recommended to Mrs. Wift, the housekeeper, as the kind of girl they used to have before all these cluttery servants' agencies put bounce into the heads of all sorts of trash, was not helping her at all. Instead she was standing at the window like a poor stupid, gazing fixedly out at the road the car had taken a little while before.

"Charity!" said Mrs. Jabez thunderously.

The girl turned with a start as if her aunt's voice had wakened her from sleep. Her eyes looked sort of foolish, too, Mrs. Jabez thought; sort of stary and foolish.

"All the same he *is* nice looking if he is a dummy," she said, as if she were speaking to herself.

Mrs. Jabez shut the oven door with a clank.

"Now, Charity Jabez!" she began exasperatedly.

II

The Fetherholme gardens were really at their best, this first week in June—everybody said so, for everybody was there.

Everybody served tea and drank it from thin beautiful cups on the cool wide porch, twittering and laughing, dressed in light pleasant gowns whose colors were the colors of flower dust, of pastel dust. Everybody walked strongly, virilely, along the gravel paths, between the borders, decorously cutawayed, wearing sad colored ties but formally flirtatious behind green hedges. A dozen puffs of smoke rose into the air at once from everybody's cigarettes. Everybody's name would be in the papers tomorrow, guests at the Fetherholme garden party, Miss, Mrs. and Mr. Everybody, in order of importance, to everybody's usual wounded surprise at thus finding himself in print, to everybody's secret, gentle pleasure at thus being once more and very publicly recognized as the only everybody who was really somebody. But Rodney Fether, *the* Rodney Fether of next morning's paper, looking down from his own window at his own garden party in his own garden, for the moment had got away successfully from everybody.

He looked at his watch again. Five minutes since he had slid away. He would give himself five more minutes—five whole minutes of release from exceeding strain. That would be all. Must be. The Roman sort of crucifixion had been kindlier—it didn't require politeness from the victim of the public reception.

At that, though, what was the use of getting away from everybody? You couldn't get away from yourself—you dragged yourself around with you, a ventriloquist's doll that you had lost the trick of making talk out loud, even squeakily, that you could only waggle in people's faces like a waxwork. A waxwork that grinned and wrote on a pad whenever anybody spoke to it. Oh well, no use of going on like that! He looked out of the window again and smiled.

He had not been missed—that was one lucky thing anyway.

It was easier to be a host when you were dumb, in some ways. You didn't have to talk the same drivel over and over, like a phonograph gone wrong, to a processional line of imbeciles. You just smiled and bowed. Or sometimes you wrote on your pad. Not much, though—social small talk seemed more than usually idiotic, written down.

No, he would not be missed again, anywhere, that was almost certain. He had noticed, as he always noticed with excruciating clarity on the three or four occasions a year on which he threw Fetherholme open, the individual behavior of every guest in turn. Old friends were much the worst—the women especially. They thought they had to talk to you just as they used to, looking at your mouth as they talked as if they expected you to take an American flag, three eggs and a lady's garter from it, conjuring. Enunciating very dis-tinct-ly—they always did—their eyes always sliding away, hoping for somebody else to come along and release them——

And then, pity. Their terrible pity. You could feel them pitying you with every pore in their skins. And then after five remarks, or sometimes six, they started looking ashamed, as if they had been caught staring at something crippled. Then they went away.

He discovered that he had struck the window in front with the flat of his hand till the palm tingled all over. That was very silly, very. But sometimes things got a little hard to take.

Somehow it would help a little if people wouldn't raise their voices at you as if you were deaf as well as dumb. Natural, he supposed, like shouting at a foreigner. But hateful, pricklingly hateful. You heard things you weren't meant to, too. "Poor old Rodney!" carelessly regretful, from that fool Tom Williams. "He's certainly crocked for keeps!" Poor Rodney. Oh, damn poor Rodney! Better be dumb than a perfumed tame cat like Tom. Better be——

No, that wasn't true. His teeth clenched. Better be anything, anything, anything, than dumb. Better be poor and sick and old and blind than young and rich with a body that would last forty years yet if you took care of it, and everything else, the thing that made all life, buried alive in that body forever like prisoners bricked up in a fortress wall. Better be dead than a silent walking monster that never could talk love to a woman or of women with a man, that could never even say "Hello!" to a friend.

Friends. And love. *And* love.

There had never been anything acknowledged between himself and Janet. But if he hadn't caught cold—well, he very well knew. She knew too; she must have. That was why she saw so little of him these days. Must be. Very much wiser.

He looked at his watch again, then out of the window. They hadn't missed him—but still, he ought to get back.

Turning away, he glanced at the opposite window, the closed one. Before his accident he had never been able to appreciate the whim of his father's that placed his house and built his own jutting study so close to the nearest railroad tracks on the study side that the passing trains seemed almost under the window. Now he saw something in the old man's idea after all. The electric trains in their smooth mechanical swiftness, in the subdued but furious energy of their passage, stirred his mind like running horses. They were not human, or pitying, or pryingly curious; there was something cold and rapid and monstrous about them that made him calm. They could kill, but never in anger; they were personified singleness of purpose and wholly apart from any mortal emotion. That satisfied him—that was the only way to live—mechanical and swift and unconcerned as they. One passed at the moment—he watched it shrink out of sight with odd satisfaction. Then, "Oh!" said a voice behind him, with a little gasp.

He turned, his mouth opening involuntarily for speech before he could think. A gust of irritation blew over him—how pitifully futile to be that way, even now at any new face you saw, even a housemaid's! He reached for his pad—the new girl, Mrs. Jabez' niece—frightened pink, too, probably—never saw him before, and servants' gossip must decorate him with horns and a tail. Anyhow, frightened or not, she had no business in here; he'd given strict orders. Pad and pencil in his hand, he looked up at her again, the irritation plain on his face.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

Well, at any rate she didn't raise her voice to him like most people. Not a bad voice, either—neither nasal nor quacky though New Englandish enough in its preciseness.

"I didn't see you. I was going to tidy."

He scribbled on his pad.

"This room is *never* to be tidied. Mrs. Wift should have told you."

He thrust the pad almost under her nose for inspection. There. Now that he was close to her she'd look either pitying or scared, one of the two. And next morning Mrs. Wift would have to look out for another underhousemaid. What a nuisance!

"I'm sorry, sir. I was not told and so had no means of knowing."

She was looking at him quite steadily and there was neither pity nor fright in her eyes. Instead she was wholly composed—and wholly curious. Not cruelly, not coldly, but with the



Rodney's hands reached at Charity again—and fell. Only their eyes fought, brutal and silent.

inhumanly perfect curiosity of a child seeing something unusual for the first time. There was mirth, too, in her eyes—she couldn't quite hide it all. He ached all over of a sudden, unbearably, as some wounds ache in rainy weather.

"Why are you laughing? At me?" he scrawled incoherently.

"No, sir."

"At what?"

A smile—irrepressible.

"Because the room was *never* to be tidied."

"What's your name?"

"Charity Jabez—sir."

"Where do you come from?"

"Litchville Corners, Vermont."

"Do you like being here instead?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"The work is easy. And I like—seeing new things."

The pencil hesitated, wrote finally:

"You like it better than home?"

"It's livelier. And I like being lively."

Rodney smiled. Then he was surprised to find himself smiling. Why was he? He remembered the garden party—the familiar blackness of spirit came back. Still, he hesitated—it might be amusing to question her further. Then his eyes, going past her, fell on an ironic relic of college—the tall megaphone with the staring white initial that had been his as a cheer leader. After his illness he had brought it back and hung it up on his wall, with some suitable cynic perversion of precisely the same sort of sentiment that leads prolific mothers to deck the wall of the parlor with a life-size crayon enlargement of Angel Willie (deceased, aged eighteen months). It served now, as often as a jog to a sensitive elbow.

"You may go," he wrote on his pad with careless haste.

The girl did not say "'k you, sir," as Mrs. Wift would have done—she went directly with a slight inclination of her capped head that was neither familiar nor subservient. When she had gone, Rodney stood smoothing his hair for a moment, puzzledly.

Nice hands, nice feet, small, slenderish. An astonishingly pretty mouth, some humor, a pleasant voice, clear eyes as gray as Connecticut sky in winter. A pretty girl—not too much the goddess type, yet to suggest State Capitol frescoes—and Heaven, how young! And she hadn't been afraid—or pitying—or anything but sheerly curious——

Hard lines came around the mouth that would never be able to put these thoughts or any others into speech. "I like to be lively." Light love might be very amusing for a summer when one of the protagonists was dumb.

III

"THANK you, Charity. You read very well indeed." But the writing on the pad was neither neat nor as fluent as usual. The story had been to blame, perhaps. He had picked out a volume of fables and opened it for her at random—"to find out if you will be able to read aloud to me a little in the afternoons." But he hadn't stopped her when the first fable ended, so she had gone on to the next. And the next was the one about Crœsus, King of Lydia, who had all the riches of the earth and one dumb son.

He didn't care for most voices. Not now, at least. Envy, probably. And he'd always hated people who slew amusing talk by saying firmly, "There's just one little thing here that I'd like to read you——" Her voice was different. It was a precise little brook of sound, flowing as evenly as water over grass. Limpid water, clear, without color. It healed his mind.

"Do you wish me to continue reading, sir?"

"No thank you, Charity."

She stood up. How straight she was and, defiantly, in the face of all slang, how fresh! No use of getting an attack of free verse emotion over a housemaid. But she was—he searched a vocabulary enforcedly enriched beyond those of his ancient fellows by the last three years—so uniquely New England. Like——

"I'm sorry I didn't read any better." No "sir," nothing but plain declarative statement. New England again.

"You read very well. I should like you to read to me tomorrow—the same time. Please tell Mrs. Wift."

"Very well, sir"—with steady, unobsequious eyes.

She turned to go. He tapped on the desk with his pencil.

"Yes?"

"Getting along all right?" in large, casual looking characters.

"Oh yes, sir! It is greatly pleasant—the work here, I mean. They have all been so kind—especially Mrs. Wift and Mr. Hawkins."

For a moment glow was in her eyes and softness like the first warm, lazy puff of wind that brings New England back her uncertain April, no less beloved because never overpraised.

"That's good. I want"—he hesitated; *servants* sounded theatric—"people to be contented," he ended, rather lamely.

"Oh, I am contented! And learning much." She was gone.

He couldn't help smiling. Priscilla Alden in a sort of twentieth century pocket-Versailles. What *did* she think of it all?

Then something jogged his mind like the touch of a finger. There was something familiar in the way she walked, familiar and yet odd. What was it? He mimicked her with two fingers along his desk. Step—step—and then suddenly grinned with laughter. She was walking like any of the other housemaids now, when she remembered, that was all. When she came at first she had stepped with a straight long Indian stride. Moreover, there were her stockings—chiffon silk. Being dumb made you notice little things. Priscilla was not only learning much, but fast.

IV

SHE had other and more vocal instructors than Rodney Fether, too. Witness a scene in the stately Fether garage, closed territory—supposedly—for housemaids, where second chauffeur George Hawkins is putting the finishing touches on a "manicure" of one of the cars.

Charity drifts in from somewhere with a fine apparent soap bubble ignorance of direction which hides completely her recently discovered certainty that Mrs. Wift is taking forty winks at the moment and the other superior servants indulging in a quiet little game of auction in the laundry. Second chauffeur George Hawkins—whose unremarkable though pleasantly youthful, typically American features caused a sentimental auntie to sob hysterically "They all look so clean and *strong*—our great hearted boys!" when George marched by in the Victory Parade—perceives her presence, apparently through the muscles of his back, for his back is turned. But he knows she is there and she knows he knows it and so along the progression to infinity.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hawkins." Demure enough.

"Good afternoon, Miss Jabez." Ceremonious, this. How servants do copy our etiquette!

"I suppose that I am really not allowed here—Mrs. Wift said not. I suppose you will tell me to go away very soon." With the exercise of that priceless gift possessed by many very healthy young women—the gift of making themselves look frail at will.

"Why, Miss Jabez—well, I should *say* not—I mean, I should certainly suppose—well, not while *I'm* here, anyhow—say, is there anything you particularly wanta see? I'll——"

This running incoherency is the politeness of George, whose cool composure, in general, passes that of taxi drivers. But whenever Charity is near he feels funny, somehow. The nearer she is the funnier he feels. This problem in ratios may sometime lead to complications, for George is good at mathematics.

Charity waits cruelly until his speech has died into silence. Then she comes nearer the car, waves a tentative hand exploringly. She is really so interested, for the moment, that she forgets to look frail.

"I should like to know what *that* is for!" she says, with a jab of her finger at the speedometer.

In the next half-hour it is George who is educated, more than Charity. He discovers to his horror that she doesn't like the color of the upholstery, that nothing he can say about ignition will ever make up for that color——

He discovers that Charity's neck is white and straight and her hands white and slim, and that her fingers when they touch his accidentally have the power of making air brighter and blood more sparkling and thoughts light-footed——

Poor George! He begins to dilate upon the advantages of home life for a man, of marrying young, of moving West. Dry farming, California climate, the influence of woman as inspiration to great deeds, get mixed in his speech.

Charity has drifted away again somewhere. George is left to a lengthy, muttering argument with an oil can.

"I'll tell the world she's there!" is the burden of the argument. "I'll tell the world any goof could make good with a girl like that to work for! I'll tell the world——"

Charity drifts back to the big house, wondering.

V

BUT the reading went on in that third story study with the two tall windows that looked upon railway cut and garden respectively. Went on—and stretched like elastic till they took up most of the long summer afternoons. And Charity's education in ways that were not New England's went on also—and the stream of odd thoughts in Rodney Fether's mind.

She was more communicative now—he always tried to make her talk at the end of each reading. Shyly at first, in polite, quaint monosyllables, then more at length, showing always the instant, delicate reactions of a mind that seclusion had made as sensitive as a photographic plate to the contacts of a life luxurious beyond its furthest previous concepts. Accepting that life and its modernity with eager high spirits. Yet with queer fits of doubting, too—a Pilgrim's doubting of a land too pleasant to be anything but a rose-covered pitfall out of Bunyan—when Charity, for days, would revert to the original country Charity—hide her new clothes away under a reproving pile of winter underwear and refuse to laugh (*Continued on page 164*)



MARION DAVIES *as Princess Mary Tudor in the Cosmopolitan Productions film, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," renders an interpretation whose beauty and gay winsomeness makes memorable one of the greatest love stories ever screened.*



SALLY LONG, *last year a member of the "Midnight Frolic," is now one of the prize beauties of Mr. George White's "Scandals."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE STUDIOS



MARY BETH MILFORD, *of the "Music Box Review"—petite and piquant, lissome and lovely and all the other adjectives.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



AVONNE TAYLOR *of the Ziegfeld "Follies," whose loveliness called forth the admiration of the visiting Prince of Wales.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRA D. SCHWARZ

By H. C. WITWER

Pack your Troubles in your old Kit Bag and Read

Julius Sees Her

Illustrations by J. W. McGurk



Tryin' to get rid of these "mashers" is like tryin' to get rid of double pneumonia.

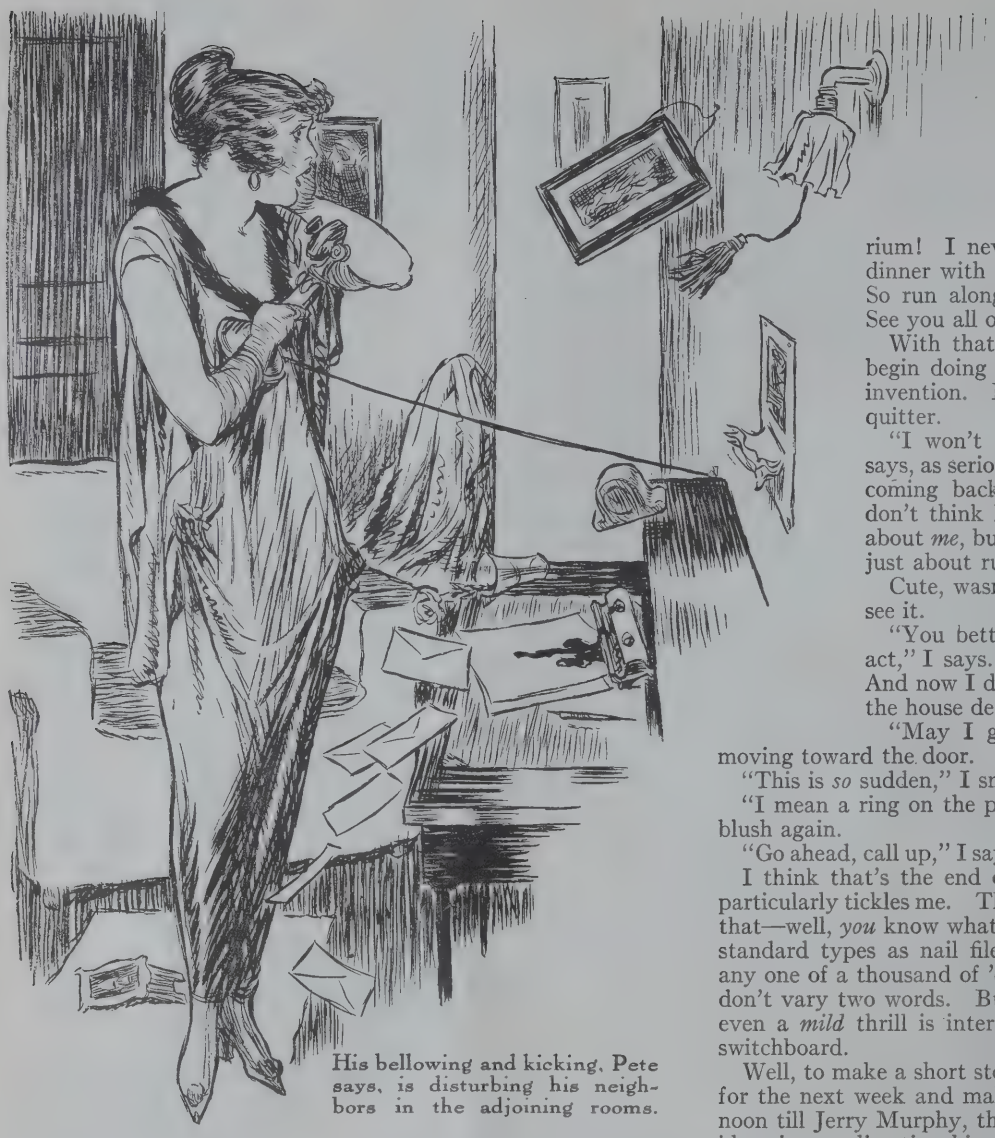
YOU know really I feel like Eve must of felt when she opens her eyes in the Garden of Eden—I don't know where to begin. Julius De Haven, my boy friend, claims it was fate which changed him from a gentleman of the chorus to the star part in a Broadway show. Julius is a former graduate of Harvard's college so he ought to know what everything's all about, but I can't give him nothing on *that* explanation. It wasn't fate which put him across, it was Gladys Murgatroyd, viz, me. That's not my real name, but it's a good one, isn't it? I thought so, too, when I composed it. There's a whole lot more stuff to it than there is to Mary Johnson, the name I am made a present of on my first birthday. Picture stars, actors, prize fighters, authors and people who write books has *nom de plumes*, so why shouldn't a telephone operator have a *nom de switchboard* if she wants one?

Gladys Murgatroyd is the name I cook up for myself when I think I'm going to be another Gloria Swanson and goal 'em in the movies. That was after I win first, second and third prize in a beauty contest at my home town, Bountiful, Utah. As far as beauty contests is concerned, why, I figure I'd finish no worse than second in New York, if having the skin you love to touch and that school-girl complexion means anything. Anyways, being elected the best looker in Bountiful gets me a ticket to Los Angeles, but I fail to set the lake ablaze in the picture business. The best I can do for myself is $5 a day as one of the supers in the super-productions and that soon gets more monotonous than monotonous itself. Being one of Solomon's wives today and a dashing young waitress tomorrow gets me kind of dizzy and Hollywood Boulevard is Bunk Avenue to *me*.

Well, I always was crazy to go to New York, having heard the town so well spoken of by one and all, so as soon as I saved the fare—a mere year—I check out of the movies and set sail for Broadway. I would like to say that I immediately land in a musical comedy and I *could* say it for that matter but it's a hobby of mine to tell the truth on the slightest provocation. What actually happens is that I get a portfolio as telephone operator at the Hotel St. Moe and I been carrying on smartly and clicking off my hundred a month there for nearly two years. While I'm not one of the city's show places I'm getting attention and I bet I could step into the front row of the Follies without causing a laugh.

I guess you know that the telephone switchboard of a big hotel draws more Johns in a fiscal year than a park, a bathing beach, a stage door and a department store combined. These dumbbells has nerve enough to attempt selling celluloid collars in Hades and tryin' to get rid of 'em is like tryin' to get rid of double pneumonia. I been invited to take a ride in every make of auto we both ever heard tell of and I get more lunch invitations daily than the Prince of Wales got when he visited our noble country.

All this thrills me like a drink of water would thrill a drowning man. I'm fed up on what the newspapers leniently calls "mashers," no fooling! Traveling and stationary salesmen, college boys, actors, ball players, bootleggers, lawyers, judges, doctors and what not, ranging in ages from eighteen to eighty, hangs around the board all day trying to do themselves some good and as the result us girls takes cruel and unusual punishment in habit-forming quantities during the course of the day's labors. Some of these beady-eyed, leering clowns stands there and looks at you till you feel you're sitting there in your bathing suit and you'd like to murder 'em! They never get nowhere with me or with any girl which has a ounce of sense, because they hold these auto rides and lunches at too high a rate of exchange. Another thing, I'm still young enough to have dreams in the daytime and my idea has always been that



His bellowing and kicking, Pete says, is disturbing his neighbors in the adjoining rooms.

some afternoon a duplicate of Valentino would come along with probably a million and a wild desire to make me his bride.

Well, one evening I am gaily handing out wrong numbers, "don't answer" and "busy" signals, when a swell looking, snappy dressed young fellow of about twenty-five springs bounds up to the board and asks for Whitehall 1483. When I get them, he says he would like to speak to Miss Fish.

"Be yourself, Harold!" I says, giving him a glance which would freeze two Eskimos, "Whitehall 1483 is the Aquarium. You want to speak to Miss Fish, eh? How do you get that way?"

Honest, his kid face grows as red as a throwing tomato and his Alice-blue eyes takes on the hurt look of a baby's when you refuse it a lollypop.

"Why—why—I beg your pardon," he stammers. "I didn't mean to be silly. I guess I've been kidded myself. You see, I met a young lady last night and she gave me that as her name and phone number." You can see from his face that he's telling the truth and I don't know why I feel sorry for him or sore that he should of met any young lady at all!

"Well, she gave you a pushing around," I says pleasantly. "Hereafter when you go out without your guardian don't pick up with every stranger that offers you candy—hundreds of children gets kidnaped that way in New York every day."

He grins and pulls a blush on a complexion that I could do no more than tie myself.

"I don't blame you for laughing at me," he says. "But I *would* like to speak to that young lady because——"

"Well, give me a good description of her," I butt in, "and I'll try and *guess* her phone number for you."

This time he laughs outright. Some giggle he's got, too—makes you warm right up to him whether you want to or not, if you know what I mean.

"Listen," he says, bending over real confidential, "I don't suppose you ever go out to dinner, do you?"

I only hear this about sixty times a day, so I get ready to put on the ice. You have to, no matter *how* nice they seem. The risk is too heavy. Believe me, I know!

"Listen yourself!" I says. "You may be a fast worker, but mere speed will get you nothing here. I am no Miss Fish from the Aquarium! I never under no circumstances go out to dinner with male kiddies which I have just met. So run along back to school, I'm fearful busy. See you all of a sudden!"

With that I turn back to the switchboard and begin doing my stuff with Mr. Bell's clever little invention. But the handsome city chap is no quitter.

"I won't bother you now if you're busy," he says, as serious as the Johnstown Flood. "But I'm coming back again with that dinner invitation, don't think I won't. I don't know how you feel about *me*, but I don't mind telling you that you've just about ruined my piece of mind!"

Cute, wasn't he? But of course I can't let him see it.

"You better get somebody to write you a new act," I says. "That stuff used to make Eve yawn. And now I don't wish to be rude, but—here comes the house detective."

"May I give you a ring tomorrow?" he asks, moving toward the door.

"This is *so* sudden," I smile. "And I don't even know you!"

"I mean a ring on the phone," he says, featuring that killing blush again.

"Go ahead, call up," I says. "I like a laugh as well as anyone."

I think that's the end of him and I can't say that thought particularly tickles me. There's something about this boy that—that—well, *you* know what I mean. Most of these boobs are as standard types as nail files. Close your eyes and it could be any one of a thousand of 'em trying to kid you—their approach don't vary two words. But this one gives me a mild thrill and even a *mild* thrill is interesting on a job as dreary as a hotel switchboard.

Well, to make a short story long, he phones me every morning for the next week and makes personal appearances every afternoon till Jerry Murphy, the house detective, who has some wild ideas in my direction himself, has him pegged for a pickpocket and would of collared him on his third appearance if I hadn't interfered. I won't get near as many flowers when I'm dead and gone as I do the following week from the mysterious stranger and candy flowed like water. He also gives me a book of near poetry called "The Ruby Yacht of Omar Kyam" which I think is a lot of apple sauce, but I tell him it's elegant as from the binding it must of cost plenty pennies.

Invitations to shows, auto rides, lunches, dinners, cabarets, ball games and requests to go to about everything else but murder trials is fairly showered on me by this dizzy youth and from the program he offered I could of gone out with him every day for the next ten years and never visited the same place twice. Still, I continue to plead a headache, as I am commencing to like this young daredevil and stalling is one way to keep their interest at fever heat. Then he makes all his other moves look reasonable in comparison by moving right into the Hotel St. Moe! Ain't we got fun?

With a room in the inn where I am one of the features of the telephone switchboard he is hard to laugh off, and finally one day I give up the one-sided battle and go to dinner with him. That's the start of the big romance and likewise the beginning of the young man's rise to fame and fortune. Funny, isn't it, how women can make fools out of men and men out of fools? I wouldn't exactly call this boy a fool, but he *is* a bit aggravating. He's got lots of stuff, but lacks the nerve to market his wares till I show him how!

After a week of bounding around with him I begin to feel lost without him. He was *different* and no mistake! His name in even figures is Julius De Haven and I learn about Cupid from him. When we're on a dance floor we look more like Maurice & Hughes than they do themselves. He sure shakes a relentless hoof and I'm not exactly at sea in a ballroom, either. Honest, he's brighter than Jackie Coogan and calling him a prince is a boost for royalty! Just a nice, clean boy, and as cute as he can



"Not a word!" howls this dumbbell. "I'll sue this hotel for a million dollars. Boy, call an officer!"

be, no fooling. Another thing, he don't once call me "girlie" or "little girl" and that alone helps make him solid with me!

Well, naturally in talking over this and that the subject of what Julius does for his coffee and cakes is bound to come up sooner or later. It comes up sooner and Julius breaks down and confesses to being an actor. Now up to then I'd been actor-proof, but somehow the thought of Julius being one kind of interests me strangely. With that handsome face of his, those thrilling eyes, that soothing voice, wavy hair and moving picture manner, why, I think the least he can be is a leading man. Probably another Jack Barrymore. So when he asks me to



A *chorus man!* If that isn't the shark's elbow.

come and see his show, "The Girl from Betelgeuse," it's almost more than I can do to wait.

But it's a couple of more weeks before I can arrange my hours at the Hotel St. Moe switchboard to get off and catch Julius De Haven's frolic, which by the way is one of the biggest musical comedy wows on Main Street, having entertained Broadway for better than a year. However, the big night finally arrives and I simply grab some Java and a club sandwich and rush home from the hotel, spending two hours in dolling up so's when my musical comedy star meets me after his labors that night he won't be ashamed of his girl friend. I haven't got a wardrobe like Princess Mary, but what little I *have* got is bonded stuff and when I'm set for the drama that night I figure I could go anywhere with Julius and not be no handicap to him, even if his friends was all from Wall Street.

The seat Julius stakes me to is so close to the stage that had it been a few inches farther towards the footlights I would of been given a horn or something like the rest of the orchestra. I'm so excited I don't know if I'm in New York or New Zealand and no wonder—I'm about to see my hero do his stuff! I flutter open that program like it was "The Sheik" and I'm reading it for the first time—I want to see Julius's name there and what he does and everything. But lo and behold, as the Peruvians says, there is not the slightest mention of Julius in the "Cast of Characters!" I think there must be some serious mistake and I go over that program till I could stand up and repeat it backwards at the drop of a hat.

Finally something catches my feverish eye that nearly sends me rolling off my seat out into the aisle in a faint! It was this in the back of the program: "Gentlemen Of The Chorus: Julius De Haven, Georgie——" But what difference does the names of the rest of them male chorus girls make? My Julius *a chorus man!* If that isn't the shark's elbow! You could of knocked me over with an aigrette and I must of made a couple of remarks to myself a little too loud, because out of the corner of my eyes I see the customers on each side of me gazing at me in alarm. But the curtain goes up just then and prevents me from being an opposition show myself.

I just sit there and cover my burning face with my hands. I don't wish to see that show or anything else and least of all do I crave to see Julius De Haven. Honest, I'm fit to be tied and I could of got a summons for what I am thinking about my boy friend right then! I have tossed away my heart to a thirty dollar a week chorus man, can you imagine that? And since I been on this job I've turned down whole coveys of millionaires—at least they said they was.

Well, you know they say curiosity is a girl and I guess that's a fact, because in a few minutes I simply got to look up and see what Julius is doing, although to me it's going to be like watching your grandfather hung or something, honest it is! So I peep through my fingers and my Gawd there he is prancing around with a lot of other young men which will never strike Dempsey and they're singing some rough longshoreman's chantey all about "Sweet June has arrived with all her graces!" Now I ask you, isn't that a swell way for a great, big, husky man to cheat the almshouse? I just keep ducking my head so Julius won't see me, because if he'd ever of waved to me I know I'd of died of shame right there in that theater!

Well, first I am going to rush right out and go home, but then I think it will be better to wait for Julius so's I can tell him just what I think of him for trying to make me love him when he's got a job like that. I not only want to warn him away from my switchboard, I want to warn him away from my life. So I sit through "The Girl from Betelgeuse," but, believe me, I couldn't tell you what it was all about if it was against the law not to know. All I can see or hear or think about is Julius De Haven.

He meets me in the lobby after the show and when I see him in citizen's clothes again and gaze on his thrilling features I nearly weaken and maybe I might of weakened, only he hums a couple of notes from one of the songs he sings in the chorus and that makes me merciless.

"Well, sweetness," he says, with that ruinous smile of his, "how did you like the show?"

The idea that he's trying to brazen things out gets me red-headed.

"I should think you'd be too ashamed to even speak to me!" I says, and every word is packed in ice. "Listen—I'm going to leave you flat right here in this lobby and I never wish to see you again! If you follow me out of here I'll call a cop and if you ever come near my switchboard I'll have the house detective step on your neck. I'm *through* with you! If it gives you any satisfaction, I'll admit you fooled me up till tonight, but it's different now. I'm claiming exemption. Good by and good luck!"

He gets first red and then white and then versa vice. His big blue eyes look at me as hurt and surprised as if I had slapped him in the face. Honest, I must admit I get a pain in my heart as I watch him. I like this big kid, there's no use saying I don't, and it murders me to think he should turn out to be a false alarm after all the hopes I had for—for both of us. Why, I can't *understand* him being a chorus man! He don't look like one, or act like one, or anything, know what I mean?

"Good heavens, Gladys, what have I done?" he gasps finally.

"Not a thing," I says coldly. "You're just a total loss, that's all! What do you mean by trying to promote yourself with me when you're a *chorus man?* There's about three million girls in this town, why pick on me?"

He studies me for a minute without saying a word and then that hurt look slowly leaves his eyes—for which I am thankful, as it's commencing to hurt *me* too. When he speaks again, his face is hard as the side of Pike's Peak.

"I see," he says slowly. "All women are alike. No sportsmanship, no sense of fair play! I am condemned utterly without a chance to speak a word in my defence. But what interests me more is how a woman with your knowledge of life and the world can be so narrow as to think all chorus men, or let us say, a man temporarily in the chorus, can be degraded by the mere position, as you intimate."

"I don't wish to argue with you," I says. "I merely wish to leave you. Good night!"

With that I turned on my heel—and nearly turned on my ankle, as Julius grabs my arm in a very manly grasp. Afterwards it was black and blue.

"For God's sake, Gladys, don't send me away!" he says, in a voice which sends a thrill all through me. "You represent perhaps the only sincere emotion I ever had in my life and if *you* go whatever chance I have of getting anywhere will go with you. I *will* be a total loss, as you've just called me. With you, I can make good. Maybe that's a confession of weakness that a real man would scorn to make, but it's also a statement of fact. Give me a chance to explain things to you—even a murderer gets a trial. You—you once said you loved me!"

"And I once did," I says, looking away. "But those days are over, Julius."

"Good heavens!" he busts out. "Can you switch love off and on as you would an electric light?"

I look at him and I'm lost.

"Go on, do your stuff and I'll listen," I says. "But don't let that give you the idea that you're twisting me around your finger!"

"The ideas I have about you, my dear, will never make you angry," he says, squeezing my arm. "Let's go some place where we can talk."

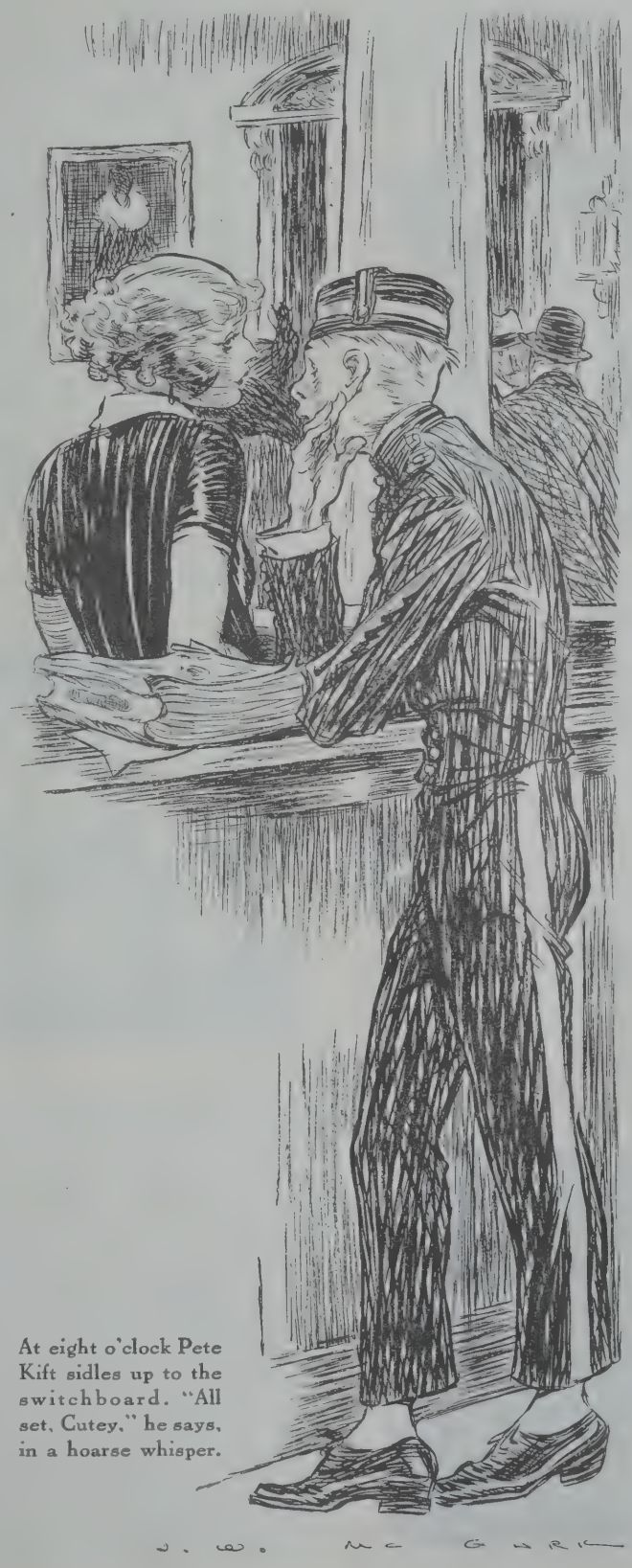
So we go to the Café Bordeaux where we can not only talk but eat, drink and be merry, as the saying is, and once we get a ringside table for the revue, Julius speaks his piece. It seems that after Julius gets sick and tired of Harvard he has his voice educated at home and abroad, being pointed by his parents for grand opera. He's also a bit fluent at acting. But breaking into grand opera is about as easy as breaking into the vaults of the mint, so while waiting for an opening in the Metropolitan, Julius decides he'll get a job as star in a musical comedy. He figures that once Broadway hears him sing all by himself, why, they'll just go crazy and roll off their seats and the noise will be heard by the opera directors and from then on $3,000 a night will be his minimum wage. However, eight months making the rounds along Broadway winds up Julius's bankroll and his parents' patience. The only way Julius can be starred is if he puts up the jack himself. That's asking the impossible, so he dives head first into the chorus of "The Girl from Betelgeuse," thinking his big chance will probably come sooner or later and he might as well be eating while waiting for it.

Well, they hear his voice while he's rehearsing with this frolic and they realize it's far from a jackal's wail, so they make him understudy to Charlemagne Rutledge, the leading man. This drives Julius wild with joy and why wouldn't it? Should any safes fall on the head of this big blah with the name like an apartment house and a collar, Julius will step into the leading part and knock Broadway silly. For one solid year he's been understudying Charlemagne and he's letter perfect in the part and musical numbers. Likewise, Julius is satisfied he's a better actor and a better tenor than Mister Leading Man. If he ever gets a chance to sink his teeth into this part just once—that's all he wants, just *once*—Julius swears he'll be the talk of New York. But Charlemagne Rutledge hasn't missed a single performance in the year the show has been on the Big Street, and as it closes in ten days, why, it looks like Julius is another one of these roses which is born to blush unseen. That's Julius—and I can take him or leave him.

I take him!

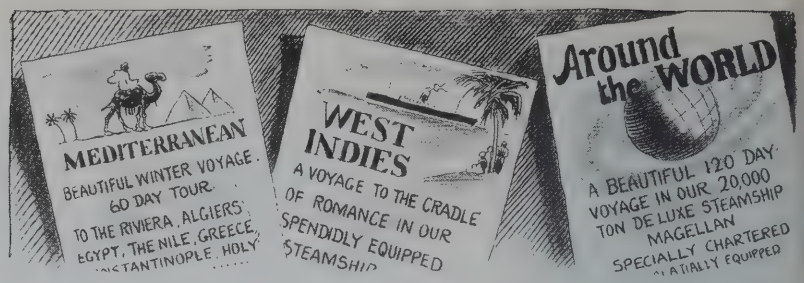
We go back on a pre-war basis after that night and I find I just can't get that boy's plight out of my mind. I want to help him—in fact, I'm *determined* to help him—but the thing is, *how?* Then the next day out of the usual clear sky I get the big idea that puts Julius over and come near putting *me* in jail!

Among the various lobby hounds which hang around the switchboard always looking for the best of it is Hemingway Bryce, a five-minute egg which shares a suite on the tenth floor of the Hotel St. Moe with no less than Charlemagne Rutledge, my Julius's jinx. This Bryce is starring in "Coffee for Two" at the Rainier and he's just about pestered the life out of me trying to date me up ever since he parked himself at the hotel. I like him and arsenic the same way, and for all he knows the only English I speak is the adjective "No!" However, he's an actor and as this is a problem touching on the show business, I think maybe if I tell him about it, without using any names, he may make the one bright remark of his life and in that way I'll get the answer to the puzzle. So this day when he comes over to stall around I toss him a bright smile. That nearly knocks his hat off and the way he flounders over to (*Continued on page 135*)



At eight o'clock Pete Kift sidles up to the switchboard. "All set, Cutey," he says, in a hoarse whisper.

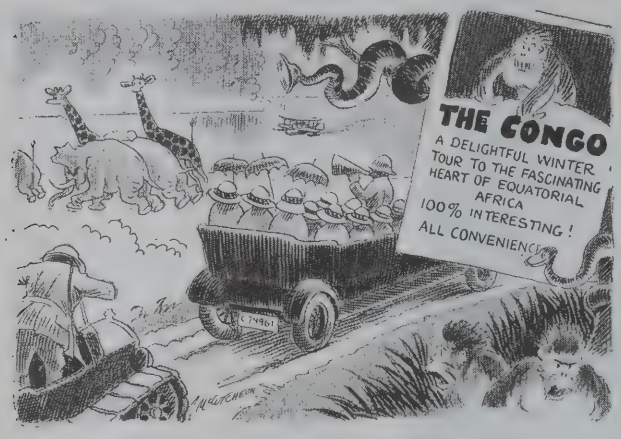
The Tourists



WHEN Mr. Gogo retired from business, at sixty-five, he made an important discovery. Leisure without occupation can be a terrible bore.

A man who has been an inveterate worker all his life can't suddenly quit working any more than an inveterate drinker or smoker can suddenly quit. He has to taper off or else replace his business activities with an interest of another kind.

It doesn't matter much what the new interest is—golf, stamp



collecting, civic duties, remarriage, organized charity work or something; otherwise he has time to think of himself and it's surprising how many unsuspected symptoms develop after several days of self-contemplation.

Mr. Gogo realized that if he didn't find a new interest or hobby to keep his mind off himself he would soon be headed straight for the family lot in Graceland.

Already, a week after his retirement, he had begun dropping in at the office to see that everything was moving along all right. When he wasn't there he was at home developing into a one hundred percent nuisance.

"I must get a hobby," he announced to his wife, Mrs. Gogo the first, "or else I'll go crazy. Now, the question is, what shall I take up? Stamps, birds' eggs, butterflies, Whistler etchings, Japanese prints or what? I'm not interested in any of them."

"Well," said Mrs. Gogo, "how about travel? We've never seen anything but a fringe of our own country. I think with your efficiency you could travel very thoroughly."

Mr. Gogo agreed that it was a good idea, even though not his own.

"I'd like very much to see the world," he mused, "or at least what is left of it. I want to see how the rest of civilization looks since it has been saved."



Ever since boyhood he had wanted to travel—to see the strange lands where tea, rubber, ivory, nuts and spices come from. Even a long life engaged in the intensive work of making money had not entirely extinguished the hardy hope that some day before he traveled hence he might do some traveling here. He was now in a position to gratify that hope. His bank account was one of the maximum kind.

While helping save civilization, he had managed to save considerable for himself. War is helpful, he reflected, slightly paraphrasing the late General Sherman.

"Yes, I'd like to travel," he repeated, the suggestion sinking in. "It's broadening and besides there's nothing to keep me home."

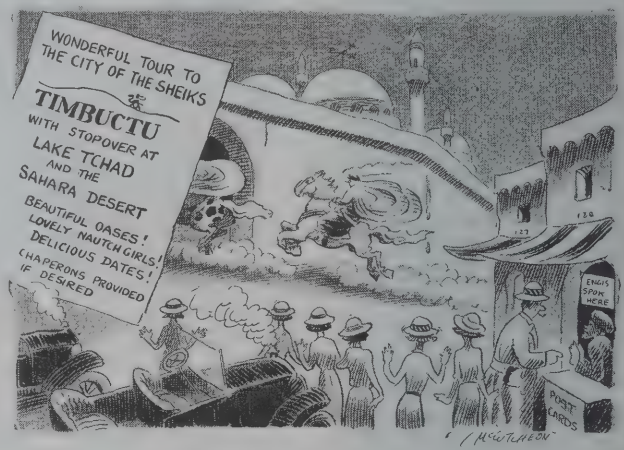
His first step was to secure a lot of prospectuses that tell you all about the beautiful places somewhere else, places that may be comfortably reached in the winter if you have the time and price, or rather, vice versa.

For their qualifying round, the Gogos selected a thirty day cruise in the West Indies. It sounded attractive. Deep blue skies, opalescent seas, trade winds crooning through the fronded palms, ancient strongholds reminiscent of the glamourous days of pirate and buccaneer Also "wet," although Mr. Gogo was not a drinking man. He could take it or leave it alone.

They did the cruise and returned laden with souvenirs and so changed that he didn't go near the office for nearly a week after he got back. He was a new man, even at sixty-five.

The effects of the regeneration first showed in the sumptuous home of the Gogos.

Various articles of domestic decoration—mid-Victorian hangovers from their early married life—were surprised to see some



strangers appear amongst them. Certain heirlooms, long entrenched, found themselves eased up to the attic to make room for souvenirs and trophies of the Caribbean cruise.

A pleasant touch of the tropics was evident in the living room. Above the mantel appeared a beautiful swordfish—picked up in Martinique. Upon the dignified old grandfather's clock a porcupine fish, spiky and balloon-like in shape, imparted a slight maritime flavor. Over a picture of Gran'pa Gogo was draped a lovely Spanish mantilla, a souvenir of Havana.

This was only the beginning.

From now on the Gogos settled down in earnest to the business of seeing the world. In swift succession they did a North Cape cruise, a South American cruise, a motor trip along the battlefields, a comprehensive thirty-day jaunt to the wonder spots of North America and topped it off with a dizzy whirl around the world. All the time adding to their collection of trophies.

These were scattered about their house so that when visitors came it was natural to say, "Oh yes! that's a little thing we picked up in Benares." Or "That? Oh! that's just something I found in the bazaar at Biskra," thus leading the conversation easily around to their ruling passion.



Words and Pictures by **John T. McCutcheon**

On rainy nights Mr. Gogo was accustomed to sit in his large easy chair—a rakish affair supported by Argentine steer horns, picked up in Buenos Aires, smoking his *chibook*—a trophy of the late Smyrna—and allow his eyes to travel approvingly from one object to another, each fragrant with memory of some phase of a bygone tour.

Here was the Egyptian mummy case, a reminder of the time the dragoman had short-changed him in Cairo; over there was the stuffed elephant's foot, a reminder of Singapore when their laundry failed to get back before the steamer sailed. And so on.

Their house became a scene of oriental and occidental elegance, a scrambled collection where a period piece of furniture shuddered beside a common piece of oriental junk.

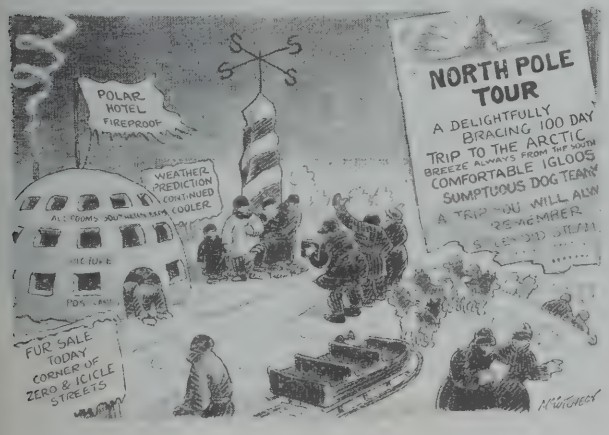
Mr. Gogo would now go weeks at a time without showing up at the office. When he did appear everybody would tell him how young he was looking and then he would go away happy and not bother them any more for a long time.

He had gotten so used to being out of range of a stock report that the market ceased to gladden or cloud his afternoons and evenings.

Alas, Mr. Gogo finally had done all the established cruises. Nothing remained to be seen in the comfortable, luxurious form of a special cruise.

His score of countries visited was over fifty, counting Monaco as one and the Philippines as two, being plural. As his score rose toward the hundred mark he thrilled with that keen elation felt by a fifty percent golfer who sees his score go under a hundred.

When Mrs. Gogo suggested, "Why not do the Mediterranean cruise again? You remember how much you loved it," Mr. Gogo would end the conversation with the crisp retort:



"I don't want to repeat. There are scores of wonderful countries we've never even seen or heard of. Let's do them before we talk of repeating."

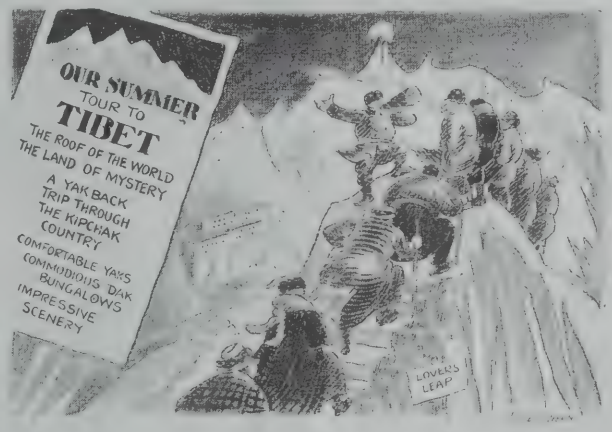
"But we can't go to those countries," argued Mrs. Gogo. "There are no special cruises that reach those places and you know perfectly well you won't travel on steamers that have no bathrooms and modern plumbing."

Mr. Gogo's thoughts leaped forward to the day when the alert tourist agent, quick to sense and respond to the demands of a jaded public taste, would organize new cruises to lands hitherto untouched by picture post cards, camera supplies and travelers' checks. That day was bound to come. Airplanes, ships, motors, roads and railways have penetrated to the uttermost ends of the earth. There is little left for the explorer who even now is likely to find himself disturbed in the midst of his explorations by the joyous arrival of an eager eyed band of travelers de luxe with all modern conveniences.

Just as the cocktail used to follow the flag, when the constitution followed the flag, so the tourist is hot on the heels of the modern day explorer, only a lap or two behind.

Mr. Gogo's eyes closed in a pleasant doze. And suddenly beautiful visions began leaping up before him—wonderful travel prospectuses of fascinatingly remote cruises to lands whose names had hitherto been met with only in geographies.

"The Universal Steamship Company begs to announce its newest cruise, a winter tour to the Darkest Congo, with superb steamer and motor trips to the pygmy land and the mountains of the moon. Comfortable hotels and rest houses, picture post cards and camera supplies available at all points. Limited to 500 persons, prices for the ninety day cruise, $1295 and upwards."



Mr. Gogo stirred rapturously at the next announcement: "A delightful winter cruise to Madagascar, Mozambique and Mombasa, with a side trip from the last port into the big game country. Stopovers in Abyssinia and Somaliland."

And this one: "Visit Mecca and Medina, by special arrangement with the King of the Hedjaz. Tourists will be required to embrace the Mohammedan faith during the two weeks they are in the Kingdom of Hedjaz. Printed forms will facilitate the procedure, which is a mere technical requirement demanded by local customs and prejudices. Steamer artificially cooled during Red Sea trip. Motor roads in desert oiled and dustless."

Mr. Gogo wriggled ecstatically at a prospectus announcing a "tour to Timbuctu, the city of the Sheiks." That would be popular with the flappers!

But it remained for the Arcturus Steamship to cap the climax!

"Visit the North Pole. Comfortable steamer designed for icy seas, built on the principle of a thermos bottle. Commodious dog sledges. Enclosed electric heated passenger planes for water, ice and land. Photographs developed and laundry done. Four-month trip with two-day stay at the Polar Hotel. Southern exposure on all sides."

From this delightful dream he was awakened by his wife's voice.

"It's time to go to bed, Henry."



CYNTHIA STOCKLEY'S PON

Chapter XIX

IN THE dock next day Flavia looked, for all her male garments, what she was—a woman. The night of anguish had left its mark. Her face was the face of an exhausted traveler who has been on a long and fruitless journey through chill mists and dark valleys and has returned in vain. Her eyes were valiant still, but they were a woman's eyes heavy and shadowed—flowers that had been out in the rain. Only her bearing as she strode light of foot to her place was unchanged.

The court teemed with strangers. Journalists had arrived in shoals from both up country and down, and all sorts and types of men jostled each other in the limited space while some were obliged to be content with listening at the windows.

O'Byrne went over and whispered cheerfully to his client. She had uttered no reproach over night as to his delivery of her into the hands of Loochia, but he had not forgotten the bitter curl of her lips as she listened to his story of how the woman had deceived him with her pretended sympathy. He was thankful to be able now to relate that there were witnesses due who would retrieve the mistakes of yesterday. She had no time to question him further.



Everything about her was strange today, thought Druro.

The first witness, Mrs. Hope, with her sweet, lined face, soon put a spike through Loochia's insinuations and ripped them to ribbons.

"Did the dead man ever see or speak to the prisoner during the whole time she was in your hospital?"

"Never."

"Could he have done so without your knowledge?"

"No one can come to my hospital without my knowledge. The moment anyone stops at my gate I am instantly aware of it."

"A sort of dragon with seven heads and seventy eyes," Filgee murmured audibly, and gazed at her impertinently through his eyeglass.

"If I do not actually hear them come I am immediately informed by my servants," explained Mrs. Hope, looking at him with scorn.

"Did Lypiatt come to the hospital during the prisoner's stay there?" pursued O'Byrne.

"Yes. He came twice to inquire in a friendly way. On each occasion I saw him and told him how the patient was. He never asked to see her."

"So that to your full knowledge Lypiatt held no communication whatsoever with her between the day he brought her there and the day she left your hospital?"

"I am certain that he neither saw nor spoke to her during that period."

"And you are aware that Lypiatt had left for Bechuanaland during your patient's illness, did not return to Rhodesia until two days before the tragedy, when the prisoner as it happened was again staying with you?"

"That is so."

"Therefore the insinuations made by the witness, Mrs. Luff, yesterday to the effect that my client and Lypiatt were in some kind of intimacy after Lypiatt knew her secret are utterly groundless?"

"Absolutely groundless and utterly false and just like a jealous, catty woman," said Mrs. Hope cheerfully, and to the glee of all listeners. Even the Judge had to smile.



JOLA

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops

"I think you have got your point very clearly, Mr. O'Byrne," he said pleasantly. But Filgee could not let things rest there.

"You knew your patient was a woman?" he barked in cross-examination.

"Naturally. I am not a fool—only a nurse," said Mrs. Hope with a derisive smile.

"You did not think it your duty to report the matter to the authorities?"

"I never think it my duty to interfere with other people's private affairs. I leave that to lawyers."

"Ah! Very clever, very clever indeed!" sneered Filgee. But he let her alone after that. She smiled confidently at the prisoner as she left the box. Desmond returned it wanly, but the next moment her features stiffened into a haggard mask at the sight of the man dragging himself with unsteady steps toward the witness box—Lundi Druro, barely able to walk, leaning on the arm of Emma Guthrie! The Judge looked at him with friendly concern—he was so evidently ill.

"But your evidence was read yesterday, Mr. Druro . . . There was surely no need for you to leave your bed?"

"Mr. Druro is very kindly here to enlighten me on one or two points," explained O'Byrne suavely.

Druro's gaze fixed itself for a moment upon the occupant of the dock—a strange, burning gaze that she could not wholly read; it seemed to her there was amazement in it and pity and concern but nothing of hatred and disdain—and nothing that made her soul quail as it had quailed at its own thoughts last night in the quiet cell. All was well! She did not know what they had told him or whether he was one of those who knew that she was Flavia Tyrecastle; she never thought of that, and if she had it would not have come first; what flowed through her mind, warming and healing, was the surety that whatever had happened to Lundri Druro's memory all was well with his soul. Nothing in those steady eyes to shake her faith in the inherent decency of human nature. Sacrifice was justified; her own soul blossomed and bloomed within her once more; she sighed softly and sat back listening.

As a matter of course Druro had not had time to hear all the gossip; he knew nothing but the sheer fact that Desmond was a woman and that was so staggering he could hardly yet grasp it. It had burst on him from Guthrie's terse tongue like a bombshell with the news that Desmond was fighting for life in the High Court—dynamiting him out of bed and on the way to Wankelo as fast as six mules could pull him. He had not even got accustomed to the idea yet. Desmond *looked* the same to him, and it was hard to believe the strange tale. He kept referring to her as "he" and "young Desmond."

The Solicitor-General intimated that he was satisfied with the evidence taken in hospital and had no further questions to ask but O'Byrne became very busy. He elicited from Druro every detail of his actions the day of Lypiatt's death. How he had fetched Desmond from the hospital, and they had lunched together happily and frankly with no thought of Lypiatt or anything but the prospective success of the mine. How he had gone over the workings with Desmond, then instructed the latter to peg out the blocks and put up the notices, he himself going to Selukine to obtain and send them out by Qualimbo. It was at this point in the story that his memory began to fail. He could recollect nothing clearly after being helped on his horse by a friend and leaving Selukine.

"I suppose I was delirious then, anyway with a pretty high temperature, and I fancy I must have got a bad fall. I have a vague memory of climbing back on to my horse once I have thought too that the horse probably went straight into the stable with me on his back—and I struck the door with my head. But I've absolutely no recollection of arriving at the camp."

"You *do* know, however, that you had *not* invited Lypiatt to your place?"

"He was the last man in the world I'd ask there."

"He could not have been there for any just reason?"

"Absolutely no right or reason, and a very dangerous thing for him to do. I was liable to kill him myself if I had met him there."

Flavia trembled in her seat and a thrill of emotion passed through the court. Druro's friends thought it a foolhardy thing of him to say. But O'Byrne was delighted. What did *he* care who assumed the crime so long as his client was relieved of its burden?

"As far as you know, indeed, you *may* have killed him during that period—of which you have no recollection?"

"Certainly I may have," admitted Druro composedly. "It's far more probable than that young Desmond did."

Satisfaction beamed from O'Byrne, but Druro's intimates looked glum. They thought this was going a bit too far. As for Flavia, she had a sensation of drowning. Only by fixing her eyes on the golden flower which still nodded and smiled from the garden could she keep from being submerged by the heavy seas that were pressing her down . . . down . . .

"In your opinion, then, the prisoner was neither able nor likely to kill Lypiatt?"

"The idea is ridiculous. Young Desmond wouldn't kill a fly. Even in self-defense he wouldn't have had a chance against Lypiatt—who though small was an exceedingly powerful fellow and a skilled wrestler. The only possible solution is that in a struggle he fell and cracked his skull. In which case," said Druro, turning and addressing the jury with most unwarranted authority, "how on earth can you accuse the prisoner of murder or manslaughter or anything else? It was palpably an act of God and you can't——"

But naturally this could not be allowed, and he was sharply called to order by the Judge, yelled down by Filgee and glared at through the Solicitor-General's pince-nez all in the same instant. Only O'Byrne was a mass of smiles.

"*Thank* you, Mr. Druro," said he effusively and sat down, Filgee leaping instantly to the assault.

"You and Mr. Lypiatt were not on good terms?"

Druro regarded him carelessly.

"On the very worst of terms. I detested the fellow."

"Ah!" The lawyer looked significantly at the jury. "You admit that his death would not cause you pain?"

"Not the slightest," said Druro pleasantly, then pulled himself up—"except——"

"Ah! *except* . . . " rapped out Filgee ferociously. "There *is* an exception then to your content that this man you hated should meet a violent death in your camp?"

The witness remained imperturbable.

"Two exceptions. I regret the pain caused to his wi— to his relatives."

"Most feeling of you," snapped Filgee, bitterly sardonic. "I am one of them, and I thank you."

"And that my friend young Desmond should be involved. Otherwise I cannot pretend to any grief."

"In fact, one may put it that you are practically delighted?"

"You can put it any way you like."

Filgee gave another satisfied leer at the jury, then rounded suddenly on his victim.

"We hear a great deal from you about your friend 'young Desmond.' What do you mean by keeping up that pretense? You know the prisoner is a woman, don't you?"

Druro made no answer, only looked at him insolently.

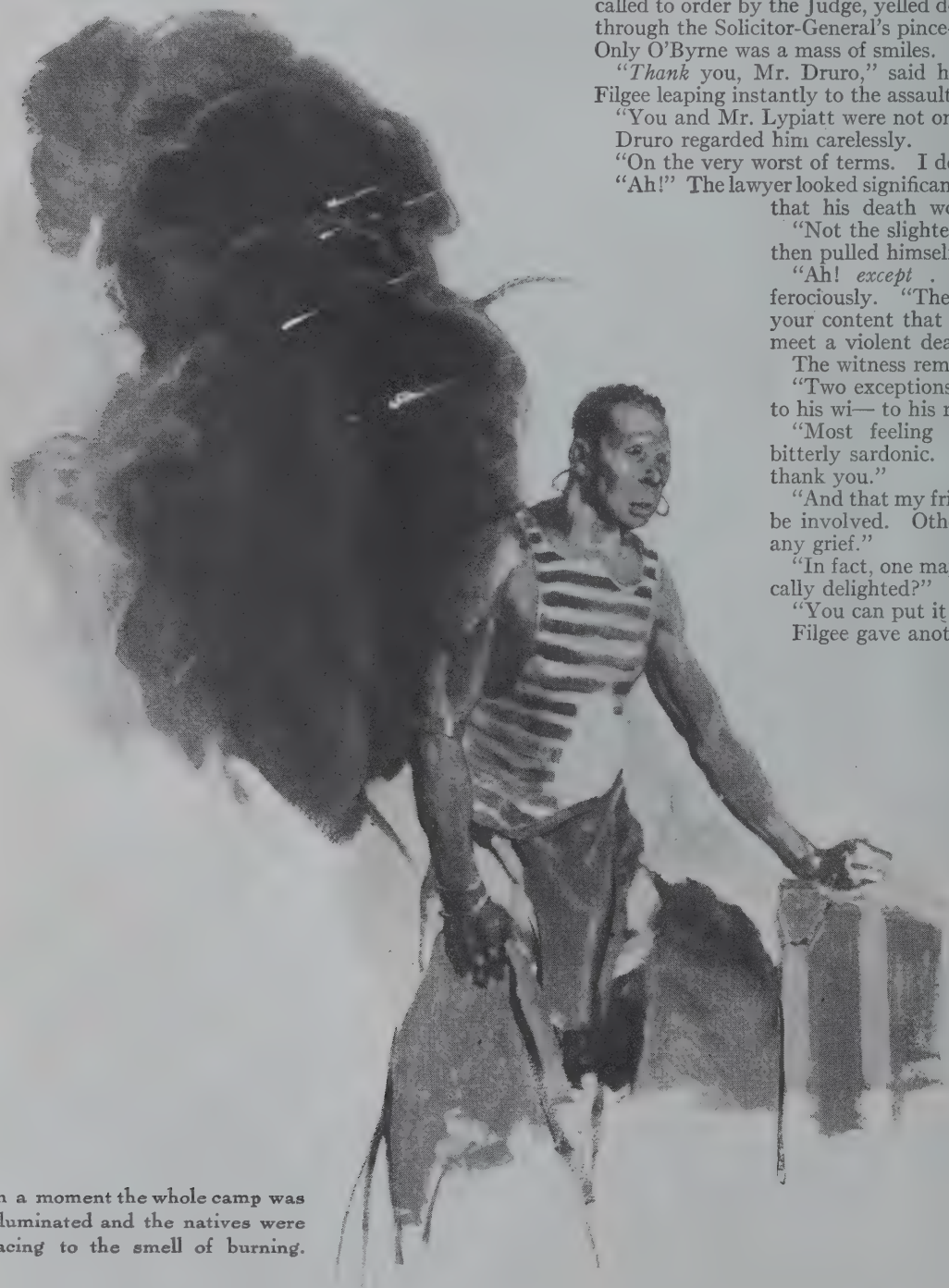
"Answer me, sir!" he shouted. "Did you or did you not know all along that the prisoner was a woman masquerading in male attire?"

Druro turned his back on him and spoke to the Judge.

"I did not know, of course," he said quietly with the air of a man who makes an absolutely unnecessary statement.

Filgee revealed his teeth in a grin of pure savagery.

"You expect us to believe that?"



In a moment the whole camp was illuminated and the natives were racing to the smell of burning.



Lundi Druro, the sporting parson's son, unexpectedly quoted Scripture: "'When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold!' As *you* have, my loved one—such gold as was never mined or milled by mortal hand!"

Druro looked at him with contempt. There was a deep silence in court. It was the first time such a question had been dragged in.

It was a bad moment for both the man and the woman concerned. But they bore themselves well. Desmond had flushed a deep red, then gone deadly pale. Her gallant figure seemed to quiver for a moment as a ship quivers when struck by a gale.



Then she held herself up straight. But she did not look at Druro. Her eyes kept their quiet, meditative gaze as at something far beyond the walls of that building.

But Filgee with his black poodle eyes darting glances back and forth from the jury to Druro pressed the poisoned dagger home.

"Answer me, sir. You expect the court—the gentlemen of the jury—you expect *me* to believe that?"

Druro threw him another look of loathing and contempt and took his time about it, giving him full measure. He meant everyone to read what he thought of the scurrilous beast. Then he turned and deliberately swept the faces of Judge and jury with a firm glance.

"I expect all men who have ever met young Desmond to believe it," he stated clearly—then flashing back at the lawyer: "As for you, sir, who do not know me and whom I do not wish to know—you are at liberty to further encumber your gross mind with any vile and vulgar illusion that pleases it."

A medley of sound surged up and broke. It was as though a whirlwind passed through the room. Druro left the box triumphant. Desmond's character so far as her life in Rhodesia was concerned had returned to its unassailability. The matter of whether or not she had caused the death of Lypiatt took second place for the time being. Those who thought about it at all were inclined to think Lypiatt had split his own skull for spite. That was the spirit Druro left behind him, and as he was the last witness it was the spirit the Solicitor-General had to deal with in his address to the jury.

He dealt with it very ably. He was himself of the true spirit of Rhodesia and knew very well the frame of mind of the public and sympathized with it and with that valiant figure in the dock. But he had not been speaking more than three minutes before the prisoner's friends realized that she still stood in an extremely precarious position. In grave and measured phrase Douglas pointed out that the charge of causing a fellow being's death had been laid at the prisoner's door and she had offered no serious repudiation of that charge. The evidence all pointed to her being the one person implicated in the tragedy, yet she proffered no frank statement of facts. The sad and remarkable history of the prisoner had become known. They were all moved by the story of that tragic and mysterious episode of the past. But the jury must not let pity and sympathy blind them to justice. He called upon them to have no hesitation whatsoever in bringing in a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner unless they were entirely satisfied that Lypiatt's death was due to nothing but misadventure.

Immediately he had finished, up sprang Filgee and let loose a volume of snarls and fleers; jabbing, biting and sneering at the prisoner and everyone who had spoken a good word for her.

After a deadly enumeration of all the most damning points in the evidence, he flung himself into the opening Douglas had made by reference to Desmond's past, knowing that as the Judge had not pulled up the Solicitor-General he himself was bound to go unrebuked.

"Yes, we know of what my learned friend has described as the 'tragic' episode in the prisoner's past," he howled. "No one who has a memory could help recalling it. The prisoner appears to be endowed with a power to make men fall dead in her presence.

"She behaves like some sort of goddess—or is it a Messallina? Men are found dead about her in the intimate places of her dwelling, and she walks away leaving their bodies to be removed or pushed aside under a blanket—but let no one affront her by the question of how it was done—or why. The world must take her innocence, her non-complicity in the grim business for granted. Aha!

"Only that she does not happen to be a goddess—though she might possibly be a modern Messallina. And *this* happens to be just the common work-a-day world, and *she* just an ordinary good looking"—he would allow that—"a good looking but *powerfully built, extremely strong and resolute* woman. A woman, too, with a taste for drama, for adventure, for wild society. One might almost say a taste for blood.

"Evidence for the defense has been carefully directed to show that it is unlikely that the accused could have got the better of Lypiatt except by the intervention of an accident. In connection with this doubt I beg to call attention to the evidence of Francis Druro—a man who has told you boldly that he hated Lypiatt and was quite liable to kill him if he had met him at the camp. How do we know that these two 'bosom friends' did not lay a plan to decoy Lypiatt there, the man because he detested him and the woman because he knew her secret? Druro we know was ill and



"Did you or did you not know that the prisoner was a woman?" Filgee shouted at Druro.

delirious the next day, but he *might* not have been too ill that night to assist in the foul work! How do we know what time he got back to camp and what transpired before he collapsed? I ask the gentlemen of the jury to use their profound intelligence in considering these points. In her masquerading garb the accused stands before you brazen and unashamed, and I say it is preposterous that you should be asked to judge her by the same standards as you would use for a decent woman—and that you should be invited by the Solicitor-General to consider her tragic story.

"Tragic? Yes, tragic indeed, but for whom? For the two men who mysteriously died three years ago? For Constant Lypiatt mysteriously dead too in the prime of his life? For his broken-hearted wife and sorrowing kinsfolk? No. Oh no! *Their* case, it seems, is *not* tragic. It is only this vagabond Countess, vagrant and disowned, this lawless female scallywag decked in men's trousers—whose position is tragic!

"And so I hope it *may be* gentlemen of the jury. I trust to your intelligence and integrity to make it so. I commend to your sagacity and fine sense the protection of the lives of your fellow men and the responsibility of seeing that this woman meets with a just fate."

The jury looked variously miserable and annoyed at having these fulsome epithets and unwelcome injunctions thrust upon them. The Russian-Jew boy cobbler, not understanding a word, started in deep embarrassment to scrape his boots on the floor. The Teutonic gardener gazed fixedly in front of him. His mind was made up—he would vote with the strongest party. The Greek merchant looked glum, almost stern, unforgiving, uncompromising, relentless. This is what he *looked* like. As a matter of fact the emotions causing his expression had nothing to do with the case but with another of the jurors—the H. A. P.—who owed him a good sized sum of money and had done so for a considerable time. Hence the relentless scowl that decorated his brow.

The foreman also wore a worried look, because he knew of this difference between two of his men and wondered what would happen when they went into retreat. Personalities on such occasions were not unknown. Sometimes the vital issues of the case were entirely lost sight of when enemies such as these two met over the table of deliberations.

O'Byrne's time having now come to mangle the feelings of those nine sad, patient men, he did it with a will. With harmonious phrase and penetrating and melodious voice, he outlined for them the position of his client.

"This beautiful and unfortunate lady, whose footsteps throughout life have been dogged by fateful things, whose destiny seems inextricably linked with drama the most poignant and profound. Tragedy has lain in wait for her, and sorrow taken her by the hand. Exiled, she sought in the wide silences of the veldt to lose the name and identity that had become so painful to her.

"How does she come to meet the charge of complicity in Constant Lypiatt's death? Does she come pleading your compassion as a woman whom life has ill treated? Has she resumed the subtle aids and accessories of femininity wherewith to beguile your judgment?

"No, gentlemen of the jury. She might have done so had she chosen; but she would not. Garbed and guised as you have known her she stands before you, prepared to take her chance of your justice, not on her sex nor her title nor her romantic history, but on the record of her life among you. Just 'young

Desmond' whom you have all liked and respected; though my learned friend from the Cape, *not being a Rhodesian*, has done his best by taunt and innuendo to undermine that record of clean comradeship and fine, austere simplicity.

"She had come straight from hospital to take up her position as working partner on this mine discovered and started by Druro. On arrival they lunch, and Druro shows her over the place. He is feeling ill but determines to go into town and leaves her in charge. Though still shaky herself from illness, she immediately takes up her share of the work. Druro has explained to her that the claims protecting his find have not yet been pegged and some instinct tells her that it had better be done soon—that her friend's property is in danger. So the instant he has gone she sets to work. For her instinct was unerring. Another man had smelled out the richness of that find and determined to have a share in it. Like many mining men he had few scruples when it came to claim grabbing.

"Except for the greed of Constant Lypiatt we should not be engaged here today. That consummate greed drove him further than merely trying to benefit by another man's mistake in pegging. It drove him by what I am obliged to label as exceedingly foul means to try and make Druro's friend betray the ownership of those claims into his hands. You have heard how he did not disdain to slink and lie in hiding, waiting for darkness in which to go unheard and unwitnessed to Desmond's hut and make his base proposition. He had become possessed of her secret and meant to use it as a lever wherewith to coerce her to his uses. Who among you that has ever had acquaintance with my client can doubt what her answer was? Who cannot imagine the scornful words that passed rapidly into a violent quarrel? Perhaps in the heat and fury of his disappointment and goaded by the prisoner's scorn, Lypiatt forgot her sex. At any rate, in an insane manner he attacked the prisoner, caught her by the throat and terribly injured her. There was a struggle. Lypiatt falls with a crash. How it happened in the darkness my client cannot pretend to say, but she hears a sharp crack as of some brittle object on stone. It is the crack of Lypiatt's skull—extraordinarily brittle as the evidence proves—upon the ironlike floor. That was the end of a terrible and deplorable story—the end of a man's life! But for that end, I contend, my client was no more responsible than if a flash of lightning had streaked in and struck him down.

"Can you wonder that she was dazed and terrified into acting for a time in a strange manner? Prosecutor for the Crown, though fairness itself in his address, did in my opinion dwell too much upon her conduct at this time and upon what he called the crime of concealment. I contend that he forgot one thing—that in spite of her garb the prisoner is a woman, and that once the fierce events that had called for her courage and chivalry were past she was beset by all the panic fears that cluster to a woman's heart in the face of bloody happenings. She did *not* conceal. Merely in her stunned and horrified condition she delayed to act. Is delay a crime?

"Besides, there were her sick comrade's interests to protect. Gold was lying loose at this rich mine, and no one to mind it if she left but half a dozen natives. Druro's partner Guthrie was expected at any moment to come and take charge, and was it strange that she should delay action until he came? Suddenly she is stupefied by the arrival of a native policeman! When he asks if she has seen Lypiatt she says no. That is understandable. No one is going to confess their soul to a native policeman!

"But I put it to you, gentlemen of the jury, that when later she left the shaft and came to the hut to find the police there she was thankful, not sorry. For Guthrie was there too, and she was free to go. The police have described to you her air of frankness and relief as she came up to them. 'Quite right!' she said, and light heartedly rode away in their company. She *was* light hearted, gentlemen, in the security of her innocence; in the firm conviction that when the facts were known she would be absolved by all clear thinking and unbiased minds of any crime except delay; and in the sure assumption with which she stands before you—of the even scales of Rhodesian justice and the equity of her fellow men."

O'Byrne sat down. He had done his work and he knew it. No scraping of feet now from the Russian-Jew boy cobbler. The Greek merchant, though he still looked relentless, had forgotten his feud with the H. A. P. His was only one of nine relentless glances directed at Counsel for the Prosecution. Plainly the jury were in accordance upon one point at least—scorn for the opinions of the poodle-eyed Filgee.

There seemed little for the Judge to do. Nevertheless he went assiduously over the evidence, dwelling slightly upon the features favorable to Desmond but not evading the unfavorable ones. Every word was followed earnestly until the moment when the jury were sent off with directions to consider the alternative verdicts of, one, manslaughter; two, justifiable homicide.

They ambled briskly out, grateful for even this brief bodily exercise, and a deep silence remained behind. No one budged. A conviction prevailed that the waiting would not be long, and excitement was at white heat, but the appearance of the prisoner had a calming effect upon impatience. She seemed so very still and pale and unmoving. They could not tell how wildly her heart was throbbing—though not with fear, for it seemed to her a simple thing to die or disappear from the world for the sake of one you loved. She feared for her self-control. She knew that if she heard sympathy and sorrow in that kind voice, tears would flood her eyes and roll down her cheeks. She might even burst into weeping. What a disgrace in the eyes of the world! What would the kindly tribe of hairy armed ones think of one who having swaggered amongst them now burst into tears like a coward at the threat of punishment?

Suddenly there was a shuffle of feet and the opening of doors. The Judge, who had been leaning forward, face on hand and eyes fixed, sat erect. A breathlessness came into the big room. Not a sound was heard except the footsteps of the fatal nine filing to their seats. People gazed searchingly at them, but it is not easy to read the faces of nine solemnly marching men. All that could be definitely ascertained was an unmistakable air of resolution, and the public prepared itself for anything. It was not infrequent for a Rhodesian jury absolutely to stagger the Bench and all in court by the result of their deliberations.

At last they were in their places, and the suspense, now almost unbearable, could be gauged by the loud breathing plainly heard all over the court. Men sounded as if they had been running hard and women were crying. It seemed a year of time before the question was put and the answers boldly proclaimed by the foreman.

"Not guilty of manslaughter. Not guilty of justifiable homicide."

Moreover, in the opinion of the jury the prisoner was guilty of nothing more than having been most unfortunately present at the death by suicide of Constant Lypiatt.

It was said afterwards that the fantastic rider had been invented by the Russian-Jew boy cobbler, the Greek shopkeeper and the H. A. P., who combined so strongly to insist upon it that the others, foreseeing a long sitting without any ultimate difference, gave in.

Whether or not this story was true, no mistake could be made as to the popularity of the unprecedented, dynamic verdict. It had *un succès fou*. There was just one second of acute stillness, an astounded immobility that suggested wholesale paralysis; then with a roar of delirious glee that rose to the rafters and nearly blew the windows out, bedlam was let loose.

"I told you so. He did it for spite!" howled a joyous citizen who wore his shirt slit open to the waist, showing an enormous chest with a bronze beard sprouting from it. It took several hefty policemen to remove this gentleman, laughing like a maniac. Sherry, waving his false teeth and singing a hymn, was also deported. A really disgraceful scene! Judge Vernon had a right to be as angry as he seemed, and certainly no one else could have quelled the row as he so promptly did, standing upright and looking extremely handsome and stormy while he poured out godlike wrath on those who outraged the decorum of his court.

When penitence and a mock humility was sufficiently restored he turned and smote the jurymen. The rider to their verdict, he said, was fantastic, absurd and ridiculous; Lypiatt's death might well be ascribed to the accident of his fall, but suicide was beyond the bounds of probability and would never have been introduced except by a lot of dunderheads. The verdict itself, however, was in his opinion sound, just and in accordance with the evidence. The prisoner would therefore be acquitted and leave the court "without a stain on her character."

After that the storm broke loose again. The court was cleared by the Judge's orders and in the noise and confusion, O'Byrne got his client out of the dock and away to a carriage that waited at a side door in the dusk. Desmond, unable yet to bear the ordeal of meeting a world as eagerly curious as it was kind, begged to go back to Mrs. Brade; and she slept that night a free woman yet behind bars; while Rhodesians went up and down the town and backward and forward upon it seeking her in vain.

(*Continued on page 155*)

By ELINOR GLYN



Please Read this Carefully and then show it to a Friend who needs the Advice

Is There A Danger Year *in* MARRIAGE?

Photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston *Specially posed by* Doris Kenyon

IT WOULD seem that this kind of test is given to all married persons, but it would be impossible to fix the actual year because the conditions of each pair may differ. But speaking generally, I should think it might be the second year—because very frequently the first year is taken up with awaiting the arrival of a child, when everything is out of the ordinary routine.

But when that business is over and things between the pair seem normal again, then the dangerous period begins.

The young woman has been ill and physically unattractive, and although the young husband has made every allowance for her, it may have blunted the romance he had woven about her, or physically disillusioned him in some way, if he is particularly sensitive, and all this quite subconsciously and not with his will or because he is a brute.

If only women would realize that physical disillusion is the most dangerous foe they have to face, they would be much more careful, because it acts so insidiously. The woman becomes careless over one little thing and then another, and suddenly she discovers that however kind and affectionate her husband may be to her, he is no longer *in love* with her.

We will say that she gets past this abnormal year without blunting his emotion for her, and he also without blunting hers—because men disillusion women as well as women disillusion men, but not so often, for women are more tolerant. Then they are at the period when they must look out and not become casual, in either appearance or manners or character; and men should curb their selfishness, keeping in mind that if they establish a perfect understanding with their loved one in this first normal year, when the abnormal one is over their happiness is likely to go on for a very long time. No one should drift, but take stock of how the affair is going every week, and then curb this and accentuate that just as business people do about the goods they are going to trade with.

Women often begin to be jealous in the second year; in the first one they are too sure of their empire to trouble, but by the second year, if the man is at all flirtatious, he is quite likely to want to amuse himself. Or it may be the woman—she is still only a girl in age—who may want to play about. But if they are wise, since they are married and not contemplating eventual divorce, they should "watch their step" and not either irritate one another or break the tender tie which held them.

By the second year they have both eaten of the tree of knowledge, and in these days of change, when nothing seems to last for long, they may begin to feel that the double harness is galling a little.

Once these quarrels begin and a sense of resentment or bitterness is aroused in either, then one might say the game is up so far as real happiness is concerned, although it may seem more expedient to one or both to patch it up and not make a scandal.



The Second Year

Yes—I should say the second year is the critical one.

I was observing a young friend the other day whom I saw about eighteen months ago on her honeymoon in a state of radiant bliss—her bridegroom utterly devoted to her, so that she could have turned him in any direction she pleased. She was a girl who had had things entirely her own way at home and had been much admired in her first season. They were going to live in a set where a good deal of money is spent, and although they would have enough to live comfortably among their kind there would yet not be a great margin for extravagance.

Here, I thought, was a marriage which would turn out beautifully.

I saw them again twelve months afterwards. A little daughter had arrived. Mabel did not look nearly so pretty; she was thin and languid, and everything about the ordering of their charming home in Knightsbridge was a trouble to her. She was peevish—and the servants were leaving. Charlie had to attend to some business he had gone into on leaving his lancer regiment, and when he came home she was not the delightful companion she had been. She had begun to say things to him which contained a tacit reproach. She told me, however, that they loved with the same passion as ever. I felt uneasy.

I saw them again last week. Their second year was six months old. Charlie now could be quite interested in Mabel's friends when they danced in the evening, and had rather begun to call his wife "old dear." Mabel was bitter, and confided to me that she was now going to make interests for herself, Charlie being quite impossible.

I wonder where they will have drifted to when their third twelve months begin!

But on the other hand, if only the first signs of disillusion are observed by both the husband and wife, and both determine to avoid continuing doing that which causes this state of things, very soon a better understanding takes place, and they pass the dangerous period and settle down to real deep happiness.

It is commonsense which seems to be so lamentably wanting



The Third Year

in so many cases. People seem like naughty children breaking up the fine works of a watch.

It is each one's own fault, or misfortune, if the other ceases to care; it is because the same magnetic attraction is not emanating from him or her. Love is a thing apart in life; it affects the brain and the senses like some powerful drug; it is the *only* intoxicating happiness on this earth; so how tragic to let it go in the second year, when with a little intelligence it could have stayed!

Look around among your friends—you who read—and see how many of them have weathered the second year successfully.

The thing for the young man to do, if he wants to retain his joy, is to examine himself and see whether he is doing everything he can to keep it or whether he is not growing selfish again as he was in his bachelor days.

All Englishmen are selfish, more or less, because for hundreds of years they have been trained to be by the fortunate conditions which obtain for men in England, and English mothers and sisters have helped to make sons and brothers selfish. So there is no use in bothering about it; much better accept the fact and make the best of it, since the thing is a question of numbers and in no nation where the males are in the minority can they be naturally unselfish.

Well—when he has examined himself the young husband can then pull up and take a little trouble—as much as he would if it were something to do with his sport, let us say.

And the young wife, too, had better take a survey and decide if their love is going on, or if it is growing less—and if the latter, why?—and then she, too, can use her intelligence.

But if people just drift without self-examination they are more than likely to turn happiness into a commonplace humdrum existence. And the first step in this is when *either disillusions the other's senses.* For never forget: *loving* has mainly to do with emotions of the spirit—but *being in love* is chiefly concerned with the senses, and glamour cannot stay with a cold-creamed nose and hair in curling pins.

By GOUVERNEUR

The Revolt of Camposanto

Illustrations by
Harrison Fisher



Mrs. Kelley—
ambitious and worldly-wise.

THE public were not very well acquainted with old Mr. Camposanto's good qualities. His daughters, considering that upon the occasion of their weddings he had made over only two-thirds of his property to them and still piggishly held on to the remaining third for his own use, had forgotten them. He was therefore an unappreciated and misunderstood man.

There was hardly room enough for him in his own house. The daughters, Mrs. O'Ryan and Mrs. Kelley, together with their husbands, children and grandchildren, filled it to overflowing. And this says much for the fertility of the Spanish and Irish cross, for the old Camposanto house is by all odds the biggest adobe in Monterey. The walls it is true are four feet thick and themselves take up a lot of space but there are eighteen perfectly good rooms, and old Mr. Camposanto ought not to have been picked on as the particular individual who made it seem crowded.

It was really the daughters who took up the most room, and always had, from the time, in their late teens, when they had begun to have children of their own. Because of their short, straight noses, short upper lips, gleaming teeth and the regal way in which they carried their heads, the "Camposanto girls" were still rather splendid to look at, and their hands and feet were astoundingly small and shapely; but they were huge women, circularly, and had strong dominant characters which made them seem all the huger.

Circularly, old Mr. Camposanto himself didn't amount to much; he was almost spectacularly thin. But in the waste places above the tops of a crowd's head, his own fine old head, with its shock of white hair and its dark, aquiline face, showed to advantage. At that he had lost the lance-like carriage of his younger and bolder days. He was the victim of a long series of domestic defeats. Excepting that he had managed to retain control of one-third of his property he had been beaten at every turn. He had been driven from his fine airy bedroom, on the second floor front, to a room no bigger than a monk's cell on the ground floor rear. The control of the big garden with its high wall had been wrested from him, and he had seen the garden spoiled and modernized. His truly wonderful collection of Monterey sea shells had been thrown out of the two large cabinets they had entertainingly filled in the drawing room, and had followed him into the monk's cell where he slept, read, smoked, dreamed and kept himself to himself as much as was possible.

Adobes don't have cellars; but there was a chalk rock outhouse in a corner of the garden which served the purpose. The keys of this had been taken away from him, and when the old man wanted a glass of wine with his dinner he had to humble himself to get it.

In short it looked as if there was nothing much for him to look forward to but the gradual failing of his faculties, mental and physical degeneration, and death.

Already he had put up with so much, and had rebelled so little, the daughters began to hint that he was no longer capable of managing his own affairs. And with their husbands they were already beginning to discuss the advisability of taking the matter into court. They were rich women it is true; but they were ambitious, grasping and worldly-wise. And control of Camposanto's holdings would make each of them half again as rich as she was already. Also, for the daughters were clear headed business women, it was obvious that the property could be more advantageously managed as a whole by two persons acting as one than by three persons acting as individuals, especially when one of them was largely controlled by unworldliness and sentiment. There was the ranch to the southward, for instance; the great headland that thrusts out into the Pacific, and is so vast and varied that it can supply half a dozen different climates at once; a hotel company had offered Camposanto a million dollars for this promontory, and he had merely smiled in his quiet, gentle way, and said that he liked it in much the same way that he liked the Book of Job and that it was not for sale.

This victory of sentiment over commonsense had greatly infuriated the Camposanto girls. And they had fought a battle royal with their father on the subject. And they had so scolded and abused him in swift, cutting Spanish that he had actually turned on them and fought back.

"Why do I want the Camposanto ranch?" he cried. "For the Camposantos, of course. I'm not too old to marry and have a son. And if you don't give me a little peace that's just what I'll do."

MORRIS

A Story of Romance at Seventy



Señorita Felicia—
"I have been keeping this," she said, "for a great occasion."

Thereupon he had darted into his little monk's cell room with his books and his sea shells and slammed the door.

"In the old days," Mrs. O'Ryan commented, "when father would threaten to marry again and cheat us out of our heritage I used to worry and lie awake nights. And there was a time when he was really smitten. But the Diaz girl is forty if she's a day, and I doubt if he has set eyes on her for years and years."

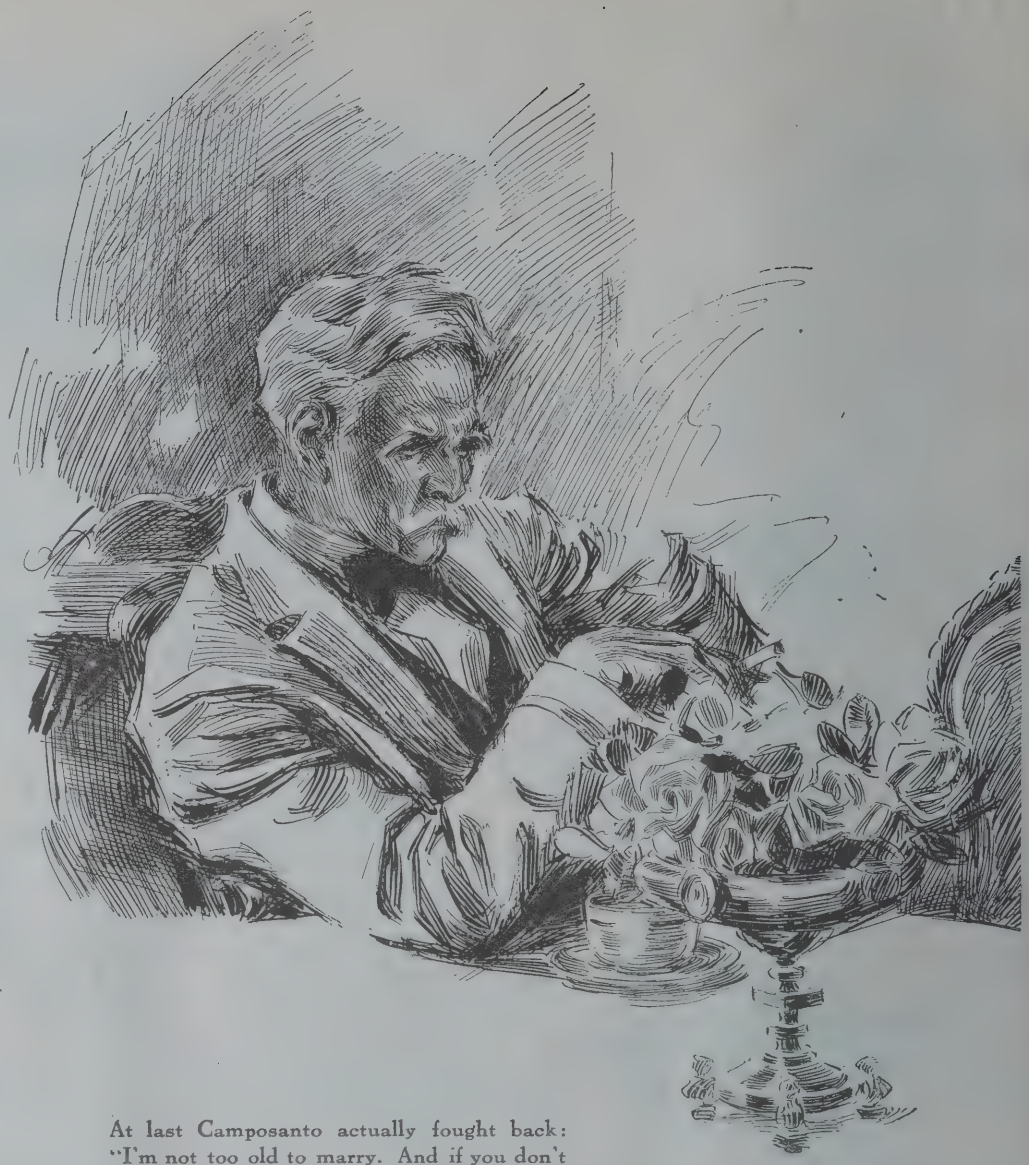
"I think," laughed Mrs. Kelley, "that you are still worrying. I used to worry too. But that which used to be a threat possible of fulfillment is no longer anything but the boasting of a senile old man. Father's seventy if he's a day."

As a matter of fact old Camposanto was extremely fond of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, even if none of them bore the name of Camposanto, and had no

intentions of doing them out of anything which was rightfully theirs. After his death the ranch to the southward would be sold and desecrated. And he was quite reconciled to that. But he preferred to die first and to take his own good time, or as much as the good Lord would vouchsafe him, in doing it. In the meanwhile it was very silly for two fat women who had plenty to be hankering after more and to be hinting that the brain which had managed to hold on to so much, and even to increase it, had ceased to function properly.

Small as his present quarters were old Camposanto had become attached to them, and it was with grave misgivings that he heard his daughters beginning to hint that sleeping on the ground floor of an adobe was bad for his rheumatism, or would be bad for his rheumatism in the event of his having any. The fact was that the Camposanto girls visited with a lady who had recently turned a small bare ground floor room into a very charming and feminine boudoir in which to receive her intimates, and the Camposanto girls were ambitious to emulate her example. Their father they agreed would really be better off in the attic than on the ground floor and the more he trotted up and down the stairs the better it would be for his old legs. And so they hinted and hinted, but the old man refused to move and the ladies finally made up their minds that it would be necessary to invent a stratagem.

They seized upon the occasion of the next prizefights to be held in the auditorium.



At last Camposanto actually fought back: "I'm not too old to marry. And if you don't give me a little peace that's just what I'll do."

The Monterey prizefights are spirited bouts between youths to whom a little money means a lot and a few raps on the nose mean nothing at all. A good natured audience with a sprinkling of amused women is always in attendance, and the tall and lean Mr. Camposanto invariably occupied a ringside seat.

The youth and energy of the combatants refreshed him. He always returned home from the auditorium with a lighter pair of feet and a more buoyant carriage than he had taken with him. And he did not too poignantly mourn for the old lost days of bull fighting and cock fighting.

Four bouts of four rounds each were fought and decided.

A fifth bout, tame and vaguely scientific, was called a draw, and the announcer announced that the Pride of Castroville would not fight the Watsonville Terror as had been arranged, but a gentleman who had very kindly volunteered to take the Terror's place—Ed Smith of Salinas.

This announcement was not received with cheers. The Pride of Castroville was a good man and so was the Watsonville Terror, and a bout between them was always entertaining. But nobody had ever heard of Ed Smith and nobody had any confidence in his ability to create anything in the nature of a Roman holiday.

He took his corner amid a profound silence and proved to be a half-breed Indian, no longer very young. He had a fine aquiline face with an expression at once gentle, dignified and patient. He was well muscled but too thick through the waist, at once showing his age and his lack of training, and the knowing ones believed that he would be very quickly beaten to a jelly and knocked out. But the Indian is an enduring strain and patience is a great virtue. And while it is true that for two rounds Ed Smith of Salinas took a tornado of blows on his head and thickened waist, it is also true that he came out of his corner at the beginning of the third still placid and undamaged.

His foot work was bad; he had no defense; the Pride of Castroville, full of youth and speed if not of science, hit him when he pleased and where he pleased. A knock-out seemed only a question of time. The Pride of Castroville had many friends in the audience, and during the first half of the third round their cheering was unbroken.

Camposanto began to feel sorry for the Indian. He had a good deal of sympathy with Indians anyway. The California of the Spaniard and the Indian, he felt, had been a more comfortable and saner California than the California of the polyglot present. He began to dislike the excessively blond and white Pride of Castroville. His old muscles began to tingle and twitch. He would like to hand that Castroville boy one himself. The Castroville boy fought wide open. Anybody could have hit him, but that half-breed had no science—didn't know an opening when he saw it. Camposanto sat with his head up, his fists clenched and his eyes shining. Oh to be twenty and to strike one good blow!

Ed Smith of Salinas, staggered by a right to the jaw, crouched low to avoid another and suddenly hit upward, all the way upward from the floor.

The first part of the Castroville Pride to strike the said floor was the back of his head. It was as if a mule had kicked him. When the referee had counted ten, Ed Smith of Salinas picked up the unconscious youth in his arms and carried him to his corner. Then, still with a resigned, patient and gentle expression he returned to his own.



By the time the Pride of Castroville had come to his senses the auditorium was empty and old Camposanto was on his way home. Thrice, however, while passing through a dark and deserted alley, he stopped, crouched, doubled his right fist and brought it upward, all the way upward from the "floor," in a close imitation of the blow which had stopped the Castroville boy in the midst of his triumphant career.

"And all the old fellow had in him was one punch," murmured Camposanto, "only the one punch; but it was a good one. It did the business."

Highly pleased with the evening's entertainment he let himself into the old Camposanto adobe and went at once to his room. But the door was locked.

He turned the knob this way and that and shook the door. But his intuitions were very keen and almost instantly he began to have a suspicion of what had happened.

He looked up the stair. At the top he beheld the vast bewrappered figure of Mrs. Kelley. She was smiling and doing her best to appear calm and matter of fact; but the curious, set look in her father's face made her nervous.

"It's all right, father," she said. "You won't be put to any trouble at all. We've moved every one of your things and you'll be ever so much more comfortable upstairs."

"Up *two* flights of stairs," said Camposanto.

There was a silence.

"There's only one more thing," said Mrs. Kelley, still more nervously. "The children helped move you and I'm afraid that poor little Manuel dropped a box of shells and one or two may have broken."

"*May* have broken," said Camposanto.

He climbed the flight of stairs stolidly enough, passed his daughter without a word and moved like one in a dream through the corridor that led to the attic stairs. When he had reached them he turned and said:

"Please wait a minute. I want to speak to you." Then he ascended the attic stairs to his new room.

His intuition had already told him that among the shells which had been broken he would find his specimen of *Chrysodomus Tabulatus*. There are only a few in the world.

But he had to be sure.

He found that the spire of this choicest shell had been broken into three pieces and the body whorl into five.

His eyes moistened and he wiped them with the backs of his hands. Then, amid the new and strange surroundings, he began to hunt for old and familiar things—his carpet bag, his linen, his pepper and salt suit. Having located these, he packed the pepper and salt suit and some of the linen into the carpet bag.

Meanwhile Mrs. Kelley had grown impatient. But she was alarmed too. So she followed her father upstairs and pushed open the door of his new room. He was in the act of closing the carpet bag.

"What *are* you doing?" she said.

"Come in and I will tell you."

When she had entered the room and closed the door behind her, the old man said:

"I am going away. I am going where you will never find me. You will never get another penny of my money. I have stood all the abuse and humiliation from you and your sister that I am going to stand."

Mrs. Kelley tried to temporize.

"You can't rush off like this in the middle of the night," she said.

"I am not going to rush off," he said. "I am going in the flivver. I shall leave the two big cars for you."

"You must be crazy," she exclaimed.

"To leave the best of everything—as always—for my daughters?"

He shrugged his shoulders and started to pick up the carpet bag.

"You are out of your mind," she exclaimed. "I shall prevent you by force."

"No," said Camposanto, "you will not prevent me by force."

The reaching down for the carpet bag had given him the thought. He clenched his fist and brought it upward, all the way upward from the floor, and with all his force.

It was a fine blow, well struck. The bewrappered Mrs. Kelley, knocked cuckoo, knocked cold, lay flat on her back, in such a state of stupor that a referee could have kept on counting her out till he was tired.

It was the first time in his life that Camposanto had ever struck a woman. He felt no remorse whatever. A man's life is his own and if he must strike a blow for liberty, let it be a good blow and let the recipient be any kind, or sex, of a tyrant!

He picked up the carpet bag, put on his hat and at the door of the room turned and remarked to the unconscious hippopotamus on the floor:

"Let's see how *you* like to sleep in the attic."

Presently the serenity of the soft Monterey night was disturbed by the ambitious roaring of a flivver. To one listener the roaring said one thing, to another it said something else. But it is very doubtful if anybody heard the true message—that it is never too late to resist tyranny or to fly from oppression.

"Give us liberty," roared the flivver, "or give us death."

With old Camposanto driving, a short term of liberty seemed apt to be followed by a very long and sudden term of the other thing; but presently his brain cleared and then lamp-posts, curbs and buttons at the intersections of streets stopped missing him and he began to miss them.

He and the car climbed Franklin Street almost to the top. Then they turned to the right and lurched and bumped for several blocks along one of those typical Monterey thoroughfares upon which no money had been spent since the days of the Spaniards. A half moon sailed in the heavens. The air smelled of heliotrope and roses.

The flivver paused, to take breath as it were, and Camposanto descended at a little white gate in an untrimmed hedge of thorny acacias. The very little white house to which the gate belonged was altogether hidden from the road. And even after the hedge had been passed there was disclosed at the end of a straight and narrow path between mature shrubberies, only a front door between two white posts of a veranda, and a flight of steps.

There was no light showing and the little house looked pearly in the moonlight. It was the retreat in which a pretty girl, defying the conventions, had nursed a breaking heart, learned gardening and grown middle-aged.

Camposanto knocked in a peculiar way. And heard almost instantly a flustered hurrying of approaching footsteps.

There was nothing the matter with the Señorita Diaz's lungs. The distance between the kitchen, in which she had been pouring over the adventures of a certain Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the front door was not great. Nevertheless when she had reached the latter and flung it open she was all out of breath. Camposanto himself was breathing quickly.

His head, however, seemed to have recovered the alert grace of his youth, and in the moonlight he no longer looked like an old man.

"Señorita Felicia," he said, "you once told me that if ever I were in trouble to come to you."

"Señor Felix," she announced, "the years must have dealt kindly with you. For very many have passed since we spoke of possible trouble coming to you."

"The years," he said, "have dealt more than kindly with me. But my daughters for whom I sacrificed your happiness and my own have not. Tonight the persecution to which they have steadily subjected me became intolerable and I have left the house in which I was born, for ever and a day."

"But come in, Señor Felix, and rest yourself."

He hesitated.

"At our age!" she exclaimed. "Who would gossip about *us?*"

"Truly, you are right. It is many years—too many—since the world and his wife had our names on their tongues. I will come in, then, since you are so gracious as to invite me."

He followed her into the kitchen and she told him that he was in his own house and that he might smoke if he wished. While he rolled a cigarette, she got out a bottle of very old wine.

"I have been keeping this," she said, "for a great occasion."

Camposanto's vision was unimpaired and he studied her comely and tranquil face. He tasted the wine which she had poured for him and pronounced it delicious.

"In the old days," he said, "they had the secret of capturing sunshine and the spirit of spring and the color of rubies and imprisoning them in bottles."

He lifted his glass and clinked it against hers and added:

"For the strengthening of hearts!"

The tone of his voice touched some old reservoir of feeling and, when she had drunk the toast, tears gleamed in the corners of her eyes. She laughed them away.

"Men of my blood," he said presently, "sometimes live to be a hundred. I have preserved a third of my fortune for my own use, and I am on my way to Camposanto to begin life all over again. If I were to plant acorns tomorrow I might still live to see good sized trees. Hidden in one of the little valleys of Camposanto there is a little adobe of four rooms. The ancient roof of red tiles is intact. There I intend to make my home."

"But who will cook for you and take care of your clothes?"

"Even in these degenerate days it is possible to hire servants. But just at first, when the weather is so lovely, I had the thought of doing my own work. I am very strong still. I feel"—he said this with a reminiscent smile—"as if I could fell an ox with a blow of my fist."

"But after you have settled at Camposanto you will not often be seen in Monterey."

"Never," he said.

"Never?" She paled a little.

"No man can begin a new life until he has altogether broken with the old."

"But your children and——"

"My grandchildren?" He smiled. "Yes. And my great-grandchildren? They will get along very nicely without me."

"The thought that you are no longer in Monterey will be very painful to some people," said Señorita Diaz.

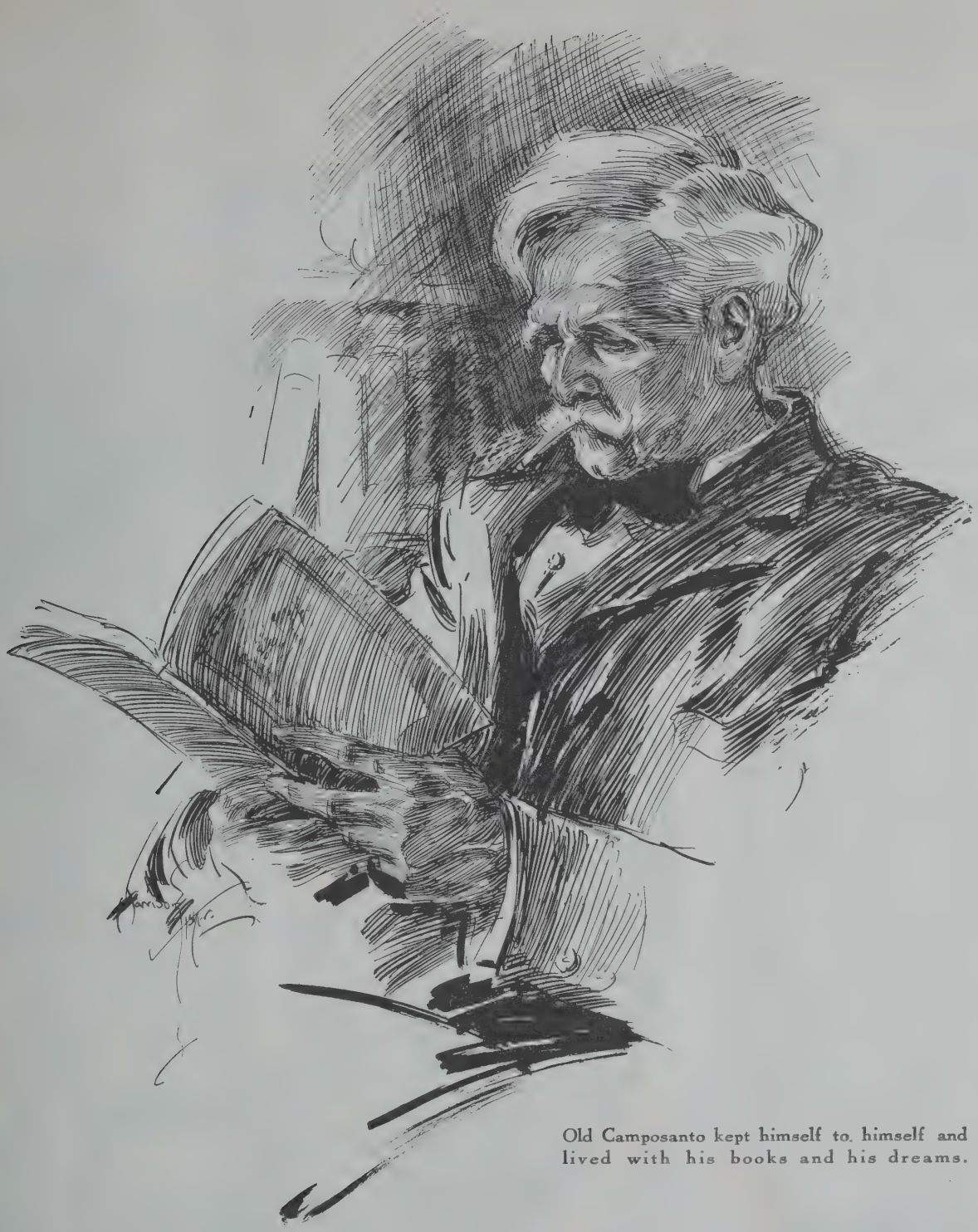
"To you?"

"Of course."

"Pour me another glass of wine, I beg you."

She did so. He drank it at one gulp and put down the glass in a decisive and determined way.

"There was a time," he said, "when you loved me. I was persuaded that it was my duty to abandon the loving thoughts and plans that I had for you. I was thereby false to you and false to myself. It is this which hurts me, for my feelings toward you have not changed in any way."



Old Camposanto kept himself to himself and lived with his books and his dreams.

"Neither," she said, "have my feelings changed toward you."

"Then you will come to Camposanto with me, stopping only at Carmel to be married by the priest?"

"When?" she asked.

"Tonight. Now."

"I could hardly get ready before dawn."

"Let us start then at dawn."

"I must write some letters," she said, "leaving directions with certain neighbors about my doves and chickens and the disposal of such things as I cannot take with me. Meanwhile you could be comfortable on the sofa in the parlor. Tomorrow will be a long and hard day."

"We shall drive as far as Pfeiffers. Beyond, the road is impassable and we shall proceed on horseback. But it wouldn't be proper for me to spend the night in the house of my affianced bride. Lend me a pair of blankets. I will make shift to sleep a little in the car. But I shall not sleep very much because of the peace that is in my heart and the happiness."

He did not sleep at all. He saw the moon set and the dawn break. He enjoyed all the romantic feelings of a young man. For after all the "Diaz girl" was only forty, and she would always be beautiful and he had always loved her.

"And as for me," he thought, "I am not nearly as old as I ought to be."

And he recalled with infinite satisfaction the tremendous blow which he had landed on the point of Mrs. Kelley's jaw.

The door opened just as he was about to knock. The bride was ready, and so were her two suitcases, her letters and a package of sandwiches and another bottle of the old wine.

"The dispute between you and the dawn," said Camposanto, "as to which of you is the lovelier and the rosier would be fast and furious if either of you were in the least quarrelsome."

For a moment she laid her cheek against his shoulder. He was thrilled through and through.

"At my age," she said, "a woman thinks only of peace and contentment; but she doesn't feel too badly if a little romance is thrown in."

Camposanto broke a full blown rose from the vine that covered the porch and scattered the petals for her to walk on. Just then the sun peeped up over the rim of the mountains and it is possible that he winked at them.

During the night the self-starter with which the car was equipped had fallen to pieces and it was necessary to turn the engine over by hand. (*Continued on page 135*)

Bringing Up Children

Illustrations by

THERE is probably no subject in the world in regards to which people is worse informed than in regards to bringing up children and this in spite of the fact that pretty near everybody who has got a fountain pen has wrote a book of advice to both young and feeble-minded parents. You go in the book dept. of practally any store and the shelfs fairly reeks with $5.00 volumes by alleged infantile specialists adviceing you what to do with the kiddies from the time they are born till they join the Rotary Club. And these volumes outsells pretty near everything except writers like Sinclair Lewis and W. L. George because the minute the word gets around that somebody has got a new baby, why all their friends say to themselfs she is too much of a dumbbell to take care of it so we would better buy her a book. The trouble is that the books was mostly wrote by unmarried men and women doctors of both sexes that never roomed with a baby personly and can't even talk baby talk.

That is the worst trouble and the editors of this publication realizes it as well as I do and has asked me to write a article on the kiddies and how to handle them as I am in a position to know what I am talking about haveing broughten up what might be termed a bevy of babies and all of them a howling success. The article may not be as long as some of my admires might wisht but that is because I get paid by the mo. and not by the wd.

It is not my intentions to go into details in regards to the raiseing of each of my own little ones but rather to give a gen. outline or set of rules that will fit the average, subnormal, unhealthy child. I may bring in a few incidence out of my personal family experiences to illustrate this or that pt. but will try and not put nobody to sleep with same.

For the 1st. day or 2 after a baby is born they ain't hardly no trouble because they are too excited to want to eat. When they finely do get hungry it is my advice to give them the regular dinner instead of leaveing them order a la carte as they are libel to go too strong on meats and sweets and not get enough vegetables.

Practally all the text books is agreed on one pt. namely that a new baby should not be picked up every time they cry. My crede is to pick them up the minute they let out the 1st. squawk and then keep picking them up and dropping them, a little harder each time, till they get it through their head that you mean business.



One of the earliest bad habits which a baby gets into is biteing their thumbs. A great many doctors contends that the best way to cure them from this evil is to soak the thumbs in iodine or wooden alcohol or similar delicacy that they may not like the taste of, but I have knew babies that fooled everybody by acquireing a genuine passion for these kind of liquors and the next thing you know they are going around ½ the time with a fair size bun. The way I cured several of my kiddies from the thumb chewing episode was to hang them up by their thumbs till these digits was so sore that nobody would think of nibbling on them.

When the baby is from 4 to 8 mos. old they begin to cut their teeth which is the next thing you have got to stop, as teeth was never meant to be cut, only hair. In the 2d. place it looks to me like the higth of foolishness to encourage a baby in haveing their first set of teeth as they no sooner get to know how to handle them when they all fall out and a entire new set comes in which is a whole lot bigger and has got to be mastered with a different technique. These big teeth generally always crops out along about the age of 8 to 10 yrs. old and if a baby can't get on for that lenth of time without teeth, they are a mighty poor fish. Before I got to be a expert on babies I use to let these 1st. little teeth grow and wile they was growing the kids was all kinds of trouble, sometimes even breaking down and crying a specially at night. The books will tell you that this is natural and you



By RING W. LARDNER

Gordon Ross



should ought to let them cry and not walk the floor with them, but the babies I did have that cried over their teeth, I not only walked the floor with them but I mopped the floor with them till they got over the crying habit.

In this connection I might relate one little incidence which shows how quick a baby can think when they are scared. The baby referred to was my 12th. born who I named Clumsy after practally all his relatives. Well one night when Clumsy was about 8 and ½ mos. old he set up a terrific howl and I jumped out of bed and right after him like a wolf.

"What is it, Clumsy?" I said. "Cutting teeth?"

"Yes," he sobbed.

"Well," I said, "you know what that means; it means a good licking."

But just as I was about to grab him the little fellow suddenly stopped crying, smiled and then began to sing:

"Teething, teething, I was only teething you."

In the general gale of laughter that followed I forgot all about the threatened punishment and Clumsy was allowed to remain in his upper, unscathed.

When the baby is from 3 to 4 yrs. of age you have got to begin thinking about sending them to school unless they are going to be a cartoonist or a chorus gal. Personly I use to be strong for private schools till I got so many children that even if I sent ⅓ of them to one school it would half to be called public. However what kind of a school you send them to depends of course on if they are a boy or a girl and what subjects they seem to take the most interest in them. The majority of mine is too young so far for a person to tell exactly where I am going to send them with the possible exception of 2 boys who seems to be pointing themselfs for Leavenworth.

I believe in every child male and female learning some profession or trade and in the case of a girl that don't show no special talents in any special direction, why I would certainly send her to some good barber college as lady barbers is one of the highest paid and most neglected profession in the world. Then even if she marries well enough so as to not half to support herself, think what a helpmate she will be to her husband. The way it is now, how few men can look you in the eye and say "My wife shaves me"? Two at the outside.

In regards to gen. culture I think it is O. K. for kiddies of either sex to have a smatter of good and bad language and enough reading so as they can go to the picture shows alone and laugh themselfs sick over the sub-titles.

In my own family all the children has been obliged to study French so that if they are in the draft age dureing the next war they can go as interpreters. And I might add that I am the originer of a scheme which has proved very effective as a aid to their mastery of la belle France's tongue. The last time I was on the other side, as I have nicknamed Europe, I bought me a French chien gendarme, or police dog. Dureing meals the kiddies is compelled to converse only in français and Rover sits at the table in a regular chair, just like people. The instant he hears one of the children mispronounce a wd. or use one wrong, he reaches over and bites the culprit's cheek. As this is all the meal he gets you can bet that le petit chien keeps his ears and mouth open for mistakes.

Those is just a few of my idears in regards to bringing up children and as far as results is conserned, why we don't hardly ever half to call in a doctor more than once a wk. and the veterinary not that often.

The disease that seems to appeal to them the most is getting bored to death and in that case we call up the post office and have them send over the roulette wheel and let the little ones indulge themselfs in gambling. But my children is never allowed to play more than $50.00 on a single number. No checks cashed.



By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Maggie Qunanne

IT IS an accepted fact in Hollywood, which is necessarily a paradise of pretty women, that there are more beautiful girls to the square inch on the Savage lot than any other place on earth.

When you come to think of it, they are probably right.

Nor is it strange.

For Aaron Savage collects girls for his bathing beauties as a connoisseur collects pearls for his favorite string.

He has scoured the world to find gems of feminine loveliness that might set all men mad with desire and all women mad with envy.

More or less, he has succeeded.

And so high has been his standard, so keen his artistic vision, that at last his name has become a synonym for the beauty of woman.

Each year, as one or another steps from the ranks of the Savage beauties—steps up to motion picture stardom, to millionaire marriage, or down into a mire of dissipation that stains and ravages her face and body beyond redemption—each year he searches the highways and byways of the world anew, to reset his necklace.

From the boulevards of Paris. From the candy shops of Iowa. From the docks of Limehouse and the prairies of Canada. From the sands of Newport and the golf links of del Monte, he gathers girls as a naturalist treads deadly swamps and poisonous valleys for rare orchids.

Adrienne Latour, slim, impertinent, restless, her long black eyes set like the eyes of an Egyptian mummy, and her fluttering, white, butterfly hands never still. Speaking with the lure of the Parisian pavements that bred her.

Stately, placid Lucy Haverton, whose beauty was the beauty of an Italian lake at sunset and whose hair fell below her knees, spraying about her like a waterfall of pale gold fire. Hair that photographically occupied more space yearly than Congress.

Bobby Brown, with her turned-up nose and her bee-stung, scarlet lips parted over too perfect teeth, and her pugnacious gamin grin of a pretty baby boy. Her daring, audacious grace. Her impish bobbed curls.

Ethelyn Wells, all tenderly colored in rose and ivory, small and sweet and helpless. Ankles a man's two fingers overspanned. Eyes of a lovely nun. Smooth, silken, shining hair.

Patsy O'Brien, whose figure outrivaled that of the famous Venus of Milo. And who proved it by a series of comparisons that thrilled the newspaper reading public for several Sundays in succession.

Shrewd, cool, tantalizing, olive-skinned Maria Camarillo, round bosomed, sensuous throated, who could do things with a mantilla across her melting brown eyes that ought to be forbidden by the police.

Jill Manton, and Betty Adair, and Polly Forsythe, and Lillian Loring, just pretty—*pretty*.

About them, too, because of hard outdoor work and intense competition and the fact that they could depend so little upon clothes for their effects, a freshness that usually withers swiftly beneath the Cooper-Hewitts. Yet, after a time, all bearing a sort of family resemblance to each other.

It is almost too obvious, the things that are bound to happen on or in any place like the Savage lot.

The voltage of charm is too high. Normalcy cannot exist there. Disaster will come sometimes. Ambition will be smothered by the age-old call of mating. Or it will call to its aid every weapon that the rules of the game forbid. Passion and jealousy and hate and love—love in every guise, in every degree—all these are bound to stalk unleashed where beauty runs thus rampant.

It is a honey pot—a honey pot.

It is like an eternal springtime, where thoughts are dragged helpless and unwilling victims to love.

The Story of a Woman the whole World Loved but who was the Loneliest Woman in the World

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan



"No gutter pup like her," said Bobbie, "can make fun of our Maggie."

For the bathing girls were the picked beauties of a world.

And they had made Aaron Savage rich and famous and a power in the land of motion pictures.

The bathing beauties—and Maggie Qunanne.

Maggie Qunanne sat in her dressing room reading a book and eating large and very sticky chocolates from a big brown box.

It was a pretty dressing room, done tastefully in pale yellow chintz. A becushioned chaise longue. A beribboned rocking chair. A wicker fern stand. An expensive Persian rug.

Nevertheless Maggie sat upright on the dressing stool, one foot crooked through the rungs, her elbows planted on the littered dressing table.

Maggie nearly always sat on the stool. The truth of the matter, which she never explained, was that because she was so tall and so thin the chaise longue and the chairs and the davenport all hit her in exactly the wrong places and made her very uncomfortable.

It was cool and quiet in Maggie's dressing room. In reality, it was a specially constructed bungalow, built upon a bit of open space and boasting all the conveniences that should be given a woman who gets $2500 a week and is worth more.

Outside the latticed window a voice suddenly sang violently: "Hi, Maggie. Maggie! They're ready for you. Hurry up, 'cause it's late and the girls are getting cold on that open stage."

Reluctantly Maggie Qunanne put down her book.

She had never before stumbled across Mrs. Browning's sonnets.

Somehow her heart was pounding and throbbing and she felt the hot flow of a sweet, nameless loveliness rushing into her very temples.

That one:

> How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
> I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
> My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
> For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
> I love thee to the level of everyday's
> Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
> I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
> I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
> I love thee with the passion put to use
> In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
> I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
> With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
> Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
> I shall but love thee better after death.

Yes, women loved—were loved—like that. Why, all around her, every day, though they couldn't put it into words that sang and painted pictures, love existed that way. If she ever loved——

Her eyes fell on her image in the mirror, the triple, all-revealing mirror, circled round and round with glaring, high powered lights.

Then she grinned. Maggie's own famous, heart-warming, irresistible grin.

But her eyes were wet and she said impatiently: "Doggone, I'll have to fix that mascara again. Ain't I a fool? Well, any

time an Irish old maid like me reads Portuguese sonnets, there's bound to be international complications."

The voice outside, very close, said: "Say, Maggie, you asleep? Didn't you hear me?"

Maggie Qunanne flamed instantly. "Doggone, Jimmy, get out from under my window before I pour dishwater on you. What'd you want me to do when you come round, burst into tears? You trying to bawl me out or show me a good time, which? I'm getting ready. I been sitting around here all day with my make-up on not turning a wheel, and then because you get ready you expect me to come leaping out of here like a young tuna. Go tell Derck I'll be on the set in a couple of minutes."

Jimmy O'Flaherty chuckled.

"All right. Don't wear yourself out, old girl."

But he said it lovingly and the chuckle ran through his words like a golden thread. Everybody on the lot spoke like that when they spoke to Maggie Qunanne, with a golden thread in their words. Not only to her, but of her.

Maggie now regarded herself with businesslike attention.

She was wearing a wide-striped dress of black and white, and after squinting a moment she pulled it about so that it swept the floor in back and hung almost to her knees in front, revealing the famous shoes and the dangling, tangled shoe laces. On her head was a hat that was the pride of Maggie's life, because she had actually found it in an ash can down on Los Angeles Street, and she lovingly regarded its bedraggled feathers and the stiff braids of her red hair.

One long, bony arm swung up with the inimitable gesture, and Maggie tilted the hat to exactly the right angle.

"Ain't that a feature?" said Maggie, openly tickled.

Swiftly she rearranged the mascara about her small, twinkling gray eyes. Added a line of lip rouge to the big up-quirk of her mouth. A last coating of powder to the pug nose that sat so impudently, so absurdly, in the wide expanse of her round face.

She looked at herself again and laughed.

She was right.

Just to look at Maggie was always a laugh.

As she went down the little steps of her dressing bungalow, quite unconsciously she stumbled over her dangling shoe laces—just as she stumbled over them on the screen and brought roars and deluges of laughter from the audiences that loved her so.

Their Maggie Qunanne!

Nobody knew, except perhaps dark, quiet Rosa—who had been with Maggie since the very beginning of things—that there was a time when that famous stumble and those marvelous dangling shoe laces had been very far from funny. When Maggie Qunanne had been cuffed and shaken and sent supperless to her narrow hard bed in the cold dormitory of the orphan asylum for entering the refectory just that way.

The beauties were all on the set. Attired in bathing suits constructed of a piece of black lace, a red, red rose and a Spanish comb.

"All of them put together wouldn't make me a respectable lamp shade, you shameless hussies," said Maggie as she came on the set.

With delighted laughter they swarmed about her. For above everything in the whole world the bathing beauties loved Maggie Qunanne.

And not only the bathing beauties.

Maggie was godmother to every child, cat and cockroach on the Savage lot.

She earned her twenty-five hundred a week and the rest of the studio borrowed it.

She had been maid of honor at every wedding the Savage lot ever had anything to do with. From the gorgeous spectacle that made little Eloise Hart the wife of young Jacky Van Alystyne and mistress of more millions than Maggie cared to count, to the small ceremony in the O'Flaherty's parlor, when Jimmy married the telephone operator and Maggie kissed the priest by mistake.

It was characteristic of Maggie that she sent exactly the same present to both weddings.

There were eight children named after her already and Maggie herself had held the slim, trembling hands of at least two young things and joked with them and laughed at them while life and death all but joined hands across their beds.

"Glory be," she said to Rosa afterwards, "but every pang should be dear to them, to think they're bringing a child into the world. What is a woman that's never had a child? The same as a ship that's never been to sea, I say."

Partly for these things the bathing beauties loved Maggie and went to her with tales that the world would have given much to hear. But it was mostly because Maggie always laughed. And when she laughed, you laughed. Maggie Qunanne was just as funny off the screen as she was on.

The scene for which Maggie had been called progressed famously.

It was a simple scene, and played by anybody but Maggie Qunanne it would have been only a trifle funny and more than a trifle vulgar.

A neglected wife strays into a brilliant, hectic cabaret in search of an erring husband, and once there by accident drinks more champagne than is good for her.

First, Maggie reduced the entire troop to such hysterics that it delayed getting the scene by an hour.

And yet, somehow, as she sat there in the gorgeous set, with the stupendous beauty of the bathing girls about her, with her funny old ash can hat on one side of her head and her shoe laces dangling and that impudent, bewildered smile on her face—somehow you got a picture of the heartache and the loneliness and the tortured bravery of every neglected wife everywhere. And you laughed through hot tears that you never intended to shed. And sobbed a bit in the midst of laughter that rocked you.

That was Maggie Qunanne's genius.

Back in her dressing room, Maggie tied a towel about her braids and began to take off her make-up, whistling softly.

She had almost covered her face with grease from a rubber brush when the door banged open.

No one ever knocked at Maggie's door.

"It's a good thing I'm virtuous," Maggie had once remarked, "because I get about as much privacy around this lot as a street car conductor in the Chicago Loop."

Bobby Brown perched like a pretty humming bird on the yellow chaise longue. Her scarlet underlip shot out. Her exquisite, slender body still revealed by the lace bathing suit.

"Hell," she said briefly, "I wish all the men in the world were at the bottom of the ocean!"

"Ye-uh?" said Maggie, intent on the cold creaming process. "That's an expensive and idle wish, Bobs, because you'd go buy yourself one of them deep sea diving suits in about six days."

Bobby shook her small dark head, her face aflame.

"You think I would—you're crazy. Men are the cat's whiskers. More than that, they're all alike. You think you've got one that's different, and what a sap you turn out to be. They're about as different as a lot of hen's eggs. Some are rotten and some are fresh, and that's all the difference. When you know one of 'em, you know 'em all. I'll tell the world."

"You and Warren had a row?" asked Maggie calmly.

"You can call it a row if you want to, but I'm going to call it a war. Why, that big spark plug misses me a couple of minutes at Henriette's party last night and—well, see for yourself."

She rubbed the heavy layers of powder from a slim firm arm and a dull purple spot glared up like a blind eye.

"You're lucky you haven't got any men hanging around you, Maggie," said Bobby Brown, with the suggestion of a whimper.

Beneath Maggie's freckles, where the cream had left her face soft and bare of make-up, a slow flood of dull crimson welled. Painfully, as though every throb tore loose a heartstring. And in Maggie Qunanne's gray eyes grew a look of fascinated, embarrassed anguish as they gazed down on that ugly dark spot that seemed to shriek aloud of primitive, elemental love of a man for a woman.

"Well—I don't know, Bobby," she said slowly. "A woman's a woman, and if she's a real woman she needs a man. A woman can't ever know what life is all about until she's known love. I'm—I'm only twenty-five, you know."

Bobby's brain was as shallow as a teaspoon and her heart as fickle as a bee in a flower garden, but she did adore Maggie.

"You don't mean—why, but——" she stammered, startled by the look that for the first time in all the months she had known her had now swamped the twinkle in Maggie's eyes; the look of a small and ugly and hungry child who stands daily amid beautiful toys she may not touch.

Maggie grinned. "Say, I tell you, Bobby, I think you're as much in love with Warren as you'll ever be. He's a nice boy. He'd make any girl a good, clean, decent husband. You ain't much good, you know, Bobs. You're an awful little darn fool. But you're so pretty you'll always be getting in trouble, with men falling in love with you. Funny, ain't it—you and me? Well, if you had even one brain cell working, you'd quit chasing around with morons like Eddie Welch and marry Warren, if he'll have you. He beat you up—don't lie to me, darlin'—because you were probably in some mischief. I know you. But



Maggie tilted the hat to exactly the right angle. "Ain't that a feature?" she said, openly tickled.

it gives me respect for the lad, and he might make you behave yourself. But I don't suppose you will. Doggone, a home and a man that loves you and a baby"—violins came through her voice then, as violins creep through the brass of a Wagner overture—"that sounds more like my idea of Heaven than a tin harp and feathers. If I had——"

A boy's head, clean-cut, with the faintest scent of hair tonic and tobacco, poked itself through the half open window.

"Hello, Maggie," said the boy briefly. "Bobby, you coming home with me?"

Bobby, a little pale, her eyes unaccustomedly wet, nodded. Went out.

Maggie Qunanne put on her plain, expensively tailored brown suit. Adjusted her crush hat over the heavy, stiff red hair. Wrapped a luxurious fur about her throat.

In her shoes, Maggie's garments had cost her almost a week's salary.

And she was just as funny in them as she had been in the ash can hat.

Just exactly.

The gate of the unpainted, dilapidated, dirty old Savage studio at five-thirty is not unlike the stage door of a fashionable musical show at eleven-thirty.

Maggie saw Warren tuck Bobby Brown in the front seat of his stripped lizzie.

Saw Lucy Haverton, who was married to a young real estate dealer, run into his arms.

Saw Adrienne climb into Aaron Savage's twenty thousand dollar touring car.

Of course, she was Maggie Qunanne.

A nation loved her for the laughter she gave them.

Yet in all her life no man had ever looked at her as that boy looked down at Bobby Brown.

It beat all about her like the spiced scent of poppies. Like the throb of cellos. The thing in her own heart that created—created laughter and tears for a whole world—cried in a sudden ache of loneliness. Bled a little with desire to know the thing that creates life.



"You're such a wonder to me, Maggie," came Al's voice, softly. "And I'm cuckoo about you. You know I am."

Patsy O'Brien stopped her. "Say, you going to the preview of de Gamut's new picture out at the Beverly Hills Hotel? I hear it's going to be quite an affair, with supper and dancing afterwards. If you like, Porky and I'll stop for you."

Maggie patted her arm. The girls were so sweet to her. For that matter, everybody wanted Maggie Qunanne on a party. She was the wit, the soul, the life of it. And after all she *was* Maggie Qunanne.

But today she shook her head.

"You needn't mind, Patsy darlin'," she said, and this time the color came in a smooth, even flow. "I'm—I'm going with someone else."

Patsy shot her a surprised and delighted glance. "Why, Maggie Qunanne, you—you going with a beau? Have you got a beau?"

The woman who had so blessed the world with laughter walked to the expensive limousine that stood at the curb. The liveried chauffeur flung open the door for her as though she were a queen he loved to serve.

"Patsy, my child," said Maggie, "you're getting too fresh. I'll bet the first thing you know you'll be telling all the reporters I'm engaged or married or something. And then everybody'll laugh themselves to death. I may be a great comedian, but me in a wedding veil'd be the funniest scene I ever did in my life."

But as the big limousine sped over the crowded boulevard the great comedienne bowed her head against the purple velour cushions and cried as only a child can cry who has never had a mother.

The de Gamut preview was the first time the world ever saw Maggie Qunanne and Al Cassidy together.

II

Nobody on the Savage lot had ever paid any particular attention to Aloysius Cassidy.

He was the assistant manager of the local Savage exchange, from which the films were distributed, and now and then he came out to the studio for a consultation with the publicity and advertising departments or with Savage himself.

That was how he met Maggie Qunanne.

He seemed a nice enough fellow. Rather short and fat, with big blue eyes perpetually smiling and dimples that showed surprisingly in a smooth, tanned face.

Aside from a really nice smile there wasn't anything to notice about him, on the surface.

"But he certainly isn't good enough for *Maggie*," said Ethelyn Wells one night, when even her friends had begun to wonder if there was anything serious between them.

She and Bobby Brown had gone to bed and lay side by side in the darkness of their bungalow bedroom, speaking softly.

"W-well," said Bobby slowly, "if you come to that, Lyn, nobody's good enough for Maggie. But—she talked to me once, and I think Maggie's just crazy to get married and have kids. And you know what men are, Lyn. No use you and me kidding each other. Maggie's the greatest in this world but she's as homely as mud—and funny. That's what men think about mostly. Did Maggie ever have a beau before? And you and me have had thousands."

Ethelyn curled her knees up under her chin preparatory to sleep and murmured: "Al isn't a bad guy, at that."

"No, he ain't a bad guy at all," said Bobby sleepily, "and I don't care what that eel-nosed wife of Derck's says, I think he's crazy about Maggie."

"She's the kind of a woman somebody ought to put ground glass in her mashed potatoes, that Mrs. Derck," said Ethelyn. "I think he is, too."

He was.



"And he's got a mudder and a daddy," Maggie gurgled. "He's always going to have 'em, too."

The truth of the matter was that Al Cassidy loved with his sense of humor.

It has happened now and then.

Al didn't know it himself, but he would have hung his grandmother up by her toes for a good laugh. And he was very fond of his grandmother.

Never in the whole course of his easy-going, enjoyable, adventurous young life had he been able to take anything quite seriously. Even himself.

He played the piano better than well, he was full of ideas about how to exploit pictures, some of them good, and when he got a bad bumping at poker he usually had to dash down to the bank early next morning to cover the check.

He adored Maggie Qunanne with the breathless and delighted admiration an archæologist bestows upon a perfect discovery.

All his life he had wanted to know somebody that was always funny, but he had about given up hope when he met Maggie.

He loved her so much for being funny that he failed to realize her lack of many things which, as a young and hot-blooded Irishman, he had always assumed would belong to any woman he could love.

If, also, he thought occasionally, in unintentional flashes, of all her wealth and fame and the position she occupied in the film company for which he worked, it was only as a side issue. He had no objection to taking the good things of this world if he didn't have to go to jail for it, and life had always been beautiful and entertaining and comparatively easy for him so far.

But it was because he wanted to live with Maggie and be near her that he wanted to marry her.

Maggie's big gray shingle house hung on a hillside, and from the open porch the splendid tapestry of velvet blackness and spangled lights that was Hollywood flung itself at their feet.

Just the slimmest slice of a moon hung in the sky, and a soft backlight, from the shaded lamps in the big drawing room, shone luminously on Maggie's braided hair.

The perfume of the magnolia trees from the hillside below fairly beat in their faces, and the night about them was full of hill noises, the throbbing song of trees and crickets and sleepy toads. Faintly, from another house across the little gully, came the thrum of a banjo.

Maggie sat in one corner of the big swinging seat, the shining folds of a satin cloak about her.

And young Aloysius Cassidy smoked placidly in the other.

"'Tis a wonderful night," he said at last, under the spell of it all. "A night made for lovers, is it not, Maggie?"

Maggie chuckled. "And how should I know that? Did your mother bring you up to ask such questions of an unmarried young lady, now?"

"But in the dark, Maggie?"

"So much the worse, since you can't see my blushes. I dare say it's nights like this fill the divorce courts as well as the marriage license bureau."

"You're not very romantic, Miss Qunanne," he said, turning to smile at her.

"Is that so? Much you know about it. Because I'd not wear my heart on my sleeve for a bait the way some girls do nowadays."

"Well, all women are born actresses, so 'tis hard to tell," he sighed at her.

"Then there are some on our lot that aren't," said Maggie with a giggle.

Al moved instantly across the seat and leaned softly, pleasantly against the expensively perfumed silk of Maggie's shoulder.

And he felt the vast breath that shook her at the touch of him and at the little scent of tobacco and hair tonic and clean shaven skin that mingled suddenly with the magnolias.

"If—if you and I should be romantic tonight, Maggie darlin', d'you think you'd regret it in the morning?" he asked, a furry note in his voice.

"I'm willing to try any drink once, I guess," said Maggie shakily.

"Maggie—d'you mean that? Don't kid with me now, Maggie. I'm—I'm deadly serious."

"You don't know the meaning of the word, nor how to spell it. But a woman that won't believe a man on a night like this has no business sitting in a hammock with him. Go on, dear."

"Ah, but I am serious. You're such a wonder to me—and I'm cuckoo about you, Maggie. You know I am. I'm a fairly worthless sort of pup, but if you've got no other plans that would interfere and you've got no constitutional aversion to marrying—I'd like to try it, Maggie."

It was well that it was dark on the porch. For the tears suddenly flowed over Maggie's smile and a wave of gorgeous, uplifting, primeval passion took her by the throat and almost sent her to her knees before him.

Instead, softly, she said: "Well, we'll both be taking a terrible chance, I doubt not, Aloysius. You marrying a nameless waif out of an orphan asylum, and me marrying an Irishman, whom God knows make the best soldiers and the worst husbands on earth. But I have took the short end of worse bets in my life—and you'd never believe me if (*Continued on page 126*)



Stories That Have

By

Montague Glass

MR. DAUGHERTY by his recent opinion has given fresh impetus to the output of Prohibition anecdotes. People are now telling about the American Shipping Board vessel which encountered a heavy storm, and as a reward for the plucky way in which the crew worked the pumps all night the captain served them each an extra tot of vanilla ice cream soda. On another voyage, a U. S. Shipping Board vessel was fog-bound off the Grand Banks and as the lookout finished his turn in the crow's nest the poor, half frozen fellow was immediately restored to warmth and comfort by being given a Volstead Act prescription calling for one pint of rye whisky to be filled at the nearest registered pharmacy some 2,200 miles away.

In thus pitying the poor sailor at sea "on such a night as this," Mr. Thomas Maitland Cleland, the well known decorative artist, told me the following story:

Two men were discussing the untimely demise of a friend.

"I understand he died of lumbago," one of them said.

"He did not die of lumbago," the other insisted. "He *had* lumbago, but he didn't die of it. He died of an accident."

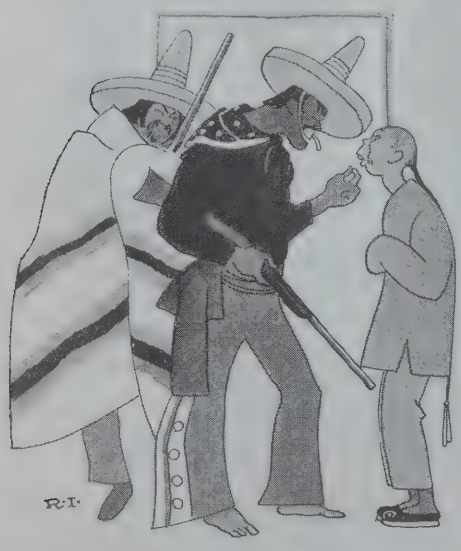
"An accident?"

"Sure!" said the man who had the straight of it. "He *had* lumbago, and they rubbed his back with alcohol."

"And did it poison him?"

"It did not," the man who knew the correct version replied. "They rubbed his back with alcohol, see? And he tried to lick it off, see? And he died of a broken neck."

DURING the fairly recent revolutionary disturbances in Mexico, marauding bands of Carranzistas and Huertistas wandered around the villages of the Mexican mining country south of the Arizona border. Whenever one of these bands entered a village they immediately entered the first store they came to and asked the proprietor, "Who are you for—Carranza or Huerta?"



It was then up to him to do some quick guessing. If he shouted "*Viva* Huerta!" and the band happened to be Carranzistas, they cleaned out the store and beat up the proprietor.

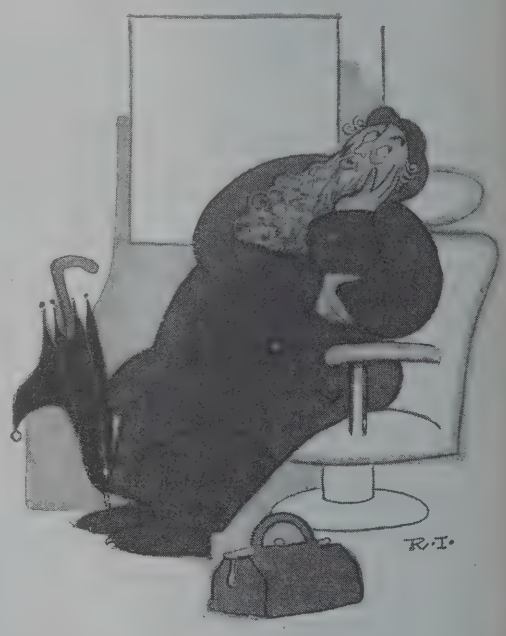
One Chinaman who kept a store in a little village in the State of Sonora was raided by a band of Huertistas. He was a poor guesser, for when they asked him who he was for he shouted "*Viva* Carranza!" and immediately suffered the penalty. Leaving him half dead, they next entered the only other store in the village, kept by a man called Finkelstein. Mr. Finkelstein had heard his neighbor shout "*Viva* Carranza!" and had witnessed the consequence. When the leader of the band, therefore, asked him who *he* was for, he at once shouted "*Viva* Huerta!" and escaped scot free.

The following week another band of marauders entered the village and once more the Chinaman's store was visited. He was no better guesser than before. This time the raiders were Carranzistas and after the Chinaman had shouted "*Viva* Huerta!" there was absolutely nothing left of his store and very little of the Chinaman himself. Again, however, Mr. Finkelstein profited by the Chinaman's hard luck and also got rid of an active business competitor, for the Chinaman, now thoroughly discouraged, abandoned the wreck of his store and decided to smuggle himself into the United States.

Just one week later a third band of revolutionaries entered the village, and on this occasion Mr. Finkelstein had nothing to guide him in his choice of sides. The leader brought in a vile looking Chulo who spoke Tia Juana English.

"What you going say?" the interpreter asked the storekeeper. "*Viva* Carranza or *viva* Huerta?"

Mr. Finkelstein patted the interpreter's shoulder affectionately. "My friend," he said with an ingratiating smile, "you *viva* first, and then I'll *viva*."



THE low railroad rates to the Pacific coast last summer caused a number of people to travel on transcontinental trains who had never traveled before. One of these, says Mrs. Leroy Scott, was an old man with a long white beard. He sat in a Pullman seat as the Overland Limited sped through the State of Illinois on the first night out of Chicago, and every few minutes the old man beat his chest as mournfully as the Wedding Guest in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," without, however, the bassoon obligato. He supplemented this by exclaiming at intervals: "*Oy!*" and sometimes: "*Oy! Weh ist mir!*"

A fellow traveler across the aisle was much interested in this exhibition of grief, but during the first night he respected the old man's private sorrow and said nothing. Nor did he out of a mistaken sense of delicacy try to find out what was the matter with the old man on the second day out when, as the train passed through the States of Iowa and Nebraska, the old gentleman continued to present a picture of great woe, beating his breast and exclaiming: "*Oy!*" and once in a while: "*Oy! Tzuris!*"

On the third day, however, while the train was passing through the desert, the sight of the old man's misery became too much for his fellow traveler. All day long the bearded gentleman had

Made Me Laugh

Illustrations by

Rea Irvin

groaned and beat his chest, and finally his sympathetic neighbor came over and sat next to him.

"My friend," he began, "you seem to be in serious trouble. Maybe I can help you out."

The old gentleman shook his head and groaned some more. Also he beat his chest and said "*Oy!*" a couple of times.

"Now come," his neighbor said, putting his arm around the old man's shoulders. "Tell me what the trouble is."

"*Oy, Weh ist mir!*" the old man said. "Three days already I am on the wrong train."

EX-BARTENDERS have been forced by Prohibition into many industries so foreign to their late calling that one is not at all surprised to hear about Ed Callahan, formerly of a



well known San Francisco bar, who obtained a job as a shepherd. Ed knew nothing whatever about sheep except that they had rib chops and loin chops which he had usually seen on a plate with potatoes and vegetables flanked by a large schooner of steam beer. Nevertheless, when Ed was offered the position of shepherd on a lonely ranch in Northern California by an old patron of his late bar, he gladly embraced the opportunity. Ed figured that as long as there were no more bars to tend, he might just as well tend sheep. His boss took Ed up to the ranch and left him there as shepherd for about six weeks. At the end of that time the boss returned and Ed met him at the nearest railroad station with a couple of horses.

"Boss," Ed said as they rode toward the ranch some twenty miles away, "have you come up here to tell me you don't want me to be shepherd no more?"

"Why no, Ed," the boss said. "*I'm* satisfied if *you* are."

"I'm satisfied all right," Ed said.

"Then you like the job of being shepherd?"

"Like it first rate," Ed replied. "The only thing is, are you sure you want me to stay on as shepherd?"

"Why certainly," the boss replied.

"Then if you want me to stay on as shepherd, boss, you'll have to get some new sheep," Ed said. "All them old ones has lit out on you."

MR. CHARLES DILLINGHAM, the theatrical manager, said the other day that in one of his musical comedies the ladies of the chorus were taking off their make-up when the stage doorkeeper stuck his head in the door.

"Miss Katie," he said to one of the veteran performers,



"there's a lady outside says she's a friend of yours. Shall I show her in?"

"What's her name?" Katie asked.

"Johnson," the stage doorkeeper replied.

"I don't know no Johnsons," Katie said. "Tell her I ain't in."

A few minutes later the stage doorkeeper returned.

"She says you do know her, Miss Katie," he said. "She says Johnson's her married name. She used to be a Miss Anderson and she says she went to school with you."

"She went to school with me, did she?" Katie said. "All right, show her in."

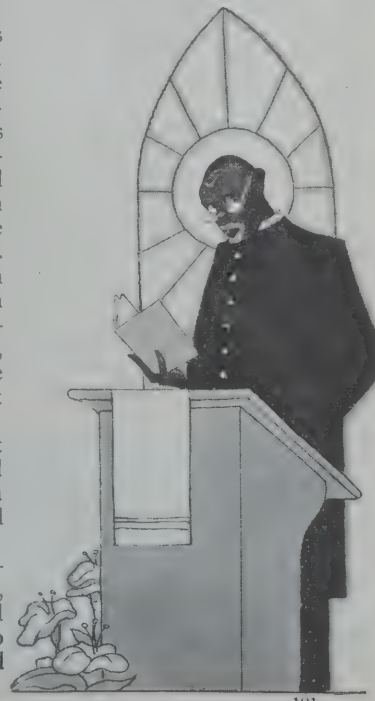
One of the youngest and prettiest members of the chorus turned to the stage doorkeeper and said: "Wait a minute, Bill. Did you say this lady went to *school* with Katie?"

"That's what she said," Bill replied.

"Then don't *show* her in," the young thing said. "*Wheel* her in."

A COLORED preacher in a small Southern town was standing in his pulpit one day when a most unfortunate incident occurred; that is to say, unfortunate for him. He had led a blameless life for forty-odd years except for one term of five years in the San Quentin penitentiary, and the unfortunate incident was the presence in the congregation upon that particular Sunday of a fellow convict. No other member of the congregation knew of its pastor's early fall from grace, since San Quentin was some two thousand miles away. All along he had felt quite certain that the dead past had buried its dead, when this jet-black bolt from the blue arrived plumb into the front row of his church.

However, the pastor was quite equal to the occasion. He glanced sternly over the congregation, and then taking the Good Book in his hand he emitted a loud impressive cough and thumbed over the pages as though seeking for an appropriate text. At last he found it.



"Brethren," he said in rich, unctuous tones, "Ah will take mah text this mawnin' from the eighth chapter, the thirty-first verse of the apostle George, whar' it say . . ."

Here he cleared his throat in saintly fashion and fixed his former associate in San Quentin with a meaningful glance.

"Whar' it say," he continued: "Dem what see me, *and* reckernize me, and don't say nuffin about it to *nobody*, yea verily, dem will I see afterwards."

The Lone Wolf Returns

(Continued from page 23)

ring that had begun to form, and away from the curb, where the grumbling chauffeur was settling into place behind his wheel, and where Lanyard had been preparing to beckon in the first vacant cab.

"But you want another taxi——"

"Not I, monsieur. It is but a step, where I am going. As for this rain, it is nothing"—she held out a hand—"already it has ceased. And surely I can count upon your gallantry . . ."

He consented with entire good nature—"As ever, irresistible, Liane!"—and found himself with the woman on his arm rounding the corner and moving toward Sixth Avenue. "New York, by what appears, has the honor of entertaining you once again . . ."

"Again? But still, if you please!"

"Proving the weakness of deductive reasoning," he observed. "When one saw you in a hired cab, one inferred you were merely a bird of passage."

"But I have never been away, monsieur; never since that luckless voyage which landed us here last spring. I find it amusing, this great town; as Paris is no more, alas! Thanks to the war and the poor health of the franc . . . As for that infamous taxicab, I ask you: what is one to do when one's own car is, as these quaint Americans put it, laid out?"

"Laid up."

"Laid out or laid up—it is all the same."

"I believe you," Lanyard chuckled—"at my age Liane."

He was aware, but seemed not to be, of sidelong scrutiny, keenly inquisitive.

"Is it that you begin to find yourself bored with this America, Michael?"

"Ah!" he replied, "I must not complain."

"The old life calls, eh?" (So she construed that equivoque as confirming her surmise; which argued an anxiety to do so. But why?) "You miss something, my friend, in this land where more things are *verboten* than in Germany before the war?"

"I miss my youth," Lanyard admitted, with a rueful sigh—"those misspent years!"

"You would have them back?" she demanded inquisitively. "What for? To misspend them all over again?" He smiled illegibly; she laughed in impish glee. "I felt sure of it when I thought of you today, Michael. I said to myself: By this time he will be well weary of this country of atrocious cookery, ice water and virtue with the indigestion."

"You, then, knew I was still here?"

"One was so informed."

"One has, it seems, friends of whose kind interest one was unaware."

"It was a little bird that told me."

"An idle little bird, if it finds no better gossip to twitter than the tale of my dull days."

"It is truly as I said!" She squeezed his arm. "You *are* bored. So, then! a little patience and you will call it, as do I, a happy chance that threw me in your way tonight."

"Impossible that one should esteem it otherwise."

Lanyard smiled down at the woman, openly taking advantage of the illumination of a street lamp to study her.

In her day reputed the most beautiful demi-mondaine in Paris and the most dangerous, the old allure of her charms, by this tricky light at least, seemed unimpaired; while that she was still dangerous one had memories of events by no means stale to prove. And now what diablerie was she fostering behind that mask of fair, seductive flesh? What mischief had she in mind that required his cooperation?

An innate flair for anything in the nature of an intrigue stirred in its sleep, lifted its head, sniffed the wind with eager nostrils . . .

They arrived at Sixth Avenue; the hand under his arm gently led him south again in the shadow of the elevated.

"It is a long step to this rendezvous of yours, Liane."

"Patience—we are nearly there. Or is it that your soul has grown so deeply ennuied even I——"

"To the contrary, as you see, I am coming along quite peaceably. I have but one regret."

"And that?"

"It desolates me to know we must part so soon."

"This way, incorrigible." Guiding him across the avenue, the woman held on toward Broadway. "What hour is it, do you know?"

"A quarter to one," Lanyard reported on the advice of his watch.

"Then I am fifteen minutes beforehand——"

"That is to say, practically unsexed."

"Furthermore, my friends are never on time. Why not keep me company while I wait, and enjoy a little raking over of old scandals?"

"It would be a pleasure, Liane; but are you sure——"

"We are arrived."

The woman was diverging toward a dwelling which wore an aspect of too much decorum; a modest establishment with just two windows on the street level diffusing a benign domestic glow through heavy draperies behind stout bars of iron, and a tight-lipped look about the solid door at the back of its mildly lighted vestibule.

Coupling the atmosphere of its environment, which was both tawdry and rowdy, with certain rumors that had come to his attention, the reticent expression of the house with the rank of private cars that lined the curb before it, Lanyard hazarded with an accent of distaste: "The Clique Club, eh?"

"You are acquainted?"

"Only with its reputation. One hears that the percentage of mortality resulting from indulgence in its bootliquor is unusually low."

"Do you suspect me of luring you here to poison you, Michael?"

"Not while you remain incontestably the mistress of weapons so much more deadly than mere lawless moonshine. Moreover, it is written in my horoscope, curiosity will be the death of me."

Liane giggled, planting a finger on a push button which, Lanyard remarked she located without looking. By way of response a horizontal slit opened in the upper half of the door and through this a pair of anonymous eyes looked them over. Lanyard without favor, but otherwise in respect of the woman. Then with an impressive clanking and thumping of chains and bolts, the door swung wide, disclosing an entry, the habitat of a good actor in the make-up of a movie gangster, functioning as Cerberus to this institution of post-Prohibition New York. And passing through a second and less formidable door, Lanyard and the woman entered a reception hall of voluptuous embellishment and devilishly subtle illumination.

Here, in a chair before an ardent grate, a youthful odalisque was lounging with crossed knees, a waspy young blood of the town was holding a pose of elegance with elbow on the mantel, and both were engaging in conversation an overmannered person distinguished by ornate evening dress and the beak and bald head of a bird of prey: a scene that might readily have passed for one in a private home but for wild squalls of jazz drifting down the broad staircase and the vibration of the floor above with the rhythmical shuffle and stamp of many feet.

At sight of the newcomers the hairless animal with a perfect bow excused himself to his gossips and glided forward, smirking, shaping deferential shoulders, giving his bleached talons a good air-wash.

"Mademoiselle Delorme!" he uttered in accents of intense gratification.

"Good evening, Theodore," Liane gave him in French, with friendly nonchalance. "Monsieur Morphew is here so soon, no?"

"Not yet, mademoiselle. But before long, beyond doubt . . ."

"The usual room? We will go up and wait . . . But I believe you do not know Monsieur Lanyard, Theodore."

"The Clique Club is so unfortunate," Theodore deplored, saluting Lanyard profoundly, "as not to number monsieur among its members."

"And very stupid of it, if you ask me," Liane retorted. "See that he gets a card, will you?"

"You are much too gracious, Liane; I shall have so little use for a guest card——"

"What are you talking about, Michael? Guest card! I should say not. I am proposing you for membership. It costs nothing when one is properly introduced. Eh, Theodore?"

"As mademoiselle says . . . If Monsieur Lanyard will be so kind as to let me have his full name and address . . ."

With a shrug, Lanyard gave in. After all, it didn't matter . . . And when he had duly been entered in the club register, Theodore escorted the newly fledged member to the foot of the stairs, upon which Liane Delorme was picturesquely waiting and there turned both over to the guidance of a highly polished subaltern.

Wide doorways on the first landing disclosed a chain of rooms dedicated to the rights of jazz—liquid, instrumental, terpsichorean. Calculated to remind a crusading clergyman of Belshazzar's feast, they reminded Lanyard of almost any Broadway restaurant at midnight.

On the second landing, however, a break in the dance music below made audible the heartless laughter of an ivory ball coquetting with a roulette wheel behind one closed door, while a waiter emerging from another room permitted a glimpse of a private

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supper party at the peak of its load an interior tolerably Hogarthian.

Lanyard exchanged amused glances with Liane. "Busy little club," he commented, "but wants rechristening—Clique's far too conservative—should be known as the Liberal."

At the rear end of the hall another door admitted to a prettily furnished supper room, where a table was being laid and, in coolers on a side table, several bottles of champagne were enjoying their last rest. Requesting the waiter in attendance to open one of these, Liane shrugged out of her wrap—which Lanyard took, though he kept his overcoat on by way of pointing an intention to stop for a few minutes only—and having made himself at ease upon the club fender of an open fire, clinked her glass to Lanyard's.

"To you, my too long lost friend, and to me—to a friendship that has known too many interruptions and must henceforth know fewer."

He toasted with cool ambiguity: "To a rapport more complete."

And when with professional ease the waiter had faded from their knowledge, the woman dimpled bewitchingly and patted the broad seat of the fender.

"Come, sit by my side, Michael; let us talk."

"With all the pleasure in life," he assented, placing himself at a discreeter distance than she had designated. "On one condition, my dear Liane—none of your artfulness."

"Michael!" she reproached, delighted. "You don't trust me?"

"Really, you read one's mind."

"Don't be alarmed, my old one." She made a face to match her tone of mocking reassurance. "I was mad about you once, I don't deny, but that was long ago. Besides, you little know me if you think it likely I would lay myself open to be scorned another time."

"I little know you," Lanyard conceded, "whatever I may think; and I've got the quaintest notion, Liane, that the less I learn about you the more likely I am to enjoy ordinary peace of mind. Be a good child, now; treat me as you would a father, not as you might a prospective papa. Tell me: what the deuce is your little game?"

"Game?" she repeated, petulant. "Michael, my dear—your manners aren't as good as they were when your morals were worse."

"Admit that you didn't ask me up here to amuse yourself with innocent flirtation."

"That is true."

"Admit, then, I am pardonably curious."

"Well! if you will have the truth . . . When I got over being foolish about you, Michael . . . How long ago it seems!"

"A good half-year."

"I found I was still fond of you. When all's said about that sad affair, you know, it was I who was rather a devil, and you who were rather a dear. I owe you for more than one good turn I never did anything to deserve."

"I wish I might think your associates in that adventure had come out of it as well disposed."

"That absurd Monk, that clown Phinuit! Why bother your head about such *canaille?*"

"And what has become of the precious pair?"

Plump but pretty shoulders described a graphic gesture of indifference. "I know nothing of them since that day when last you saw us all together. I was out of patience with them then—as I think you guessed. When you dismissed us, I sent them packing. And you?" Lanyard, smiling, shook his head, and the woman cheerfully consigned reminiscence to the grave of those dead yesterdays where it belonged. "Tell me now about yourself."

"What is there to tell?"

"Much, monsieur. You are a mystery."

"I am flattered . . ."

"That's all blague," the woman scoffed. "You know I'm interested in all you do. I've just told you so, and why." She endured his quizzical scrutiny with an open and friendly countenance, more entertained than irritated by his mistrust. "Surely, my dear, you've not been misbehaving so badly you need hesitate to confide in me."

"But a little while ago you were telling me my life was dull."

"You don't find it so?"

"But you might the tale of it. Tastes differ."

"One is to infer your conduct has been good?"

"Irreproachable—by certain standards."

"Mine?"—Liane twinkled—"or yours?"

"Yours, certainly, since I hesitate to bore you."

The woman gave a moment of playful impatience. "But you are provoking! And not at all polite!" Lanyard looked apologetic and said nothing. "Very well, then! If you won't answer when I ask you prettily, I presume I shall have to tell you all I know about yourself."

Lanyard pricked up his ears. "The little bird again?" he hazarded.

She nodded solemnly. "It is industrious; every day it brings me news of this and that."

"And it tells you what of this?"

"Enough to make you what I styled you just a moment ago—a mystery."

"Is it permitted to ask, how a mystery?"

"Assuredly. To begin with: It is now six months since you settled down, apparently to vegetate in this dry climate."

"You distrust appearances?"

"Always when so far out of character. It is not like Michael Lanyard to become static all at once. But here you live quietly, in the cheapest decent lodgings, you have no callers, you write few letters, you see no friends—but one—and spend no money on yourself; only when you are seen in public with Madame de Montalais you seem indifferent to expense. You see?"

"I see one thing plainly: that it were well to put salt on the tail of that little bird and wring its damned neck."

"But do you not see that this is, in one of your history, questionable conduct? It is too much like reversion to your old days, when you lived solitary and worked alone, making the name of the Lone Wolf famous in Europe by following out your theory that a thief to be successful should have no friends to betray him."

"But today!" Lanyard remonstrated. "The source of this astonishingly detailed and accurate information about my modest habits can hardly have failed to assure itself that they are all well within the law."

"On the surface. As were those of Michael Lanyard, the famous Parisian connoisseur of art, before the war. But the cunning that made it possible for the Lone Wolf to maintain that disguise, unsuspected by the keenest criminal investigators of the Continent, has not necessarily failed with years. To the contrary—what you did once you should be able to do again, with even greater success, since you are now older, less hotheaded, more astute. Let me tell you, my dear friend," the woman concluded with an unmistakable note of earnestness, "they have great respect for your abilities, those who are interested in you today."

"It seems, then," said Lanyard, after a thoughtful pause, "I have to thank you for a warning."

"I would be an ungrateful wretch did I fail to give it, who owe you my life twice over at least."

"I think we may call that debt canceled if you'll answer one question."

"No questions!" A jeweled hand flashed a sign of refusal. "I have said more than was wise as it is."

He persisted: "You won't tell me?"

"Ask me nothing, my friend," Liane Delorme begged. "But use your wits; they will tell you more than I dare, perhaps—fond as I am of you, Michael; they are more to be trusted. Remember, with women like me self-interest is ever at work. Perhaps it may be that the pleasure of seeing you tonight has made me for once self-forgetful; another time may find me less indiscreet."

"I will be careful," Lanyard said gravely, "not to expect too much . . ."

With equal gravity she responded, "Then you will be wise."

"And now," he concluded, rising, "your friends can't be much longer; I mustn't put them to the trouble of kicking me out."

Liane put out a hand and caught his, detaining him. "But I wish you to stay. I promise you will be welcome. My friends will be delighted. And one of them in especial I am anxious that you should know. You will find him well worth your while, one of the most interesting men in New York, quite a social power in his way."

"In his way?"

"A quiet way, my friend, but a very real one."

There was more meaning in her eyes than in her words. Lanyard faltered in doubt. Impossible to misread the sincerity of her desire to have him stay on. But her motive?

He had delayed too long. Voices sounded in the hallway, the gay accents of a woman predominating. Then the door opened, five people entered.

CHAPTER III

The first was a pretty young thing, darkly piquant and petite, with glowing face and merry eyes, at sight of whom Lanyard felt warranted in breathing an invocation to his prophetic soul. For now, it seemed, chance or predestination was making good that presentiment to which he had confessed during supper at the Ritz.

This brilliant little shape of life framed in the dark rectangle of the doorway had been conspicuously one of that party whose forbidding host had excited the aversion of Eve de Montalais and, in himself, half formed forebodings. The man at whom she was so gayly gurgling over her shoulder, who wore both topper and grin at the doggish slant which



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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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becomes the author of an amusingly improper wheeze, was the little chap of the weazened wise mask whom Lanyard privately reckoned court jester to the Sultan of Loot. The latter in very person bulked in the shadowy background provided by the corridor, a presence vast but vague, betrayed by the baleful burning of fire opals much as a thunderhead on a summer's night may remain more sensed than seen till a glimmer of lightning lends definition to its loom. Behind lurked a fourth, a figure still more indefinite. And in the rear a gleam picked out the hairless poll of Theodore, inclined at a servile angle.

Discovering Liane Delorme all at once, the lady on the threshold registered rapture, then ran to her with glad hands extended, her slight little body bearing an extravagant wrap of Russian sables with a grace as dainty as a fay's. Lips that didn't need paint to point their pretty contours bubbling joyously—"Darling Liane! You luscious thing! How we've missed you!"—she precipitated herself into Liane's arms and printed inconsiderate kisses upon that studiously composed complexion. When she permitted Liane to disengage and present Lanyard, he received an almost disconcertingly cordial smile and a tiny hand on which blazed in insolent beauty what he rated at first glance the most exquisite emeralds he had ever seen, who in his day had been somewhat an amateur of emeralds.

"Mr. Lanyard!"—Liane's introduction had been effected in English—"I *am* so glad to know you! It seems to me Liane knows all the interesting people—and nobody else!"

"One trusts very truly you will not tonight find need to revise that recommendation," Lanyard returned, bowing low over the little hand. He added with an inquiring inflection, because he wasn't sure of having caught the name aright: "Mrs. McFee . . ."

"Mrs. Folliott McFee," Liane supplied, with an accent on the Folliott that supplemented something to this sense: Surely you must know that magic name!

All the same, Lanyard didn't . . .

"Folly for short," laughed Mrs. McFee. "Folly to my friends." Then she gave a small make-believe shriek because the sable robe was being lifted from her shoulders by the gentleman of the carven countenance. "Peter Pagan! how you startled me . . . You know Peter Pagan, of course, Mr. Lanyard; everybody does."

"Business of initiating you to the inner circle of certified somebodies, Mr. Lanyard," quoth Mr. Pagan solemnly, shaking hands and leaving Lanyard with a feeling that no man had a right to look like that if he couldn't extemporize more tellingly.

But Liane had dropped a hand upon his sleeve and was drawing him aside to be made known to the Sultan of Loot.

"Mr. Morphew—Mr. Lanyard . . . You must become good friends, you two who are both such good friends of mine."

This impressive figure of the immobile and livid face and the hooded eyes, this Mr. Hugh Morphew, met Lanyard with a manner subtly allusive beneath a show of noncommittal courtesy. His smile was grave, reticent and fugitive, a solitary cat's-paw flawing the surface of plumbless deeps; his few words were carefully chosen and cast in polished periods by an orotund voice: he was honored to make the acquaintance of Mr. Lanyard and hoped that he, as a friend of Mademoiselle Delorme, would be so very good as to become one of their number for the remainder of the evening . . . But in the cast of his eye, the clasp of his hand, in an undertone his accents had as he pronounced these perfunctory phrases, there was meaning intended to be seized by Lanyard only, and which the latter interpreted much to this effect: We have been waiting a long time for this meeting, you and I. But patience; all in good time we will come to understand each other perfectly . . .

To this finesse Lanyard returned no acknowledgment of any sort. Indeed, he contrived to appear unconscious of it, to interpose an amiable and modest manner between a nature anything but easy to impress and the scrutiny of those inquisitive but illegible eyes. He had lived so long in this world, in the course of a busy life had had so much to do with pretentiousness, that, secretly and the innuendoes of Liane Delorme to the contrary notwithstanding, he inclined to suspect Mr. Morphew of being a pompous fraud, a character of the utmost commonplaceness skulking behind the consequential false front of a jerry-built personality. He might be mistaken; but for the present the best he was disposed to grant Mr. Morphew was suspended judgment.

Moreover, at the moment, Folly McFee was demanding his attention on behalf of one Mr. Mallison, another whom Lanyard remembered having noticed at the Ritz.

This final introduction was transacted without casualties but without eliciting expressions of ecstasy from either party. Mr. Mallison, indeed, was unaffectedly offhand in his attitude; he didn't care a damn who knew that, to him, Mr. Lanyard was an interloper, an upstart, nobody in particular. A gesture for which Lanyard was grateful since it enabled him to reciprocate the sentiment that shaped it without feeling remiss in the matter of everyday urbanity.

Tall and gracefully made, Mr. Mallison aired evening clothes and hair of a luster seldom to be observed this side of the cinema screen. His speech had the tune of the educated English, or something nearly resembling it; his manners were silky and sulky; he practiced a furtive smile down his nose as if he knew something but wouldn't tell; he had mastered a killing trick or two of the eyes for use in talking to women. And when it transpired, on the word of Folly McFee, that Mally tangoed quite too divinely, one felt that one needed to know no more . . . A person of importance, if you asked Lanyard, solely as he might upon occasion shine with incandescence borrowed from the genius of Mr. Morphew, upon whom Mallison was assiduous to fawn in season and out.

Having offered the apology for his intrusion which custom prescribed and accepted the equally conventional assurance that all hands were ravished to have the privilege of welcoming one so well sponsored, Lanyard settled down to use his wits, as Liane had recommended, and find out for himself what this party was all about; if, indeed, it was "about" anything more unusual than mankind's native predisposition to make light of whatever laws there be.

Certainly, if its members had foregathered at the Clique Club for any purpose other than the desire to drink forbidden wine upon premises of unholy repute, it wasn't at first blush apparent. Nobody was hungry, every soul present having sat through a supper elsewhere and earlier. On the other hand, everybody was famously thirsty with the exception of Mr. Morphew, who was alleged never to drink, and Lanyard who, having sampled it, didn't care a great deal for the Clique cellar. But all of a sudden Folly McFee, in whom artificial exhilaration was mounting apace, announced that she craved sure enough excitement. Whereupon, at a sign from Morphew, the cloth was whisked away and the green baize of a card table disclosed; whose top manipulation of a hidden catch reversed, bringing to light a small layout for roulette, complete but for chips and the metal wheel to fit in the wooden bowl. These being supplied by Theodore, Mr. Morphew announced that he would take first turn as banker and croupier in one, and that white chips would cost one dollar apiece and the sky would be the limit; Mrs. McFee produced an impressive roll of bills from a jeweled mesh bag and bought chips with a free hand; while Liane Delorme, Mallison and Pagan purchased more conservatively but still eagerly.

But Lanyard, when Morphew's heavy lidded eyes turned his way, shook his head: "Thanks; but if you don't mind I'll just look on."

"Oh, Mr. Lanyard!" Folly McFee remonstrated—"and you look like such a good sport."

"You see how deceitful I am," Lanyard pointed out. "Let this be a lesson to Folly, not to trust appearances."

"But really, my friend!" Liane observed reproachfully, "you are no longer the man you were."

"I have always made it a rule not to gamble without money in pocket."

"But I will let you have any amount you want . . ."

"You are too good, Liane. Another rule I have all my life observed is never to gamble with borrowed money."

"Your credit is good, Mr. Lanyard," Morphew put in tersely.

"Rule number three: Never play on credit . . . I am deeply sensible of your courtesy, Mr. Morphew, but really I will be most grateful if you will permit me merely to sit by and look on. The novelty of seeing myself in such a rôle at a roulette table will be compensation enough for such self-denial."

"As you prefer . . ." Morphew gave in politely. But before long he made occasion to exchange with Liane a look dark with meaning, which Lanyard wasn't supposed to see and which, so far as anybody else knew, he didn't, who was busy just then obliging Folly McFee by refilling her glass and making amused response to the coquetry with which the flushed and laughing face turned up to his was instinct.

All the same, Lanyard was missing precious little that went on; life had too well trained his faculties to overlook nothing that fell within their range and to be wary of dismissing as necessarily



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For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today. See how the regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet will improve the color, clearness, texture of your skin.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

The right treatment for a skin that is subject to blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily

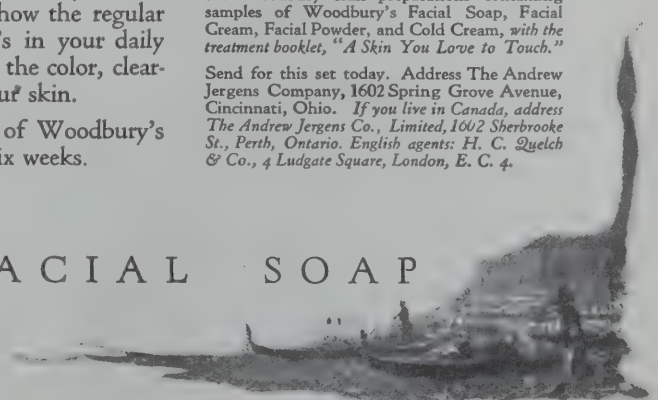
First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

For 25 cents—
these special Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder, and Cold Cream, *with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Company, 1602 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1602 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP



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negligible the most minor and incidental details of any affair. He was beginning now to experience glimmerings, to perceive that this curious post-midnight party was "about" something after all. Even before intercepting that mute consultation of eyes he had felt tolerably satisfied that a community of interests existed between at least three of those present; that Liane, Morphew and Pagan were playing prearranged parts in complete mutual sympathy. It was just possible that Mallison, too, was privy to their confidence; but one rather doubted that—Mallison impressed one as more likely to prove a tool, a pawn, a wage-loyal henchman, than a peer of this interesting confederation.

The arguments he had adduced in his endeavor to make Eve understand that he was not a man of the sort she ought to marry began to seem inspired.

Liane had never brought him here simply to gratify a vagrant whim. Neither had her half veiled hints been idly uttered, concerning those nameless acquaintances of hers who were taking such a profound if gratuitous interest in Lanyard, and the one whom she most wanted him to meet—either Pagan or Morphew unquestionably—and who was "quite a social power . . . in a quiet way." Because the woman was well disposed for old sake's sake she had chosen to warn him, if in a characteristically oblique fashion, to be on his guard with those two in whose minds, Lanyard hadn't any manner of doubt, the project for some time had been forming of inveigling him into some shady form of association with them, for purposes of their own in the last degree questionable.

Undoubtedly they had taken a good deal of pains to inform themselves as to Lanyard's circumstances. How they expected to be repaid for their trouble remained for him to find out. Hardly out of his pocket; knowing as much as Liane had revealed, they probably knew more, even that the debacle of his unregenerate days had left him without present resources other than the half-pay attaching to an extended leave of absence from the British Secret Service, and that the not inconsiderable cost of squiring about New York a woman of fashion had brought him to a pass wherein he might no longer refuse to face the prospect of being unable to pursue that sweet association for sheer inability to finance it—he who had been accustomed to waste money away as freely as in more spacious times he had been wont to appropriate it! A plight the more painful in that it was one he couldn't possibly confess to the woman he loved. He had gone tonight as far in that direction as pride would let him . . .

Since, then, it was manifestly not pence that they wanted of him, this precious pair, this Morphew and this Pagan, it followed that they wanted something less tangible but probably in the upshot more profitable, something which they might have found themselves in a position to require of him if he could have been induced to play roulette on credit and had lost—as he made no doubt he would have lost. Setting aside all question of the honesty of the wheel which Morphew's huge hands were manipulating with notable deftness, the observation and experience of this inveterate gambler of other days had convinced Lanyard that luck seldom or never favors him to whom its smile is a matter of life or death.

Not that he conceived the game to have been planned with any idea of inducing him to play and lose; his attendance had come about too fortuitously. To believe that was to believe Liane had foreseen he would be marching down Fifth Avenue at half an hour after midnight and had deliberately arranged to have her cab skid and land her on the curb a dozen paces ahead of him.

No—by every sign acceptable to a fairly sophisticated intelligence tonight's affair had been plotted for the sole if highly problematic benefit of Mrs. Folliott McFee. Not in all likelihood for the purpose of fleecing her at a friendly little game, though she was punting with feverish imprudence, broadcasting her bets and losing very considerable sums without perceptible care. Lanyard was prepared to credit Messrs. Morphew and Pagan with capacity for any degree of knavery; but their evident affluence and their association with Liane Delorme inclined him to believe that they were in this instance up to some mischief at least a cut above crooked gambling. Liane, thorough-paced rip that she was, had in the course of a highly chromatic career feathered her nest too softly and warmly to be reduced to the rôle of tout to a brace of common sharpers.

What, then, could their purpose be with this engaging and indiscreet young person? If only one knew a little more about Mrs. Folliott McFee—Liane's stressing of that name had implied there was much worth the knowing—it might be easier to guess . . .

In the absence of such specific information, a study of her as she was tonight would do no harm, might quite possibly prove rewarding.

Indisputably a fascinating creature. Divested of her sables, disclosed partially in but largely out of a flimsy piece of impudence which the cynical rue de la Paix had fashioned to serve as an evening gown, she cut a figure the most sprightly and sightly heart could wish—an animated miniature of extreme loveliness, abandoning herself to the spirit of play with the heedless vivacity of a charming child; drinking a bit more than she should, perhaps, while she watched her stakes unfailingly fall to the lot of the croupier's rake, but plaguing Mallison with a lightly malicious wit that struck him speechless and left him more than ever sulky, bartering pungent banter with Mr. Peter Pagan, cheeking the taciturn Morphew till he smiled perforce his rare, begrudged smiles, and never for an instant forgetting that Lanyard was likewise an unattached and personable male; and all with a delicate air that robbed her most flagrant audacities of any suggestion of poor taste and made her seem strangely out of place in that ring of hard and selfish faces, in that overheated private room of an establishment whose every purpose was illicit, in that demoralizing atmosphere drenched with perfume of wine and scent of perfumed flesh . . . Strangely out of place, appealingly helpless for all her bravado—a child among thieves and worse . . .

But it were a thankless job to waste solicitude upon her; if Folly couldn't take care of herself, nothing was more certain than that the way to earn her abiding dislike was to try to take care of her. In New York as every elsewhere in the haunts of men of means beyond their needs or native ability to spend with good grace, no novelty at all inheres in the spectacle of such flighty young women, amusement-mad and gifted with too much freedom from responsibility, going devious ways with dubious guides. And the worst of it is, as a general rule, it's nobody's business but their own . . .

Now, in course of time, when a waiter entered with yet another cooler wherein two more bottles were luxuriously cuddled in cracked ice, the open door admitted stimulating strains of the orchestra downstairs; and forthwith Folly McFee concluded she'd had enough of roulette, at least temporarily.

"Perfectly damn rotten luck!" she declared, pushing back her chair and jumping up. "I'm for a dance—maybe that will change it. Who wants to take me down for this tango? Mally——"

"You can't have Mally," Liane Delorme informed her with serene decision. "You've had him all evening at the Ritz. It's my turn now. Take Peter Pagan; he's a better match for you, dear."

"Pick on somebody your own size," Pagan paraphrased, leaving his place with an alacrity that forestalled Lanyard's intended response to the glint of invitation in the eyes which Folly promptly had turned his way. "If you refuse me, Folly, you doom me to dance with Liane; and that always makes me feel like an enterprising tug waltzing the Mauretania round the North River."

Liane retorted with one of those characterizations so dear to the Parisian heart, a deadly insult but absolutely meaningless when rendered into English; and Pagan proved a certain lack of finish in his cosmopolitan education by merely looking blank as mentally he translated her remarks. After which he bowed cheerfully to the traducer of his lineage and ambled off with Folly's hand under his arm; while Liane rose and playfully tweaked Mallison out of chair by an ear, to his indignation, for he had been winning and naturally wanted to go on playing as long as his luck lasted.

"It isn't that I really want to dance," she explained coolly to Morphew and Lanyard as she haled Mallison to the door, "but simply to give you two time to get acquainted . . ."

Morphew lumbered heavily after her and set the spring lock by way of providing against interruption. "Intelligent woman, Liane," he approved, unsmiling, as he returned to his chair.

"As to that, monsieur, one is entirely of your mind."

Lanyard helped himself to a cigarette and looked civilly receptive under the weight of Morphew's direct and thoughtful stare.

"Odd," that one considered, "we never happened to meet before this, Mr. Lanyard."

"You think so?"

"I've noticed you about town often enough."

"But does not the fact that our paths have sometimes crossed prove that we travel widely different courses?"

"I'm not so sure . . ."

"Not?" Lanyard murmured, lifting the brows of polite surprise.

"I've got a notion, if the whole truth



For a thorough cleansing, the cream with just the right amount of oil

Every normal skin needs two creams

Every day dust and fine particles of dirt bore deep into the pores of the skin. Ordinary washing will not reach this deepest dirt—and yet if it is allowed to stay your skin will lose its lovely clear transparent look and become dull looking.

To give your skin a thorough cleansing and one that is actually stimulating you need a cold cream made especially for the purpose. A cream made with oil—just enough to work into the pores and loosen every particle of dirt and of that particular light consistency that will not overload the pores or stretch them.

The cream that is made in just this way is Pond's *Cold* Cream. Smooth it in with your finger tips every night before retiring. After you have let it stay a minute wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how thorough a cleansing the cream gives. The soft refreshed feeling it leaves will tell you how supple and fresh its nightly use will keep your skin.

For day and evening, as a base for powder, you need an entirely different cream—one that the skin will absorb instantly.

The kind of cream to hold the powder

Instead of oil (which *will* come out in a shine), an entirely different ingredient is used—one famous for its softening and soothing effect, yet absolutely free from grease. It results in a cream so delicate that it can be worn all day without danger of clogging the pores.

The cream known all over the world as having been made especially for this purpose is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. Always smooth it on *before* you powder. Absorbed instantly it makes your skin feel and look softer and smoother at once. Powder put on over the smooth velvety surface this cream gives your skin goes on evenly and clings for hours.

Together these two creams meet every need of the skin. Use them both every day. Both are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

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Cold Cream *for cleansing*
Vanishing Cream
to hold the powder

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The Pond's Extract Co.,
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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

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They accused him of cleaning his pipe

But he pleaded not guilty; he had merely filled it with Edgeworth

There is an old story about the youngster who washed his face and hands before going to school and none of his boy friends recognized him.

There is another about—but as this one comes in the form of a letter, we're going to give it to you that way.

1551 Portsmouth Ave.
Portland, Oregon

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

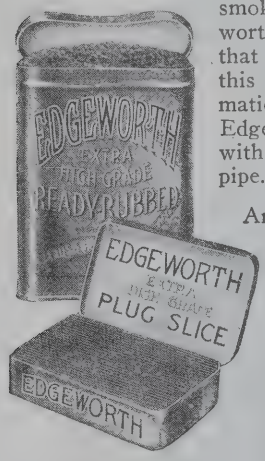
A short while ago you were kind enough to send me generous samples of both kinds of Edgeworth, and I enjoyed every grain of them.

When I lit the old pipe, several remarked on the fragrance of the tobacco and actually accused me of giving my pipe a scouring. But I had to disillusion them and tell them it was the tobacco and not the pipe.

So if I continue to woo Lady Nicotine, my best bet (and her best) will be Edgeworth.

Thanking you, I remain
Very gratefully yours,
(Signed) Apton A. Brown.

This letter gave us a genuine surprise. Although we have often been assured by smokers that Edgeworth has a fragrance that can't be beaten, this is the first intimation that smoking Edgeworth does away with cleaning your pipe.



And of course we don't admit that it does.

Edgeworth smokers may not find it necessary to scour their pipes often, but any pipe should be cleaned now and then—for sentiment if for nothing else.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, write your name and address down on a postal and send it off to us. We will send you immediately generous samples both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name of the dealer to whom you will go if you should like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber

were known, you and I would find we were traveling in much the same direction . . . in the dark."

"Monsieur does much traveling in the dark?"

"I guess you know what I mean." Morphew's gravity was lightened by a twinkle of genial cunning. "When I say 'in the dark,' I mean, of course, the side of our lives we like to keep covered up."

"This is most interesting," Lanyard protested with animation. "You are going to tell me about that side of your life which you like to keep covered up?"

"No fear." The twinkle broadened into a grin. "Guess I'll let you guess at that, same as I have to guess at yours."

"I hope very truly monsieur does not so waste his time. I can assure him, if his guesswork were to flood with light every corner and byway of my life, what he would see would not amuse him."

The lines running from Morphew's nostrils to the corners of his mouth took on a sardonic set. "I doubt that, Mr. Lanyard."

"My ways of life are very quiet."

"I believe you. Still, I doubt I'd be bored."

"Possibly not," Lanyard conceded. "One is able to judge only by what one has seen of you in public, monsieur; which leads one to believe your interests center by choice in light hearted young people, not sober sided, steady paced elderlies like myself."

"Oh! as to that, I take folks as I find them," Morphew alleged. "And I find them all interesting, one way or another. Now yourself . . ."

"But I do assure you I am not at all interesting."

"Point of view," Morphew contended. "I'll say you've had an interesting life."

"It is true, one has found it so."

"And still finds it so, eh?"

Lanyard gave a good natured shrug. "After all, it is the only life I have . . . But monsieur, I am sure"—his manner grew moderately pointed—"would find it tiresome."

"I don't," Morphew countered bluntly.

"Then I am honored—I presume—to learn you have concerned yourself in respect of my modest self."

"I know a lot about you," Morphew admitted, "past and present."

"And yet you tell me you think my present mode of life intriguing!"

"Intensely."

Lanyard laughed. "Monsieur will pardon my suggesting that his sources of information, however busy, are unreliable if they have led him to believe my small affairs worthy of his attention."

"Point of view again." Morphew dismissed argument with a flirt of a massive hand. "But be that as it may: I've been anxious to meet you to ask you to help me answer a certain question."

"Indeed?"

"Perhaps it would be more nearly right to call it a problem in psychology."

"I am all attention."

"Well, it's like this . . ." Morphew had resumed his customary guise of profound solemnity. "What I want your expert opinion on, Mr. Lanyard, is the question of whether it's possible for a man—say he's a friend I'm taking a personal interest in—a man who built up a pretty warm criminal reputation for himself when he was younger and then hit the sawdust trail apparently for keeps . . . Whether it's possible for such a man to keep going straight in the face of every possible incentive to set up shop again as a master crook."

"Such incentives as——?" Lanyard inquired with every symptom of intelligent interest in an hypothetical instance.

"Well—let's suppose this man I've got in mind, this friend of mine, has fallen for a woman who's got everything, social position, any amount of coin, all that sort of thing. Say she's in love with him, too, and they want to get married. But my friend is broke, or next thing to it; and he's got a touchy sense of honor—sometimes reformed crooks have, you know—so he can't marry the woman because that would make him look like a fortune hunter if she ever found out he hadn't a red cent; and he can't let on to her he's stoney, because then she'd insist on marrying him to support him, and he'd feel like a yellow pup; and he can't do a quiet fade-out, either, because then she'd think he hadn't been on the level with her, and that would break her heart. That leaves him where?

"He's got to have coin to go on with, and the only way to get it is for him to remember some of the thing's he's been trying to forget. He's living in a city where there's more money and loot lying round loose to be picked up for the taking than any place else in the world, and where police protection against burglary and highway robbery is a positive joke, where a good fat safe is cracked or a holdup pulled off every other day, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the crook's never caught. So you see our friend has just what I said he had—every temptation to come back strong in the house-breaking line and practically nothing to fear—except maybe that the woman he's crazy about may tumble sometime to how he's getting his dough. And that's the problem that's been puzzling me, Mr. Lanyard! What's our friend going to do? . . . What would *you* do?"

Lanyard thoughtfully ground out the fire of his cigarette in an ash tray and got up. "I imagine," he said quietly, "your anonymous friend would do precisely what I mean to do, Mr. Morphew. He would get well weary of tedious beating about the bush, but at the same time would remind himself that the obligations which devolve upon a guest constrain him to overlook for the present, a piece of damnable impertinence. He would for that reason take his hat and coat and stick—as you see me taking mine—and finally his departure—as I shall take mine, monsieur, pausing only to warn you . . ."

Lanyard stood over Morphew, plunging the stare of eyes ugly with anger into the apathetic and unreadable eyes of his host. "At the first sign, Mr. Morphew," he said, "of any disposition on your part to meddle further in my affairs, either in person or through an agent, I will seek you out, wherever you may try to hide, and break this stick, or a stouter one, over your contemptible back. Be advised—hands off!"

He waited an instant to hear what Morphew might have to say to this defiance; but since the man said nothing, made no sign of any sort, his huge body betraying his mind by not so much as the stir of a finger or the wince of an eye, Lanyard at

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Tomato Ketchup



length wheeled on a heel and went to the door. Only then, as his hand closed upon the knob, Morphew spoke, employing the same conversational tone he had all along employed.

"One moment more, Mr. Lanyard. It may interest you to know I own this joint. When I got up to shut that door awhile ago, I gave Theodore the high sign. Ever since then four of our waiters, the toughest roughnecks on the pay roll, have been stationed in the hall. If you try to leave without my say so, you'll be badly manhandled; and if you should be tempted to try any rough stuff in here, my finger's on the push button that will call them in . . . I am not done talking with you yet, my friend. So now, if you'll attend to me and keep your temper in hand, I'll show you just where you stand."

He rested, watching Lanyard with no perceptible emotion in his bleak, pale eyes; and when, after momentary consideration, Lanyard turned back from the door, the man resumed with the same minatory composure, leaning forward with an arm on the table and rapping out his points with a heavy forefinger.

"Whether you've gone back to thieving or not, Lanyard, I don't know yet. I suspect you have. If you haven't, you've thought of doing so. Whether or not, you've got to come to me. I've got you"—Morphew turned his hand palm up and closed the fingers slowly into a tremendous fist—"there! You can marry your Mrs. de Montalais as soon as you like, but only with my consent; and you won't get that for nothing. If you're back at your old game, you'll come across to me, fifty-fifty. If you marry the woman for her money, my share will be half what you squeeze out of her."

"And"—Lanyard's fingers were itching to bury themselves in that fat throat and shake the beast till he cried for mercy—"and if I refuse?"

"I'll advertise you to all New York—or anywhere else you try to live with your wife—as the Lone Wolf back at his old dodges. I'll prove you committed every burglary of any size this town has known in the last three months; and if that isn't enough, I'll plant others on you. You'll come across to me, my dear sir, or go up the River for life."

"Such being the case," said Lanyard, shortening his grip on his stick, "I think I would as willingly go up for manslaughter—if killing a blackmailer comes under that head!"

But even as he spoke the door was thrown open, a vast din of angry and excited voices seethed up from below, and Theodore appeared on the threshold, chattering and wringing his talons in antic terror.

"Monsieur!" he stuttered between clashing teeth, "Monsieur Morphew—the police! A raid! A raid!"

Next month you will follow the Lone Wolf through an amazing escape—and into another trap of Morphew's setting.

The Thirteenth Degree

(*Continued from page 37*)

the start. Now, one of 'em just naturally has to be the right party. It's a cinch, but which one——"

"Hold on," said Crisp, "you're only telling me what I know and what everybody else knows, for that matter. Come down to date. You've had these suspects on the griddle, of course? Been third degreeing 'em, no doubt, and all that sort of thing?"

"The whole works. I've tried every trick in the box on 'em—nothing doing!"

"All right then. But if, on what you've got on 'em, you had to go to the Grand Jury tonight, what name would you want written on the indictment?"

"Blessed if I know. Sometimes I say it must be the woman—if I'm any judge, she's mean as a snake and money crazy besides. And she's plenty smart enough in her way. Then again, I take a swing around in my mind and I put it on this party, Rusk. For one thing, he's got more brains, even, than she's got—anyway, he's got more imagination. He's one of these excitable, high strung ones, but at that you can't trip him up. Being stowed away where he can't hit up the booze hasn't helped his nerves any but he's still there with the *nerve*—get what I mean? There's one place, though, where he's weak—the alibi he's offered is not any too good, seems to me."

"What does that get you? It's not up to him to prove where he wasn't that night—it's up to you to prove where he was."

"Yes, that's right too," conceded Bryce ruefully. "Then there's this third party, Melody. There're times again when I'm almost sure he must have done it. Get him in a corner and I'll say he's dangerous and liable to do anything. He's a pretty average low grade animal, taking him one way and another. Outside of the dope peddling trade, all he seems to know is hitting the red eye and following the big league teams. He's one of these box score fans—got the averages of every professional ball player that ever lived in the back part of his head. You know those nuts!"

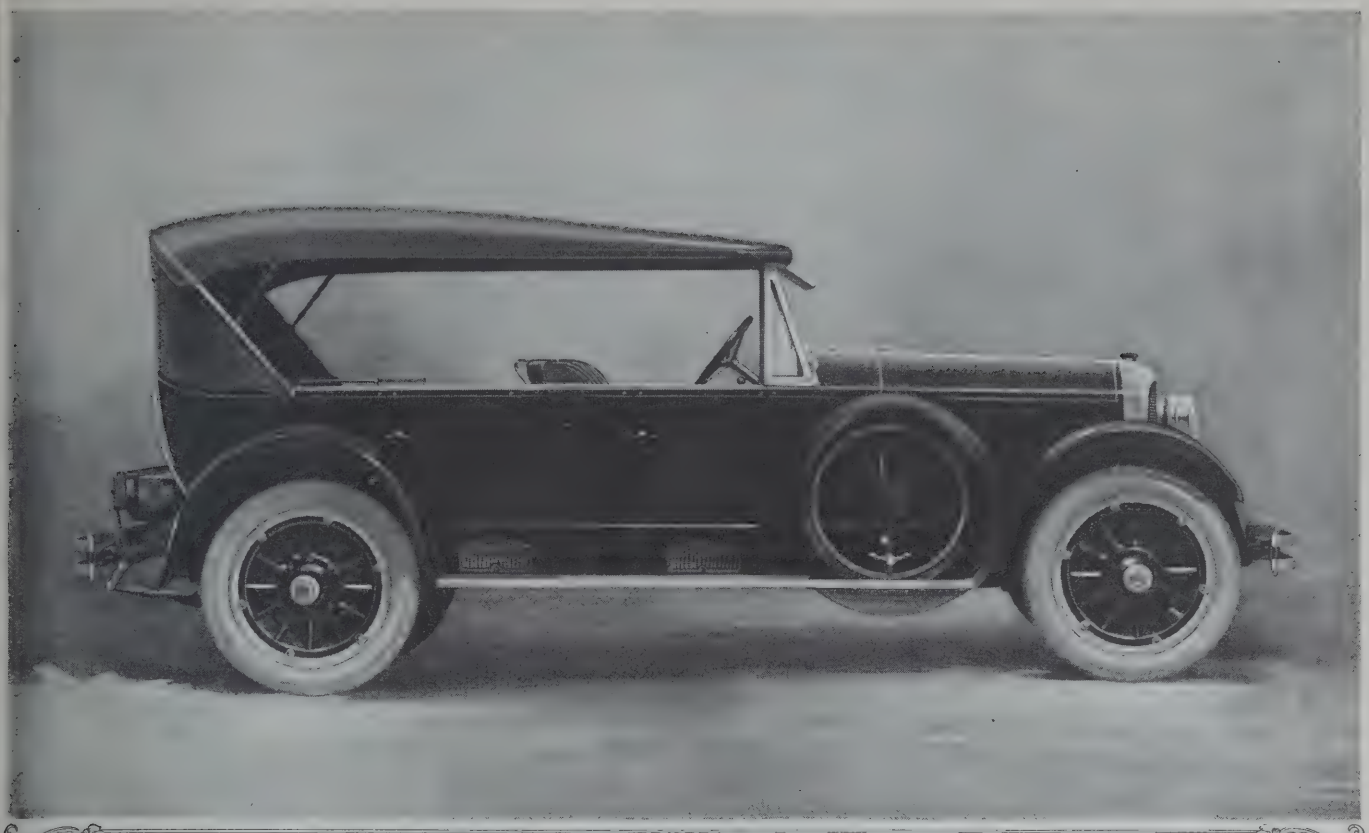
"I certainly do," said Crisp crisply This scrap of superfluous information seemed to have quickened his interest. "So that's his fad, eh? Good!" He bent across the table, sharpening his voice. "Danny, if, going home tonight, you should see a mishap of some sort or a curious happening—in fact, almost anything imaginable that's slightly out of the ordinary—what's the first thing that you are going to turn to when you open your morning paper at breakfast tomorrow?"

"Why, I suppose I'll be looking for the write-up of the thing I saw myself going home tonight." Bryce plainly was puzzled by this sudden switching of subjects.

"Right! And why?"

"Oh, well"—he fumbled for the words—"well, because I just naturally would. Force of habit, I suppose you'd call it."

"Force of habit be blowed! Danny, I'm ashamed of you. I might forgive you for so far forgetting your early education as to call a story a 'case.' I can even stand for your present-tensing everything you say,



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cop-fashion; but you've no excuse to be thinking like a harness bull. You were a pretty wise youngster once, and you had good training. What could 'force of habit' have to do with it? Human nature—that's the answer. Hand any man a newspaper and watch him skip the important stories in order to get at the story of some comparatively trivial thing—an accident, say, or a street row or a scene in court or anything else of which he has actual knowledge and in which he has a personal interest, either because he figured in it as a spectator or actual participant, or else because somebody close to him figured in it. If there are two stories in the same paper which appeal to him in this way he'll invariably turn first to the one which interests him the most. And then he'll probably go rummaging round for copies of all the other papers to see whether any of them agrees with his version of it. Watch him—that's all. And the same thing applies to a woman or a boy or a child—applies to anybody that can read. They're all merely obeying a law of human nature—and that's a law with no exceptions to it that I know of.

"And Danny, my boy, listen to me: These suspects of yours—that's the law we're going to try them by. Between us, we've got two pretty powerful agencies to fall back on. You've got the machinery of the police department. I've got a newspaper shop with its facilities and appliances behind me. We'll use them both. Since we're partners on the deal, I'll be fair with you. I'm not going to pretend that the idea has just now jumped at me out of a clear sky. I've been carrying it in my mind for years, meaning to make a demonstration of my theory sometime or other when a suitable opportunity came; but what you just said about this chap Melody brought it up again in my mind. To me this looks like a bully chance to test it out. You say that trying on the third degree hasn't got you anywhere. Well, this thing will be the Third Degree Plus.

"As I understand it, you're holding all three of your prisoners in the House of Detention? All right, then. Tomorrow morning, on some pretext or other, you bring 'em down to Headquarters and stick 'em in separate cells, see? Keep them there all day without letting them see their lawyers or anybody else and without letting any of them get a peep at a newspaper—that's specially important. Just leave them where they are, as though you had forgotten them. Then along toward evening drop by one of the cells—say the one where you've got the woman locked up—and jolly her along a bit and tell her she'll have a good hot supper presently, and generally act friendly. Then, as if you'd just remembered it, you haul a copy of the Star out of your pocket and tell her there's something in it she possibly might want to read, and pass it in to her through the grating.

"Then watch her, Danny—watch her out of the corner of your eye without letting her know she's being watched, and see what she reads first. After that you go to Melody's cell and then to Rush's and do exactly the same thing with them that you've just done with the woman."

"Boss," said the young captain, "it must be I'm thick in the head tonight. I'm trying to follow your trail but I swear I don't get you yet."

"Don't you? Well, you will in just a minute . . . Oh, here comes our steak! Smells good, too, even at this distance."

"Damn the steak! It'll wait. Let Heiney slip a cover over it and keep it warm. What's the big idea behind this paper reading stunt, Boss?"

"Simple enough," said Crisp, "and yet not so dad-blamed simple, at that. We've got this in our faver to start on—that each one of these three has, or should have, a vital interest in a certain definite subject. With Melody, so you tell me, it's baseball. The woman, as we both know, used to be a fake spiritualist and give bogus séances. It's been in print half a dozen times this past week how she learned her trade under that old crook, Ellen Prime, who's now doing a six year bit up at Auburn for extortion. Which likewise is lucky for us, as I see it—circumstances playing right into our hands. And Rusk, you remember, has lately been blowing his money—or his customers' money—on the races." In moments of stress or enthusiasm Crisp had a trick of thinking in headlines and speaking in them, too. Unconsciously he quoted one now: "'Evidence Just Unearthed Shows Caspar's Nephew Fell for Ponies along with Burlesque Beauty's Charms—Wine, Women, Song and the Gee-Gees!'"

"But still it's not clear to me," protested Bryce. "I don't see——"

"You will. Listen, Danny: Tomorrow morning I'll get busy on a special edition of the Daily Star. It'll be a limited edition—restricted to exactly four copies. One copy I'll keep as a souvenir; the other three I'll shoot up to you by messenger for distribution among your cage pets. I'll take the regular home edition and make it over for our purposes. First I'll lift the running Caspar story and, whatever length it may be, I'll cut it down to half a column or so and stick it away somewhere on one of the inside pages under a single column head. Then, right across the front page I'll smear three stories—all of 'em absolutely imaginary but written so as to sound plausible and authentic.

"I'll detail the swiftest rewrite man I've got on my staff to turn 'em out for me first thing in the morning. He'll do the whole job in an hour and a half. The first one will be a fiction yarn about Bingo Driscoll, star left-hander of the Giants, having broken three of his ribs so he can't pitch in the crucial series with the Chicago Cubs that's starting day after tomorrow at the Polo Grounds. That little joker will be for Melody's express benefit.

"The second one will purport to be a dispatch from our Auburn correspondent saying that old Ellen Prime, under the preachings of the prison chaplain, has got religion and is now writing a book of confessions in which she exposes all the secrets of the trance-medium game, including her own. And the third one will be a double-leaded story playing up a purely supposititious crusade that's to be started against the hand-bookmakers and the pool rooms. We'll have the District Attorney announcing that he's going to clean up the tracks and drive all the talent out of town on the next train; we'll pile on the customary buncombe of threats and promises knee deep. You know the sort of thing: 'Startling Revelations of Graft and Police Collusion Impending—Protection for Gangsters Imperiled—Official Probe to Sink Deep.'"

Again the listener almost could see the headline gashing the white news print with its black-faced capitals, as Crisp mechanically ticked off his swinging phrases, letter by letter, on his fingers. He fell back into the explanatory tone: "And that one—that last one—is the identical fairy tale that ought to nail Rusk's eye—unless he's more deeply concerned with something else."

A grin of understanding was widening Captain Bryce's lower face.

"I begin to get you at last, Boss," he said, almost reverently.

"I thought you would—eventually. Well, how does it strike you? If from any cause the stunt fails we'll only be out a little trouble. It won't cost the Star fifty dollars to turn out that trick extra of ours—and I'd be willing to stand that much loss out of my own pocket just to test out the scheme. If it works—if one of the three instead of starting in right off to read the thing that's displayed on the front page should merely glance at it and then begin digging through the paper to find the Caspar story where it'll be tucked away in some corner—why, in that case it's a sign to you that here is the particular suspect you want to concentrate on for a while. Following along this line may not clear up the killing but at least it'll give you a definite lead. Instead of ranging about at random the way you're doing now, you'll be able to focus, and while you're focusing we'll be trying, between us, to cook up something else in the way of experiments . . . Say, how about tackling that sirloin of ours?"

Next day's sporting extra off his hands and sent away, Crisp, instead of locking his desk and departing, lingered on in the cluttered city room, deserted now except for the four-hand crew of the late shift. At five-thirty came a copy boy: "Call fur you on the telephone, Mr. Crisp. Police Headquarters speakin'. Says it's poisonal."

He lifted the receiver off his private desk instrument.

"All right, Danny," he said. "This is Crisp—shoot."

"Boss," came back the answer, "it's worked—just like you figured it would." Over the wire he could catch the jubilant quaver in his voice—a professional detective stirred out of the studied professional calm. "Yes sir, your little patent invention worked as slick as grease. I follows the plan just like you mapped it out. I takes 'em the papers you sent me—one by one. Two of 'em takes a flash at those phoney spreads and falls for 'em regardless of everything else. But the third one only gives the front page the quick once-over and then begins digging through to find the cut down murder story and reads it all through twice before turning back to look for anything else. Guess which one that was?"

"I only want one guess, I think," said Crisp dryly. "Rusk."

"You're a wonder," answered Bryce. "That's just exactly who it was, by gollies! How'd you dope it?"

"I had him picked as my favorite entry from the beginning," said Crisp. "Privately, I've been playing him clear across the board all the time. All right then, so far so good. Now then, if you're willing to go on with the next step, this is it—turn your man loose!"

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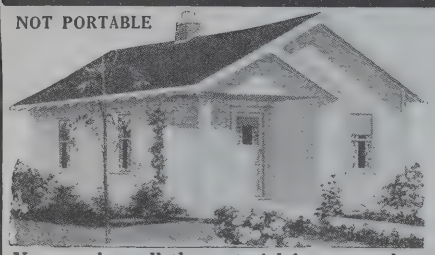
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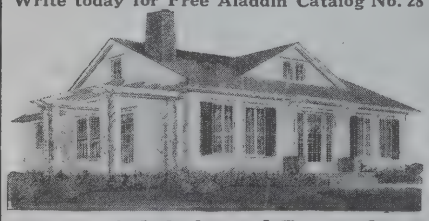
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He could almost hear Bryce's jaw dropping.

"Turn him loose when, according to your own calculations, he's the right party? Why, say——"

"Danny, have sense!" Crisp sunk his voice, making sure that Whitby, at the copy desk twenty feet away, could by no chance overhear. "Merely because a certain individual shows a preference for a certain sample of the Star's literary productions doesn't justify you in swearing out a murder warrant—does it, now?"

"But it's only last night at Mallory's you says to me——"

"Last night was last night. This is a new day and there's to be some different strategy; the old plan of campaign is all switched around. Danny, after I left you down by the Bridge and started uptown I dropped into Keefe's theater. I always try to go to a vaudeville show when I've got any hard thinking to do—usually nothing happens on the stage to distract my attention. But this time something did happen. I saw a thing that gave me a whale of a hunch, and if you'll only be reasonable we'll play it. If you don't trail with me, why that partnership agreement of ours is off right now." It was the masterful star reporter of two decades back speaking to an adoring copy kid. "I'm not going to tell you the notion over the telephone—it'll keep for a few hours; but if the thing we've just pulled was the sublimated third degree you can bet this one is going to be the thirteenth. At that it's a long shot. But then, I like long chances. Now, here's what I want you to do:

"Hold all three of your prisoners right where they are, say, two days more, or anyhow until day after tomorrow; there's one phase of my scheme that calls for a leeway of time. Then you go to Rusk and you beg his pardon for having kept him locked up so long on a false supposition. Make him believe, if you can, that you're fully convinced now you haven't got an earthly thing on him. Then, through arrangement with your District Attorney's office up there in the Bronx, have him let out."

"But suppose he beats it?"

"Behave yourself—you're letting your eagerness run away with your judgment. If he did the thing—and of that I'm surer than ever—he did it with one purpose in mind—to get the old man's money. If he had nerve enough for cold blooded murder and if he's had nerve enough through eight days to give you the laugh whenever you were grilling him, he's got too much nerve to dish his prospects by running away now when he thinks all he'll have to do is to stick round and wait for the courts to turn over the property to him. Anyway, your men will be shadowing him, won't they? If they're any good he'll never get out of their sight. And if our new stunt fails they can rearrest him any minute that suits 'em. You're not really giving him his freedom—you're only giving him a little rope. And rope, Danny, is what men hang themselves with.

"You have him turned free, just as I'm telling you to do. But before that you give out a statement for publication saying that, as a result of important developments, Mr. Jared Rusk has been entirely eliminated from suspicion. In the interview you can throw out hints about sensational clues pointing to another quarter. Be mysterious about it—the reporters will do the rest. They'll help your plant along without ever dreaming that they're helping it. To make the bluff still stronger, you must act as though all of a sudden you'd got something definite on Melody and the Cabanne woman. Fuss over them as though they were too valuable to lose. Detail about four men in uniform to take 'em back to the House of Detention. Better still, handcuff 'em together and lead 'em past the door of Rusk's cell just a few minutes before you let him loose. For his benefit make the play as convincing as you possibly can.

"That's day after tomorrow's program. Tonight there'll be some preliminary tactics afoot. For one thing, I want you to meet me at Keefe's at nine-fifteen—in time for the second act on the bill. After you've seen it, I'm going to take you round back stage to meet a certain person—I saw him last night and he'll be expecting us. In the meanwhile here's a private job for you to tackle and when you see me you'll understand that this is the most important part of all—the success or failure of the whole scheme practically depends on it.

"I'm assuming that after the coroner's physicians got through with their autopsy the body was embalmed and sent to the morgue . . . Good! Then of course it's still there. Well then, you get busy right away and arrange matters so that anybody you may bring or send over there tomorrow morning will have the run of the place all day with nobody snooping about keeping tabs on him and maybe tipping your hand by loose talk. That part of it can be fixed easily enough, can't it? . . . Fine! I figured it could . . . How's that? . . . I'm keeping you in the dark? You bet I am, sonny; I'm taking no chances on some outsider listening in on this wire. You'll get the whole layout tonight. But, oh Danny, you take it from me this is going to be one jim-dandy of a smash if only we can pull it off!"

Even though he held his voice at subdued pitch Crisp was fairly singing his words—a huntsman's song, really, it was. A man chase with a human life for the stake is the most exciting sport in the world and Crisp belonged to a predatory breed: he was a newspaperman; not a journalist, for that's a very different matter, but a newspaperman, and made after the proper model of his kind—tireless in the pursuit and with a beagle's nose for an obscured scent. He finished with an authoritative snap: "Remember Keefe's at nine-fifteen. 'By!"

The first thing Jared Rusk did after he walked out of Sessions was to go to the nearest saloon. There he drank raw spirits greedily. For more than a week his denied and tormented fibers had been crying for their customary alcohol; with the whisky stowed in him, this inner screeching subsided to a soothing purr. And the second thing he did was to betake himself to his bachelor's suite in west Fortieth Street. Arrived there, and locked in, with the telephone receiver off its hook as a bar against interruptions, he proceeded to invoice his present situation.

He now was stimulated by a great exultation; but even so, he promised himself he was not going to let confidence merge

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LIQUID LASHLUX

into carelessness—no sir, not for a minute. From the outset he had held himself warily in hand, bearing himself in all situations as one unjustly suspected; disdaining even to canvass for a possible bondsman. His pose throughout had been that of an innocent man having no concern for the outcome other than the hope of seeing justice done and the real assassin apprehended and punished. He would continue to hold this pose. If only he sat tight and made no false moves—if only he didn't rock the boat, as the saying went—the big prize for which he had played would be dropping into his lap like a ripe pear from a bough.

Things were shaping beautifully. It would do neither Melody nor the Morgan woman any hurt to bide in a cell awhile longer. Indeed, he rather approved the prospect of their continued imprisonment. They were in no actual peril—not that he specially cared whether they were or not. It was not humanly possible that either of them ultimately would be punished for an act in which neither had a hand. Nobody would be convicted—probably nobody ever would be brought to trial. Sooner or later the authorities, tacitly confessing failure, would turn these two loose and there would be an end to the whole pother. Merely another entry would be added to an already abundantly long list of New York's unreadable homicides.

All along the police had been so consistently idiotic. At thought of their blundering idiocy figuratively he shook hands with himself. At every turn they had confirmed his prior belief in their stupidity; and today's gorgeous joke—well, that surely was the capsheaf to all that had gone before. But the stupidest of the lot had been this self-sufficient, pouter-breasted Bryce—first with his cocksureness, his blatant belief in his own ability as a detective, his clumsy and shelf-worn artifices for extorting a confession or an incriminating admission; and now, by contrast, this forenoon he had been so crestfallen, so shrunken in port and manner.

Comforting himself from a bottle of whisky, Rusk rehearsed the day's outstanding events. The scene in court had been a perfunctory scene, one without drama to it; the Assistant District Attorney, in moving for the release from further detention of one of the three individuals at present in custody, had borne himself almost listlessly, as though he had lost interest in the proceedings. And, before that, in their private conversation down at Headquarters, Captain Bryce had been downright apologetic. He recreated the picture of the diminished Bryce as that person had said:

"Of course, Mr. Rusk"—it was "Mr. Rusk" now, instead of the rough "Say, you" of the station house back room—"of course, Mr. Rusk, you'll understand I've only been doing my duty in holding you and putting you to all this inconvenience. It's up to me not to overlook any bets; but when I've made a mistake, like I have in your case, I'm the first one to admit it. So now, if you're willing to let bygones be bygones we'll shake hands, friendly. How about it?"

And Rusk, outwardly indifferent but inwardly rejoiceful, had said he was willing to let bygones be bygones. And then, still in that new placating tone, Bryce had gone on:

"Naturally I'll have to ask you to keep in touch with me, sort of. It's likely from time to time there'll be things coming up in connection with these other parties that I'll want to ask you about—you knowing more than anybody else about your uncle's personal habits and all—get what I mean? I'll bother you just as little as I can . . . Oh, yes! come to think about it, there is one small detail where I'll have to have your help. I'll have to ask you to meet me up there at your uncle's house—or rather, I should say, it's practically the same as your house now—this evening at eight-thirty. Try to be there on time, won't you? I'm going to have a lot of other things to do tonight. I won't keep you more than a few minutes.

"For one thing, I want to turn the premises back over to you, officially, so to speak. And for another thing, while just the two of us are there on the spot by ourselves, I want you to go with me over the diagrams and photographs that we've been making of the room where—where it happened—so as to be sure we've got the layout all properly charted and marked. But the most important thing of all is for me to have you see for yourself that the furnishings and all are in the right places so the men I've had on duty there will be clear in case anything should turn up missing afterwards. Of course, coming up there may not be the pleasantest job in the world for you, considering everything, but believe me, Mr. Rusk, it's absolutely necessary or I wouldn't be pressing it."

Rusk had consented readily enough. Wanting that thing known as a moral sense, he had no remorse and, by the same token, not the slightest repugnance to revisiting the spot where the thing had been done. Besides, wasn't his proper rôle that of a willing aide to the police in their fumbling endeavors? And all the time, secretly, he would be laughing to himself over the gorgeous farce comedy of it all. It was almost too good to be true: these poor, deluded limbs of the law—these broken legs of the law—asking his help, humbly invoking cooperation from him, of all men! Certainly he would go.

He went, slightly befuddled. An empty bottle in his rooms might testify, though, that it had taken the full strength of a commercial quart to produce this result. The stuff hummed pleasantly in him as he came out into the street, bound for the Bronx. His nerves had needed a plentiful lacing of whisky before they warmed and relaxed; all day, until the liquor took hold on them, they had been nagging at him. A conscience he lacked, or even the rudiments of one, but he did have nerves; otherwise this Jared Rusk might have made a perfect type of killer.

The subway carried him to a station within three blocks of his destination. He came up the exit steps and out of the kiosk into a district of lights and movement, there being tall new apartment houses about him and smart new shops on the lowermost floors of all of these. But as he swung eastward and rounded the second turning to the north he passed very quickly out of this hiving congeries into a neighborhood most entirely unlike. Here the darkness of a moonless night contended with the inadequate efforts of street lights spaced widely apart, and old-fashioned detached dwellings reared themselves well back from the pavement lines, each with



*PARRACOMBE HILL**

"Oh, Larry, do you think we can get down this wet hill without a smash?"

"Of course we can, dear; I've put her in second, and with Kelly Cords under us we can't slip."

* *Drawing by Laurence Fellows, Devonshire, England*

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its complement of spindly shade trees which already had begun to drop their yellowed leaves so that, in places, lacings of bare limbs showed dimly against the skyline.

The third house from the corner was his house, a formless clump in the enveloping blackness excepting for three squares of toned brightness which, set in the ground floor to the right of the porched doorway, marked the curtained windows of the limbs room.

Abruptly this place, familiar as it was to him, took on a forbidding and formidable look. Never before had it worn for him this daunting aspect. All at once he began to regret that he had come by night to it; surely daytime would have served as well.

In this sudden frame of regret and almost of indecision, he hesitated, fumbling with the latch of the iron gate in the tall fence of rusted iron pickets. But the metal snicked sharply under his touch and the form of a man materialized where a sprayed clump of shrubbery rose just inside the fence.

"That you, Mr. Rusk? Well, I've been sort of waitin' for you."

The voice he recognized as that of a plainclothes man of Bryce's staff with whom in the past week he had had forced dealings. But the two stood tonight on a different footing; the man's next words, by their cordiality, gave proof of the changed status of things. No longer was it the hectoring truculent detective matching his will and his wits against the wits and will of a prisoner under suspicion. Now it was the good natured policeman showing proper deference to a potentially wealthy citizen:

"I just wanted to catch you when you showed up—wanted to say to you that I hope you ain't got any ill feelin's on account of any little thing that come up while you was under arrest. Well, sir, the captain's waitin' for you . . . He's alone inside there. Just walk right on in, sir." He fell into step by Rusk as the latter went up the bricked path which crosscut the lawn fronting the house. "Purty dark out here, ain't it? But then, I guess you know the way here better'n I do, at that."

With a manner that was ingratiating, the other accompanied him into the wide, dusty smelling hall; then, still in the rôle of usher, opened the first door to the right of the entrance and, becoming suddenly official, made the announcement: "Mr. Rusk to see you, Captain."

As Rusk passed through the opening the man closed the door behind the visitor and stood in the hall with the knob of the door held in both his hands and his body pressed into the angle of the door jamb.

Bryce was bending over a flat-topped desk which stood against the farther wall of the living room. He half turned his head. "How are you by now, Mr. Rusk?" he said pleasantly. "Be at your service in half a minute—just going over these diagrams again."

But Rusk scarcely was aware of him, and the concluding words of the young captain's casual speech had fallen upon ears that did not hear them. For Jared Rusk was seeing something. With eyes popped and riveted, he was seeing something which it was not good for any human in normal case to see, much less one whose nerves had lately been on strain.

There, in that armchair at the farther end of the center table, lolled a slumped figure in soiled dressing gown and worn bedroom slippers. Indubitably it was a solid and tangible shape having flesh and bones and members. And yet it was the shape of his uncle, Watkins Caspar, in posture and dress just as he had seen it there nine nights before—with the great red fresh stains spreading over the bosom of the rumpled, collarless shirt, with the high bald forehead turned waxen white, exactly as he, watching his victim, had seen it turn, with the nostrils pinching in, with the lower jaw dropped so that the teeth showed between the colorless lips—his uncle, dead by all rights, dead by all looks, except for two bright blazing eyes that stared now out of that corpse face and held his fascinated gaze. And now it was moving. It shifted and swayed between the cushioned arm rests, and wriggled its head as though its neck pained it. And now, next, very slowly and stiffly, it was getting on its feet. It shuffled toward him, taking one step—two steps—a third——

With his shuddering body flat on the floor and his face in the carpet and his fingers clutched about Bryce's ankles the murderer made his confession. He made it all the while sensing that The Thing stood very near him, and in his agony hideously fearing that It would put hands on him unless very quickly he told all there was to be told. A dozen times, never lifting his head, though, he broke into his confession to beg Bryce to keep It away from him, not to let It touch him, please to make It go away and stay away until he was through.

After Crisp's death, here a couple of years or so ago, two of his late associates went through his personal belongings, making a sort of unofficial inventory. There were things among the effects which, being lumped together, gave them a better understanding of the man than ever they had had while he was alive; things which enabled them to figure out a creature most curiously complex, a compound of elements seemingly insoluble yet herein shrewdly blended.

For the time, the search took on rather the aspect of a post mortem appraisal of character. By the evidence brought forth from filing cases and table drawers and by certain further evidence which was contained in scrap books and clipping files, they established a case for and against the contrasting facets of a curious mentality, matching paradox with paradox, balancing an incredible professional callousness on a shy, well concealed instinct of charity, finding here abundant testimony to a vast egotism, and there proofs of a cloaked and unsuspected sensitiveness.

There was one item, though, or rather a brace of items, which puzzled them. These two objects seemed to have no connection with any revealed episode of Crisp's private life nor yet any bearing upon any one or another of his journalistic coups.

Upon an upper shelf of a locked cabinet one of the searchers came upon a wooden box that was like a casket in shape, measuring a foot across and perhaps eighteen inches lengthwise. On a slip of paper pasted to the cover was set down in Crisp's handwriting the cryptic legend: "Third Degree — Thirteenth Degree."

There were two articles in the box. One



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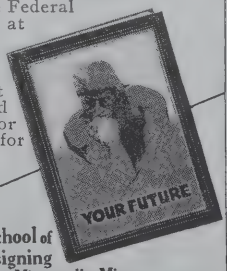
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was a copy of the Daily Star bearing a date of late September of the year 1907; with age it had begun to turn yellowish and brittle. The other was a false face, but a false face raised to the *nth* enlargement of a graphic and flexible realism; with a wig attached for added disguising and so elaborated as to enclose whoever wore it, from the nape of his neck behind to the base of his throat in front. Skull, ears, throat, all would be covered. Plainly, the face of some elderly person had served as its model; the hair was gray and coarse and frayed, and it fringed away to a baldness on the frontlet of the enveloping scalp piece. Somehow the finder of it knew that here he beheld a copy that was faithful, in contour and likeness and expression, to the original.

"Well, by Jove," he said as he drew it forth from its keeping place, "I never knew he went in for masquerade parties. See here, Foster, give this cheery little exhibit a look, will you? Why on earth would anybody treasure such a ghastly, uncanny, awful looking proposition as this?"

"I don't know what he wanted to keep it for," said the other man, who was the Daily Star's dramatic critic, taking the thing in his hands. "There were a lot of curious angles, it seems, to old Ben Alibi's nature—maybe he had his morbid side, too. But I know where it came from, or rather, I know who made it. I recognize the handiwork—there never was but one man who could turn out such a job as this. Don't you remember that foreigner, Borgo, who came over here a good long while back—oh, it must be all of twelve or fourteen years!—and broke into vaudeville with that wonderful act of his that he called 'The Dance of the Masques' and made such a hit that one of the roof shows signed him up for a long contract? I was subbing on dramatics for the Trib then and got to know him well—nice, friendly chap he was, and a real artist. But I'd say this must have been one of his masterpieces." He slid the wig part up over his forehead, pressing the shell in to fit snugly. "Life-like, eh?"

"Yes, all of that—but death-like, too! It was gruesome enough before, like a death mask vivified in some unhealthy, devilish sort of way. By Jove, I believe that's exactly what it is, or was to start with—a death mask! But now, with your eyes shining through those openings, it turns you into a corpse that walks—you're just a corpse with a lost and tormented soul held prisoner inside you—*ugh!* One look at you, standing there now, would give anybody the horrors. Here, give me the damned thing and let me stick it back in its—its coffin—where it belongs!"

"The Eminent Doctor Deeves" is a powerful Irvin Cobb story that no lover of Mr. Cobb's rich human fiction will want to miss—in COSMOPOLITAN *for March.*

Super-People

(*Continued from page 60*)

The trouble about us is that we're labeled. Women come to the hospitals and places like this and cry over us. It's nice of them of course but it doesn't cheer us up particularly. We never see anybody who doesn't know what we are and who would figure on having a good time with us. We've got a lot of good times left in us, too. But what fun is it for us to be entertained by a lot of married dames who dress up like a million dollars and dance with us because they think it's their duty and bring us the wrong kind of cigarettes and call us brave boys?

"Hell, we're just ordinary men who happened to get hurt in a great industrial accident and we'd like to meet a lot of ordinary girls, not necessarily very pretty ones, who dress about the way the girls did that we used to know, who would flatter us by thinking that we are bold bad men who have to be handled carefully and not wrecks to be pitied. I'd trade all the society dolls who ever came out to the hospitals with presents for a talk and a walk in the moonlight with one good live shop girl who was slightly afraid I wouldn't like her, or that, if I did, I might shock her by my awful behavior."

"Hear! Hear!" applauded Beverly, clapping her hands. Then turning to Kirk: "This gentleman belongs to our club—he's another Little Ray of Moonshine in an otherwise orderly but gloomy world. Welcome Mr.—er——"

"Post, Sylvester Post."

"It's a curious idea, Mr. Post, that no one ever before thought that you fellows might like to meet up with some just ordinary girls who have no particular claims to social distinction, who wouldn't scare you with their culture and gowns, but who would look up to you with the unreasoning admiration which the male of the species has, in some illogical way, come to regard as his due. I think that between yourself and Mr. Kirk here there has been worked out the idea for a new Salvation Army. How would this sort of a scheme go?"

She launched into a rapid fire of planning with suggestions here and there from her masculine aides, threshing out details, bolstering up the plot, rejecting parts and replacing discarded ideas with brand new fresh ones.

They were so busy and were having such a genuinely good time that no one noticed it was getting dark until mess call sounded.

"We'll have to go," Beverly announced to Kirk. "Even if they do invite us to stay I know that unexpected guests are not generally welcome." To the boys she said, "Good by. We'll be back."

Outside it was still raining.

"How are you going to get home?" Beverly asked her companion as he handed her into her little gray roadster.

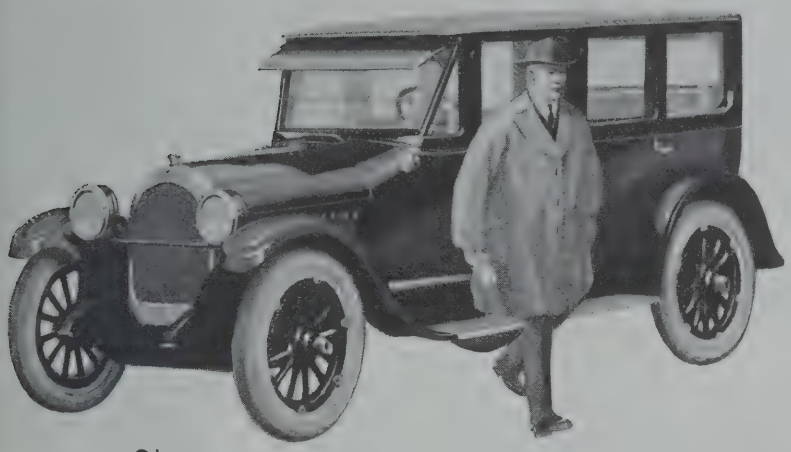
"Oh, I'll find a taxi somewhere!"

"Perhaps, but you'll be wet through to your innermost soul before you do. Get in and I'll drive you wherever you're going. That is, if you're not afraid."

For answer Kirk demonstrated his bravery by taking the other seat in her car.

The sides of the roadster were high, sort of like the cockpit of an aeroplane, the top sat low and there was a stubby little windshield in front. Altogether it was a very

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cozy wren's nest. The rain pounding on the top and windshield cut it off absolutely from the rest of the world.

"It is comfortable, isn't it?" the driver asked corroboratively, interpreting his thoughts. "Let's run a little way toward the foothills. I don't want to forget those poor boys back there but I'd like to get a little perspective on them before my heart gets all bruised up from wanting to cry but not being allowed to."

"I thought it was agreed that they were not 'poor boys.'"

"It is, when we're talking to them, but we all know we're just bluffing, don't we? If they thought I really was as calloused as I seem to be they'd hate me. But they know, too, we're all sitting in our own dark corners whistling for the sake of companionship and to keep each other's courage up. All that ministers are is just especially good whistlers. Hubbard Kirk, do you believe in immortality?"

"Why, no."

"I thought not. Only those who are very much in need of it really cling to the idea of existence after death. I wonder if the theory is not just an anæsthetic drug, invented by some especially ingenious coward, that enables us to face the last of life without shameful panic. I don't think I believe in it either now but I'm afraid I might if I had nothing else to look forward to."

They had left even the suburban traffic behind. The road was their own and the fog-shrouded mountains were just ahead, dim, majestic, with here and there a cheerful twinkling homestead light looking very much as if some of the stars of a fairer night had fallen flambant to be a necklace upon the bosom of the hills.

"I get a new thrill out of them every time," the girl said in a hushed voice, and as she spoke her hand touched his to call his attention to the view.

There was at first a little shocked flutter of withdrawal as if the contact had been different from her expectations. Then she held her fingers almost rigidly still as if fearful that he might notice.

Something unusual was happening to two people who had not hitherto been swept off their feet by a surge of emotions. Galvanic lightnings played between them for a moment. Then Hubbard Kirk, the cynical spectator at the drama of life, drew her closer and closer until his lips touched the mist-damp coolness of her cheek and then, irresistibly, found the softness of her mouth which was not cool at all.

After a moment she pushed away from him with a little shudder.

He sensed the repulsion without knowing why and released her and sat dumbly asking an explanation.

She gave it. "I've always felt superior to other people and now I find that I am much less honorable than they."

"There is nothing dishonorable in the fact that I have just kissed you. It is not an ordinary afternoon pastime of mine and, although it would sound incredible to anyone who did not know how adorable you are, I have fallen hopelessly in love with you. It began the day our voices crossed at the theater and has been growing ever since until now I can't laugh at it the way I always thought I should if I ever showed any symptoms of *dementia amoris*. You don't doubt me, do you?"

Beverly laughed a little herself, but brokenly. "That's just the trouble. I don't doubt you in the least. I don't want to doubt because, strange as it may seem, I've never been in love with anyone myself—ever—until this beautiful rainy day. But"—as he made a movement as if to gather her once more into his arms—"I am engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Yes, to Horace Smith. Surely he told you."

"He told me he was engaged but I forgot the name of the girl. I've a rotten memory. Oh Lord, isn't it a mess?"

"We must never see each other again."

"Never?" He looked sidewise at her. It was still light enough to distinguish the outline of her profile. Her lip was trembling. He had forgotten for a moment how little and how young she was. This idea of having adult emotions over a child was absurd. And yet he remembered—"Of course I'm not going to see you again," he declared harshly. "The principal reason why I'm not going to is because I want to dreadfully. Let's go home."

Silently she turned the car around. The patter of the rain on the fabric top was no longer cheerful and the spattered mist on the windshield was a gloomy veil against the world. The pavement was slippery.

VII

THE driver of the truck which struck them at the street intersection downtown was not to blame. It was a case of neither party seeing the other until it was too late for brakes to be any use on wet asphalt.

The truck was a heavy one and the roadster was pretty well smashed up. It turned completely over once after it was thrown against the curb.

Hubbard Kirk was not hurt much. He was quite able to stand. Therefore he was the one who carried the limp body of his driver to the ambulance when it came. On the way to the hospital she opened her eyes once and smiled at him. "I'm beginning to believe a little in immortality now, Hubbard Kirk," she whispered.

VIII

OF COURSE it was only an incident in a man's life and the world had to go on just the same; still, it was very hard for Hubbard Kirk to settle down to work the next day. Advice from the hospital in the morning had been to the effect that the patient was doing as well as could be expected and that the hopes of her recovery depended entirely upon the extent of her internal injuries.

It was none of Kirk's affair, really. He was not to blame for the accident in any way and could not be held responsible. But his conscience slugged him every second, kept hammering at his nerves until he wanted to cry out. What a fitting example of dramatic irony that a blight should have fallen upon the first girl he had let his emotions dwell upon—well, in years!

He sat at his desk for a while, then got up and paced the office floor for a similar period, lighted pipes, cigarettes and cigars and discarded them, then began the routine all over a score of times. He wanted to be at the hospital with her—the other part of him, even if they had been living lives that had not touched until yesterday; but, conventionally, he was an outsider. Besides, Horace Amboy Smith, her fiancé and his friend, was there. His presence automatically blocked Kirk from every avenue of contact.

At four o'clock Horace came in.

"Doing anything important?" he asked.

"Nothing but trying to figure out a happy ending for a tragic story that an editor fired back at me with the request to finish it with a kiss instead of a killing."

"That ought to be easy enough."

"If you think so you ought to try it sometime. There isn't anything so very happy about the way things turn out in real life—nothing for Pollyannalists to use as a model."

"Oh, I don't know!" Horace doubted. "Nearly everything turns out for the best as far as I'm concerned."

Kirk surveyed his friend with amazed incomprehension. "Oh, it does? Where can you get the cheery note out of having your fiancée in the hospital with probably fatal internal injuries?"

"That's one of the really lucky things I was going to mention in point. Where it turns out so well for me is that we weren't married. If we had been, why, my life would probably have been wrecked. As it is I can readjust and go on much as before. Beverly has been an awful good sport about it all. When she found out that the doctors only give her a short time to live she sent for me and told me the facts and offered to release me from the engagement. She even suggested that I go and call on another girl to sort of relieve my mind of the depression caused by being with her."

"Well, for the love of Heaven why don't you do it, then?" demanded Kirk exasperated and almost showing it.

"I'm going to, my dear Squash. Don't get hectic about it. I just stopped in on my way to tell you the news. That was Beverly's idea, too. She's awfully thoughtful that way. And a darn pretty girl, too. It's a shame she has to go this way. Well, I've done my errand here. So long, Squash. I wish you luck with your happy ending."

IX

HUBBARD KIRK gave his friend just time enough to get out of the building before he started himself. A taxicab took him to a florist's, a confectioner's and a toy shop en route to the hospital.

He had so many bundles that they nearly sent him around to the service entrance. But finally he got in.

Beverly Bingham did not seem especially surprised to see him. Perhaps she was too wan and listless to have emotions of any sort. She was propped up pretty high in bed, though, and aside from the fact that there was a good deal of adhesive tape showing she seemed to be all there.

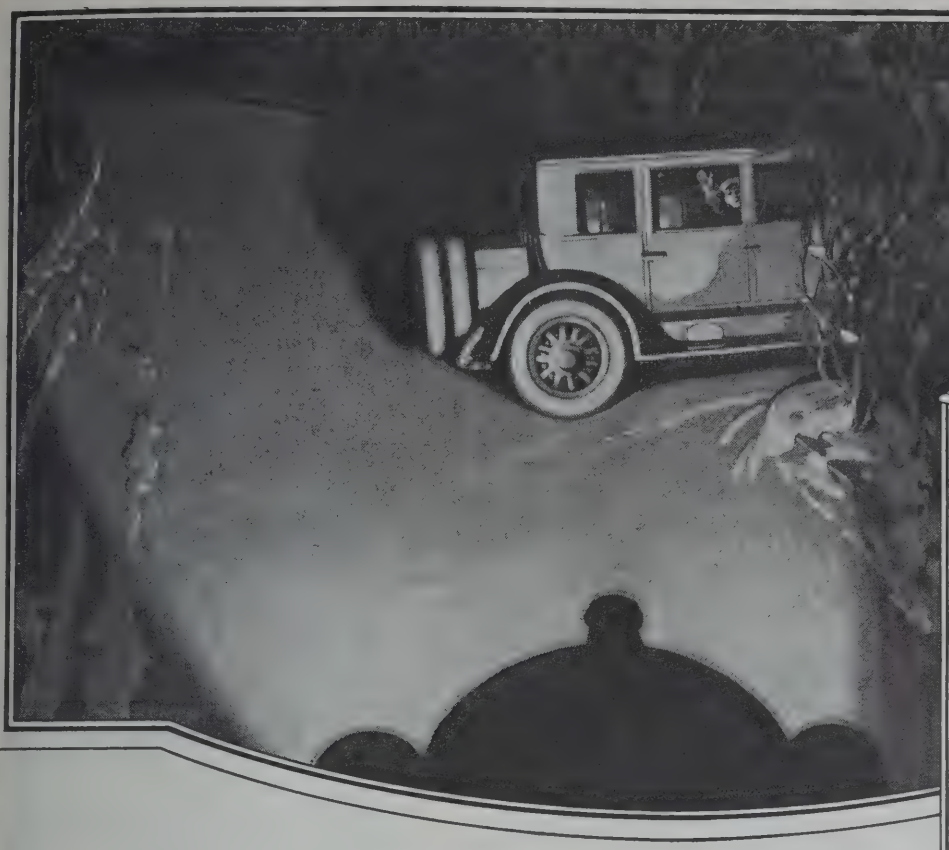
"Why didn't you come to see me until after I sent for you?" she asked imperiously.

"Because you said I must never see you again and——"

"You didn't think I meant that?"

"You said it."

"Girls always have to say things like that to save their faces with their consciences. We can't be blamed for what men do if we protest, can we? You know



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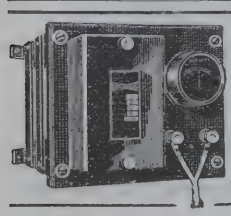
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the story about 'Heaven knows I asked for fish.' Didn't you want to see me?"

"With every fiber of my being," Kirk averred with eyes that said more than that, "and now that I have the right I've come to offer you all of my devotion for as long as we both shall live."

"You still love me even if I'm a physical wreck? Wouldn't you like to be released from your unspoken obligation just as I released Horace from his plighted one?"

"Don't be silly! You know I'm crazy about you and that we were probably made for each other. Anything that may happen or may have happened to either of us doesn't make any difference. How long do the doctors give you? I'd like to know so I can crowd all of my lifetime into that period, even if it's only a week. Tell me the truth and then we won't mention it again. Horace said it was only a short time but I didn't ask him how long. Tell me how long?"

Beverly pondered. "Do you think you could lift me up gently in your arms?"

"I could."

"Then do it."

He did, bedclothes and all.

"Now, if you've got any strength left, kiss me just once."

He did.

"You're right, Hubbard Kirk, we were made for each other. And the answer to your question is that I'm going to live as long as you remember to love me."

"But Horace said——" Kirk began stubbornly.

"Just what I told him. After the last painful examination this afternoon the surgeons told me there was nothing wrong inside and that I'd be over my external injuries in a couple of weeks."

"Then why did you lie to Horace?"

"To see how both of you would act. Do you like liars?"

"I adore them."

"All right. I'll make you a present of one just as soon as I get these bandages off. I think we're going to be rather poor because you're too nice ever to be a money-maker and I haven't very much either, but let's be married at the Old Soldiers' Home and have a dance afterward with all the shop girls in town as guests and oodles of punch with an awful kick in it, shall we?"

"All right, Boss."

"Are you being sarcastic?"

"No, I'm merely acknowledging a condition. Order me to do anything you wish."

She did and he did.

X

THAT night, after they had forcibly put him out of the hospital, he went right to his office and wrote the final paragraph of his story.

"As her slim dearness rested in his arms he made a promise not only to her, but also to God, never to falter in his trust and to love her and cherish her a little more each day that he was allowed the blessing of her companionship."

After he had written it he read it through carefully, picked up a blue pencil and wrote across the face of the paragraph "*Mush.*"

Then he sat and thought for a moment, visualizing a girl who, in spite of bandages and everything, was the prettiest, gentlest, cleverest girl he had ever known. He sighed and slowly erased the pencil marks.

"Perhaps," he thought, "there are a lot of people who have been in the same boat. Let it stand."

"The Luck That Failed" which Frank R. Adams writes for March COSMOPOLITAN, *is a story you can't read and retain an ill feeling in the world.*

Maggie Qunanne

(Continued from page 99)

I said no to you, being a man, so—I say yes to you—and God bless us both, dear."

So her head slipped to his shoulder and her lips met his, coolly, virginally, awkwardly.

"My first kiss," she said, "and the blessed saints themselves can see it's a lot of practice I need."

"Maggie," said her future husband, laughing breathlessly in the dark, "you're a fool."

"I know it," said Maggie happily.

III

"GEE, he's getting awful big, ain't he, Maggie?" asked Bobby Brown, kneeling there on the clean, polished floor.

The long low room, all pale blue and cream. The exquisite, creamy walls. The golden nursery rhymes. The impudent Peter Rabbits painted at exactly the right height for tiny hands. The waddling, fat blue ducklings about the white crib. It was all sweetly still in the late sunshine.

The baby, quite naked and very pink, lay between them on a big blue quilt, his fat little legs waving aimlessly in the air and his round eyes solemnly occupied with a sunbeam that danced about his toes.

Maggie regarded the young god blissfully. "Yep. He gained a whole pound this week. Bobs, there never was such a baby. It ain't just that he's mine and Al's. Because I'm not such a sap I can't see my own baby like I'd see any other baby. But, glory, he's only four months old and look at him. And he's got a mudder and a daddy, this baby has. He's always going to have 'em, too."

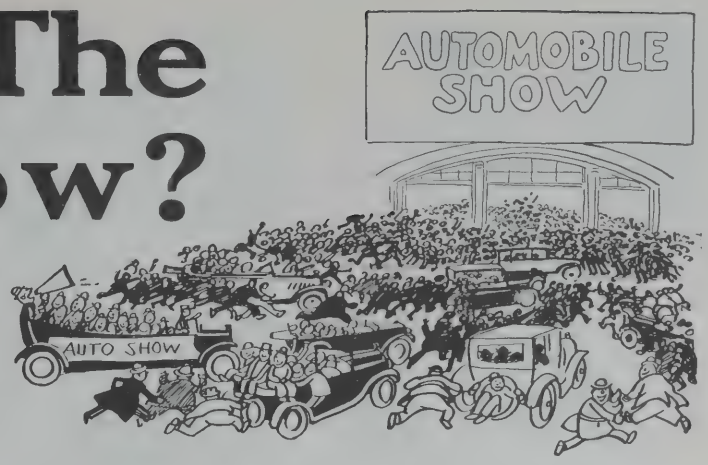
She rolled the baby over and over to the edge of the quilt and he crowed delighted appreciation.

"Hear him? And Bobs, don't he look exactly like Al? Did you ever see anything like it? Look at his blue, blue eyes, just like the sky on a summer morning. And their pretty little smile and their sweetness. And those dimples. Look at 'em when I poke my finger under his chin. See? Aren't they exactly like Al's? Look now. Look. When I turn him over on his stomach he's got a fat little roll at the back of his neck, so sweet. Like nothing in this world is sweet. That's his kiss spot. His mudder's very own sweet kiss spot. And—it's silly, but Al's got a place just like that at the back of his neck."

The great comédienne bent to kiss him.

"He's an awful clean baby, Maggie,"

Going To The Auto Show?



What Auto Show? Why any of them of course.

We are right in the midst of the show season. The biggest one of all, the New York show, is going on right now at the Grand Central Palace.

The Chicago show opens January 27th and there will be hundreds of others, all over the country between now and the first of April.

Every motorist or prospective motorist owes it to himself to visit some of these shows, and see what manufacturers are offering this season. For one thing, he'll find that it's possible to buy more automobile for the money than ever before in the history of the industry.

Many improvements are to be seen this year. The following cars are announcing either mechanical or body improvements, or both. Look for them at the shows, or write this department for particulars.

Auburn	Lexington
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Hupmobile	Wills Ste. Claire
Jordan	Winton

If you want help in the operation and maintenance of your car, write to Cosmopolitan's Motoring Service for advice. We can give you:

Technical Information.
Advice On The Purchase of a New Car.
The Resale Value of Your Old Car.

Your inquiry receives personal attention. Be sure to send self addressed stamped envelope for reply.

Send two cents in stamps for catalogs and instruction books of any standard make of car.

Handy Helps for Motorists

Any of these motoring booklets will be sent you for four cents in stamps; the complete set for $1.00. List those you want on the coupon.

No. 1—Suggestions for Winter Operation of Your Car.
No. 2—Selection and Care of Tires and Tubes.
No. 3—The Car's Electrical Equipment.
No. 4—Engine Carbonization.
No. 5—Motoring as a Cure for Nervous Disorders.
No. 6—Your Storage Battery.
No. 7—Brakes and Brake Relining.
No. 8—Chassis Lubrication.
No. 10—What We Have Learned from Automobile Racing.
No. 11—Pistons and Piston Rings.
No. 12—Spark Plugs.
No. 13—Good Driving.
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No. 15—Loss of Power.
No. 16—Tips for Tourists.
No. 17—The Steering System of Your Car.
No. 18—Misfiring.
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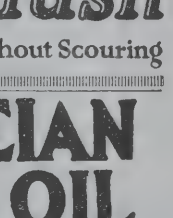
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said Bobby Brown, touching him gingerly. "He smells so good. And say, you look great yourself, old gal. After such a hard time as you had——"

Maggie blinked at her blankly, her small, absurd nose wrinkled inquisitively. "Hard time? You mean with the baby? Doggone, it's funny but I'd forgotten all about that. Don't amount to anything. Not for one of those fat, curly pink toes—you little doodlebug. You're a buzzard, that's what you are. You're a pink worm."

But her gray eyes grew dreamy and she sat in silence, remembering the heavenly agony of those moments. When nobody in all that big white hospital could understand the smile that never left her gray lips and the smooth sweetness of her brow where the sweat lay like the tears of a god.

Once, when Al bent frantically to kiss one of the stiff red braids that hung down beside her, she actually laughed naturally. "Don't you worry, darling," she said, through a throat that pain gripped like a claw, "don't you worry. Remember I'm a comedian and don't try to make me do any glycerine stuff. I'm too tough an old bird for a little thing like this to bother me. You run outside and buy yourself a smoke. Why, I'm all right."

"I have seen game women," the doctor said quietly to the head nurse, "but this one's got something I don't understand."

He was right.

For happiness like Maggie's heart knew then is an anodyne above medical science.

It had been like that, even before the baby came. From the instant that she stood—still Maggie Qunanne of the twinkling eyes in spite of the stately beauty of Parisian robes—at the altar, before a multitude of the greatest celebrities in filmdom, who laughed and wept with her, it had been like that.

It is not easy to describe the joy that flooded all of Maggie Qunanne.

You see, she loved Al not only for the glory of the present but for all the empty longings of the past.

From those dark nights in the cold, silent dormitory when little Maggie lay burrowing her head into a dingy pillow, trying, with eyes screwed tight shut, to imagine it was a mother's nice, warm shoulder.

From the stifling, soul-twisting, body-pinching days in the basement of the big department store, where the gangling awkwardness of her was target for every abuse.

From all the lonely, loveless years of childhood and girlhood and womanhood, with nothing but laughter to warm and brighten them.

From the hard won, hard worked, grinning days of her fame, when even those who loved her saw her as something breathless, sexless, unloved.

From all these things Maggie Qunanne walked into a glory of love-light that blinded her eyes. Her heart sang so that she could not have heard the call of an angel nor the threat of a devil.

Because Maggie Qunanne could only know love greatly.

Love to her could never be the flame of a skyrocket against a midnight sky. Nor the rose glow of a boudoir lamp. Nor even the silver sheen of moonlight on a lake.

Love was the sunlight, magnificent, life-giving, warming every breath, every drop of blood, every smallest thought and dream.

And so that was the love Maggie Qunanne, of the famous smile and the dangling shoe laces, gave her husband.

The hot tears sometimes stung Bobby Brown's wise eyelids when she saw them together, or when, in the tremendous pride of her wifehood, Maggie stumbled, still laughing, into pitiful, glorious confidences.

Bobby knew men.

There were no rose and gold glasses before her eyes when she looked at Al Cassidy.

She liked Al.

He was not a bad guy.

But she knew, and her heart ached sometimes under the knowledge, that he was not the man-god Maggie Qunanne worshiped.

There weren't any men like that. Who should know if she didn't?

She knew Al brought to this marriage no such love—was capable of no such love in his most exalted moments—as Maggie poured out as freely as the sunshine pours itself into the chalice of a flower.

Thus Bobby made of her beautiful and soiled young breast a confessional on which Maggie might pour those dear and needful confidences of a young wife.

Sometimes Bobby even tried to warn her, to teach her, to tell her some of the things life had taught her about men.

But it was like telling a baby on Christmas Eve that there is no Santa Claus.

So once, at the studio, when Adrienne Latour, shrugging restless cynical shoulders, made fun of something Maggie had said, Bobby with tight rolled little fists drove her into a corner and then slapped her until she screamed for mercy.

"Quit it, Bobby," said Lucy Haverton, "you'll hurt her."

"Then make her leave Maggie alone," said Bobby viciously.

They were all in the enormous cement dressing hall, with its ten windows and full length mirrors and great wardrobe presses, where the bathing beauties dressed.

"I don't give a damn what else she does with herself, but no gutter pup like that can make fun of Maggie."

"That's right," said Jill Manton impressively.

"But I do not make fun of her," said Adrienne sullenly. "Bobby here is of a too great silliness. What I say is that some of the things she have said here I do not believe. Nor does Bobby herself. I have say only that yesterday she come here and when Lucy she tell how her husband have combed out her hair for her last night, Maggie she say when *she* go home last night, Al have kneeled down and taken off her funny shoes for her. I for myself adore Maggie as much as does Bobby, but that I theenk is a bit thick. And she tie to him all the time the clever thing she say herself, to make us believe he is so witty. And she tell how he make so much more of her money by the investing of it."

"Oh you damn fool frog!" said Bobby, beginning to take off her clothes. "Can't you see? Maggie's Irish. She dreams a lot of things and they seem true to her. She wants her love affair to be just as romantic and grand as she thinks ours are. She gets the biggest kick in the world out of talking with us instead of listening like she used to. See?"

"Do you think Al gave her that diamond bracelet, or did she buy it herself?" asked Ethelyn, from the shower bath.

"No other woman is half so lovely"



"You're as pretty now as the day I met you!"

AT the beginning of Jack's and Sally's engagement, all their friends rejoiced, while the envious others wondered, "How long will it last?" For Jack was a man of rare magnetism, whom all women liked.

Tonight they had been married five years, and his every glance, his every thought, was for her alone.

"There's no one like you, Sally," he said. "You're as pretty now as the day I met you!" She only smiled at him out of tender eyes, while he watched a little dimple deepen.

"No other woman is half so lovely," he thought. "It's her complexion that is her greatest charm. And she belongs to *me!*"

Quite true, she was his; but then, too, you see, he *still* belonged to *her*.

The way to make mere prettiness bloom into beauty

The Pompeian Instant Beauty Trio, consisting of Pompeian Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom, gives the magic touch.

The Day Cream is truly a vanishing cream; it does not reappear after application in the form of tiny beads. It gives a perfect foundation for powder.

The Beauty Powder has the property of adhering to the skin despite the perspiration attendant upon mild exercise, such as dancing. It makes frequent disappearances for repowdering unnecessary.

The Bloom is a rouge that will not break nor crumble, and is absolutely harmless to the skin, no matter how often used. In all needed shades, the medium being wonderfully popular.

Use these three Pompeian preparations—Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom—together, for Instant Beauty. The effect is better if they are used in combination—not indiscriminately mixed with preparations of other brands—for great care has been taken that all Pompeian preparations blend perfectly, to give the most natural effect.

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Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
Pompeian Beauty Powder	60c *per box*
Pompeian Bloom (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*
Pompeian Night Cream	50c *per jar*
Pompeian Lip Stick	25c *each*

The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7¼.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.



POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2036 Payne Avenue, Cleveland Ohio
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Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

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Using Rouge Rightly

By Mme. Jeannette

The correct use of rouge is not so generally understood as it should be. Rouge, like perfume, is something to be employed with restraint and moderation, lest it defeat its own ends.

Judicious tinting of the skin with rouge delicately heightens the color and imparts sparkle to the eyes.

Blend the rouge outward with chamois or the tips of the fingers. This fine shading prevents the abrupt line which is often the only way that tinting can be detected. So applied, and well blended with powder, it produces a soft, natural flush.

Pompeian Bloom is a rouge for gentlewomen. The medium shade, especially, is very popular with girls and young matrons of daintiness and refinement.

—:—

The lip stick, like rouge, must be used with discrimination. It should be applied to the inside of the lip and then worked out with the tip of the tongue to the natural lip-edge. Pompeian Lip Stick is harmless, prevents chapping, and gives a most realistic effect when correctly applied.

—:—

Each night cleanse the pores by bathing the face in warm water with a baby sponge or softest possible wash cloth, and dry with an unstarched towel. Then a coat of Pompeian Night Cream (a cold cream) patted on delicately with the tips of the fingers, just enough so that the pores, opened by the warm water, may be thoroughly cleansed. Do not rub. Just cover the face with the cream and remove with absorbent cotton.

Rinse the face again with warm water to take away all traces of the cream; then bathe with cold water to close the pores, using gentle strokes with the same fine sponge. It is very important not to roughen or irritate the skin by hard rubbing.

—:—

If your skin is of the oily type, you should not use a greasy cream by day, confining your use of such preparation to retiring time.

In the daytime use Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, almost greaseless. This will serve to counteract the excess of oil in your skin and to prevent shine, giving a perfect foundation for powder.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

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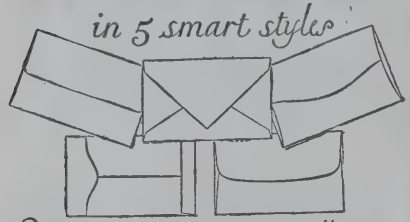
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"He bought it for her," said Bobby briefly.

"Al's not such a bad little guy," said Patsy, her face darkened with the pain of her understanding, "but he's not good enough for Maggie."

"Well, he's got it pretty soft now," said Maria Camarillo, without taking her cigarette from her mouth. "Managing her and getting a big salary for it. Imagine, managing Maggie Qunanne, that's pretty near the biggest box office attraction in America. And she made Savage put him in charge of exploiting all her pictures. Yah, it's hard to put over pictures like 'Miss Tessie' and 'The School Ma'am', I don't think. But at that I think he's mighty fond of her."

"Of course he's fond of her," said Bobby, slipping herself into a one piece bathing suit of black silk, "but no man can be in love the way Maggie thinks he is. I can't explain it very good, but Maggie sees him with her heart. She's kidded herself so much she believes it. Well, like this—she dreamed a home and a husband and a baby. And she got 'em and matched 'em up to the dream.

"We're such a lot of wise crackers—sometimes I wonder if I wouldn't rather be the kind of a fool Maggie is."

To Maggie there was no flaw in her love life.

When Al, smiling but indifferent, came casually through the Savage studio, ignoring the beauty of the girls in his path, came to *her*, her gratitude was so deep that she could have kissed his shoes.

He was the first thing in the world that had ever been hers.

Hers alone.

Even the rag doll she had once made at the orphanage she had shared with Rosa.

If ever a man had a perfect wife, it was Al Cassidy.

She hung on his every word. Believed in his lightest judgment. Applauded his wildest ideas. Lived only to make him happy. Surrounded him with famous and interesting people. Kept a home that was beautiful and orderly as magic. Never quarreled with him, yet helped him to see more clearly.

Sometimes he was a little stunned by it all. Over his head. Had to rally all his native conceit and joy of life to meet it.

The longer they lived together the better he liked Maggie. And the funnier he thought her.

They could laugh and romp like a pair of children.

Sometimes they would literally shriek and roll on the floor with laughter over some fool gag Maggie pulled.

But he had trouble sometimes in recognizing himself as the man Maggie exalted so high.

Also, as the time slipped by, he had come to realize that Maggie lacked many things which, as a young and hot-blooded Irishman, he had always assumed would belong to the woman he loved. She had no beauty, no allure, no physical charm. She was downright homely.

Still, it was not altogether Al's fault that Selma Larsen came from a little town in Michigan just then to join the bathing beauties.

Selma. Eyes like blue and burning lakes. Dimples so deep a man might put the tip of his finger in them. Corn colored hair that had the fragrance of new-mown hay. A slim, white, budding young body that no man could look upon unmoved.

Nor that the other girls, uniting in a swift dislike and distrust of her, should send her in a cold and furious Swedish rage to smash anything that might show them her prowess.

Maggie Qunanne was a great star.

And she was the idol of the bathing girls and of all Hollywood—bathing girls and Hollywood that had turned upon her a cold and unflattering shoulder of distrustful disdain.

Al was Maggie Qunanne's husband.

IV

MAGGIE QUNANNE came slowly down the stairs into the stately beauty of the drawing room.

She looked even taller than usual, because she had on a much washed gingham dress and her brick red hair was piled, for comfort, on top of her head, as she sometimes wore it on the screen.

Her smile was a bit perfunctory because, just somehow—she had never cared an awful lot for Mrs. Derck. Moreover, she had been blissfully cleaning Al's dressing room and closets and drawers and desk, and she loved it and hated to be disturbed.

She'd be starting a new production in a few days, and she loved passionately the time between pictures when she could stay at home. With Al and the baby.

Though, unfortunately, Al had gone to San Francisco to put over the opening up there of "The School Ma'am." He had to go. It was only too bad it came during her vacation time and she couldn't leave the baby.

He wasn't back yet.

Mrs. Derck was a rather pretty woman. In her youth, hers had been the delicate coloring of a pink and white sea shell, and her features were still finely drawn and aristocratic. She was little, too, and had pretty hands and feet. But Maggie Qunanne just couldn't warm to her.

Still, Maggie had always been, would always be, grateful to Bill Derck for what he had done for her. Of course he had risen with her; just the same, if he hadn't seen her in that department store basement she might be there now.

"Hello," she said amiably. "I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Derck. The baby's asleep but the nurse will bring him down as soon as he wakes up. He's gained another pound. I think he's going to be a prize-fighter or a policeman. How are you, Mrs. Derck, and how are your family? And has Bill been having a good rest so we can get right into this new story and finish it up in a hurry? You'll have to excuse the way I look. I'm a housewife these days."

"Bill's well," said Mrs. Derck, and when she spoke her voice was pleasant and friendly enough. "He's fishing. You're looking mighty well yourself, Maggie."

Maggie wrinkled her absurd excuse for a nose and grinned. "I look about as I always do, Mrs. Derck," she said, "and that's no better nor no worse than the Lord made me. Nobody ever accused me of being a beauty, but beauty is not everything in this world, glory be."

A pause fell.

And in it, like a distant bugle call, Maggie's heart heard a faint note of warning.

Once, when she had been tramping the Hollywood hills with Rosa on a picnic, she



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Let's Prepare Tomorrow's Breakfast Tonight

MORNING, winter, dark, cold! Who wants to get up and prepare breakfast? Nobody! But Dad must go to his work, the kiddies to school, and Mother attend to her household duties. All must eat breakfast—365 days a year.

Three hundred and sixty-five breakfasts to get in every home, and usually it's the same person who prepares every single one of them.

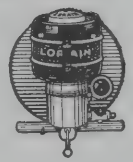
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1923

had felt like that. A tightening of her eyelids. A prickling of her scalp. Turning, she had seen a rattler, just awakening from sleep.

Now as the silence lay deadly and Nina Derck's smile did not waver, Maggie felt the tips of her fingers grow cold.

"Did you want to see me about anything in particular?" she asked bluntly.

Another woman than Nina Derck might have hesitated before those clear and candid eyes, with their merry twinkle never quite hidden. Before the sweetness of that wide, ugly mouth that had taught the world to smile. Might, indeed, have remembered the orphans of the world, and the wounded soldiers so many had forgotten, who owed so much to Maggie Qunanne.

But in Nina Derck's heart lay that serpent of malice that nothing can check. She had hated Maggie Qunanne for five years, because Maggie Qunanne was the woman to whom her husband owed his success. Because her husband had said that Maggie Qunanne was the finest woman in the world.

"Maggie, you're a married woman now," she said, a little sadly, "and you have not very many married women friends."

"Well, now, maybe that's true. The girls are pretty good friends to me, God bless and care for them always, but they're not married, some of them, 'tis a fact. Still——"

"Older married women sometimes understand things that you young wives don't, that's all. We've learned by experience and sometimes we can help you. If you know how a thing is, you can handle the situation so much better. You mustn't be left in the dark, Maggie, that's what I've said to myself. I'd want a friend to do as much for me."

Maggie's eyes showed tiny points of steel in their grayness. Her lips were firm and quiet.

"You're driving at something I don't understand, Mrs. Derck," she said. "Will you please to come to the point and not beat around the bush, which I can't stand?"

"Then I feel, Maggie, that it will help you to know how to act if you're warned ahead that your husband is behaving very badly with that little Selma Larsen. In fact, I happen to know that he took her to San Francisco with him in his car. Now it's nothing to be serious about, Maggie. She's not the sort of girl that could hold a man, but she is pretty. I said to myself, Maggie is sure to find this out, and she mustn't take it too seriously or let her pride trick her into doing something desperate. He'll come back to you, dear, and everything will be all right. Only be firm with him. Take him away for a little while. That's always been my method. But I certainly felt you should know."

Maggie Qunanne did not move.

Her big, strong hands, that could hold a baby so firmly and so tenderly, lay quite still in her lap.

And she sat there so long without moving that Mrs. Derck began foolishly to cry.

But Maggie did not seem to hear her.

Only once her lips moved softly. "My husband," she said.

She had not even lost her color.

But the eyes of Mary, the Mother, must have been like that as they looked up at the cross. Like Maggie Qunanne's little twinkling, merry gray eyes that now held every drop of suffering woman has ever known, until you could see right through them into the great heart of her breaking—breaking.

Then, as the other woman watched her with tears streaming down her silly, pretty, middle-aged face, a miracle was slowly born.

The terrible thing that had stood like a crucifix within her eyes melted away, and a light came into them so that you could no longer tell what color they were, nor what expression they held. Only a light.

Quite naturally Maggie Qunanne smiled her famous, heart-warming, irresistible smile.

Quite naturally she got up from her chair and steadily walked across to the other woman.

"I don't believe you," said Maggie Qunanne simply. "Nothing could make me believe you. Because, you see, I believe in God—and God just couldn't let that happen to me—and my baby—now."

And the other woman, trembling before her, knew that she spoke the truth.

She did not believe her.

V

It was Bobby Brown who met Al at the Exchange office when he came in from San Francisco and told him of Mrs. Derck's visit.

"I didn't know in time to stop her," said Bobby coldly, the venom of her hate spitting at him like a vicious kitten. "What she told Maggie I don't know. But for God's sake do your best to protect her, you filthy little beast."

Into Al Cassidy's heart came a fear that hurt.

Shame came to him, too, like a shower of boiling oil.

Poor old Maggie.

Oh God, what a rotten trick to play on *Maggie!*

He thought of the girl who only a few hours before had lain so maddeningly in his arms. The beauty. The grace. The mass of her hair. Her thick, creamy eyelids.

That was what had lured him. That beauty of hers.

Maggie was Maggie. He loved her. She was the best old thing in the world.

But he had been hungry for the young beauty of woman.

Yet now the thought of the girl's wet, sweet lips nauseated him.

He longed inexpressibly for the cool, clean decency of Maggie Qunanne.

His wife.

What shook him was the horrible thought that if he had been tempted once like this he might be again.

The hideous thought that he might never measure up.

Was it only satiety that made him loathe himself so utterly now?

As he walked up the red brick steps of the house on the hill he could not raise his eyes to the window where Maggie usually waited for him.

To himself, it seemed that he slunk.

Poor old Maggie. It wasn't that she wouldn't forgive. But—to tear down, wantonly to shatter, her dreams.

She was there waiting for him, in the doorway. Tall and terribly dear.

It came to him in a moment that there was only one thing to do. To throw himself at her feet and tell her the whole rotten truth and beg her forgiveness. To show her that he loved her and that the other had been only the beast within. Get the burden of his guilt from his shoulders to hers by confession and repentance.

But the serenity of her face checked him.

"Hello, darlin'," she said.

He could not wait until it was out and over. It choked him.

"Has Mrs. Derck been here?" he asked.

Maggie stepped into the wide, cool hall and closed the door.

Upstairs he heard the baby crying lustily.

"Yes," she said.

"Did she tell you some story about me and Selma Larsen?"

"Yes," said Maggie Qunanne, "but of course I didn't believe her."

The man looked into the clear, happy sweetness of her soul, through her little, twinkling gray eyes and knew, as Nina Derck had known, that she spoke the truth.

Suddenly he could not look at her, as a man cannot look straight into the gorgeous pathway of the evening sun upon the water.

His eyes were blind, and he did not know why.

Only he found himself on his knees at her feet, his face buried in the crisp white of her dress. It seemed to Al Cassidy that the tears he shed—the first man tears he had ever known—washed a mist from before his eyes. So that he saw this woman for the lovely thing she was. That he felt the touch of her faith, healing him.

And he knew that never, though his desire tore his flesh to ribbons and ground his bones to ashes, could he again betray that faith that shone upon him. Knew that somehow, in the magic of that light from her eyes, he had become somewhat nearer the man she saw in her heart.

With a cry Maggie knelt beside him, holding him, and her face was so beautiful to him that he even dared to look up—up into the face of the sun.

But then, you remember, the Stranger of Galilee told us many centuries ago that faith, as a grain of mustard seed, will remove mountains.

"Why is Your Man Leaving You?" is discussed helpfully and sanely by Elinor Glyn in March Cosmopolitan, *on sale at all news stands February 10.*

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How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking



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Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possibly injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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When She Grows Up

She will be beautiful, of course, in the rosy future pictured by a mother's dreams. But—this future beauty will not be left to chance, for modern mothers know how to make their dreams come true.

Her first concern will be care of the little daughter's complexion, to protect its smooth, fresh, childish texture from injury through careless treatment. Proper cleansing is the secret, and use of the proper cleanser. The skin must not be robbed of its own natural, beautifying oil, yet it must be kept thoroughly clean.

Only soap and water used daily will keep the skin properly clean, so the problem lies in the choice of soap. You want the mildest, most soothing and lotion-like soap which can be made. Such soap is yours in Palmolive.

Soap and cosmetic combined

Palmolive is the modern development of an ancient beauty secret, discovered by the Egyptians 3,000 years ago. They learned that palm and olive oils were wonderful beautifiers. Crudely blended, they were used as cleansers as well as to keep the skin smooth and soft.

These rare oils, scientifically blended in Palmolive, produce far more than mere soap. It permits thorough, beautifying cleansing without danger of drying the skin. It soothes, refreshes and stimulates, resulting in becoming natural bloom and glow.

Such cleansing, every day, results in a clear, healthy skin and is the basis of complexion beauty.

Clogging the greatest danger

Fear of thorough cleansing, or indifference to its importance, is the original cause of skin trouble. The daily accumulation of dirt, excess oil and perspiration combine with cold cream and powder to clog the tiny pores. Disfiguring coarseness from their enlargement is the first result.

The accumulated dirt produces blackheads, with the danger of infection, which causes blotches. Such a complexion is fatal to personal charm.

What to do

Once every day, preferably at bedtime, wash your face thoroughly with Palmolive Soap. Work up a lather with your two hands and massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly. Use a fine, soft towel for drying.

If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream and wipe off what isn't quickly absorbed. If your skin is normally oily you won't need it.

All can afford it

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10c

Volume and efficiency enable us to produce 25c quality for only 10c

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The Revolt of Camposanto

(Continued from page 91)

Feeling that the eyes of his chosen and appointed woman were on him, Camposanto was not only able to turn the engine over but to spin it with a kind of smooth fury.

Presently a spark flashed, a charge of gas ignited, and the car began to roar as if it were defying an enemy and to shake all over as if it had the palsy.

When Camposanto had taken his place, Señorita Diaz felt of his upper arm. And he, complacently doubling the arm, caused the biceps muscle to swell and harden.

"How strong you are!" she said.

He couldn't help boasting a little.

"I wouldn't be afraid to put on the gloves with any man of my age on the Pacific Coast," he said.

"Imagine!" exclaimed the Señorita Diaz.

And presently they went lunging and bumping out of the little city in which they had suffered so much and for so long and, at a very slow speed, climbed the long hill that leads to the lovely Mission of Carmel and beyond.

Machinery improves, religions rise and fall and points of view change, but human nature remains always the same. And any bully, whether man, woman or child, is always the better for a good sound thrashing.

Mrs. Kelley said nothing about the blow which she had stopped with the point of her jaw. She merely said that her father had insisted on going away in the middle of the night and that he had put his case to her in such a way that she could not find it in her heart to blame him. As for going into court and attempting to prove that the old gentleman was no longer able to take care of himself—that was buncombe and she would have nothing to do with it.

"After all," said her sister, "we won't have long to wait. Father's seventy."

"True," said Mrs. Kelley with a faint smile, "but if I'm any judge of condition he's very likely to be going strong at a hundred."

And she stroked her chin in a reflective and reminiscent way.

"We had better," she said, "manage to exist on what we've got. We've about a million apiece pretty well invested, and plenty of people in this world manage to struggle along on less."

"I suppose so," sighed Mrs. O'Ryan, "but it *would* be lovely to be rich."

Even when it was learned that the Diaz girl had gone away with Camposanto and that the pair had been married by the priest at Carmel, Mrs. Kelley stood up for her father.

"Felicia," she said, "is an excellent housekeeper. She will make him an excellent wife; they were once in love with each other and undoubtedly they still feel a certain attachment."

"He will leave his money to her," objected Mrs. O'Ryan in a plaintive voice.

"Not all of it," Mrs. Kelley assured her. "He will provide for her of course; but it has always been father's religion that the Camposanto money should go with the Camposanto blood."

"It's lucky for us," said Mrs. O'Ryan, "that father never had a son. Primogeniture and entailed estates were always a hobby of his."

"Father," said Mrs. Kelley confidently, "will never leave Camposanto out of the family. And when the Coast Boulevard is built and all the country to the southward becomes accessible, Camposanto will cut up for millions and millions and millions of dollars."

"And they will all belong to us and ours," said Mrs. O'Ryan with a brighter expression.

Since the revolt against tyranny and the flight of Felix Camposanto some ten months had passed when one fine day a telegram was delivered at the door of the old Camposanto adobe in Monterey. It was very brief and contained only the words:

"Boys. All well."

After a long time of wonderment and silence, Mrs. O'Ryan said in a faint voice, "I'm so surprised you could knock me down with a feather."

"Surprised!" said Mrs. Kelley presently. "Are you?" Then she stroked her chin in a reminiscent and reflective way and smiled suddenly and said:

"Well, I'm not nearly as surprised as I might be!"

A story that will delight you with its strange characters is Gouverneur Morris's "Argument" in COSMOPOLITAN *for March, on sale February tenth.*

Julius Sees Her

(Continued from page 73)

my side of the switchboard was comical to see.

"Well, girlie," he gushes—the big clown!—"when are we going to have that dinner together?"

I felt like saying, "When Niagara Falls starts running the other way!" But I want to straighten out Julius, so I throw the smile into high.

"I'll let you know later," I says. "I want to ask you something first."

"Anything!" he says, with his hand on his heart. He's one of these fellows which simply can't stop acting, on and off. "Anything I possess is yours, if——"

"What could be sweeter than that?" I cut him off, still smiling. "But I just want to ask you a question. What would *you* do if you were an understudy and knew you were greater than the star, but couldn't get a chance to play the part and dumbfound the world?"

He looks a bit surprised and then he pretends to be giving the matter the same attention the U. S. Supreme Court gives a trust tangle, standing there with his chin in his hand and a frown puckering his noble forehead.

"Why," says this master mind finally, "why, *I'd* have the star kidnaped for one performance and take my chances."

And he laughs. A little bit later he was like the laughing hyena which died. He didn't have nothing to laugh at!

Well, I manage to get rid of Hemingway Bryce a few minutes afterwards and I can hardly keep from yelling with joy, because I've got Julius all set. I know just what I'm going to do and just what *he's* going to do—that's if he wants to keep his little girl friend. So when we go to dinner that night I put all my cards on the table, face up.

"Julius," I says, "after some years of watching you boys perform and in that way getting a good line on the male sex, I made up my mind if I ever fell I'd fall for a great man. Being a shipping clerk's darling or a head bookkeeper's bride never has appealed to me and it don't now. The man I gamble my future with has got to *mean* something. He's got to either get his name in the electric lights or invent something brighter!"

Julius is looking at me like a drowning man would look at you if you threw him an anvil.

"But I thought we settled all——" he begins.

"Don't interrupt teacher!" I shut him off. "As I was saying before you spoke out of turn, I always craved the affection of a really great man and swore I'd fall for no other. Unfortunately, Julius, *you* came along and you're far from great, but I fell for you nevertheless. There's no question about that part of it. Therefore I am going to *make* you famous, whether you want to be famous or not!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," says Julius—and looks it.

"You want a chance to play the star part in 'The Girl from Betelgeuse' and show Broadway what you can do, don't you?" I says.

"*Do* I?" says Julius, grabbing my hands while his face lights up like a cathedral. "Why, say, sweetheart, if I ever get a crack at that part——"

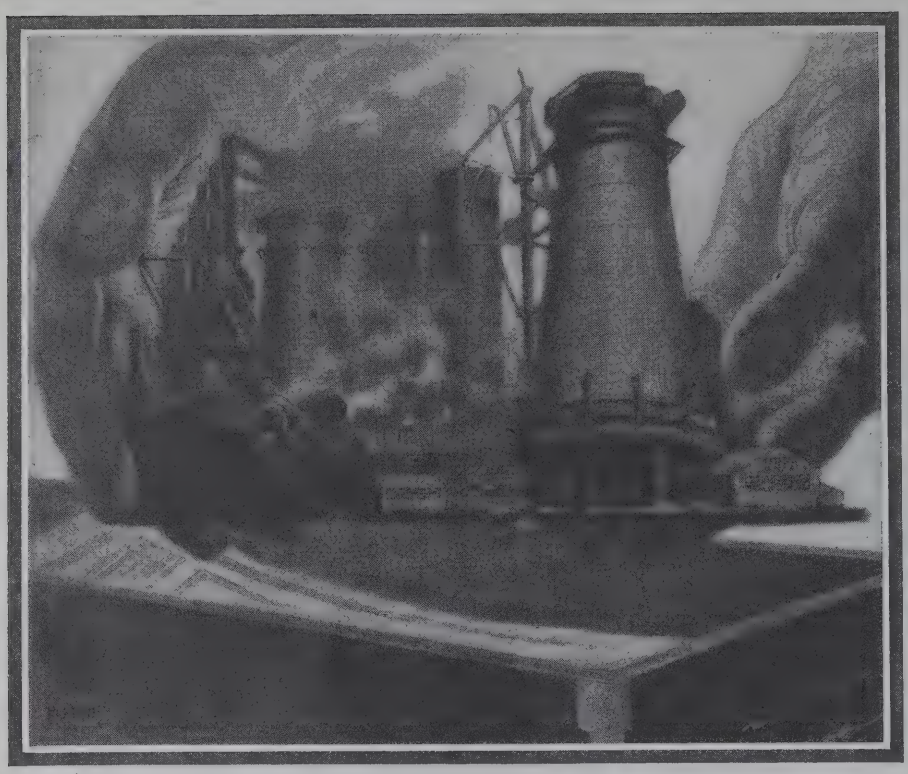
"Well, don't cry," I butt in. "You're going to get a crack at it tomorrow night!"

"What do you mean?" gasps Julius, trying to read my face. He can't and he sinks back in his chair. "Don't jest about that, Gladys, it's too near my heart," he says, kind of reproachful.

"If you think I'm kidding, you're crazy!" I smiles. "If Charlemagne Rutledge fails to appear tomorrow night you go on and play the lead, don't you?"

"Of course," says Julius. "But that's nonsense. He hasn't missed a performance since the infernal show opened a year ago."

"Well, he'll miss tomorrow night," I says, still smiling, "because we're going to kidnap him."



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Julius laughs and pats my hand. "You angel," he says, "I really believe you *would* do that for me! But——"

"But nothing," I interrupt, the smile gone. "Kidnaping the leading man is the only way you'll ever get your chance. Well, we're going to do it. If you don't go through with this, *I'm* through with *you!*"

This time he must of read my face correctly.

"Good heavens, you can't be serious!" he exclaims. "Why the thing's unthinkable! I—why——"

"I never was more serious in my life," I shut him off. "I've even laid out the details. Keep quiet a minute and I'll tell you how we'll work it."

"Why—why—Gladys—I—we'll be arrested! We——" Julius is at the stuttering stage, as pale as a couple of ghosts.

"Suppose we *do* get arrested," I says. "Look what we're shooting at! If my scheme goes through you'll be a star, won't you?"

"But—but——" He's all but speechless.

"Listen," I says, "cut out the buts. *I'll* be the goat in this little trifling matter and if you don't do *your* part you're canceled with me as sure as there's a Frenchman in Paris! Of course, if you're afraid you'll fall down if you *do* get the chance to play the lead, why——"

"Fall down?" he butts in, banging the table with his fist. "Why, it will put me over!"

"Then let's go!" I says, banging the table myself. "It's all fun!"

When we part Julius weighs about ten pounds less than he did when we come in the restaurant, but he's agreed to my little kidnaping scheme. About all he touched of the dinner was the check.

The next night I get busy on my own little movie, written and produced by myself and called "The Kidnaped Leading Man." I know I'm never going to get away with this without *something* happening that won't do me a bit of good, but had I knew just exactly *what* was going to happen I almost think I would of allowed Julius to make good in his own way. Before things was over I felt like I had called for a drink of water and got hit by a tidal wave.

My first imitation is to interview Pete Kift, captain of the merry bellhops and a young man who claims he would take great pleasure in diving off the top of the city hall into a silk hat if I asked him to. Well, I don't ask Pete to do that difficult feat, I simply ask him to lock Charlemagne Rutledge in his room that night, so that by no chance can Charlemagne get out till it's too late for him to get to the theater where "The Girl from Betelgeuse" is playing. The fire escape is two doors farther down the hall, as both Charlemagne and Hemingway Bryce, who rooms with him, had kicked against having a suite that opened out into one, claiming it poisoned the view from the windows. So if Charlemagne wants to jump, good for him—it's only ten stories to the pavement and that last story would have a most unhappy ending, now wouldn't it? I then arrange at the switchboard that no calls from that suite are to be answered. That prevents my captive from calling the desk or anybody else which might be weak-kneed enough to release him and

deprive my Julius of his chance to play the lead in "The Girl from Betelgeuse." I know I am crazy to do this, as the fellow remarked before slapping the lion in the face, but then you want to remember I am also in love!

At eight o'clock Pete Kift sidles up to the switchboard as mysterious as a Cuckoo Klan meeting. He looks to the right and left and then he bends over to me.

"All set, Cutey!" he says, in a hoarse whisper.

"You're sure he's locked tight—he can't get out?" I whisper back, and gee, I'm nervous!

"Say," says my noble Pete, "'at bozo couldn't get out of 'at room if his name was Houdini!" So that was all settled.

Well, I'll never forget the night I put in at that board if I live to the ripe old age of a million. Phew! I got nothing to do but think of what will happen to me when Charlemagne Rutledge gets out of that room and realizes he has missed his show. I think and think and think and then every time I get about froze stiff with pure fright, why, the thought comes to me that Julius is out on that stage singing and acting his way to a roaring success. That thought kind of evens matters, for it fills me with a warm glow of pride and satisfaction. Anybody which got a right number from me that night got it by dumb luck and nothing else.

As the witching hour of midnight approaches and I am thanking Heaven that I'm about to go off duty, Pete Kift again slinks up to the board and this time he's got the word "panic" wrote all over his face. He's as nervous as a frightened rabbit and a bit pale and sickly looking. What a swell villian *he'd* be, I think, but then it's the men which always weakens, isn't it?

"Cutey," whispers Pete, "I have got to let 'at baby out of his cell upstairs, I do for a fact. He's bellerin' and meowin' and kickin' on the door and he's went to work and busted a window on me! He's jazzed around up there so much he's got the people in the adjoinin' rooms all stirred up, and the neighbors' children and the like outside lookin' up at the windows, and you know what 'at will lead to. I'd like to go up and cuff some brains into him, but I got to let him out, kid, or the reserves'll be here!"

Well, I'm ready to faint because the grand finale is about to break, but I tell Pete to go up and unlock the door. It's twelve o'clock now and by this time Julius must be the talk of Broadway. That being the case, I'm ready to take my medicine, because naturally enough I can't let poor Pete Kift be the goat for a frame-up I planned myself. Anyways, Pete springs for the elevator and is shot up to the tenth floor like a bullet. I'm pinning on my hat when the same elevator door opens and out of it almost falls—not Charlemagne Rutledge, leading man in "The Girl from Betelgeuse," *but Hemingway Bryce, his roommate and star in another play!*

Heavens above, I have kidnaped the wrong leading man, ruined a perfectus good show and in no way helped my Julily to fame and fortune!

All this comes to me like a blow between the eyes with a mallet and I sink back against the switchboard just about ready for the undertaker. Hemingway Bryce



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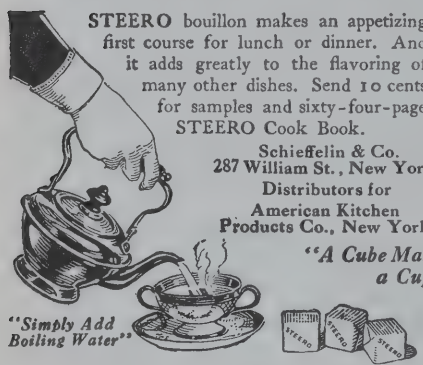
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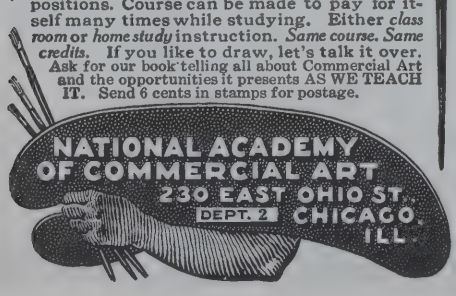
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comes rushing up to murder somebody for not answering his wild calls and one look at me seems to be enough for him.

"By the eternal!" he roars. "I see it all now! You asked me what *I* would do to give an understudy a chance to play the star's part. Oh, fool that I was! The irony of it. I told you I'd kidnap the leading man, little thinking *I* was that leading man myself! So you and my understudy did this damnable thing, did you? Well——"

"Mr. Bryce—please!" I butt in faintly. "Please listen. You *must* listen! It has all been a terrible mistake. I—we—I didn't mean to kidnap *you* at all. It was——"

"Not a word!" howls this dumbbell, prancing around. "I'll have you arrested! I'll sue this hotel for a million dollars damages and I'll collect, too! My reputation is gone forever. Boy, call an officer!"

At this critical minute the revolving doors revolve and in rushes the cause of it all—Mr. Julius De Haven. He pushes the foaming Bryce aside and bounces over to me like there's nobody in the hotel, or in New York for that matter, but me and him.

"Oh, you wonderful girl!" he hollers. "I owe everything to *you!* Your blessed scheme succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. I played Prince Danilo in 'The Girl from Betelgeuse' tonight as he has never been played before. Why, sweetness, I got an ovation! I was forced to take a dozen curtain calls after my first act alone and—oh, it's too much to tell you all at once! Seligman came to my dressing room and offered me a starring contract for next season and—why, darling, what's the matter?"

The matter was that I had simply passed out! Things were coming entirely too fast for little Gladys. Here I have living raving evidence before me that I have kidnaped the wrong man, yet Julius says the scheme went through! Then who in—eh—then who in the name of Kansas City kidnaped the *right* leading man?

I come to with Julius fanning me and trying to force me to drink water. I will not be forced to drink water, so I straighten up in time to see Charlemagne Rutledge bust into the crowd around me and throw his arms about his dear old roommate Hemingway Bryce.

"Thank God you are safe!" bawls Charlemagne.

"Safe?" yells Hemingway. "I'm *ruined.* This woman had me locked in my room tonight and I missed my performance!"

"Then she has saved your life!" says Charlemagne Rutledge. "Haven't you heard! They're crying the extras now. The roof of your theater collapsed, man, and hundreds were killed! The streets were closed by the police for blocks around. I couldn't get through their infernal fire lines until eleven o'clock and I missed my *own* performance. I don't know how my understudy got through with the part and——"

"Ha ha!" butts in Julius joyfully. "You'll know when you see the morning papers, old dear!"

Hemingway Bryce has turned triple pale when he hears of his narrow escape. He's worse shook up than *I* am and that's a fact!

"I—I—forgive me," he stammers to me. "I—I owe you my life. I could kiss you!"

"Try it!" says Julius, the ex-gentle chorus man, "and I'll murder you!" And he slides his arm around me.

But, honest, I had nothing to do with the roof of that theater falling in. *That* was somebody else's idea, no fooling!

"Sherlock's Home," the H. C. Witwer story in March COSMOPOLITAN, *to use slang, is a bearcat.*

The Man Afraid of His Job

(Continued from page 31)

Scott, who indeed had had his first job under Billy's supervision.

"I remember him, a red-faced boor," said Maryland. "He was there in my father's time."

"I don't know where he's been or why the old man is entertaining him—he's married, I know that. Maybe he married money," said Scott. "Anyway he and his wife are going to be at the club, and you can imagine how much Mrs. Iverson will have in common with them. The only one reason I really would like to go is to oblige the old man. He asked me again today if we were coming."

"H'm," Maryland said thoughtfully. Old C. P. had acted disgracefully in the matter of the mail department position, but it was decent of him to care whether they came to his luncheon or not. "I'd just as soon go," she conceded suddenly.

"I told him that on account of your health——" Scott began.

"I could wear my crêpe de Chine," mused Maryland. The crêpe de Chine was deliciously roomy and soft, it fell in exquisite folds. And then there was the broad brimmed hat with the feathers curling on her shoulder. Not but what all the women there would be in gowns that made any gown of hers look simple! Still——

"It would be sort of fun to see the club and to eat a luncheon I didn't cook!" she said. And her heart, and Scott's heart, warmed again toward the old firm; Scott should tell C. P. tomorrow that they could come, and Maryland would make her prettiest effort on Sunday to please Mrs. Floyd and amuse the obnoxious Billy Brooks.

This decided, they fluctuated again. It meant an enormous amount of effort after all. Scott's best suit must be pressed and the old suit mended so that the other could be spared, and the Warners, who were coming to supper and the usual bridge game Sunday night, must be put off until Monday because Maryland would be so tired, and a hundred other details must be adjusted to meet the unusual circumstances. They were to take the eleven twenty-two to Locust Valley; Scott and Maryland were unused to taking trains they speculated as to the cost of tickets and the time of the subway trip.

The April day broke untimely hot and

enervating; Maryland awakened at half-past five and could not get to sleep again. She felt ill; if this had been any ordinary day she would have remained in bed. But this was the day of the Beachways luncheon.

She tossed, composed herself, got up and shut out the light. No use, there never had been such a thing as sleep. Her mind went over and over the plan: the subway, the tickets, the Locust Valley train. "How do you do, Mrs. Iverson? You were very sweet to think of Scott and me—how do you do, Bella!"

The crêpe-de-Chine—the feathery hat. "How do you do, Mr. Iverson! No, I never have seen the Beachways Club before . . . Scott does, but I never have tried golf."

She dozed, started up in terror. Suppose they missed the train! Imagine trying to locate Floyd Iverson—probably having him summoned from the links. "Mr. Iverson, this is Scott Waterman—we seem to have missed the eleven-twenty!" It was merely a social engagement, after all, it was supposedly a pleasurable occasion. But Floyd Iverson was not the man ever to forgive the breaking of any engagement. System, efficiency, capability—these were his creed.

Pleasure! Maryland could have wept at the mere thought, when at last she could get up and when she sat at the side of the bed, dizzy and sick. The shimmering spring heat, the odors of the clean little shabby kitchen, the first hot breath of boiling coffee went over her like a wave of anguish.

A dozen times, slowly and shakily dressing, she wanted to say to Scott, "I cannot!" And a dozen times she bit the words back and struggled on.

The kitchen speckless, shaded, deserted; the beds scrupulously made; the bathroom ordered. The crêpe-de-Chine lifted at last in her indifferent hands, the shady hat, and a last touch of powder upon her colorless face.

"I look like a ghost!" she said with a forlorn smile.

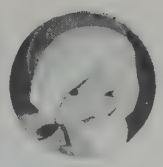
They were out in the morning heat of the streets; people were coming and going with bewildering vigor. They were in the station, with twenty-five minutes to wait. They were in the warm, crowded train, off at last for their day at the famous Beachways Club.

The rest of the day became for Maryland simply a blur, shot with a single necessity. She must have some hot, thin tea.

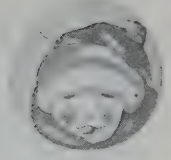
She was thinking of it when they got out at Locust Valley; she was hoping that luncheon would be early, and that there would be tea—the very first thing.

The Iversons' car; closed, lined in fawn color and embellished with an equipment in violet leather and gold. A dazzle of other handsome cars, wheeling and stirring in the bright glancing sunlight; Scott's fingers firm on her elbow to help her in. And here were the Ivers boys, going in another car somewhere, tall, gawky, friendly lads, evidently instructed to welcome the Watermans and see that they were started in the right direction.

The country roads, lined by bare trees, and with here and there the first tender yellow green of a willow showing in a timid waterfall of flowing streamers, rolled by them as they went. Maryland nervously



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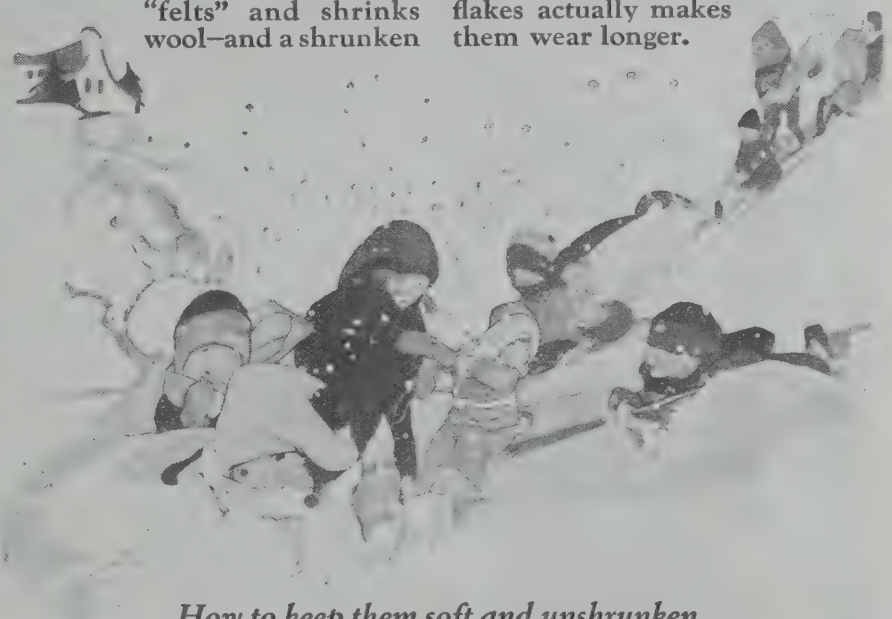
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commented upon a country mansion here and there. Heavens! what a big place to live in, and what an adorable lodge. Maryland would much rather have the lodge than the house.

"Why is it that girls on horseback always make it a point to look so haughty?" she mused as riders galloped by, their mounts flinging up great clods of the dark, soft earth.

Scott was silent, nervous. Maryland felt her face blazing and her hands chilly; she wished the ordeal would commence. She thought her headache would clear and her nerves grow steady if she could have a cup of thin, hot tea.

The beautiful club house, a sort of glorified Dutch Colonial mansion with green shutters and spreading wings, stood upon a smooth rise of green turf and was surrounded by magnificent trees whose bare branches threw pleasant filigrees of shadow upon the wide porches. Motorcars were coming and going, women filtered up and down the broad steps, and on the greens brightly clad golfers shouted and strode valiantly.

Mrs. Floyd Iverson met the Watermans with a pleasant indifference to their arrival that made both Scott and Maryland, although neither betrayed it, feel oddly flat. It was as if Mrs. Floyd felt that their mere presence at the club was enough; she gilded the lily with no personal graciousness. They were privileged now to see the roaring wood fire in the famous white Dutch tiles, and the girls and men who were riding, and the golfers and tennis players, and young Rennie Brevoort in his extraordinary car. They could study the English hunting prints on the walls and the beautiful flowered English chintzes at the windows, and they could share the merriment, laughter, chatter and excitement of what was the real opening of the season.

She had other guests, a rather heterogeneous collection, Maryland thought. Maryland thought, with some little resentment, that she and Scott had obviously been asked in a group that didn't much matter, a sort of bunching of several obligations, and sweeping of the social boards. Certainly had Maryland Waterman known that the McGavins, of "the firm," were to be included, she would have stayed in her comfortable bed during this dreadful day. She disliked Edna McGavin, who was a sycophant, a toadying little eager, stupid creature who imitated the very accents of Mrs. Floyd's voice. To have Edna here today seemed to put Maryland in Edna's class, the class Scott inelegantly described as bootlickers. Bert McGavin was undeniably that; Maryland could see that Scott was as annoyed as she was to find the McGavins here, and that his brow was dark.

It was half-past twelve; no talk of luncheon. Maryland and Bert McGavin were in neighboring chairs on the big porch, making conversation. The day was very hot; Maryland tried to smile and seem at ease, but she was conscious only of physical weakness and fatigue.

Bella Iverson came up, with her prospective husband. Bella was noisy, unsmiling, rude, bobbed of hair, utterly at ease. Maryland looked keenly, scrutinizingly, at Phil Knox, a red-faced, laughing, too well dressed young man who looked ten rather than five years younger than Scott.

And presently gentle, faded little Mrs. Buckney Ivers, thirty-five, the mother of two little girls, the heiress to a great fortune, came pleasantly up and talked sweetly to Maryland. They murmured about the coming baby, and Mrs. Ivers's eyes watered; she had lost a little boy.

"You must keep a trained nurse for at least the first three months," she told Maryland kindly. Maryland was in too cross-grained a mood to be receptive. Mrs. Ivers was just being polite because she thought it was the thing to be with the firm's trusted underlings, she thought. Maryland wished she had never come—she wished she was dead—she wished passionately for some thin, hot tea.

Half-past one. It appeared that there was to be a special "hunt breakfast" today; they were to have English bacon and kidneys and rashers and deep fruit tart; there were to be favors, and music. But for some reason there was a delay.

"However, we should have to wait for the Brookses anyway," said Mrs. Floyd serenely. The Brookses were motoring down in their own car. Floyd Iverson, clean and slick of grizzled hair, after his golf, asked Scott if he remembered Billy Brooks.

"Very fine fellow, extraordinary fellow," said Floyd. Scott listened respectfully but in secret surprise. Some extremely unkind things had been said of Billy Brooks when he left the firm eight years ago. Billy had been a stockholder; he had sold out with an indifference and briskness felt to be somewhat insulting. The word that had drifted about the offices of Iverson and Ivers then, Scott remembered, had been that he was a fool, that he had been crazy, that he had "blown up," and that he had taken the bit in his teeth.

Billy Brooks, appearing at five minutes of two in a car almost as large as the Watermans' flat, was instantly recognizable. Florid, square, laughing readily and constantly, and yet with an iron clamp of a heavy jaw, dressed correctly in tweeds and green plaid stockings, pulling his cap from his rebellious gray-red curls, Scott felt as if he had seen Billy Brooks only yesterday. Mrs. Brooks was timid, pretty, wearing real pearls over a ready-made silk, glad to be taken under Maryland's charitable wing.

Two o'clock. Half-past two, and still they were sitting here in the basket chairs, and there was no sign of luncheon except an occasional appetizing odor. At quarter to three stewards began to filter through the expectant groups, and certain ones went in to the dining room. But the Iverson party waited.

Floyd, and the octogenarian Ivers, who had joined them, paid a special if somewhat casual and easy attention to Billy Brooks. Scott talked to Mrs. Floyd, who stifled yawns and admitted the pangs of hunger. Maryland murmured to Mrs. Brooks; they had both lived in Plainfield; they even found mutual friends there. The McGavins sat in utter silence, looking about them as if absorbed.

The sun shone down on the awnings; fresh players scattered on the links. Maryland was past all hunger now; she merely felt dazed. She experienced a terrifying vertigo when at last a bowing waiter came; they could have the table now, Mr. Iverson, sir. Yes, sir, but there being twelve,

"Good-Bye—I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"



But he isn't glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he has just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?

HE couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

What Was His Blunder?

Do *you* know what his blunder was? Do you know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you"?

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Just a Few of the Chapter Titles

A Plea for Dancing
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When the Bachelor Is Host
Tipping at the Hotel
Woman In the Business World
A Trip to the South
At Tea-Room and Roof Garden
The Origin of Manners
Announcing the Engagement
Responsibility for the Wedding
How to Acknowledge an Invitation
When to Introduce—and How
Asking a New Acquaintance to Call
The "Bread-and-Butter Letter"
The Chaperon
Self-Confidence Versus Conceit
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Guests and Their Duties
The Young Country Miss
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Planning Surprises

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Are You *Sure* of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely sure of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

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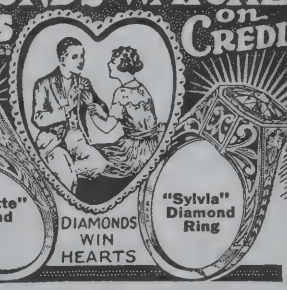
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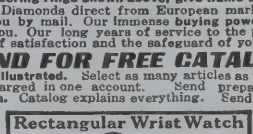


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sir, the steward had gotten it a little confused——

Glitter. Plates. Glasses. Stiff, enormous napkins. Hard French rolls; Maryland gnawed at her's without an instant's delay. Crab cocktail. She dared not touch it. It seemed an odd thing for a hunt breakfast.

"We aren't having the hunt breakfast—someone has blundered," Scott whispered from the third seat away, as they all settled.

"But I wonder if I might have some tea?" said Maryland to Buck Ivers, on her right. She offered Bert McGavin, on her left, her cocktail; he changed glasses.

"Indeed you can have tea!" Buckney said heartily. "Waiter," he said, to a pale and perspiring man who inclined his ear dutifully yet who let his distressed eyes rove continually on about the circle as he listened, "tea—right away——" said Buckney.

"And lots of hot water!" Maryland said fervently.

The waiter nodded, deeply impressed. And instantly he said in a tense undertone to a younger and also perspiring and pale man: "Get that table from under the stairs—three—mark it reserved—here's the name, and let me know!" and went upon his jostled, overloaded way.

Fish, very rich in oiled paper. Maryland turned greenish white. She sipped ice water gallantly. She gave Bert McGavin, who was a coarse and hearty man, her fish.

Presently the spattered cuff and oily hand of a waiter came into her vision with a cup of cool very strong coffee. The mere odor made her feel very ill, and for five terrible minutes she was fighting the active terror of a scene. She looked away, she sipped water, she gnawed salted bread.

Ah—better! The coffee had stopped smelling and the fish was gone. Chicken Maryland — corn fritters — waffles — she messed them all conscientiously without raising her fork.

If she could have some hot, thin toast, and some hot, thin tea! But there was trouble enough afoot without further burdening the poor waiters. Everyone was angry, every table was a whirlpool of protest. The five dollar a plate hunt breakfast was not a success; the stewards were deep in agonized explanation. Two deliveries from the city had gone astray—the club really was not in running order yet——

Maryland nibbled hard little cookies; there were two plates of rich little cakes on the table and only two hard, plain little cookies in each assortment. She managed to get all four. She and the Brookses and the McGavins said that it had been a wonderful luncheon. Members of the club, they said, might have noted something amiss, but to them it had been charming!

"It was disgraceful," said Mrs. Floyd. "And now shall we stroll about—would you like to see the polo field and the courts?" she said. "Or would you like just to sit here—it's rather nice to see the golfers come in on the last hole. Mr. Iverson and I *hope* you won't have to take an earlier train than the six-two. But there *is* a train at five-seventeen if you *must* get back!"

"Oh goodness, we must take the five-seventeen!" cried Maryland. To her amazement it was after four now; the dreadful day was almost over. But Scott had been persuaded to play one rubber on the porch, and it was an endless rubber.

"Maybe there'll be tea," thought Maryland desperately. But the club's culinary forces had either been too thoroughly demoralized by the hunt breakfast or there had been a general feeling that so late a luncheon made tea superfluous. Anyway there was no mention of tea.

At just six o'clock the Billy Brookses drove the Scott Watermans into town. Maryland was by this time pale with exhaustion.

"I despise it!" she said bitterly in an undertone to Scott as he helped her into the luxurious limousine. Scott looked tired too, and he had lost six dollars and ten cents at bridge; not serious, of course, but so different from winning six dollars and ten cents! He wondered why he had wasted a couple of dollars upon return tickets this morning; he might have known then that someone would be coming in.

"Why, darling?" he asked in anxious surprise. "Haven't you had a nice day?"

"Oh——" But she was going to cry and she had to stop short. "We're just bootlickers!" she said painfully. "They—they treat you unfairly—and then they think they can—they think that with just a casual luncheon party they can——"

"Sh-h-h!" he warned her. Maryland, ashamed of herself, got in, and Edna McGavin wedged in beside her, and Mrs. Brooks, who was small, next to Edna. Bert took one of the adjustable seats and Scott was on the front seat with Billy Brooks, who was driving. They all reiterated that they were absolutely comfortable—lots of room.

Bumpity—bump—bump. Edna McGavin was enthusiastic about Beachways; had they seen the photographer snapping the women as they came down the steps? Fun! She had never been the Iversons' guest before. But they certainly were wonderful to their people.

Mrs. Brooks talked clothes; she wanted to get the right clothes for her little girl in boarding school. Maryland found her attention caught in this subject in spite of herself. Four plain school dresses at eighty-five dollars, and a coat at one hundred and thirty. The Brookses must be prosperous at least——

Good night, and so many thanks. Good night, Mrs. McGavin. Yes, Maryland would, Mrs. Brooks, she would try to come in tomorrow—Tuesday anyway, and they could shop. Good night. And thank you so much! Thank you. Good night.

A-h-h! the stairs at last. Wearily up and up; Scott, agonized with sympathy, seized her gloves, took the hat that weighted her aching head. The doorway—the key—in through the close, warm, smelling rooms to the kitchen, the spurt of a match in the twilight gloom.

And then her room—the crêpe-de-Chine off—the shoes off—everything cramping and hot off—and her cool, thin silk kimono at last—and the rocker in the kitchen at last!

Oh, delicious, delicious—the smell of the thin, hot toast, the delicate drifting aroma of thin, hot orange pekoe! She hardly breathed, she hardly spoke until the first fragrant cupful, and the pitcher of hot water, and the crisp buttered brownness of the toast were a fact accomplished.

Scott flew about in a misery of

sympathy. "Oh, you darling—you darling——" she whispered, kissing the brown hand so busy near her. "Oh, Scotty! this is bliss," she breathed, drinking deep, panting in the first great flood of physical relief from hunger and fatigue, looking out gratefully into the twilight spring beauty of the city streets.

He had heated a great bowl of pink macaroni; the toast was a mountain big enough even for the famished pair. He sat at the end of the kitchen table and ate from his bowl. Sardines, macaroni, toast and tea—it was a feast.

"This is food, honey girl!"

"Oh, *food!*" She poured the steaming water. "They—they can h-have their English hunt breakfasts!" she half laughed, half sobbed.

"Lord," said Scott simply, "what swill!"

"Oh, Scotty, don't—or I shall have hysterics!"

"You ought to be dead," he said concernedly, "but you look gorgeous!"

Maryland put up her feet upon a chair rung, rocked easily, considered.

"I've turned the corner," she said thoughtfully. "It's over, the sick part. I *feel* it. I'm going to be gorgeous from now on."

"I believe it. You were—before," Scott said, struck. He pushed back his chair, lighted a cigarette. "Say, listen, I've got something to tell you," he said.

Maryland had heard the tone before; it always meant something unexpected. The raise three years ago he had announced in just that tone, and later the first suspicion—groundless enough, but pleasant to dream about—that when Baker retired, he, Scotty, might have the mail order department.

"You had a talk with Floyd?" she hazarded.

"Nope," he said. "But do you know why they had Billy Brooks down there?" he began.

"Why? No," Maryland said definitely, interested eyes on Scott's face.

Scott stretched his long body luxuriously.

"Old C.P. wants to borrow money from him—that's the long and short of it!" he said.

"Wants——" Maryland's face was bewildered. "*Who* wants to borrow from *who?*" she demanded amazedly.

"Iverson and Ivers—from Brooks," Scott said, in satisfaction.

"But—but has Billy Brooks money?"

"You bet your life he has money—he's coining money. And old Ivers gets on to it and wants to get his fingers in," said Scott.

"But—does the firm need money?"

"Brooks says it does—he and I had a long talk, driving in. He says they're up against a panic," Scott elucidated.

"I don't believe it!" Maryland said, stupefied. Scott smoked in silence, his eyes narrowed to thoughtful slits. "But what a chance for little Billy Brooks!" she said in awe. "He can buy right back into the firm—after all the things they said about him! Scott," she added in alarm, "you don't suppose there's any question of Iverson and Ivers surviving the panic, do you? What on earth would we do——"

"Oh, they'll not crash!" Scott said, unruffled. "But maybe they'll take Phil out of the mail orders after a while, and I



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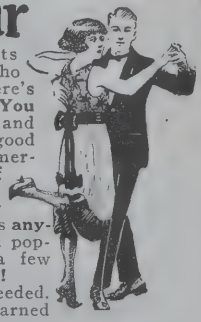
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suppose they'll do a lot of squealing and cutting down. I don't know—it kind of got me today," continued Scott musingly, "Mrs. Floyd and the old man making such a fuss about Billy because he's made good and they can use him, and you and I and the McGavins standing round and admiring—and taking what was left——"

"Yes, I know," Maryland said quickly, with hot cheeks, as he paused.

"You and your poor little cup of tea," Scott added. "Well, it wasn't much, and perhaps it was nobody's fault. But my father worked for them, and your father, and you and I have. I saw you ask for the tea—and a while later I spoke of it. And you didn't get it. But Billy Brooks—who sold out—who threw them down hard eight years ago, you bet your life Billy couldn't ask for anything and not get it. Floyd has put him up at all his clubs——"

"Yes, I know. Well, I suppose that is just life!" Maryland interpolated again in an uncomfortable silence.

"Well, it's not *my* life!" Scott said in a low growl.

"And so Billy Brooks comes back into the firm?" Maryland mused.

Her husband roused suddenly from deep thought.

"No, that's what I wanted to speak to you about. No, Brooks wouldn't touch 'em with a ten foot pole!"

Maryland looked at him steadily and her cheeks grew red.

"Billy Brooks wouldn't invest in Iverson and Ivers?" she asked incredulously.

"He said it wasn't worth his while to bother—he never liked Floyd much anyway!"

"Scott Waterman, is he losing his mind?"

"Well, that's what he *said.*"

"But—Iverson and Ivers! Why—why, they're among the richest men in the country. Why—father used to say——"

"Oh, now, hold on, dear! They're prosperous and all that. But there's a thousand firms that make them look pretty small. A turnover of half a million a year sounds big——"

"Half a million! I should say it does——"

"But as Brooks says there are two big families in it, girls in college and all that—and younger Ivers's widow drawing down a big fat check every month, and about six establishments going—he says they'll have to trim their sails a little bit this year. Things aren't the way they used to be."

Maryland, sipping tea, was silent, her eyes astonished, thoughtful, not at all displeased.

"Isn't that astonishing, Scott? The *Iversons!*" she said softly, after a while.

"You bet your life it's astonishing." Scott drew a deep breath of content and vigor. "Got to look out for letting a business run down," he said.

"Scott, what would you do if you ever had to go—somewhere else?" Maryland asked fearfully.

"Do? Hundreds of things. World's full of things I could do," Scott said hardily. "Brooks told Floyd that he wanted me today," he added. "I thought he was joking—he told me tonight he wasn't joking at all!"

"I hope Floyd Iverson knew he wasn't joking!" cried Maryland anxiously.

"I don't know whether he did or not. Anyway I told Floyd that after October first Phil could run the mail order department alone," Scott said boldly.

Maryland half opened her mouth, stared, blinked, tossed her head.

"Good—good for you!" she said breathlessly.

"Brooks tells me that Iverson and Ivers always let their good men go," Scott said, leaning back and hooking his fingers in his vest armholes. "Brooks wants to know if you and I would consider the South American office. I told him——"

"Scott Waterman! But what would the Iversons say? Scott—but you're not considering it? South America—my aunt lives there! But Scott—but Scott——" She came to a breathless pause, her eyes shining. "You mean—after the baby comes—we might really go on to a big ship—no more city apartment—no—no more Iversons, Scott?"

"I mean—when we come back *we'll* be the big fish at Beachways, Dixieland!"

"Wouldn't it be—wouldn't it be—just too glorious if we could manage it, Scotty! But—but you'd never get another promotion from Floyd Iverson—if we had to come back and beg for the old job!"

"Before I do that," Scott said quietly, "I'll scuttle a ship in the West Indies and go in for piracy on the high seas!"

"Before I do that," said Maryland, bright tears in her eyes, "I'll open a boarding house, American style, in Buenos Aires and our little b-boys and girls can p-pick up kindling—or whatever they burn—in the streets."

"I'm going to Floyd first thing in the morning," Scott said, "and tell him that it's all right about Phil, and that it's all right about Bostwick getting a raise, and Cutter getting a raise, and his putting me off by telling me that I was one of their own boys—had to be patient. *But*—that on account of my wife and family I'm going to take up Mr. Brooks's offer——"

"Ah, doesn't he sound sweet! 'Family'!" said Maryland in an aside.

"And then I'm going to see Brooks," pursued Scott, "and tell him that I'm out of a job, and that my wife expects a baby——"

"Scott, isn't it fun!" It was a Maryland he had never seen before; a Maryland with dancing eyes and pink cheeks. "You're—you're pretty sure he's in earnest?" she asked.

"Sure? Why, here's the way he began. He said, 'Waterman, I need a new man—not too old, not too young, about your age. Where can I get him? The nearer you make him like you, the more I'll pay!'"

"But Scotty—suppose it was more than fifty-two-fifty a week?"

"*Suppose!* It'll be darn near five thousand—don't you fool yourself! And traveling expenses, too."

"A big, soft, woolly coat, and lots of thin things—Mrs. Brooks was talking to me about it today!" said Maryland in a tranced voice.

"You bet your life!" He had his big arm about her; she was kissing him between phrases as he knelt beside the old rocker.

"Ah, Scotty—not to have to go to the firm parties any more, and to luncheons like today! Isn't it wonderful—the baby



Betty's mother knew why

IT was Betty's first dip into social activity since she returned from boarding school.

Naturally, she was thrilled when the invitation came; and even more thrilled when she discovered in a roundabout way that Howard was coming back from school for the week-end to attend the same party.

Betty and Howard had been just a little more than mere good friends during their high-school days at good old Ellsworth.

Indeed, lots of folks thought they were much more than good friends. You know how a small town will jump at conclusions.

But after graduation when both went away to school—and not to the same school—things sort of changed. They wrote to each other for a while—maybe three or four letters. Then somehow or other the correspondence died off.



Howard never looked more charming than he did that evening

Betty was the last one to write, too. She never really got over that—in fact, she never really succeeded in putting him quite out of her mind. * * *

Howard never looked more gorgeous than he did that evening. And Betty found herself more fond of him than ever. The whole party quickly focused itself around her anticipation of the first dance with him.

They did dance—but only once.

And all the rest of the evening Howard devoted to girls who were really much less charming than she.

Betty could actually feel people commenting on Howard's strange lack of attention to her. She knew what they were saying even without hearing their remarks.

Betty went home broken-hearted. She might never have known the reason but her mother, quick to perceive, and courageous enough to talk frankly with her daughter. knew why and told her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

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coming, and this change, and all his little things for the trip—and being young—and loving each other——"

Scotty kissed the top of her soft hair proudly, belligerently.

"I never would have taken Brooks up in joke that way, and if I hadn't he never would have opened up on the trip in that way, if it hadn't been for your little old cup of tea!" he growled. "I would have stuck to the firm forever, I suppose; I would have scared off any proposition from Brooks, never seeing the drift of it. But my wife is going to be able to have a cup of tea at the Beachways Country Club or any other gol darned club in the world if she wants it! Bella Iverson and Mrs. Floyd and Buck's wife aren't going to have anything on me! You looked so tired and so sweet sitting there, darling," he added tenderly, "and you asked for tea twice in your polite little voice. And just because they were so busy making up to the Brookses—who have all the money now—my darling, white-faced, spirited little old girl goes hungry! By golly, I'm as big a man as any of them. And I'm *free*. I'm throwing up my job, I've got a lot of responsibilities coming, and tomorrow I'm going to tell Iverson and Ivers they can go to—they can go plumb to——" He stopped, scowling, flushed, smiling at her.

"Hell!" said Maryland sweetly, softly, dreamily, in the silence. And she kissed him.

Kathleen Norris's rare insight turns on the Bohemianism of Greenwich Village in "Blindman's Buff," a fine story of young love in March COSMOPOLITAN.

The Desert Healer

(Continued from page 53)

"We quarreled. I left him," she repeated monotonously.

"Did he marry you?"

"No. I—I told you. We quarreled." There was a touch of asperity in her fretful voice.

"Did he want to marry you? Was the rupture your fault or his?"

For a long time there was no answer; then a whispered "Mine" came to him almost inaudibly.

"And the Count Sach?"

"There is no Count Sach."

He turned away with a shrug of hopeless perplexity. He had learned all he cared to know. By no argument or reasoning was she entitled to his further bounty. In no sense was he responsible for her. In no sense? With his black brows drawn together in the heavy scowl that was so characteristic, he paced from end to end of the long room, wrestling with himself.

And on the sofa where she sat immovable the woman watched the passing and repassing of the tall, stately figure with glittering eyes that were hard with doubt and fear. What would he do? And gradually the thought came to her that if she could ever have loved anyone she might have loved this man.

He came to her at last and she stumbled to her feet to meet him. He spoke swiftly, in a voice that was hoarse and strained. He would settle nothing on her, but because she had been his wife, because of the child she had borne him, he would make her an allowance to be paid quarterly through his solicitors.

With averted head and tightly compressed lips she listened to him in silence and when he finished speaking she made no comment and she gave him no thanks. And no further word was spoken between them until she left the villa in his carriage, driven by Hosein, whose silent tongue could be depended upon.

As the sound of the wheels died away Carew went back into the house. His face was drawn and gray and his usually elastic step dragged as he passed slowly through the empty halls and across the moonlit courtyard to his own rooms at the back of the house and from there out on to the veranda. For an instant he stood, his haggard eyes upraised to the starry brilliance of the sky; then with a groan that seemed almost to burst his heart he dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER IX

THE first pale streaks of dawn were stealing across the sky before Carew stirred from the chair into which he had dropped two hours before to face the knowledge that had come to him in that tense moment of self-understanding in the little winter garden at the Palace. Stunned by the realization of his own feelings, racked by the painful scene following his return to the villa, at first concrete thought had been impossible. His whole ability to will and do, his whole mental and physical being seemed crushed under a weight of sorrow that for the time was paralyzing. He felt numbed, conscious only of the suffering that, clogging his brain, reacted on his body, leaving him inert and lifeless.

But gradually his mind cleared and he was able to think more calmly. He loved. For the second time in his life he loved. But the greater, deeper, more wonderful emotion he had only just realized was as the dust of ashes in his mouth. There was no joy, no hope in this new love. There was only the pain of renunciation and the bitter knowledge that he had brought sorrow to her for whose sake he would gladly die rather than that even a shadow should cross her path.

For that she also loved him he knew beyond all doubt. He had read it in her eyes, he had heard it in the anguished tones of her voice when the thought of his peril had driven her to self-betrayal as she listened to his story of the finish of Abdul el Dhib. The pain that was his was hers also. The thought was torment. Had she not already enough to bear without this additional burden of a love that could never be satisfied?

He wanted her, above his very hope of Heaven he wanted her. The barriers of defense he had raised about himself were torn away at last. The dead heart that

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had lain cold and lifeless within him was alive once more. Passion-swept, and seething with jealousy, he made no effort to stem the elemental impulses that seemed suddenly let loose, and for a time only the primitive man in him existed, urging his desperate need until even murder seemed justifiable to obtain her—the murder of the one who stood between him and what he wanted. Geradine! What was the life of such a brute compared with her happiness and well-being! Was it murder to rid the earth of such scum, to free her from the tyranny that was killing her, body and soul?

But was there no easier way to follow? Was there not the way that others had taken—the way that would free her from a life of bondage, that would give him his heart's desire? What was scruple to stand between them! They had only one life to live—and she loved him. She would come to him—*if* he made her. And for her own sake he would make her . . .

A shudder passed over him and something seemed to snap suddenly in his brain, dispelling the madness of the last few moments and leaving him aghast at the horror of his own thoughts. Conscience-smitten, he saw himself as he was, fallen from his high estate, crashed from his pinnacle of self-righteous exaltation . . .

It was long before he stirred to move slowly with cramped limbs and aching head to the edge of the veranda, where he leaned wearily against the pillar that supported the green tiled roof, staring with haggard eyes across the garden at the brightening dawn—a dawn that for once gave him no pleasure.

It was over and done with—the wonderful glimpse of happiness that could never be. There was only one road to follow, the lonely road that had been his for so many years, but lonelier, more desolate now than it had ever been. For her sake and for the sake of what honor was left to him he must go, and go at once.

And yet how could he go, how could he leave her knowing what her life would be, knowing what she must still endure and suffer at the hands of the drunken bully who possessed her? Was he to leave her at the mercy of such a man? Even that he must do. She was not his—she was Geradine's wife. Geradine's wife—God help her! And his daily, hourly torment would be to know her so.

The sky was aflame, the garden resounding with the early songs of birds when he at last regained his self-control. He was going back to the camp near Blidah; to go farther was impossible while Sanois's arrangements were still incomplete. There was no other course for him to take, no other way by which he could effectually prevent any further meeting between them. With a little shiver he turned and went heavily into the house.

As he entered the bedroom the door on the farther side opened and Hosein came in with his usual noiseless tread. He offered no explanation for his appearance at an unusual hour and Carew asked for none; but knowing the man, he was positive that the big Arab had spent the night watching and waiting for his master's coming. Though he said nothing, his mere presence was a relief, and the customary stolidity with which he received his unexpected orders made the giving of them easier. Only a quicker service, a gentler



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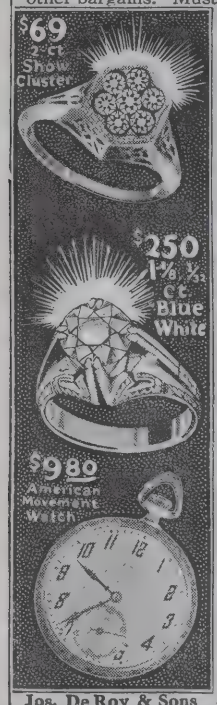
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handling of the garments tossed to him denoted an understanding that was more profound than Carew even guessed at. Patently pleased to be preparing for the road again, he was packing suitcases and holdalls with methodical deftness when Carew came back from his bath.

But later, the actual moment of departure came, when his escort leaped to their horses while he himself mounted with less haste and lingered a few moments to give some final directions to Hosein, who was to stay behind for a time, Carew would have given all he possessed to be able to remain in the town he had been longing for weeks to leave. It took all his resolution to persevere in the course he had determined upon and give his followers the signal for which they were waiting.

At the head of his little troupe he rode away with unaccustomed slowness and with a feeling of reluctance that grew momentarily greater as each stride of the big bay carried him farther from the villa.

Was it strength or weakness that was driving him from her? Again he wrestled with the temptation of a few hours ago, a temptation that was fiercer, more gripping even than it had been before. Her pitiful helplessness seemed to make his flight the act of a craven. Of what use were the physical powers with which he was endowed if his strength could not save her from the life of misery to which she was condemned?

The road he was following led past de Granier's villa. A sudden impulse came to him to look on the house that held the woman he loved—an impulse that was a species of subtle self-torture which even to himself seemed incomprehensible and to which he yielded with a feeling of contempt. Pulling Suliman up sharply, he swung to the ground and flinging the reins to the Arab he beckoned forward, bade his escort ride on and wait for him beyond the villa. Standing where he had dismounted he watched them pass, and the last couple were some distance from him before he turned to the hillside where a tiny path wound upward between the close growing trees.

A few minutes' stiff climb and the path curved abruptly to the left, whence it extended more or less level in the same direction as the road that lay some fifty or sixty feet below. His pace slackened as he neared the cross track that led down to the garden entrance of the Villa des Ombres, and in a revulsion of feeling he cursed the weakness that had brought him there. But having come thus far he was unwilling to retrace his steps, and jerking his shoulders back with a characteristic gesture of impatience he moved slowly forward with noiseless tread along the winding path that curved and twisted round the boles of the big trees.

As he rounded the trunk of an exceptionally large tree, the jutting roots of which made necessary a more than usually wide detour, he came to a sudden halt with a quick intake of breath that was almost a groan. With clenching hands and madly racing heart he stared at the girlish figure lying huddled amongst the undergrowth almost at his feet. Her face was hidden and she lay very still; so still that a terrible thought came to him, parching his mouth and blanching his face under the deep tan. He tried to whisper her name but no sound issued from his stiff lips; and unable to speak, unable to move, time was a thing forgotten while he struggled with the paralyzing fear that held him motionless.

He never knew how long it was before she stirred, before the faint echo of a smothered sob allayed the dread that had taken hold of him and lessened the strangling grip that seemed clutching at his throat. Not trusting himself to touch her, he waited with an almost bursting heart for her to realize his presence.

And as once before in the opera house, so now did she seem gradually to become aware of the steady stare fixed on her. With a shuddering sigh she sat up slowly. Then stumbling to her feet, she stood before him, swaying, struggling to regain her composure, striving to formulate the conventional greeting her trembling lips could scarcely utter.

"Sir Gervas——"

He guessed rather than heard the fluttering whisper. But before he could answer, before he could wrench his gaze from the pain-filled eyes that were wavering under his, he saw her stiffen suddenly and shrink from him with a backward glance of apprehension.

"What—who——" she muttered hoarsely.

And, listening, he too heard the sound that had startled her—the deep murmur of men's voices raised in heated altercation that came echoing up the hillside from the roadway beneath them. The voices of his own men, as he knew. But what did she think? And the anger and hatred that was seething within him flamed anew as he watched her leaning white-lipped and shivering against the trunk of the giant cork tree and wondered how long it would be before that delicate organism and highly strung nervous system finally succumbed to the brutal treatment that was slowly but steadily reducing her to a physical and mental wreck. Forcing his voice to naturalness, he answered her reassuringly.

"It's only my men—arguing as usual, the noisy devils."

She looked at him strangely.

"Your men——" she repeated dully.

Pulling herself erect she turned abruptly and walked unsteadily to the edge of the steep descent. Through the intervening trees she could see them clustered at the foot of the hill. What did this unusual following portend? In Algiers—for she had seen him many more times than he knew—he always rode alone. Was this the end at last, the time she had looked forward to with dread—the time when he would ride out of her life forever?

She turned and went slowly back to him. A cigarette between his lips, he was leaning against the tree where she had leaned, his face an impassive mask that baffled her. Was the fleeting glimpse of a totally different expression she had seemed to see in his eyes a few minutes ago only the effect of her own over-strained imagination? Was she such a fool that she could have thought for one moment of wild sweet happiness that her love and longing could have begotten his love?

The restraint she imposed on herself made her voice cold and hard as she uttered the question she nerved herself to ask.

"You are going away?"

"Yes."



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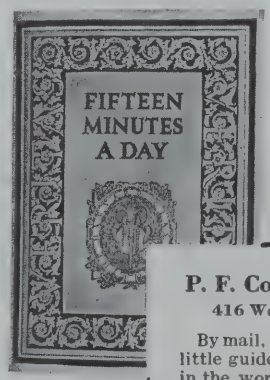
He sits in moody silence under the lamp. The click of her needles is the only sound that breaks the veil of depression in the room.

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Despite herself she winced at the brief syllable.

"Back to the desert?"

"Yes."

"For good?"

"For good," he answered firmly.

She turned from him quickly to hide the tears that blinded her. But a sob she had not the strength to restrain betrayed her. Almost inaudible it was, but he heard it.

"*Marny!*"

The cry was wrung from him. And the next moment she was in his arms, clinging to him despairingly, weeping as he had not believed it possible for a woman to weep. Unmanned by her sudden breakdown, aghast at the terrible sobs that seemed to be tearing the slender little body to pieces, he strained her to him with passionate strength. "Marny, Marny, for God's sake—don't cry like that! Your tears are torturing me."

But conscious only of the shelter of his arms, too weak to struggle against the feelings she had so long suppressed, she was powerless to check the storm of emotion that overwhelmed her. Lying inert against him, her face hidden in his robes, she sobbed her heart out on his until the violence of her grief terrified him and he caught her closer, bending his tall head till his cheek was resting on her tumbled hair, whispering words of love and entreaty.

"Have pity on me, child, you are breaking my heart. Do you think I can bear to see you weep? Marny, my love, my love."

Her arm slid up and round his neck.

"Oh, let me cry!" she moaned. "For five years I've had to be a thing of stone. If I don't cry now I shall go mad."

A spasm swept across his face and his own eyes were dim as he ceased to urge her, waiting patiently till the tempest of her tears should pass. And gradually the tearing sobs ceased and she regained control of herself.

Still holding her, he raised her head with gentle force. Her eyes were closed, the thick, dark lashes lying wet on her tear-stained cheek, and the hungry longing to touch them with his lips was almost more than he could withstand.

"Won't you look at me, Marny? Am I never to see your dear eyes again?" he murmured huskily.

A tremor passed through her and for a moment she did not respond. Then the dusky lashes fluttered faintly, and slowly the heavy lids unclosed. For long they looked, staring as though into each other's souls, and against her tender breasts she felt the violent beating of his heart.

A quivering sigh escaped her. "Gervas—oh, Gervas, Gervas!" she whispered, and lifted her face to his. The sadness in his eyes deepened into anguish and his firm mouth trembled as he shook his head.

"I mustn't kiss you, dear. Your lips are his—not mine, God help me! I haven't even the right to touch you. I'm a cur to hold you in my arms like this, but I can't let you go—not yet, not yet, my darling."

His voice broke, and insensibly his arm tightened round her, crushing her to him with a force of which he was unaware. She turned her head with a little sob.

"How could we know that this would come to us—how could we know that we would care?" she cried. "I never thought you loved me. I thought it was only I who—who——" She clenched her teeth on her lips, fighting the sobs that were rising in her throat. "Oh, why was it you that came that night near Blidah!" she burst out passionately. "What did my life matter? And I—I who would die for you, I've brought you unhappiness. Gervas, why don't you hate me?"

"I thought I did—once," he answered with a twisted smile, and brushed the shining hair tenderly from off her forehead.

Physical pain had been forgotten in the mental agony that swamped her; but now, remembering, too late she tried to stop him and he had seen the ugly wound on her white brow before her flying hand reached his. A sharp exclamation broke from him.

"What have you done to yourself? *My God, has he dared——*" His face was ghastly and the look in his blazing eyes terrified her. Fearful of the consequences of his anger, fearful of she knew not what, she lied to shield the husband who had struck her.

"No—no——" she panted. "I slipped—I slipped in my room last night."

Love and intuition told him that she was lying and he put her from him with a groan of helpless misery. And free of his supporting arm she slid to the ground, for her limbs were trembling under her. He sat down near her, staring gloomily before him.

Her hand stole out timidly and touched his. "What are we going to do?" She waited long for his answer, so long that she wondered if he had heard the faint whisper, and her trembling fingers tightened on his arm. "Gervas, speak to me," she entreated.

"What is there for me to say," he answered, and his voice was harsh with the effort speech cost him. "There is nothing to do but the one hard thing that is left to us. We have got to forget that this morning has ever been. We have got to forget everything but the fact that you are bound, that you are not free to come to me. If there were some other way, if I could have taken you——" He tore his eyes from her face and leaped to his feet. "But there is no other way," he cried with sudden violence. "I can't take you. You've got to forget, and forgive me—if you can."

She buried her face in her hands.

"Forget!" she wailed. "Will you forget?"

"Not in this life nor in the life to come," he whispered swiftly.

With a sob that wrung his heart she flung out her arms appealingly. "I can't bear it, Gervas, I can't live without you!"

He caught the outstretched hands in his and drew her to her feet.

"Don't make it harder for me, dear. God knows it's hard enough," he said unsteadily. "I love you. I want you—more than anything in Heaven and earth I want you—but I've got to leave you. Help me to do the right thing, Marny. Help me to go now, while I have the strength."

But with a broken little cry she clung to him, her eyes beseeching.

"I can't, I can't! I'm not strong like you. I can't let you go yet—not altogether—not back to the desert. Stay—only stay till we leave," she pleaded. "It won't be long, only a few weeks——"

"My dear, what help will it be if I do stay?" he said wearily. "It will only make it harder for both of us."

But frantically she urged him. "Please, please," she entreated. "Oh, I can't explain—I don't know what I feel myself—but there seems to be something awful coming nearer and nearer to me and I'm frightened—*I'm frightened!* If I could know you were in Algiers it would make it easier—I shouldn't feel so—alone. Gervas, if you love me, stay till we go."

"If it will help you," he said gently, "if my being in Algiers will make it easier for you, I will stay until you go. But more I cannot do. This has got to be the end, Marny. We've got to say good by to each other. I mustn't see you again—I daren't see you again."

A deadly faintness came over her. Numbly she felt him take her hands and hold them crushed against his face. And through the surging in her ears she heard his voice, far off and muffled as though coming from some great distance.

"My dear, my dear—God keep you, now and always."

And then she knew that he was gone and a merciful blackness came over her.

There followed a week that for Carew was a period of uninterrupted suffering, suffering that seemed to grow more acute, more unbearable with each succeeding day. With nothing to look forward to, with no hope to ease the burden of his loneliness and longing, with the bitter knowledge burning into him that barely half a mile away in her prison house of misery she too was suffering, he struggled through days that seemed endless and nights that were torment.

Seeking for distraction, for anything that would occupy his enforced leisure and turn the trend of his thoughts, he offered his services to Morel and toiled in the scientist's laboratory from early morning till late in the evening, endeavoring by hard work to deaden the pain that never left him.

Then came a day when a telephone message from Morel, who had received an urgent summons to Paris, put a stop to the work at the laboratory and left him to face inactivity he viewed with dismay.

The day seemed interminable. The solitary dinner he thought would never end. Afterwards, ordering coffee to be brought to him, he strolled through the silent halls and empty rooms to the veranda.

The night was singularly dark but the darkness agreed with his own gloomy thoughts and after he had finished his coffee he extinguished the reading lamp on the table near him and sat for a long time staring fixedly into the blackness.

Inaction became at last impossible. He had sat for two hours and his limbs were cramped and his head throbbing for need of physical exercise. Two more hours and he would be ready to blow his brains out, he reflected with a dreary laugh. Going to his bedroom he changed quickly into Arab dress and left the house unseen.

Beyond the door in the wall he hesitated. Then with a shrug and a muttered oath he turned in the direction of de Granier's villa. To torture himself by gazing on the house was not to see her, he argued. By no reasoning could he be said to be breaking the resolution he had made. The road was free to him as to any other. And what chance was there of seeing her at this time of night? Jerking his heavy cloak back, he stopped to light a cigarette and then strode on with the slow step to which flowing robes had accustomed him.

For a time it appeared as if no other



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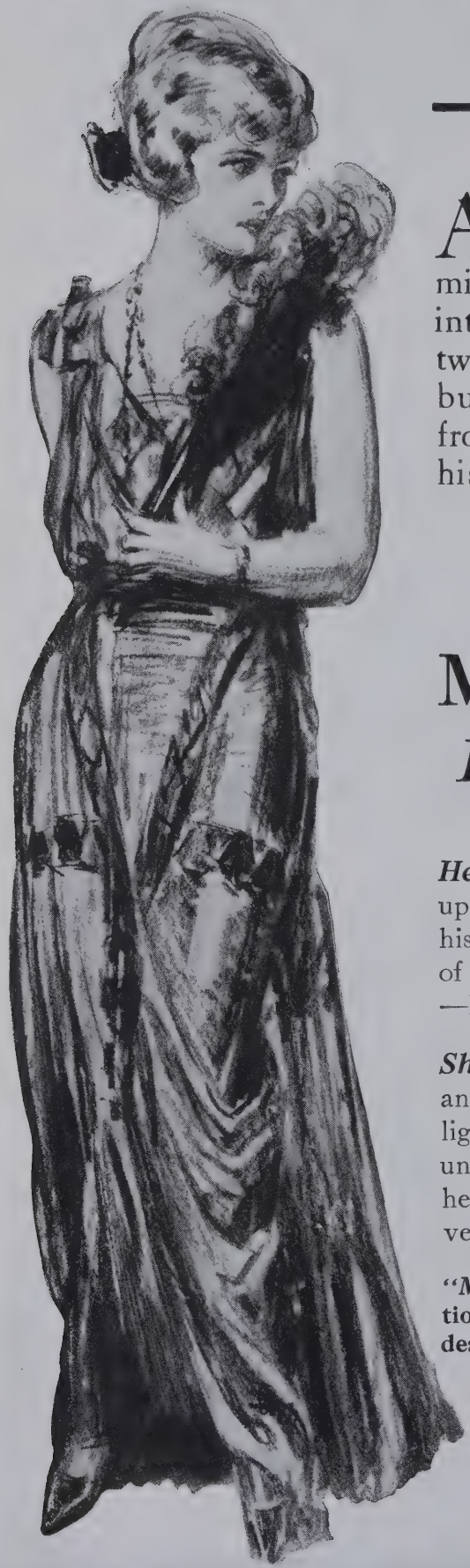
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midnight wanderers were abroad, but as he neared the high enclosing wall of the Villa des Ombres his quick ears caught the sound of hurrying, stumbling feet and the raucous intonations of a voice he recognized. Instinctively he shrank into the deeper shadow of the wall as Tanner, the English groom, reeled past him with words that seemed to turn the blood in his veins to ice.

"The swine, the swine—the blasted swine! 'E'll do 'er in, by Gawd, 'e will! 'Ow she screamed—and the damned door locked so as I couldn't get in! And 'im mad drunk—the beast! My Gawd, my Gawd, what'll I do? I'll 'ear them screams till I die!" And sobbing and blaspheming in impotent rage the little man tore on and vanished into the night.

But towards the house from which the groom had fled Carew was racing with a deadly fear knocking at his heart. The gates were open and, panic-driven, he dashed along the carriage drive and up the steps of the villa, hurling himself against the door which, unbarred, gave way before him. In the dimly lighted entrance hall he stumbled and almost fell headlong over the prostrate figure of an Arab who moaned and writhed on the marble floor. Callous to everything but the one ghastly fear that gripped him, Carew kicked his feet clear of the man's robes and shook him roughly.

But the fiercely uttered question died on his lips as a piercing shriek rang through the silent house. A shriek that was followed by others so terrible, so frenzied, that for a moment he reeled under the horror of them. And with the agonizing screams was mingled the sound of a man's raving and other more pregnant sounds that drove Carew to the verge of madness.

With a groan he leaped to the door of the room where was the woman he loved; but locked from within, it resisted his furious onslaught. As well acquainted with the villa as he was with his own, he knew that to force it was impossible. Desperately he wrenched at the handle; then a sudden thought came that sent him flying down the corridor. There was another door leading into the drawing room, a secret door that, flush with the wall and hidden by curtains, was possibly unknown to the tenants who had rented the house. Reaching the anteroom with which it communicated and tearing aside the embroidered hangings, he flung his whole weight against the fragile panels, crashing through into the room beyond.

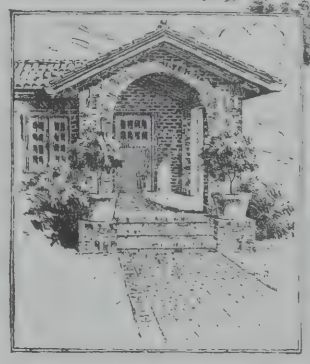
One sweeping glance sufficed him. Dragging his eyes from the battered little body stretched almost at his feet, he crouched for an instant, stiffening like a wild beast preparing to spring, his face the face of a madman.

And startled by his sudden appearance, too blind with passion to recognize the man who had gone through the sandstorm with him, Geradine saw in the tall robed figure facing him only an unknown Arab who had dared to force a violent entrance into his house and he flung forward with a savage snarl, brandishing the heavy hunting crop with which he had flogged his wife into insensibility.

"You damned nigger!" he bellowed. "What the hell——"

But with the sound of his voice Carew sprang, his clenched fist driving straight at the other's mouth. For a second Geradine staggered; then with a roar of mingled pain and fury he slashed with the crop at





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Carew's face. But the blow fell short and the next moment two powerful arms closed round him. Though strong above the average, his life of intemperance had unfitted him for any protracted struggle; and tonight, wearied already by his outburst of savagery and not sober enough to use with advantage what strength he had, he was helpless in the grip of the muscular hands that seemed to be crushing the life out of him. Choked with the strangling hold on his throat, he was almost unconscious when the clutching fingers slid suddenly to his arm and he was forced to his knees.

And with the whip that was still wet with her blood Carew avenged the woman who lay so deathly still beside him. Maddened with the thought of her suffering, he wielded the heavy weapon till Geradine's coat and shirt were torn to ribbons, crimson stained and sticky, till his moans became fainter and finally died away, till his own arm grew tired with the punishment he inflicted. Only then did he fling the whip from him. Scarcely glancing at the inert figure sprawled face downwards on the floor, indifferent whether he had killed him or not, he turned slowly to that other pitiful little figure and, hardly conscious of what he did, tore the burnous from his shoulders and wrapping it round her lifted her into his arms and carried her away.

The hall was empty as he passed through it. But he was oblivious of the apparently deserted house, oblivious of everything but the slight burden he held. As if in a dream, his mind almost a blank, he followed mechanically the road by which he had come half an hour before. And not until he had reached his own villa, until, led by instinct rather than definite reasoning, he found himself in his own bedroom, did the dream-like feeling pass and he awoke to realize what he had done. But that could wait. At the moment only she mattered.

Laying her on the bed he stripped the blood-wet silken rags from her lacerated shoulders, wincing in agony as they clung to the delicate broken flesh his trembling lips covered with passionate kisses. But he was doctor as well as lover, and forcing his shaking fingers to steadiness he bathed the cruel wounds with tender skill, doing all that was possible for her comfort before he dropped to his knees to wait till she should regain consciousness. And when at last she stirred it was some time before recognition dawned in the dazed eyes that were gazing blankly into his. But the sudden joy that filled them faded swiftly into a look of terrible fear.

With a cry that grayed his face she flung herself into his arms.

"Don't let him get me! Don't—let—him—get me!" she shrieked again and again, till the horror of it was more than he could bear and he crushed her face against him to stifle the sounds he knew would ring in his ears while life lasted.

"Hush, hush!" he whispered almost fiercely. "It's done—it's finished. He will never touch you again. You need never see him again. Lie still and rest. There's not a soul who knows where you are but me."

Even in the extremity of her terror his voice had power to soothe her and she relaxed in his arms with a shuddering sob. For a long time he held her silently, fighting the biggest battle of his life, striving to subdue self, to think only for her. But her nearness made thought impossible and at last, in despair, he sought to rise. She clung to him then with a murmur of entreaty.

"Let me go, dear," he muttered. "I've got to think—I've got to think what is best to do." And tenderly he put aside her trembling hands.

Fear fled back into her eyes as she watched him cross the room to the open window, and slipping from the bed she waited for what seemed an eternity, shaking with weakness, afraid to question him, even afraid for the moment of the man himself.

When at length he spoke, in a voice that was almost unrecognizable, he did not look at her.

"I can get you out of Algiers—that is easy. But to whom shall I take you? Where are your people?"

For a moment she stared in dazed unbelief; then with a pitiful sob she staggered nearer to him.

"Gervas, don't you love me—don't you want me?"

His face was anguished as he flung towards her.

"Want you? *My God!*" he groaned. "But it's not what I want that matters. It is you I am thinking of. You are Geradine's wife—I can't take you. I can't dishonor you. I can't drag you through the mud——"

"Mud!" she echoed with a terrible laugh. "What mud could you drag me through that would be worse than the mud that has choked me for five ghastly years? Gervas, Gervas, I've come to the end. I can't fight any more. I can't bear any more. I've no one to turn to—no people—no friends. There's nobody in all the world who can help me—but you. If you won't save me I will kill myself. I swear it. Oh, Gervas, have pity! Take me away. I'm safe only with you. I'll be your servant—your slave—anything you will—only save me, save me! If I see him again I shall go mad—*mad*——"

She was at his feet, clasping his knees, her upturned face wild and distorted with terror. And as he swept her up into his arms with a gasp of horrified protest and looked into her frenzied eyes he knew that she was very near to madness now. But still he hesitated.

"You know what it will mean if I take you with me into the desert?"

"I know, I know," she sobbed. "It will mean Heaven and rest and joy unspeakable. And I—who have lived in Hell! Oh, Gervas, give me the chance of happiness!"

It was not what he meant, but he saw that she was past understanding. Only by keeping her could he avert the mental breakdown which was imminent. To save her reason he must do that for which his heart was clamoring, that which he had determined never to do.

And in the light that leaped involuntarily into his eyes she read his answer even before he stooped his lips to her trembling mouth.

Powerful as "The Desert Healer" has been, you will not get its full thrill until the end—in the next—the March COSMOPOLITAN.

Ponjola

(*Continued from page 82*)

CHAPTER XX

THERE was one thing still to do before she left a country that had made her so happy yet added the last drop of gall to her cup. She must complete the wheel of events that would make Druro secure from the danger of suffering for a tragedy he was not responsible for, and which she herself had precipitated. A fortunate coincidence had enabled her to do this so far as the law was concerned. But she still feared Druro himself if his memory of that night's doings should return as suddenly as it had gone. She knew him well enough to be sure that if he remembered his part in the tragedy, the whole court business would be to do over again. He would never let her rest under the shadow of *his* fault. But that horrible resurgence must be avoided at all costs. It could do no good and would only cause infinite pain and trouble, with no great difference to the ultimate issue—for there was not the smallest doubt that Druro must come out of it as scot free as she herself—except the world's knowledge that he had on his hands, though only by accident, the blood of Gaynor Lypiatt's husband!

The world should never know it, nor Druro himself suffer the knowledge if she could help it. Not much could be done to circumvent the chance, but at least it was wise to remove any object liable to provoke in his mind a remembrance of that fateful night; and the object most distinctly liable to do this existed at the Jubilate Deo in the form of that hut where the fight occurred. She felt certain that, if he went into that hut, a vision of the whole scene would rise up to his eyes just as it would to hers when she saw again those rough dagga walls, the packing case table and the polished red floor of the old mortuary!

Her plan, then, was to destroy the hut by fire; an easy matter with that thatched roof—but it must be done soon. There was no time to waste, for though she had ascertained that Druro had been taken straight back to hospital after his appearance in court, she knew that he would not delay a moment longer than he could help but get back to his mine and all its wondrous promises for the future.

It did not bear lingering on too much, the thought of that wondrous future of his. Enough that she knew what his intentions were—given the money to carry them out. He had made no secret of them that day at Sombwelo ranch. He was going to wrench the woman he loved from the arms of his enemy and take her for his own, far away—*Ho-la-lè-la!* And now all the money he could want was his for the seeking at the Jubilate Deo, while the need for "wrenching" had been laid aside forever.

True, Gay was going to have a child—he did not know that yet, and when he did it might well dash with wormwood the sweetness of the draught at his lips. It was a barrier, but not an insurmountable one. As for that old grief and pain of Gay's, which had separated them before and over which she still brooded—it must cease to exist, for they were not children any longer, trembling at a ghost in the dark. Both knew the enemy now for the beast it was and were buckled against it.



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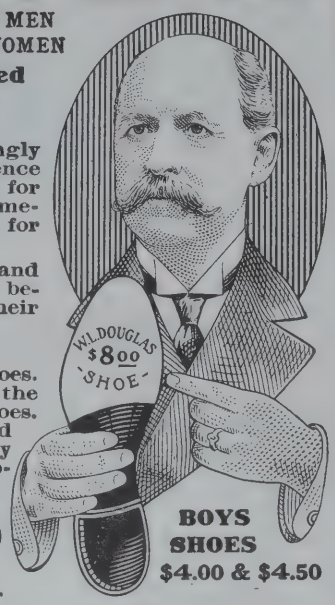
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They would not even need to fight, for, looked at with fearless eye of happiness, it must slink forever out of sight.

A first step toward execution of her plan was to reach Selukine, and Mrs. Brade procured her a car for this and was fervid to accompany her. But Desmond for this occasion preferred to be a cat that prowled alone. Incendiary operations are best carried out without witnesses! Mrs. Hope was a safe port in a storm, and one she intended to make for as soon as the coup at the Jubilate had been pulled off. Druro would still be in hospital of course. But there was little risk in that, for patients and visitors never met at Mrs. Hope's without special assignation.

"She may be full up and not able to take me in," mused Desmond as her car ate up the twenty-five miles that lay between Selukine and Wankelo. "But if there's nowhere else I can always sleep in the hospital mortuary."

Poor Desmond! Her irony had lost a little of its lightness in police courts and prisons; and her lips were forgetting to smile. Although she had been touched to the depths by the kindness and affection of Rhodesians, her heart held an unceasing ache, for the fact remained that *some* among them had spied her out and dragged her forth and stripped her to the public gaze; had broken and smashed her great adventure; had robbed her of riches and cast her forth empty.

Never, never again might she adventure as a man. That joy was finished and over, life on the veldt was vanished and ended; if anyone wanted a proof thereof they had only to look in her suitcase and they would see lying there, packed in its tissue wrappings with other soft and filmy garments, the pearl-gray gown of Shantung silk that O'Byrne had caused to be made and sent from Cape Town.

It had come to that with her!

But there was still the task at the Jubilate to accomplish, and she looked forward to it even though when she set a light to that hut it would be, in sort, a symbol of the conflagration of her life.

"A bonfire of my hopes! *Tant mieux!*" said she, "for what have hope and I to do with each other?"

It will thus be seen that Lady Tyrecastle was in sad and feckless mood when she arrived that night at the kopje whereon stood the old mission station. How different to the arrival some months before, when she drove gaily up behind Druro's mules! And how different too the camp!

Its peace of eventide had passed with the coming of the mill that now tapped vibrantly with twinkling lights at the shaft head; with the thrum and hustle of many boys in the compound; with all the sounds and indications, in fact, of a mine well forward on a career of great prosperity.

The mess hut was lighted brilliantly and cheerful voices could be heard; some of them seeming familiar to her ear as the dear scent of the violet trees was familiar and sweet in her nostrils.

Perhaps because of the noise of the mill and the evening hum in the compound no one seemed to have heard the car arrive, and she reached the plateau without incident. But there she paused, uncertain what next move to make. Her old hut stood closed and dark; it was pretty certain to have been kept locked up by

Guthrie in her absence. So there was nothing to do but go boldly to the mess and tell them she had come for her things. While getting these she could easily manage to flick a match up into the thatch, and once a hut is ablaze there's no saving it.

She came quickly to the mess door and got a swift surprise view of its occupants before any of them saw her—Guthrie's brown, shriveled face; Jimmie Spelter back in his coats of red lead and cylinder oil; the Kipper frowning thoughtfully; and last of all—O mischance and magic!—Druro, with elbows on table and absent, far-away stare. Dinner had been cleared and they were sitting over coffee and smokes. No bottle graced the board.

They all saw her at once and for a moment no one moved, so utterly were they taken aback to see the Desmond they had known, their lounging boy with the old coat and top boots and the half closed eyes and curly smile. This yarn of manslaughter and prisons and trials and countesses in disguise must have been all a nightmare dream, then! And they all jumped up together, forgetting Lady Tyrecastle and remembering only "young Desmond" as they drew her into the room gripping her hands, shaking them nearly off, asking a thousand questions as to how "he" had come there and where "he" had been. Only Druro did not say much but just looked on, smiling, with a world of friendliness in his blue eyes and Heaven knew what wonderment and humility behind them—a wonderment that had obsessed him since the day they came and told him in hospital that Desmond was a woman and the moment when he had looked upon her standing proud and indifferent, yet with a woman's sad grace and beauty, in the dock.

He knew, while the others stood eagerly talking and taking it for granted that she had come back to be as before, that they were fooling themselves. She would never come back. That epic poem had had a period put to it; that idyll of the veldt was over. He had lost a pal, the most wonderful a man ever had—the kid! There was not an incident of the whole of their friendship and association that he had not gone over during the last few days—every single day on the veldt, the fishing, the python, the revolver. Many things that had been dark were clear now. But one thing, he thought, would always be dark—the reason why she should have chosen to grace his wretched life with her friendship. Why he, the unhappy drunkard, should have seemed worth her help, her consolation, the putting forth of a rescuing hand. Fate had been good to him, and the way was clear for him in a little time to the woman whom he loved and who loved him. But this other woman, this Desmond—— well, it was strange, dazing, bewildering; but she . . . with her half man, half woman personality, she had a knowledge of him, a closeness to his soul that no one else in the world would ever have.

These things flashed through his mind while they all stood there, Desmond perfectly at home again, drinking a cup of coffee and explaining what had brought her, that the car was still waiting, and that she was due back at Mrs. Hope's. They commenced to protest and to press her to stay the night; and then suddenly their remarks petered out into silence. They were remembering the truth and *who* it was



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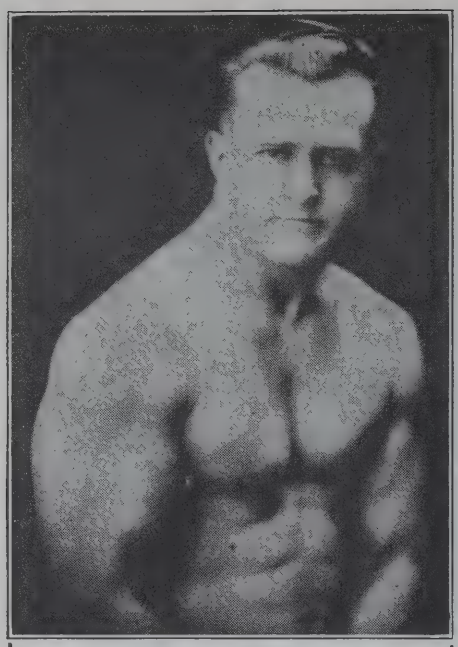


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EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
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If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

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A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come, then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you. SEND FOR MY 64-PAGE BOOK

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they were asking to stay the night in an old hut—a woman, a dramatic and beautiful creature from the great social world, someone to whom their everyday existence must have been a strange dream. They began to stare at her and look awkward. The spell of old times was broken. She hastened to mention her business of packing and made a move for her hut. They offered their services timidly, but she only smiled and said she could do it best by herself and it would not take long. Guthrie gave her the key.

"No one has been in there since—" he began.

That brought their minds racing back to the fatal reason of her leaving, and it was a silent band she left behind in the mess. Still, while she rolled her possessions together it was good to reflect that there were men just a few yards away who would come at her call. For that dim hut was horrible with memories. Once her feet slipped on the glassy floor and once she thought she heard a strange loud "crack" behind her. It was only the creak of the door, but it sped her movements noticeably, and in no time she had pitched her main baggage outside. There were still many things left—clothes, canvases, all her veldt equipment—but she thought nothing of sacrificing these to make her "accident" more realistic.

At last with the door closed, and standing in the center of the hut, she struck a match and pitched it up to the pointed roof. It failed and fell at her feet. A second did the same. Three is always an effective number and the third did the trick. With a little sizzling noise like the hiss of an adder it ran along the thatch, and she stood perfectly still while bright sparks and shrivelings of grass spattered about her. Rats had begun to scamper and a rain of cockroaches to fall before she opened the door and stepped out, pulling it to behind her and giving a shout of alarm that was unnecessary, for already the natives were racing to the smell of burning.

A moment later the whole camp was illuminated. Druro and the rest of them salvaged the baggage she had put out, but the heat was enough to roast an ox and no one could get within ten yards of the hut. Fortunately there were plenty of boys, and soon they were perched like birds on the tops of the neighboring huts, beating with wet sacks and branches to keep the conflagration from becoming general. As it was, no one sustained any material damage except Desmond herself. But she bore the loss of various possessions with great calm; only blaming herself diligently for having given so much trouble.

Druro went down to see her off, and they were together for a moment. He could not say much before the chauffeur, but he looked penetratingly at her as he observed:

"There are lots of things I must talk to you about, and I wish you'd make an opportunity shortly."

Her slouch hat was drawn low but he could see the reflection of the flames leaping and dancing in those strangely beautiful eyes.

"I'm going off soon," she answered vaguely.

"It is *that* I want to talk to you about . . . among other things. Why should you go?"

She laughed rather mirthlessly.

"It's all finished for me, Druro."



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Secretary, The Rainbow Club
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"No." He had got hold of her hand over the side of the car and it gave him a strange thrill, a sensation extraordinarily familiar, yet of which he could remember no previous occasion.

"My mind is still queer, Desmond," he said hurriedly—she had drawn her hand away—"and there are still big gaps in my memory, but some things I can never forget—things that you are mixed up with and that I must talk to you about. When? *When?*" he urged. "Fix a time now. Can I come over to Mrs. Hope's tomorrow?"

Desmond thought rapidly and miserably . . . What good was there in seeing him again? She wanted to get away from him and the memory of him; to take her wounded heart and its aching, incessant pain far from him and this sweet and cruel country. Must she undergo this agony again, of seeing his eyes and hearing his voice? She tried procrastination and vague compromise.

"I don't know . . . my plans are uncertain . . . I'll send you word . . . sometime."

But he was not going to be satisfied with that. He knew too well that type of promise that binds you to nothing, for he had made many such in his life.

"No; you *must* fix a time, Desmond. Remember, there are all sorts of things—the business of the farm, what I owe you on it, your share of this mine and"—he looked meaningly at the chauffeur's back—"and a hundred other things I can't go into here."

"I'll send and let you know," repeated Desmond.

"You *promise* that?" he insisted, and she promised at last, unwillingly enough, and he had to be satisfied, or pretend to be.

But his soul was filled with discontent and unrest as he walked slowly up the kopje. He didn't know what it was that he wanted. Life *looked* sweet enough. He had a fortune in his mine and the way was open at last that led to Gay and the fulfilment of love. Yet . . . the idea of parting with Desmond disturbed and disintegrated his joy. It was absurd, of course, but somehow he had not for a long time envisaged any picture of a future without Desmond lounging at his side. Even in contemplating marriage he had thought of Desmond still there . . . that kid! And now that the kid had proved to be a lovely and wonderful woman . . . well, of course, it wouldn't wash at all. That cock wouldn't fight, in fact.

"To hell with the sea boots," thought Lundi Druro miserably, and he felt a piercing pain as though someone had neatly and dexterously inserted a slender stiletto to the hilt under his fifth rib and left it there.

CHAPTER XXI

"YOU understand, Florence, this is not a lover's rendezvous or anything of that sort." A tristeful smile flickered over Gay Lypiatt's lips. "There is just something I have to put right between those two—Druro and Desmond—and that is why I have asked you to let me see him here."

"Of course, dearest, I understand."

Mrs. Berrington did *not* in the least, but looking at the sorrow-riven face rising like a tired lily above the weeds of mourning, she knew at least that there was no frivolous reason for the interview. Frivolity

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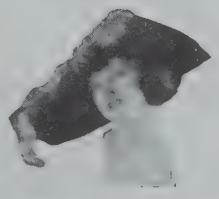
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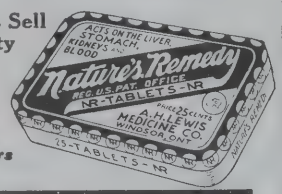
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had passed forever, with the brightness of girlhood, from Constant Lypiatt's widow; she looked a middle-aged woman, wan and drawn, as she sat there. Florence rather wondered indeed that vanity did not prevent her from meeting her old lover just at present. But then Florence did not know the true facts; one, that there was a very natural physical reason why Gay should look thus; two, that Gay was glad of the change in herself because she believed it might make her task both easier and more complete. Tomorrow she would tell Florence about the coming child and let her communicate the news to Rhodesia, thus making an end to any speculative gossip that might have arisen concerning herself and Druro.

Tonight she intended to tell Druro—that, and many other things that would help him to a happier future than he could ever know with her. It meant driving the last nail into her own coffin of worldly happiness, but Gay Lypiatt had dwelt too long with pain to shrink from the last sacrifice; and she had already tasted of the spiritual compensation that comes to those who renounce for themselves only to give with both hands to others. In a word she had found God, and He made His ways easy before her and His paths straight.

Druro came speeding through the night to her call. He had a car now, but it could not carry him quickly enough to the woman round whom his dreams were twined; the woman who had failed him once, and who had made up for it by putting her blessed hands into the gutter and dragging him up once more into the light and sunshine. He was alive again now, vital in every nerve, tingling with hope and joy of living; and he knew he was a better man than he had ever been, for by the grace of God he had conquered his own devils, which is greater victory than the conquering of cities. Yet his heart sat very still in his breast; there was sadness in it as well as joy; that piercing, knife-like pain Desmond had put there at parting still ached and burned. He did not understand it; he only wondered why it must always be that joy is tempered by some errant pain and the salt flavor of tears penetrates the sweetest cup!

This summons to Gay's side had surprised him a little. Not that he thought it unseemly; but knowing all fair and secure before them, like a man he was willing to hasten slowly and come to her after the allotted time of waiting. That it should be she who elected to ignore convention pleased yet puzzled him, but he did not give it too much thought. All that mattered was that in a few moments now he would hold her in his arms.

Yet when they stood facing each other across Florence Berrington's drawing room, there still seemed time for delay. The wild beating of his heart, the urgent passion in his veins were stilled at sight of her. He was shocked at the signs of strain, physical and mental, that were stamped on her, and instantly the quality of his love changed from something glowing and wild to a pitiful solicitude that was tenderness itself, yet fundamentally different to the vibrant urge in his veins that he had felt as he raced to love's assignation.

She had counted on this impression her changed appearance would make, and it helped her now to quell the ardor of his eyes with a quiet glance and the gentle laying of her hands on his outstretched ones.

"Sit down, Lundi. You are not entirely well yet, I can see. And I too am—delicate."

She had arranged chairs facing each other—not too close. He found himself sitting in one of them, near enough to take her hand yet not taking it, for his own were clasped loosely together between his knees while he watched those dear eyes, lilac-shadowed, that faintly smiling mouth that spoke so gently and so bravely.

"We have got to take care of ourselves, you and I, Lundi, for we are each precious to someone."

That was a strange way of putting it, he thought. But everything was strange about her today.

"So you are to be very kind and tender to me," she murmured on, "while I am telling you about all the things that concern us—and others. Will you promise that?"

"I don't quite understand, Gay, but I'll promise anything. You know that I love——"

She put out a thin hand, restraining him.

"I know, yes. In spite of all that has passed, we are very dear to each other, and I pray it may always be so. However happy you are I want you to go on loving me, and wherever I am I shall always love you as a tender sister loves a brother—Lundi!" Her hands stretched out pleadingly, for he had risen with abruptness and stood staring heavily. She too rose, and he noticed for the first time, with pain-sharpened eyes, how wearily cumbered were her movements, and that the lovely slim lines of her were blurred and lost. Yet when she spoke it, the simple truth struck him like a blow between his eyes.

"My husband left a child to me, Lundi."

He was almost felled by the blow. The ground slid under his feet, he had to put out a hand and catch on to something. He presently found that it was her hand he was holding; they were sitting facing each other once more, and she was looking at him with sweet eyes and speaking very tenderly.

"Do not be sad, dear friend. It is the first happiness I have had for so long, and ever since I was a little child I have always longed above all things to be a mother . . . and now it is coming to me at last! You must not think me heartless when I tell you that I cannot even properly grieve for poor Constant because I—well, because it means I shall have my baby to myself."

Druro passed a hand vaguely over his eyes and back through his rough hair. With a heart as tender as any woman's he could no more have reproached this babbling mother creature than have doubled his fist and struck her. Yet the thing she was relating outraged him to the very soul, tore up his future by the roots. He was speechless. He wanted to go away by himself and unburden his heart with groans and curses, and all the time he couldn't believe it—he couldn't believe that the woman who had come to him in the shanty and kissed him and caressed him back from the edge of a shameful grave could sit there and coo at him . . . about the child of his enemy! Good God, had she no compassion! His blood-bright gaze transfixed her. There was a moment's dreadful silence, then:

"Lundi, my dear," she said poignantly,

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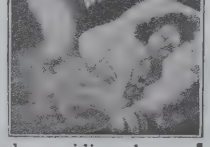
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"What?" said Druro in a wild, remote voice.

He got up and began to look absently for his hat, but as he had come without one his search was likely to be fruitless. Gay had his hand again.

"She loves you."

"You are crazy, Gay," he said, and gently released her hands. "And so am I. I must go away."

"Yes; you must go to *her*, Lundi. Go and try to make up to her a little for the terrible things she has endured from life. You can do it, for she loves you. She told me so. 'I love that drunkard,' she said, and her voice was a melody."

"You are crazy, Gay," repeated Druro, still searching absently about the room for something.

"But it is true, Lundi. She said it on the day we feared that you—that you meant suicide. And the same night, when you were drunk in the shanty and I was too cowardly to go near you, she—*she* was not afraid to go into the darkness where you sat—the darkness of the pit, it seemed to me."

Druro ceased suddenly to look for something and vagueness went out of his stare.

"Did *you* not come to the shanty that night?" he asked in a voice cold and clear as water.

"I came—to the door. I saw you sitting there and I fled. Forgive me, Lundi, but you looked so *awful* . . . so lost . . . and you began to laugh terribly . . . then the candle went out . . . I was revolted, terrified, and I ran back and told Desmond I was not brave enough. She put her raincoat on me and took my cloak, and then I drove away in the car and she came back to you, I suppose . . . did she?"

"Yes . . . she came back to me," said Druro in that clear voice. Then he stopped dead. But a voice inside him went on chanting, singing, shouting:

"She came back to me and fought with death and the devil for my passing soul . . . she kissed my degraded lips and held my face in her soft bosom and let me cry there like a child . . . And gave me sweet and lovely crooning words of promise for our future together . . . such radiant promises . . . if I would only leave drink and my soiled life for her. And I called her 'Gay' and swore by my love and her face that I would so do! And I *did* change my life and I *did* forsake drink! . . . But *could* I have done it, by God, except for *her?*"

"And so," Gay was saying, "you must go and find and tell her these things—for I think you love her even as she loves you, Lundi."

He waited for three days at the Jubilate Deo; days that, though occupied by work, were yet filled to the brim with a profound and searching analysis of the events of the past year—so far as he could remember them, for the hiatus in his memory still gaped like a dark hole. And through all his thoughts a little fine golden flame ran and mounted until heart and brain were alight and ablaze at last with a fire that nothing could quench save one sweet draught—a crystal draught from the lips of the woman he now knew was for him.

She was still at Mrs. Hope's, but no word had come and he could wait no longer. On the third evening he drove in, left his car in town and walked up to the hospital.

It was about nine o'clock and a twinkling of lights showed in various windows with an ambient glow from the sitting room whose doors and windows were set wide. He hoped this did not mean that Mrs. Hope was holding one of her famous bridge evenings. But to his relief he found as he quietly approached the veranda that the room was empty of all but one person—a girl he did not know. Her face was averted, but he could see that she was dressed in gray and had hair growing riotously in a curly crop that looked dark and yet glinted in the lamplight. She was leaning over a baby in her lap, apparently very carefully lifting its eyelids and peeping in. He supposed her to be one of Mrs. Hope's cases, and was just turning away to go round to the back to see if he could find the matron when she spoke, riveting him to the spot:

"You surly little rascal—I believe you're old Paul Kruger come back."

And she laughed—Desmond's deep, bell-like laugh—and stood up, lifting the baby to the light. Then very tenderly she kissed its cross little face and held it against her own, making soft crooning noises. All the blood in Lundi Druro's body seemed to leap to his heart at that sight. Those soft crooning sounds he remembered well; she had made them when she held *him* thus to her heart, when *he* too was helpless and dependent as a baby!

But except for that laugh and those dear sounds, it was a Desmond he scarcely recognized. How could he know that curly russet head when the hair he remembered was dark and slick to the scalp! How had the slim, swaggering figure he knew been so miraculously transformed into this Greek being of exquisite lines and curves rippling under the sheen of silk? The fine ivory of her throat, and a V-shaped gleam of her bosom showed in startling contrast against the richer tint of chin and cheek. But the eyes—laughing, tragic, satirical, reflective, deep and strange as mountain pools, yet simple and blue as larkspurs in a cottage garden—the eyes were the eyes of Desmond.

He had no patience to wait longer to search in those eyes for what he sought; stepping impulsively forward he stood in the lighted doorway and she saw him. They stayed looking at each other for a long moment, and in that time each saw in the other the companion of their bygone rencontre on the Paris boulevard. She saw the big, careless, hatless man with the life scarred face, the gaze on far things and the kind, blithe smile of confidence in himself and in life; while to him, for the first time, came memory and recognition of Flavia Tyrecastle, that radiant girl with tragic eyes whose life for an hour had touched his.

"So you came to Rhodesia after all," he said, half laughing, half musing at the miracle of it.

"Yes. I took your advice. You said the veldt was a good place to lose one's ghosts."

"And isn't it?"

"Oh, the veldt's all right!" She crinkled her nose in a dubious, whimsical expression

curiously characteristic of "young Desmond," and suddenly they both began to laugh.

"It's all right tonight, anyway," said Druro. "Come out and see."

"What about Oom Paul?"

She looked reflectively at the baby, but he had obligingly gone to sleep, so she laid him on the sofa, propped among cushions. When she turned to Druro again her face had resumed its rather sad composure, the sparkle of humor and mischief fading from it.

"I thought we arranged you were to come in if I sent word," she said abruptly.

He did not answer. His glance, wandering in search of a wrap for her, fell on a heap of filmy blue lying over a chair. He lifted it and threw it over his arm, and its diaphanous folds gave out a faint odor of jasmine. As only a scent can do, it took memory back . . . to a night in a shanty.

"I don't need a wrap, and that is not mine." Her voice seemed strangely edged but he did not put the cloak down. His eyes took her into a warm, bold gaze.

"You wore it once for me—will you not wear it again?"

After that she moved like a woman in a dream, her eyes wide, her lips parted but finding no word to utter.

Only a few seconds of walking brought them into the lone veldt, a wide, empty world of purple veils powdered with starlight and fragrant with the breath of sun dried grasses. A little wind sauntered past, touching their faces and catching at her cloak. He could only see her dimly, except for her throat like carved moonlight and that gleam of whiteness that was the pathway to her breast. But each could hear the caught and difficult breathing of the other, and each thought that the beating of their own heart filled the land.

"What did you mean?" she faltered at last, "by what you said . . . just now?"

"That I know it was *you*, Flavia, who came to me in the shanty."

A faint, quivering sound issued from her lips. She tried to laugh but it was a failure.

"What does it matter now?" she said very low. "It is over long ago. I must have been mad . . . but at the time it seemed the right thing to do."

"Is that the reason you did it?"

"A good enough reason surely?" Her voice was not quite steady. "You helped me in the same way once . . . that night in Paris . . . I was on my way to the Seine when we met, and your talk, your joyous interest in life diverted me from my purpose. So you see after all it was only a return act of kindness."

"And you did it for that—just out of kindliness—friendliness?"

"Surely those are good enough reasons," she repeated lamely.

"No, they are *not*," he said with a stern note in his voice. "They are not reasons enough for you to put your lovely lips to a drunkard's and croon over him with lovely promises of eternal love."

He heard again that long shivering sigh from her lips, and he caught her hands and drew her close.

"But I want them again, those promises . . . those kisses I have hungered for."

She resisted, holding strong, slim hands against his breast.

"Oh, Lundi, I can't understand . . .



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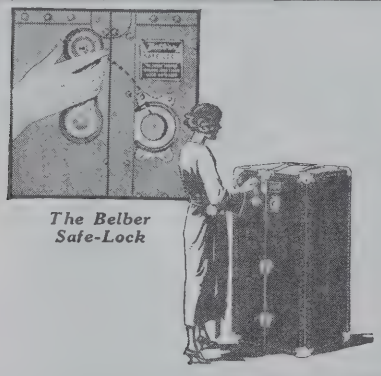
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"My darling, my dear, that is all past, and it was Gay herself who opened my eyes to this great wonder . . . to what I did not know, but that, now I do know, I will never relinquish for man, God or devil —that it is *you* who lured me back from the pit; your dear, lovely lips I have dreamed of . . . you that I love with every breath of my body and every hope of my soul."

It was enough; she gave him her lips on that; gave him the short, wild kisses of a lover and the long, tender ones that are born of the mother in a woman's nature. Something of the enchantment of Africa, that old witch who lays her curses as liberally as her blessings on those she makes her own, came into their love, tinging it with a mystery, a majesty, a poignant, fearful sweetness that the loves of Europe do not know. They kissed and clung and were safe at last against each others' hearts —as safe as lovers can ever be from the ceaseless warfare of Time, fell Circumstance and the Sisters Three!

Flavia Tyrecastle at least took no chances with fate's power to harm her through the tongue of scandal, for presently they sat down on some rocks under a blackthorn, with a bush-baby chattering in the branches above them and scattering soft mimosa powder on their heads, and she told him the full story of her marriage with Tyrecastle and its tragic sequel at Dover when Gerry Sillinger shot and was shot by the seducer of his sister.

"How could I grieve for a husband who had betrayed a girl I knew and loved? And how could I, Lundi, tell the world the truth when *she* sat trembling for fear the child she adored would be openly branded with shame?

"It was for her child, robbed of his true heritage, that I fought to get the money, and he has *that* at least, poor little fellow, if he cannot bear his father's name. But it was a sordid business, that fight for money, and no wonder the world cast me into the outer darkness of its displeasure! What I *do* wonder now is why I should have suffered so much then, for Africa has taught me there are greater sufferings to bear than any the social world can inflict."

She shivered a little, wondering what else this terribly beautiful country might have for her. There were still perils and dark possibilities—the peril of this dear lover of hers recovering his lost memory; the peril of ponjola, the beast that never tires; the perils of Time and Circumstance and the Sisters Three! She shivered a little and sat close in the curve of his encircling arm. And Lundi Druro, the sporting parson's son, unexpectedly quoting Scripture, said gently:

"'When He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold!' As *you* have, my loved one —such gold as was never mined or milled by mortal hand!"

THE END

He Stooped to Conquer

(*Continued from page 64*)

at even George's most comic jests. Yes, now they were George and Charity. But that, thought George, very bitterly, of nights, was all.

All most fascinating to observe for eyes that found little interest or solace any more, except in books. All most interesting to hear about from a voice no education could rob of its cool precision—to see occupy a face and body that even such acquired necessities as lipstick could only make delightful in another fashion as paint and gilt ornaments, properly arranged, might heighten the charm of a small stone saint grown tired of prayers and cathedral niches, wanting a little live color now after so much piety. All highly instructive—all something that never in any conceivable world could lead to anything, of course.

All the same, things were very quiet and pleasant this late afternoon. Through the window came the smell of summer flowers —a cool thread of fragrance. There was something in the poise of the girl as she sat opposite him, a little relaxed, the book closed in her lap, that so perfectly matched that fragrance, thought Rodney Fether. His fingers tightened on each other as he looked at her—relaxed with an effort of will. He began to write on his pad.

"Well, how were the movies last night?"

"Very nice, sir." She seldom forgot her *sirs* now, except when excited. "Very nice indeed."

"So you enjoyed yourself."

A little flush of color. A spark in the glance.

"Yes sir. Mr. Hawkins took me."

Oh, Mr. Hawkins did! thought Rodney with a sudden irritation he didn't care to reason about. Mr. Hawkins didn't seem to have much to do these days. Mr. Hawkins——

"What kind of movies do you like best, Charity?"

Unhesitatingly:

"The Western ones, in spite of all their foolish shooting and drinking. Everybody seems so happy and big out there."

Rodney smiled. The amusing child! But the amusing child was going on, a little diffidently.

"And Mr. Hawkins is so kind—and knowing so many things to tell me."

Oh—considerably more than bother Mr. Hawkins!

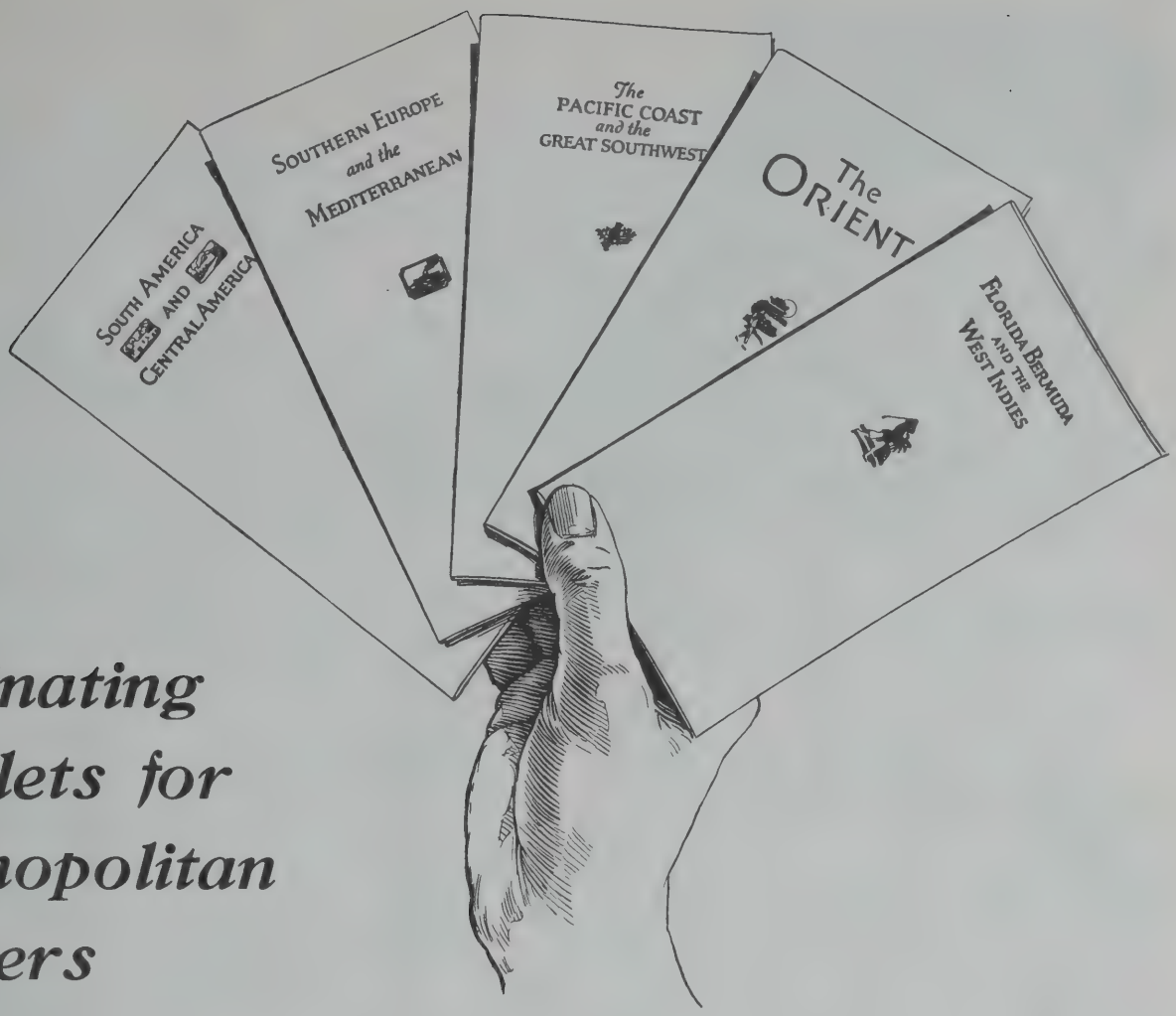
"To tell you about what? I never thought of Hawkins as a Zane Grey before but——"

"About the West, sir. He was born out there." Awedly—"Once, sir, he used to be a cowboy!"

He couldn't help the smile. No reason for her to flush like that, to speak so rapidly in Hawkins's defense.

"He's always wanted to go back—I think it's fine of him! He says a man's a man out there—he doesn't like the East much—he says he doesn't feel as if he were really breathing here, sometimes. He says a man with a girl to help him, a girl who isn't afraid, can make a home out there in no time—go right ahead. He has some money saved up too—he——"

Curious pricklings were crawling all over Rodney Fether's skin. He could feel them cover him, wandering—wherever they went they left anger and burning. Hawkins —uniformed Hawkins touching his cap—



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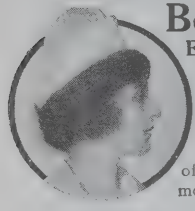
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and Charity! Suddenly, after the pricklings, his whole body felt very cold.

"And has he selected the girl—by any chance—Charity?" the hand wrote slowly.

She was still talking as she read the question. Then she had stopped talking—stopped in the middle of a sentence as if something queer had struck her as dumb as he. That was all—that and the burning blush that came to her so painfully against her will.

"Well, I don't know," she said rather pitifully, after a while.

Fether rose to his feet. He knew what he wanted now.

She didn't know until his arms had gone around her crushingly, until his lips hurt her. Then she started to fight, without tears or outcry, with only a fierce struggling silence that made him let her go before he had kissed her again. She did not run—she stood there, looking at him, looking at him. One hand fixed her dress mechanically, but her eyes held all her strength.

His face worked, his throat made an indescribable gobbling sound that sickened him. His hands reached at her again—and fell. It had gone beyond the matter of hands now. Only their eyes fought, brutal and silent.

"Oh, how dirty you are!" she said with a broken gasp, and he saw her go white as paper and put one hand on the table to steady herself. He stepped forward, his fingers scrambling over the desk for pad and pencil. He could not look down and find them—that meant defeat.

"I love you, I love you," the hand wrote, shaking, sprawling. "I'll give you anything. I want you. I worship you. Come here!"

"Oh no, no, no!" in a terrified whisper. "Oh no, no, no!"

"You've got to. You must. I love you."

He was coming forward, her eyes were dying like candle flames, he had beaten her eyes.

"We'll go anywhere—you'll be rich—you'll be happy—I swear to God you'll be happy—rich—I love—Charity—oh Charity——"

The pencil slipped, trailed into scrawls. He was almost touching her.

A bell rang, the bell of the house telephone on Fether's desk.

"That's for me." Again the whisper, so terrified, so shaken, like the whisper of a child who has touched something cold and live in the dark.

The bell rang—rang. Oh—*devils!*—but he let her answer it, saw her answer, wax-white, heard her say yes, she'd come at once, while he scribbled, scribbled.

"Come back in an hour, darling Charity, darling. An hour, I love you—oh, I want you, I want——"

No talk, no servants' gossip. Not till they were gone. Tonight. They'd go tonight in the car. Not with Hawkins, though. He smiled suddenly. But she had to go away for a little now—he realized that perfectly—she must go away. How beatenly she looked at him now—how almost in horror.

He kissed her again and she suffered him—she was cold to kiss and she trembled. But that didn't matter. That didn't matter any more.

She was gone, looking back at him once. The same look she had worn since he kissed her first. The sort of look a young person might have acquired after seeing the Minotaur, in fact. But Rodney Fether seemed to find little unusual about it. He breathed through his teeth and again that odd sound came in his throat.

Then he went back to his chair and picked up a book to read it while he waited, but his hand shook so that he could not. So he sat there instead for a long time, merely thinking, thinking, and looking at his shaking hand.

VI

FETHER looked at his watch—it was after the hour. He held out his hand in front of him—it was quite steady now. A knock at the door. He pressed the button that meant "come in" with his steady hand.

But it wasn't Charity. It was one of the underservants. A silver tray in his hand, a note on the tray. Fether knew the sloping, Spencerian hand intuitively, before his own hand, not so steady now, had taken the envelope and gestured the servant to go.

The note began, "Mr. Rodney Fether, Sir——"

She was Charity to the end.

> You're everything that is wicked. George saw you kiss me from where he was with the car and now he won't speak to me and all the others believed it, too. I am going home—if you try to find me I will run away somewhere else, always. I don't know whether you'll repent or not because people as wicked as you like to die in their sins but you had better. I was sorry for you at first because of your being unnatural but now I am not. I feel all burning inside. I forgive you. I hope George marries somebody worthy of him. I am not—and God is not mocked.
>
> Very sincerely yours,
> Charity Jabez

Cold and heat, utter cold, utter heat that seemed to possess the body together and altogether so that it burned and froze in the same instant. "I was sorry for you at first because of your being unnatural." Very cold, sharp anguish, gripping the hands together like wrenching frost. Then the shame came. The utmost shame.

A voice saying: "Back to your cage, poor monster, back to your cage! Back to your cage, blind monster, dumb monster that tried to play the desirable man!" A hand drumming on the desk as if ague shook it. And inside the soul?

When Fether got up from the chair where he had been sprawling like a bag, he got up as if the last three years had never existed. He got up knowing only that he had broken his own private honor and that now he had to mend it again, no matter at what price to body or mind

Going home. She must be out of the house—she wouldn't have sent that letter before. She'd have to go to New York—what time was it? Six-five. Six minutes walk to the station by the somewhat roundabout way that led out by the Fetherholme gardens and so to the road. Two or three by the commuters' short cut—but she didn't know that way, he thought. Six-five. And the up train left at six-fifteen.

One hand on the bell push, one busy with pad and pencil—that was it.

The servant who had come with the envelope answered. Fether shoved the pad under his nose. If he had not been a very

perfect gentle servant he might have been surprised. As it was he said "Yes, sir" unemotionally and left on the run, thanking all the gods of servanthood as he ran that *he* hadn't been around when the others started to rag the Jabez girl.

Fether was at the garden window, his hands gripping the sill, pushing the sill as if the sill were the wheel of a car. Why didn't they *hurry*—oh God, why didn't they hurry? Only way to get anything done was do it yourself—but couldn't when you were dumb. Couldn't jump from a car to a station platform and make mouths at one of your housemaids, praying her for God's sake to come back and forgive you and marry her damned chauffeur!

There—the car was sliding down the drive.

His muscles relaxed—he turned to the other window. Thank God for that whim of his father's—he could see everything from here—tracks, station and all, like God or the Devil repenting over his handiwork.

The station seemed to jump at him as he stared—roof—tracks—up platform—sign. He swept his eyes along the straggle of waiting commuters. No Charity—in the waiting room, maybe. What was the time?

Four minutes more and the car had been gone a minute. They could make it. They could make it—just.

His eyes went back to the tracks again. His hand shook suddenly as if something had struck it. His throat made an inhuman sound.

A figure on the wrong side, the down side, across the fence. A figure stumbling along with a heavy suitcase—an instant's flash of the figure's face, white, straining. A figure that had taken the dangerous commuters' short cut that they were going to stop with barbed wire sometime, thrown its suitcase across the fence, climbed the fence itself in three clumsy movements and stood sobbing on the edge of the tracks, off the platform, looking *up* as the *down* express, the six-thirteen, which in its turmoil of mind the figure neither saw nor heard, thrust a smooth head into the cutting and rushed on the figure like a rushing bullet. A figure that started to cross, that, caught in the middle of the tracks, stopped dead, seeing the train at last, shocked out of all sense.

The dumb man had torn an ironic, white-lettered megaphone down from the wall. He had thrust it out of the window as far as he could lean. The dumb mouth rounded, strained with unbelievable effort.

"Oh God!" thought Rodney Fether, praying soundlessly, gigantically, "oh God, let me call to her! Let me call! Oh God——"

To Charity, dazzled with terror between the rails, came a horrible, strangling cry that seemed to fall from the air.

VII

THE car that had been sent to the station after the housemaid did not come back at once. In fact it did not come back till half-past seven. Possibly because the chauffeur, George Hawkins, considered that after her recent flirtation with annihilation, that same young housemaid needed nothing quite so much as fresh air and his own society. To all of which the housemaid seemed to agree.

He had been describing to her at length, for the dozenth time, his exact sensations



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It is this view-point that has led the Osteopathic profession into so great an understanding and application of natural law.

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at finding himself on the wrong side of the tracks while the down train roared upon her, and asking her, also for the dozenth time, just what had made her jump back in time.

"It was God, George," said Charity, her eyes very wide. "I am sure that it was God."

"Sure"—he was patient with her—"sure. But how?"

"You won't think I'm silly?"

"Ah, *sweetie!*"

"Well"—with a bowed and religious head—"He spoke to me."

"Honest? You heard Him?"

"In His own voice. Oh George, a *terrible* voice!" and Charity shuddered. "Saying, 'Go back, Charity! Back, you little fool!' " she chanted ceremonially.

"So I went," she ended. "Though before I couldn't move."

"Well, I'll certainly hand it to Him for *action*, anyhow," said George, with more religious feeling, perhaps, than his words implied.

In the study at Fetherholme sat a young man who approved as heartily as George of George's sentiments. Though, oddly enough, he was thinking neither of George nor his Charity. He was sitting in an armchair, talking to himself and occasionally breaking off to listen to the echo as if everything he said were sweeter than music. And "I can talk!" was his every third sentence, "Oh God, I can *talk* again!"

Then a thought of Charity came to him—a vague one but still a thought. He grinned—she and George certainly could have any sort of wedding present they wanted from Fetherholme. For himself, even Charity was too much part of the black dream that had held him so long to remember very much intentionally. He rose to his feet, stretched arms. The words came from his mouth again—the broken, ecstatic words. For himself it seemed as if the whole world were his now, to play with like dice. For himself, he was whole again—he had just been born.

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The Last Witch

(*Continued from page 42*)

is his custom, summer and winter. Humility almost shouted in fury as she perceived the friendly atmosphere of the Elder's house and Henry's contentment. Humility denounced vanity, the Devil and all of his wiles; she exalted her butter-making, her bread-making—both of which *are* admirable—but Henry sat in silence, looking only at me. (If he knew—my gown was not for him, but in memory of a summer night and a rose garden, he might have vouchsafed a glance at Humility.)

Humility questioned me as to my work among the sick, my knowledge of herbs. I answered that I knew but little of medicines, and only a few manners of helping pain or sudden illness, to be used only in the event of a chirurgeon being not procurable. I was a nurse for the sick, and could use, if necessity arose, medicines hitherto bespoken by him. The eyes of Humility glistened with an unholy light, little understood then by me.

"You must needs gather the herbs at twelve by the clock at night, in a graveyard, on a moonless night," she cried.

I laughed. "How can one see on a moonless night, or by night at all?" I answered. "Doctor Warren instructs me where to go, what tests to use. I tend the sick as he bids——"

Humility advanced toward me. With uplifted hand and a strange shout, she screamed, "You—you have been seen gathering herbs in Salem Wood, by the graveyard——"

"Violets," I answered, "almost dear English violets. I have them pressed in my Bible." I rose and found a chair nearer Henry, for I mistrusted what her violence might accomplish.

"Bible!" she screamed. "Touch it not—it would be sacrilege—touch it not!"

Out of patience with her, I laughed again: "You would have me riding on a broomstick half across the sky, sweeping the cobwebs of the world down, gathering herbs in the moon on a moonless night, crashing through graveyards. Look out, Humility, lest I take thee on behind and fly over the sea!"

It must have been the muslin gown I wore, the memory of the summer night so long ago, that lent this wildness to my tongue and humor so unseemly.

Strangely did my words fall on the startled air (in my stiff gown and cap I would not have spoken so—have gone so far). Humility hath a dull mind and a fixed stare, but I tonight was not a Puritan but an English maid far from home and yearning for the greensward, for ivied towers, for you, and all that made life beautiful. I was brought back to the present, strangely enough. Humility, frightened, trembling, gasping, asked:

"Can you fly—you say you can fly——" Without waiting for an answer she hurried on: "You say you can fly over the moon. That's what people are locked up for, for saying that. But mayhap you believe an angel would come to rescue you, an angel disguised as a man, wearing a red cloak, riding a great white horse, and lift you high from the burning faggots——"

I made appeal to Henry. "What does she mean?"

Henry, appalled at the turn of the conversation, hesitatingly replied: "It is a legend that obtains credence with the people, that if a prisoner is wrongly accused and condemned to die by fire or hanging, an angel will be seen disguised as a man, wearing a silver cuirass and a scarlet cloak, riding a white horse, and will, so the tale hath it, bear the prisoner away, and a cloud will descend to protect them. It comes, mayhap, from the profane picture of St. George saving the martyrs." Henry has an informing manner, speaking as one in authority and not as the scribes.

Humility avoided looking at me, edging carefully to the door with this parting shot: "Angels," she said, "are as scarce as

innocence wrongfully accused, or tall men in red cloaks. The gaols are filled with those who torment the children." At the door she met Elder Winslow. She plucked at his sleeve and whispered. He asked impatiently her intent. "Not now—not yet——" I heard her say. She ominously looked at me and fled into the night.

The Elder told me of five new cases of fever at the house of one Maria Guilford. The doctor had journeyed into the country for Maria's sister, who on the following day would arrive to care for them. The Elder asked me to visit them early in the morning. After the Elder's departure Henry continued to sit in silence, looking steadily at me. "Is it true," he murmured softly, "is it true that you have bewitched me?"

My surprise at what I deemed a pretty compliment died within me when I perceived the pallor of his countenance. "Not that I rebel," he said softly, "but all power to think leaves me when I behold you, and all desire to leave you goes from me, and when I have left you my one thought is of how to return to your presence." With this Henry slowly walked to the door. Turning as he stood there, he asked.

"Is this strange sensation a bewitchment? Is this what Humility Cravens meant?"

With this enigmatical speech he went forth. It was not for me to consider the vagaries of Henry Bradstreet, or Humility Cravens. I dismissed them from my mind.

In the early hours of the morning, when the silvery dawn looked back, flying before the eager gaze of the sun, I sped to Maria Guilford's, where her five children lay sick of fever. I bathed them, smoothed their beds, sprinkled the lavender and violet water profusely on their pillows, prepared nourishment, insisting that Maria Guilford should rest while I cared for the children.

The poor woman blessed me, calling me the angel in adversity and various other fine praises, little deserved. I stayed on for several hours until Maria's sister came from Charlestown, brought hither by Doctor Warren to aid the stricken family. This chirurgeon gave me high praise, saying that my coming had saved the life of the little girl, who was near to starvation, and but for my knowledge of the preparation of food she would have succumbed to weakness.

With such pleasant recognition of service I left them, hastening home by the shorter path through the graveyard, where so many youths and maidens lie sleeping, dreaming, perchance, of happier days. I walked to church that morning with Mistress Winslow and my brother Walter, who is now a strong and splendid youth, and upon whom the eyes of the maidens rest contentedly. We came upon groups of people who paused suddenly, as if interrupted by us in the telling of some stirring story. A fluttering of eyes, a hush of lips followed us. My brother whispered to me:

"What import is this? What mystery is hushed as we pass by?"

Mistress Winslow looked reproachfully at Walter, for it is her custom to walk in silence to worship, with soul in harmony with the words of the preacher and not disturbed by light gossip. And so we continued on our way in communion with the day of days and hour of worship.

My brother leaves tomorrow, sent by Governor Bradstreet to a new colony to consider the waterways and the building of



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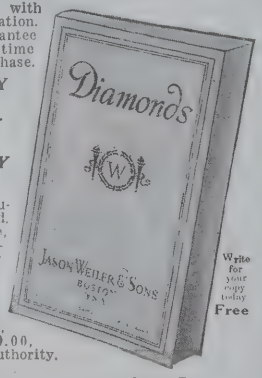
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bridges. I am so alone when he is away—"Time is not measured by hours, but by heartbeats" when my brother is away. My heart beats a thousand times as fast with anxiety for him, and a little for myself, mayhap, and time is a thousand times as long as the hours and days try to make it out.

I am with Mistress Winslow. The Elder is away, the house is of an abysmal stillness; loneliness descends upon me like a pall; fear of some unknown power of disaster is a curtain hanging blackly against the sky. I think of the last time that I saw Sir John; a haunting belief comes to me that he is on the way. I pray that he may not come too late.

There is a star looking down on me from some immeasurable height—does it shine on you out of the depths of space? And time knows no ending and too often loneliness no respite.

[July, 25, 1684]

DEAR, DEAR ELIZABETH, thank you for the plants of blackberries and currants, and above all for the rose bush in oil paper so carefully concealed—a secret joy. Red roses must bloom on this tree through a smiling June.

When my brother comes we are to build a house—a home. Every day I work in the garden that is to be; fruit and flowers will bloom here; but for the greatest part the true texture of our building will be loving thoughts and fair memories. This thought I tried to make into a poem to music, a song to sing as I planted; and then to fix the air I had in my head for it, I whistled and whistled. The birds came flying; they chirped and sang to my whistling; it was most merry and sweet, until Humility Cravens came a-peering over the hedge.

"Things grow better for incantations, don't they?" she said, smiling witlessly.

I answered by asking: "What's the worse for a song—or for a little whistling either? If I can whistle the birds to me, it may be I can sing the flowers up out of the ground!"

At that she stared and went away dumb.

Today I have your blessed letter—is this why the birds sing as my heart does? I see you feeding the peacocks on the terrace, with the towers of my dear home in sight—everywhere sunlight and roses and home. Far away I hear a horse galloping, nearer, nearer. Is Sir John riding to welcome me home? Is he riding hard—fast and faster? The picture is so clear it hurts my eyes, like looking too long at the sun.

I spoke of you to Mistress Winslow tonight. The wistfulness in my voice betrayed me; her sternness vanished.

"Dear child," she said, "you want to go home." Reproaches were not in her voice. "We will miss you and your sick people will be bereft. You are a service unto the Lord. We will pray for guidance; there will be no hindrances. The good ship Anne sails in thirty days. So pray." She held my hand, and gently told me "Good night."

I have prayed and cried unto the Lord. No light shines on me. I walk in the darkness blindly, waiting for a sign.

It behooved me today to visit Maria Guilford and her children, of whom I wrote you. Doctor Warren had sent me no word of their necessity and knowing they were well cared for by Maria's sister, I visited the sick where there was the greater need. Today I arrived at Maria's cottage, bearing cordials and fine linens for the baby, sent by Mistress Winslow. My reception by the family was of a strangeness; most curious to see. The door stood open to the sweet summer air, and when she saw me coming Maria rose and covered the baby's face. The two older children fell upon the floor, moaning; the oldest boy began to beat his head with his fists, the girl of nine fell stiff, gasping for breath. My wonderment increased when Maria shrieked, "Take your shadow from my floor!" And Humility Cravens ran out the other door of the house and into the forest, and would not turn, though I called to her loudly.

Maria poured on the ground the cordial I brought and tore the linen into a dozen pieces. On my way home I thought of the strangeness of these things, believing the sun had touched Maria's head; but as I walked I met divers others, and some among them I had nursed in illness and some befriended by gifts of money or clothing. They seemed afraid of me. One of them ran the other way; none smiled, as of old. One woman, in running, being old and unused to such haste, fell upon the ground and when I ran to help her, screamed:

"Keep off thy hands! Fare on!"

So I did, but looking back I did see the people gathered about her, some menacing me with motions. I spoke of this, sitting in the quiet room, to Mistress Winslow, and with great anxiety she regarded me.

"Is there a reason for this, my child? You have no enemies?"

As she spoke the memory of Humility Cravens hurrying from Maria's house, her look of cunning when last here, her warm thought of Henry Bradstreet, the lifting of her hand as if to strike me, her furious eyes when she talked to the Elder—all this came to me.

"Why should I have an enemy," I repeated, "unless it be Humility Cravens?"

It was then that Mistress Winslow determined that I should return to England, but first we must journey to Plymouth.

"I have a letter," she explained, "from Sir Edward Harcourt, your guardian. He forbids your visiting the sick, learning the use of medicines and the like. He adjures me to protect you and care for your safety."

"My safety?" I said. "The Indians are not upon us; there are no wars."

But Mistress Winslow seemed greatly wrought upon. "It is beyond imagination, the dangers that menace!" she cried out. "If your brother were only here!"

"In a month he will be," I consoled her.

"In a month!" she said despairingly.

At parting for the night she was almost tender.

How far away are all troubles of this little world when I have those precious words of yours. They are graven on my heart: "Sir John has embarked on the good ship Patience—he goes for the sake of a faded red rose pinned to the heart of a muslin gown." To all the stars I cry out: "Shine on! All thy bravest radiance, dear stars, to light his path! Blow gently, winds of Heaven, and bring his ship in safety; kind angels watch over him, as I pray and pray."

[July 29, 1684]

WHEN I had sealed my writings to you, I prepared for bed. Wrapping myself in a

heavy white woolen and fur robe, I sat long at the window, filled with joy and peace and soul-thanksgiving. The night was fair, strewn all over with stars; but looking down I saw forms moving in the bushes. "It must be the deer from the forest straying in," I thought. I leaned from the casement. Voices came up, whisperingly.

"It's she," they cried, "yonder in white!"

I withdrew from the window, unafraid but wondering. Then on the outer door came blows and cries of "Open! Open!" And on a sudden there flared torches everywhere, while staring into my quiet room were angry faces peering up over the small balcony. About to enter the window a man came. I stood before him and he screamed, falling from the balcony to the ground. Voices shouted, uniting in a horrible word: "Witch! Witch! The Devil has her!" But they reckoned not on Mistress Winslow, who stood with an old gun in her strong hands.

"This maid is in my care," she cried. "The Elder will hold you, one and all, to account, and so will Governor Bradstreet!"

Upon this they took counsel, and one tried to hush the shouting; but still they cried "Witch!" and "Burn her!" and "Hurry her to the stake!"

"Away with you, bad souls!" Mistress Winslow cried. "Away from this house!"

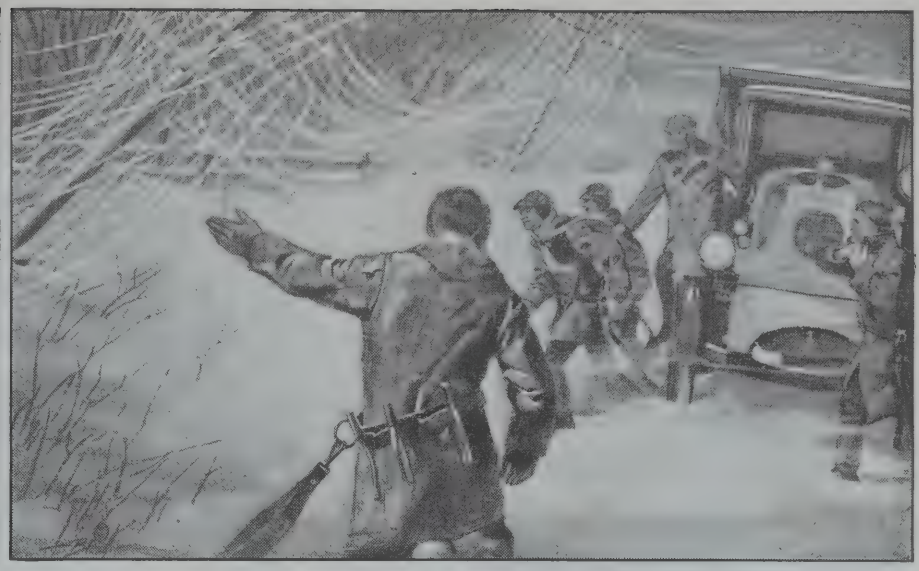
Her great stature, her anger prevailed upon them a little and there was quiet. But two men came in the house, one of these a church member, Mr. Brook, well known to Mistress Winslow. He showed her a warrant for my arrest, and swore that proof positive of my powers of bewitchment had been furnished him, declaring that there was no hope in any resistance; yet he promised for my safety and speedy release. He would take me in a covered wagon to the Ipswich Gaol, he said, where but few prisoners were.

. . . And so tonight I rest in Ipswich Gaol. There are ten other women housed here, one of whom is near distraught. I have soothed her to sleep and we have prayed together. There is no light in my cell at night, but a blessed window is open to the stars—they seem so near at hand. If I am soon to inhabit one of them, I pray there may be a welcome for me.

[A week later]

DEAR cousin of mine, it is a hard matter to write for the sobbing and weeping of the women imprisoned here. The gaoler, who brings the bread and water, is far from comforting. "They'll soon light the fire for you," he told me. "Did you hear what the Governor said at the last witch trial? 'Give her a fair trial and then hang her.'" The poor women began to pray for mercy. He leered at me: "You're a seemly wench, and high born I hear, but such fare the worst, the judges being afraid folks will say, 'They spared 'em on account of this and that,' and fearing their bewitchment on themselves."

Now am I indeed in a dream. Sometimes I fear my mind is faring worse than my body, since all of this—the weeping women, the gaol, the ride to Ipswich—seems a part of a delusion, a scene in a playhouse where I am most unaccountably a dim and unreal part of the action. That I, Mary Newton, niece of the Lady Isabella, who gave her life and fortune to the founding of a new world, to the beginning



Whatever else may fail

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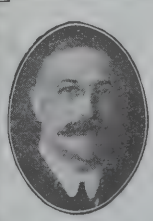
North, south, east, west—in winter and summer, in forest and desert—the telephone workers guard the highways of communication. Traveling afoot where there are no roads, crawling sometimes on hands and knees, riding on burros, or motorcycles, or trucks, they "get there" as they can.

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61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

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of a new religion, I should be a prisoner in the Ipswich Gaol, is beyond my understanding. In my vanity I once believed myself a useful member of the colony, and how can I believe that I am waiting trial for wrongs uncommitted by me? I know not by whom I am accused, or of what crime. I walk in darkness and pray for guidance, for light.

[Five days later]

THE days run together in a mist of tears, like clouds shredding into rain. I was stopped in my letter to you by a visit from Doctor Warren, for whom my soul so longed. He brought me poor comfort, saying that I was accused of witchcraft and that there were no fair trials, and that my friends were striving to put off the trial until these excitements had passed. Yet he seemed fearful for himself; he confessed that often the defenders of accused persons were themselves victims of their own kindness.

"There is one way of escape," he said. "Confession. Admit everything of which you are accused. You will then," he continued in his soft, persuasive voice, "be sent to some asylum from whence you may be speedily rescued."

After his visit I seemed to come to some faint realization of my peril, but I read again your letter. You say: "Sir John Tyndale is on the way, with a goodly number of men and horses. He has been given a grant of land; he is on the way to found a new colony." Mayhap not far from here. As I count time, it is sixty days from England across the water. Forty of these days have passed since he set sail. A great hope is in my heart that he may come, that he may come in time. But if he were to come, and I not here, but taking my long and strange journey alone——

But I will not confess to such a lie, even if I die for it. I will speak the truth. I am not a witch. There are none in all the world, and thus will I testify in God's mercy, before the judges and the people.

[Salem Town—a day later]

MISTRESS WINSLOW will send to you these writings of mine, which I entrust to you; for if, in future days, aught of calumny be said of me, for the name's sake and for affection, I entrust to your discretion to make known my innocence.

They have taken me to Salem to stand trial on the morrow. I wish that my brother were here. He is a shield in danger, a torch-bearer in the darkness. Thinking of him, I am not afraid, for his bravery is imparted to me. In my loneliness I am not alone. Today a peace has come to me, a joy in my heart, for verily the Lord is with me and I fear no evil. Whatever is, is best.

[August 15, 1684]

WHEN I finished my writings I did not know what the day would bring forth, but with the abiding kindness of Mistress Winslow, and through her interest, I am allowed to write this first day's account of the trial.

The examination of Mary Newton before the worshipful esquire, John Hazelton. The opening court was held in the meeting house, and so great was the crowd I could scarcely pass through. Even the guards, who preceded me, were often pushed back upon those who led me.

Humility Cravens was first called, her deposition taken. It was written down as she spoke, for she dared not rest her eyes on me. She testifieth that on a night in June I had confessed to riding a broomstick on moonless nights, that I gathered herbs in a graveyard with which to bewitch and cure the sick, that I had visited Maria Guilford's family and sore afflicted them, that upon a visit of Mary Newton the children were thrown into spasms and like to die, that the said Mary Newton brought poisons and desired to force them to drink, that when Mary Newton left the much afflicted family she caused an aged woman to fall to the ground, making her a cripple for life, and "Many there be here who will testify to this," she said, and then stood breathless, secretly triumphant. The Judge turned to me:

"Mary Newton, you have heard this deposition. Is it true?"

I tried to make my answer modest, but my voice rang out: "I deny it!"

The Judge then asked: "Have you made no contract with the Devil?"

"No," I replied.

He continued: "Why do you hurt innocent children?"

I answered: "I do not hurt children. I love them, care for them, and when they are sick I nurse them into health again."

The Judge turned to Maria Guilford and her children, who stood, I thought, shamefaced, by the door.

"Look!" he cried out in a loud voice to Maria. "Tell if this is the person who hurt you."

The children began to scream, calling out that they were being tormented by the Devil. The Judge asked the little girl of five: "What does this maiden to you?"

The child replied: "She sings when she plants flowers; she talks to the birds, and they answer; they fly to meet her; they light on her hands; she sprinkled my pillow with water of violet to bewitch me!" The poor child looked at me and began to cry as I smiled upon her.

"Behold," said the Judge, "how the prisoner torments the child."

"Whom do you serve?" the Judge asked.

I answered that I prayed to serve God and his people.

"Why do you make poisons? Who taught you the use of herbs?"

Looking beyond the first crowded eager row of people, I saw Doctor Warren; his distraught face beseeching me to silence.

"I gather herbs to distill them for medicine," I answered. "These simple remedies have been of great benefit to many I see before me."

But the Judge responded: "They are suffering for it now. Who taught you the art of medicine? Are you in league with the Devil?"

I answered: "One can learn of medicines from books—many have been written."

"She hath confessed," the Judge announced, "to the use of black magic."

There seemed witnesses without number. The man who believed me to be an apparition and fell from my balcony deposed that I had employed spirits from the nether world to throw him to the ground. Numbed and dulled as I was by hardships and starvation, I was startled to see Humility Cravens fiercely urging Henry Bradstreet to the witness stand.

"Here!" she cried out. "Here is another victim of the singing witch."



MARION DAVIES
as *Princess Mary* in *"When Knighthood Was in Flower"*

MINERALAVA as an *Aid to Beauty*

by Hector Fuller

WHEN on the "silver screen" in a picturization of Charles Major's wonderful story: "When Knighthood Was in Flower," hundreds of thousands of people are made aware of the rapt beauty of Marion Davies, who so beautifully plays the role of Princess Mary, it is only natural that they should seek eagerly to discover by what means Miss Davies retains the fine qualities of the beauty which appeals.

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Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted English Skin Specialist, showed that of the two layers of the human skin, the Epidermis and the Dermis, the outer one was constantly flaking and falling away. This made it clear that only a product of Nature like Mineralava that aided in the process of building up, nourishing and making pure the under skin, would result in the perfect complexion.



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From the Great White Way *to the* Great White Spaces

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Henry, very loth, said I had spoken of riding on a broomstick through the air, above the clouds, on the road to the moon. He said that I laughed as if to show it were a jesting manner of speech.

"But laughter on such a subject!" cried the Judge. "Such laughter would be sinful in itself." Frowning upon Henry, he said: "Did the prisoner in any way bewitch you?"

Henry avowed that the prisoner, mayhap without any intention on her part, but by her seemliness and her singing and such enchantments had bewitched him. He would not look at me, but as he left the platform he turned and his eyes unwilling rose to mine. At that upon a sudden he would have fallen had not one caught him by the arm. A voice called out, "See what the witch hath done!" Then through a pushing crowd I was led back to gaol.

Now it is to say good night, beloved cousin. Sorrow not for me, for my deliverance is at hand. The light is all about me. Who am I to weep when One wore a crown of thorns?

I send you the paper they have just given me:

The Jurors, for our sovereign Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, present, that Mary Newton, spinster, daughter of Sir John Newton and Lady Elizabeth Newton, the tenth day of August, in the fourth year of the reign of William and Mary, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, King and Queen, defenders of the Faith, is convicted of practicing disreputable arts called witchcraft and sorceries. These she hath feloniously practiced, and exercised within the Township of Salem, within the County of Essex, against one Maria Guilford, Widow of Elias Guilford, deceased, and against her innocent children. These said children have been tormented and consumed and wasted by the Devil, employed by the said Mary Newton. She hath worked evil against the peace of our sovereign Lord King and his crown and his dignity, and of this she is found guilty and must suffer the penalty, for the wages of sin is death.

A second indictment charges Mary Newton with practicing arts on Humility Cravens (the chief witness in the trial), and upon Henry Bradstreet, to whom the prisoner confessed to flying over the graveyards on moonless nights. The prisoner was heard chanting unholy songs to the birds, who, bewitched, flew to her, carrying messages to the Devil. She recited incantations over the flowers to make them grow. The prisoner was seen practicing black magic, distilling sweet waters to bewitch the sick. To all of these acts testifieth Humility Cravens, Mary Wolcott, Jonathan Chilburn, Ann Woodruff.

Matthew Littlefield deposed that he was about to enter her window when an apparition so startled him that he fell to the ground and was henceforward made a cripple.

For these and for many like incidents is Mary Newton condemned to death by fire on Salem Hill, August twenty-ninth.

[Letters from Mistress Winslow, in Salem, to Elizabeth Baldwin, in London Town]

Most Honored Lady, Mistress Elizabeth Baldwin:

I was advised by Mary Newton to indite a letter to you, to convey to you her love for your friendship and affection.

These be troublesome times, full of sorrow and lamentations. My desire is to inform you of the Christian bearing and great fortitude of Mary Newton. Her prayers were for those who persecuted her. She was unafraid and inspired by the Divine Light that lighteneth everyone who cometh into the world.

The Governor tried to defer the trial, even to alter the sentence, which so incensed Mr. Hathorne and Judge Corwin they were like to accuse the Governor himself of being a victim to her bewitchment. On the morning of the execution I hastened to the gaol, for, being Governor Bradstreet's sister, I was granted entrance. I brought a parcel from her strong box in my house, for which Mary Newton had asked me.

I found her in deep meditation and prayer. At length, awakening to my presence, she asked,

"Do you hear horses galloping on, on—a tall man, wearing a red cloak, riding a great white horse?"

I bethought me of the legend, that an angel will come disguised as a man, riding a white horse, to rescue the innocent who is wrongfully accused. Believing this was in her mind, I answered, "I pray the angel comes in time."

"Do you hear aught from my brother?" she questioned me. "Will he come too late?"

I had informed her that messengers had been sent for and were searching for her brother, but without avail. I arrayed her in the embroidered muslin gown I had brought, with a faded red rose pinned on her heart. Her beauteous hair I combed and it fell in waves and floated about her as a mantel of pure gold.

On the hill a great crowd had assembled, some in pity, some in curiosity, and a few to see a high-born lady die. When Mary Newton appeared a hush fell upon them. She seemed a visitant from another world. She came steadily up the hill. Many were cowed and ashamed and turned away, but Mary Newton was oblivious to all the world. She wore a faint smile, the smile of a bride on her way to the altar, where waited the best beloved. A child cried out, "An angel is passing by!" Another gave her a lily.

At last she came to where the faggots were piled high, and the three judges stood before her there.

"Mary Newton," Judge Corwin said, "you will have a reprieve if you confess your sins, renounce the black art and your league with the Devil. Do you confess that you are a witch and have employed the Devil to torment and to engage in abominable cruelties on men, women and children?"

With a clear, high voice Mary Newton responded:

"I do not confess to an untruth. For my life's sake I will not lie, but rather die, praising God that I have lived." And so passed Mary Newton up the hill.

Fain would I have closed mine eyes to the sight before me, but so hot in haste to finish this crime were the men whose office it was to bind her to the stake, and the deed was so speedily completed, I could not look away. The silent multitude, so absorbed were they that only when the smoke of the faggots curled slowly into the air did they hear a bugle blow thrice.

On the farthermost hill a shouting and tramping of horses was, and a great cloud of dust, like a cloud from the sky, rose from over the hill. Above where stood Mary Newton came a man in a scarlet cloak, riding a white horse, followed by other men and horses, coming on the people, and the people shouting and fearfully afraid. Humility Cravens I saw deadly distraught and prone upon the ground, but I had eyes for only one, the great man in the scarlet cloak, who rode fearlessly to the faggots, to Mary Newton, where she stood smiling. With a stroke of his sword he severed the bonds that held her, and no one stayed his hand. I heard her say:

"John, beloved—have I died and gone to Heaven?"

He lifted her on high, bearing her untouched through the multitude. And so they rode away, her bright hair floating over the scarlet cloak. A bugle sounded, the horses and riders clattered and plunged after them—and all were lost to view. A cloud seemed to take them up into the sky.

Had I not seen the haggard face of Walter Newton, Mary's brother, among the first of the horsemen, I too would have shared the common belief that the legend had come true, that an angel arrayed as a man, in a scarlet cloak, and riding a white horse, had come to save her and to declare her innocence; and mayhap it was true. Who am I to contend against miracles?

A little afterward Humility Cravens cried that it was Beelzebub and all of his legions, but the multitude would have none of this. They had seen Mary Newton with the lily in her hand vanishing into the clouds as she rode beside the man with the scarlet cloak.

The flame rose high, lighted on Witches' Hill, but no victim cried out, no witch was burned, then or ever after. Thus fire purified and burned away all horrors and beliefs.

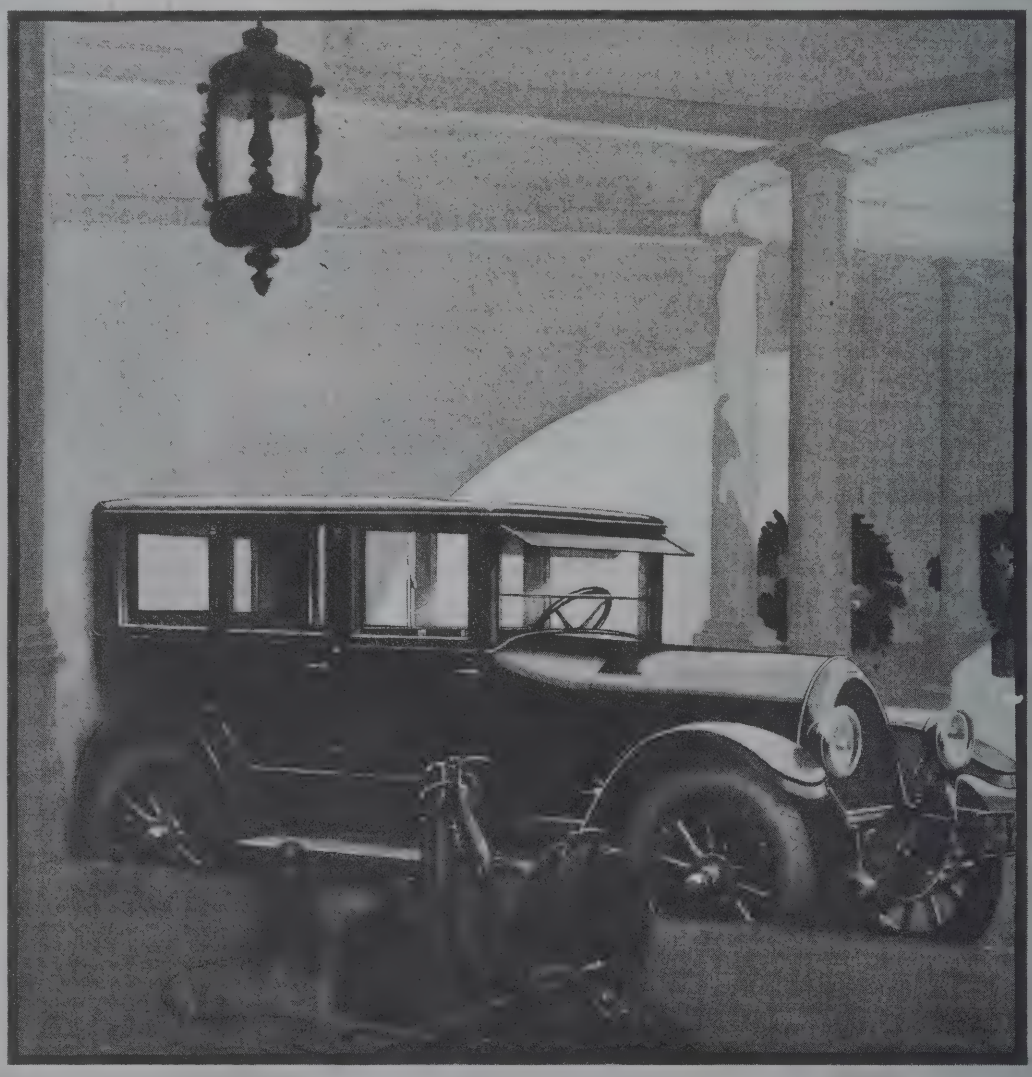
The doors of the gaols were torn down by the multitude that night. The Governor dealt sternly with all accusers, and forever the picture of Mary Newton rises in the memory of the people as she stood on the faggots, smiling on a cruel world, with faith in the deliverance which came, and praising God.

And I too give praise. His miracles endure forever.

I have the honor, dear madam, to inscribe myself,

Abigail Bradstreet Winslow

Arthur Somers Roche contributes a New England story of unusual dramatic power—"The Perkinses' Career"—to Cosmopolitan, *for March—on sale February 10.*



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VOL. LXXIV MARCH, 1923 NO. 3

COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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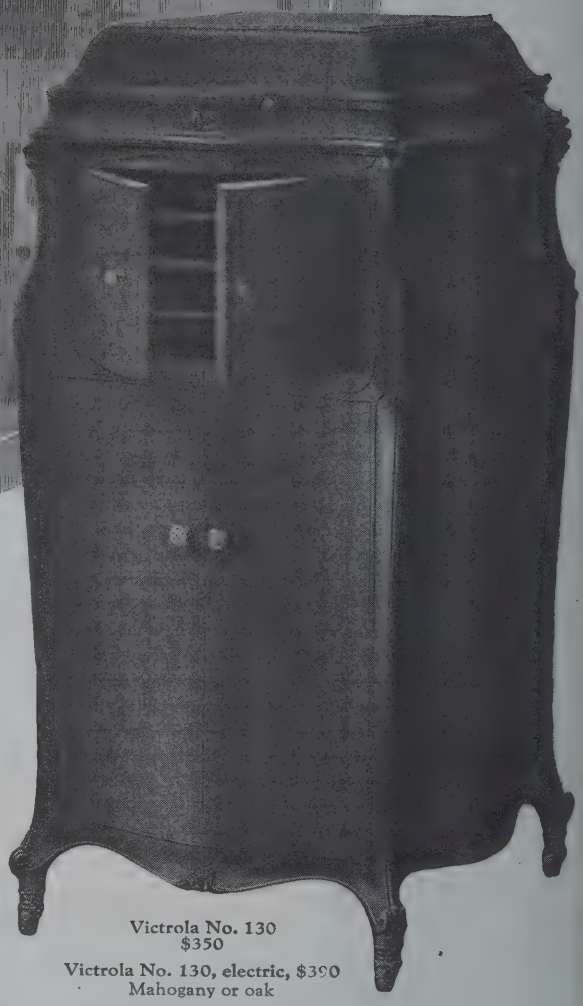
A new story of the African veldt

by CYNTHIA STOCKLEY

who wrote "Ponjola" *and who knows the Dark Continent—its dramas, its romance, its dangers, its surpassing rewards—better than any other writer in the world.*

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VOL. LXXIV
No. 3
COSMOPOLITAN
MARCH
1923

A Clear Conscience

by S. E. KISER

I SAW a woman who had dared to think—
One who had ventured over some frontiers
From which the prudish and the timid shrink—
Make room for children old beyond their years.
I heard her say: "I'm glad I am not one
Who lives in ease because their cheeks are thin;
I wear no gems because of tasks they've done;
Thank God, I need not answer for that sin!"

I STOOD beside her where the crowds went past,
And heard her say: "I'm glad it was not I
Who rushed to spread the scandal which, at last,
Has crushed the shabby woman passing by.
They may be just—the frowning friends she had—
Who turn their hostile backs or step aside;
She may deserve their scorn, but I am glad
No word of mine has helped to kill her pride.

"I'M glad that I am not the one for whom
The man long trusted has betrayed his trust;
Upon the one who coaxed him to his doom
New joys and later favors may be thrust.
Her dreams may never be disturbed; his name
Perhaps has faded wholly from her thought,
But I am glad that I am not to blame
For bringing his old mother's hopes to naught.

"WHERE lately faith was deep faith dwells no more;
One who was not too wise to be deceived
Sits where the shadows creep across the floor,
And mourns a loss that cannot be retrieved.
Those who have brought the woeful change about
May think they did their duty and no less;
Thank God it was not I who found him out
And brought the news that wrecked her happiness!"

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Cheer Up! *Says*

They Can't Always Subsist on

Illustrations by

GUM-CHEWING Tessie, with her face all chalked up, has a billion dollars in capital working night and day to keep her perked up.

Cleopatra had some pull as a queen but she never had as many groveling subjects hanging upon the favor of her smile as are now obedient to the knock-kneed flapper.

If Elmer, with the tossing forelock and the absent chin, comes out of the Bon Ton and some one asks him about the picture and he says, "Aw, it's punk"—then several millionaires must gather around a mahogany table and discuss a change of policy.

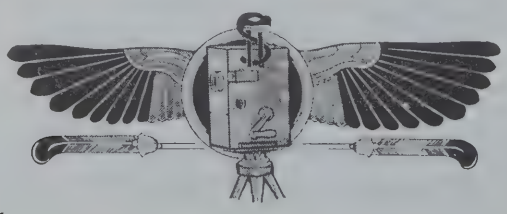
Yes, we are talking about the current releases and the world's largest jury.



How would you like to be the Simon Legree of a cinema drama production, getting ready to burn up $250,000, and face the task of turning out a play guaranteed to delight the farm hand, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the mill workers in a steel town, the metropolitan critics, the girls employed in the five and ten cent store and the Board of Censorship of the State of Pennsylvania?

What if you knew that screen dramas approved by all of the come-up-higher leagues had flopped in the open market, while those which had been toasted by every highbrow vigilante as cheap and vulgar had brought Rockefeller profits through the holes in the glass windows?

Stop roasting the men who make motion pictures and lavish upon them your profuse sympathy. They are trying to serve Mammon and mama at the same time!



They hear the demands of the psalm-singers and their desks are littered with letters, in blue ink, from emotional "fans" who want their movies hot and spicy and dripping with goo.

An amazing number of the two-bit pieces of America belong to people wearing evening clothes only in dreams, who never went to Yale and whose conception of a relaxed hour

GEORGE ADE

Maple Syrup & Cayenne Pepper

Gordon Ross

is to ride on a merry-go-round while eating chocolate fudge and inhaling musk perfumery.

The corporations peddling pictures have been afraid to pass up the patron who thinks with his nervous system.

Feature plays cost so much that they must be sold everywhere to everybody in order to show something to the good.

Snappy without being suggestive, clean without being insipid, speedy without becoming scrambled—now go ahead and fill the order!

Production is wholesale and the fault-finders are shrieking in eight different keys, forgetting:



That American-made pictures ride the world market because they are the best turned out to date.

That the screen drama is sweating out its own salvation and does not need the help of hysterical censors.

That if droves of well meaning fanatics were turned loose in every state to tinker with motion pictures, books, newspapers and public speeches, they never would be able to agree among themselves as to what is evil and what is wholesome.

That even the flat-heads are beginning to sit up to plays in which honest characterization and reasonable probability are taking the place of deceived womanhood and buckets of blood.

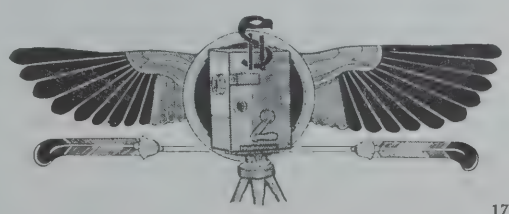
The demand for pictures has not had time to stabilize itself.

Even the most abnormal persons cannot subsist forever on maple syrup and Cayenne pepper.

The public is settling down to a diet. It doesn't want to be told what that diet shall be. At least not by brash amateurs posing as experts.

Censorship is futile and expensive and has not arrived anywhere.

Every day and in every way the pictures are getting better and better.



Did you ever see a more interesting face than this?



© PIRIE MACDONALD

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Novelist, poet, philosopher; a writer who certainly looks the part. His new novel begins on the opposite page.

A New Novel of American Life

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "Broken Barriers"

The Hope of Happiness

Illustrations by Pruett Carter

BRUCE STORRS stood up tall and straight on a prostrate sycamore, the sunlight gleaming upon his lithe, vigorous body, and with a quick, assured lifting of his arms plunged into the cool depths of the river. He rose and swam with long, confident strokes the length of a pool formed by the curving banks and returned to the log, climbing up with the same ease and grace that marked his swimming. He dashed the water from his eyes and pressed his hands backward over his shapely head. The deep tan of his face and throat and hands only emphasized the whiteness of his flesh. It was evident that he was the fortunate inheritor of clean blood in a perfectly fashioned body; that he had used himself well in his twenty-eight years and that he found satisfaction and pride in his health and strength. He surveyed the narrow valley through which the river idled and eddied before rushing into the broader channel beyond—surveyed it with something of the air of a discoverer who has found and appropriated to his own uses a new corner of the world.

It was a good place to be at the end of a day that was typical of late August in the corn belt, a day of intense dry heat with faint intimations on the horizon of the approach of autumn. With a contented sigh he sat down on the log, his feet drawn up, his shoulders bent, and aimlessly tore bits of bark from the log and tossed them into the water. Lulled by the lazy ripple, he yielded himself to revery and his eyes filled with dreams as he stared unseeingly across the stream. Suddenly he raised his head resolutely as though his thoughts had returned to the world of the actual and he had reached a conclusion of high importance. He plunged again and now his short, rapid strokes threshed the water into foam. One might have thought that in the assertion of his physical strength he was testing and reassuring himself of his complete self-mastery and buoyancy of spirit.

Refreshed and invigorated, he clambered up the bank and sought a great beech by whose pillar-like trunk he had left his belongings and proceeded to dress. From a flat canvas bag he produced a towel and a variety of toilet articles. He combed his thick, curly hair, donned a flannel shirt and knotted a blue scarf under its soft collar. His shoes of brogan type bore the imprint of a metropolitan maker and his gray knickerbockers and jacket indicated a capable tailor.

He took from the bag a package of letters addressed in a woman's hand to Bruce Storrs, and making himself comfortable with his back to the tree he began to read. The letters had been subjected to many readings as their worn appearance testified, but selecting the bulkiest he perused it carefully as though wishing to make sure that its phrases were firmly fixed in his memory.

". . . Since my talk with you," he read, "I have had less pain but the improvement is only temporary—the doctors do not deceive me as to that. I may go quickly—any day, any hour. You heard my story the other night—generously,



Bruce felt in Millicent a quality that seemed to translate her to remote and shadowy times.



"I can manage now," said Millicent, and drew her arm about the passive Leila. Bruce felt that she was paying

with a fine tolerance, as I knew you would. If I had not been so satisfied of your sense of justice and so sure of your love I could never have told you. But from the hour I knew that my life was nearing its end I felt more and more that you must know. One or two things I'm afraid I didn't make clear . . . that I loved the man who is your father. Love alone could be my justification—without that I could never have lived through these years.

"The man you have called father never suspected the truth. He trusted me. It has been part of my punishment that through all these years I have had to endure the constant manifestations of his love and confidence. But for that one lapse in the second year of my marriage, I was absolutely faithful in all my obligations to him. And he was kind to you and proud of you. He did all for you that a father could, never dreaming that you were not his own. It was one of my sorrows that I couldn't give him a child of his own. Things went badly with him in his last years, as you know, and what I leave to you—it will be about fifty thousand dollars—I inherited from my father and it will help you find your place in the world.

"Your father has no idea of your existence . . . Ours was a midsummer madness, at a time when we were both young. I only knew him a little while, and I have never heard from him; but in one way or another I have known something of his life. That wild, mad love I had for him never wholly died. Please, dear, don't think harshly of me, but there have been times when I would have given my life for a sight of him. After all—you are his—his as much as mine. You came to me from him—strangely dear and beautiful. In my mind you have always been his, and I loved you the dearer. I loved him, but I could not bring myself to leave the man you have called father for him. He was not the kind of man women run away with . . .

"When I'm gone I want you to put yourself near him—learn to know him, if that should be possible. I am trusting you; you would never, I know, do him an injury. Some day he may need you. Remember, he does not know—it may be he need never know. But, oh, be kind to him . . ."

He stared at the words. Had it been one of those unaccountable affairs—he had heard of such—where a gently reared woman falls prey to a coarse fibered man in every way her inferior? The man might be common, low, ignorant and cruel. Bruce had been proud of his ancestry. The Storrs were of old American stock and his mother's family, the Bruces, had been the foremost people in their county for nearly a century. He had taken a pardonable pride in his background . . . That night when he had stumbled out of the house after hearing his mother's confession he had felt the old friendly world recede. The letters,



him the compliment of assuming that he was a gentleman who would go his way and forget the whole affair.

sealed and entrusted to the family physician for delivery at her death, merely repeated what she had told him.

In his constant rereadings he had hoped that one day he would find that he had misinterpreted the message. But today he knew the folly of this; the disclosure took its place in his mind among the unalterable facts of his life. At first he had thought of destroying himself; but he was too sane and the hope of life was too strong for such a solution of his problem. And there had been offers—advantageous ones—to go to New York and Boston. He convinced himself that his mother could not seriously have meant to limit the range of his opportunities by sending him to the city where his unknown father lived. But he was resolved now not to shirk; he would do her bidding. There was a strain of superstition in him: he might invite misfortune by disregarding her plea; and moreover he had the pride and courage of youth. No one knew, no one need ever know! He had escaped from the feeling, at first poignant, that shame attached to him; that he must slink through life under the eyes of a scornful world. No; he had mastered that; his pride rallied him as with the sound of trumpets to make something fine of his life.

Life had been very pleasant in the little Ohio town where John Storrs had been a lawyer of average attainments—in no way brilliant but highly respected for his probity and enjoying for years a fair practice. Bruce had cousins of his own age, cheery, wholesome contemporaries with whom he had chummed from childhood. The Storrs, like the Bruces, his mother's people, were of a type familiar in Mid-western county seats, kindly, optimistic, well-to-do folk, but not too contented or self-satisfied not to be keenly alive to the stir and movement of the larger world.

The old house, built in the 'forties by John Storrs's grandfather, had become suddenly to Bruce a strange and alien place that denied his right of occupancy. The elms in the yard seemed to mock him, whispering "You don't belong here!" and as quickly as possible he had closed the house, made excuses to his relatives, given a power of attorney to the president of the local bank, an old friend, to act for him in all matters and announced that he'd look about a bit and take a vacation before settling down to his profession. In his restlessness and uncertainty he wished to avoid people, weary himself by day, and at night fling himself upon the kindly earth that belonged to no man.

This was all past now and he had arrived, it seemed inevitably, in the town where his father lived.

The beauty of the declining day stirred longings and aspirations, definite and clear, in his mind and heart. His debt to his mother was enormous. He remembered now her happiness at the first manifestation of his interest in form, color and harmony;

her hand guiding his when he first began to draw; her delight in his first experiment with a box of colors, given him on one of his birthdays. Yes; he should be a painter; that came first; then his aptitude in modeling made it plain that sculpture was to be his true vocation. To be a creator of beautiful things!—here, she had urged, lay the surest hope of happiness.

Very precious were all these memories; they brought a wistful smile to his face. She had always seemed to him curiously innocent, with the innocence of light-hearted childhood. To think of her as carrying a stain through her life was abhorrent. Hers was the blithest, cheeriest spirit he had known. The things she had taught him to reverence were a testimony to her innate fineness; she had denied herself for him, jealously guarding her patrimony that it might pass to him intact. The manly part for him was to live in the light of the ideals she had set for him. Pity and love for one who had been so sensitive to beauty in all its forms touched him now; brought a sob to his throat. He found a comfort in the thought that her confession might be attributable to a hope that in his life hers might be expiated . . .

He took up the letters and turned them over again for the last time, his eyes caught and held now and then by some phrase. He held the sheets against his face for a moment, then slowly tore them into strips, added the worn envelopes and burned them. Not content with this, he trampled the charred fragments into the sandy turf.

The sun, a huge brazen ball, was low in the west when he set off along the river with confident, springy step. He stopped at a farmhouse and asked for supper. The evening meal was over, the farmer's wife explained; but she produced a pitcher of milk and a plate of corn bread. Her husband appeared, and instantly prejudiced by the knickerbockers doggedly quizzed the stranger as to the nature and direction of his journey.

Storrs was a new species, not to be confused with the ordinary tramp who demands food at farmhouses, and suddenly contrite that the repast she was providing was so meager the woman rose and disappeared into the kitchen, returning with a huge piece of spice cake and a dish of sliced peaches. She was taken aback when he rose deferentially to accept the offering but her tired face relaxed in a smile at his cordial expressions of gratitude. She joined her husband on the stoop, finding the handsome pilgrim's visit a welcome break in the monotonous day. As he ate he answered their questions unhurriedly. The range of his wanderings mystified her; in her eyes he was a young Ulysses, all the more fascinating because her imagination was unequal to the task of explaining the long journeys afoot he was describing quite casually as though they were nothing remarkable.

"I guess the war left a lot o' you boys restless," she suggested.

"Oh, it wasn't the war that made a rover of me!" he replied with a smile. "It was this way with me. When I got home I found I had something to think out—something I had to get used to"—he frowned and became silent for a moment—"so I decided I could do it better by tramping. But I've settled things in my own mind pretty well now," he ended, half to himself, and smiled, unaware that he had only added to their mystification.

"Yes?" The woman's tone was almost eager. She was curious as to the real reason for his wanderings and what it was that he had settled. In the luminous twilight her dull imagination quickened to a sense of something romantic in this stranger, and she was disappointed when he told of a winter spent in various industrial centers; of an experience as a laborer in a great steel mill, just to see what it was like, he said—a fortnight in New York and a more recent tramp through the Valley of Virginia.

"I reckon you don't have to work?" the farmer asked, baffled in his attempts to account for a young man who strolled over the country so aimlessly, wearing what struck him as an outlandish garb.

"Oh, but I do! I've done considerable work as I've sauntered around. I'm an architect—or hope to be! I've earned my keep as I've traveled by getting jobs as a draughtsman."

"Going to stop in the city?" the woman inquired.

"Yes," Bruce replied, following the direction of her glance.

"You know folks there?" she persisted. "I guess it's hard getting started if you ain't got friends."

"There's a chap living there I knew in college; that's all. But when you strike a strange town where you don't know anyone the only thing to do is to buckle in and make them want to know you!"

"I guess you can do that," she remarked with shy admiration.

The farmer shuffled his feet on the brick walk. For all he knew the young stranger might be a burglar. He resented his wife's tone of friendliness and resolved to deny the request if the young man asked the privilege of sleeping in the barn; but the stranger not only failed to ask for lodging but produced a dollar bill from his pocket and insisted that the woman accept it. This transaction served instantly to dispel the farmer's suspicions. He answered with unnecessary detail Bruce's questions as to the shortest way to town, and walked with him to a lane that ran along the edge of a cornfield and afforded a short cut to the highway.

Bruce had expected to reach the city before nightfall but already the twilight was deepening and the first stars glimmered in the pale sky. Now that he was near the end of his self-imposed wanderings he experienced a sense of elation. The unhappy thoughts with which he had left his Ohio home a little more than a year earlier had gradually become dim in his memory. The letters he had burned at the riverside really marked in his consciousness a dispersion of doubts and questions that left his spirit free. His mother's revelation had greatly shaken him; but she need never have told him; and it spoke for her courage and her faith in him that she had confessed the truth. They had been companions in an unusual sense. From his earliest youth she had interested him in the things that had been her delight—books, music, pictures. She was herself an accomplished musician and strains of old melodies she had taught him recurred to him now—helped him to visualize her in the comfortable home in the little town where he was born—its tasteful furnishings, its garden and countless other manifestations of her cultivated taste.

As he swung along the road with the cool breeze blowing upon him from fields of tall ripening corn there was no bitterness in his soul. He had beaten down the bitter thought that had assailed him in the early days of his journeying—the sense that a stigma attached to him, not the less hateful because he alone had knowledge of it, the feeling that there was something fantastic in the idea that he should put himself where, in any need, he could serve the father he had never known.

This had now all the sanctity of a commission from the dead. He speculated as to what manner of man this could be who had awakened so deep a love in the heart of the good woman he knew his mother to have been—a love which she had carried in her heart to her last hours. In his long ponderings he had, he felt, come to understand her better than he ever had in her lifetime—her imaginative and romantic side, her swiftly changing moods, her innumerable small talents that had now a charm and a pathos in the retrospect. Age had never, to his eyes, laid hands upon her. Even through the last long illness she had retained the look and the spirit of youth.

Rounding a bend in the river the flare of an amusement park apprised him that he was close upon the city—a city he had heretofore never visited and knew of only from his newspaper reading as a prosperous industrial center. Here, for the strangest reason in the world, he was to make his home, perhaps spend the remainder of his days! He crossed a stone bridge with a sense that the act marked an important transition in his life, and after passing through the noisy aisles of the park boarded a trolley car and rode into town.

He had formed a very clear idea of what he meant to do, and arriving at the business center he went directly to the Hotel Fordham to which he had expressed his trunk from Cincinnati.

II

THE pencil with which Bruce was idly scribbling on a sheet of hotel paper traced his name unconsciously.

Bruce Storrs

It was not his name; he had no honest right to it. He had speculated many times in his wanderings as to whether he shouldn't change it but this would lead to endless embarrassments. Now, with his thoughts crystallized by the knowledge that this other man who had been his mother's lover was within reach, he experienced a strong sense of loyalty to the memory of the man he had called father. It would be a contemptible thing to abandon the name of one who had shown him so tender an affection and understood so perfectly his needs and aims . . .

Somewhere among the several hundred thousand people of the city about him was the man his mother had described. In the quiet room he experienced suddenly a feeling of loneliness. Usually in his wanderings he had stopped at cheap lodging houses and the very comfort of his surroundings now added to his feeling of strangeness in having at last arrived at a goal which marked not merely the end of his physical wandering but the termination of a struggle with his own spirit. He sent down for the evening papers and found himself scanning carefully



Bruce had heard his mother's confession with a fine tolerance; but he had felt the old friendly world recede.

the local news, thinking that he might find some clue to the activities of Franklin Mills. He wondered whether he could be growing morbid about the thing. When he burned his mother's letters beside the river that afternoon he had been satisfied of the serenity of his own mind; and now he was hating himself for his weakness.

His attention was caught by the caption, "Franklin Mills Sells Site of Old Homestead to Trust Company." The name fell like a blow upon his consciousness. He seized the telephone book and hurriedly turned the pages.

Mills Franklin Jefferson Ave.....Saybrook 1322
Mills Franklin First Ntl Bnk Bldg.....Main 2222

He stared at the two lines till they were a blur before his eyes. There was but one man of the name in the directory; there could be no mistake as to his identity.

It was a disconcerting thought that by calling these numbers he might at any time hear Franklin Mills's voice. The idea both fascinated and repelled him. What, after all, had he to do with Franklin Mills! Nothing, but for the plea of the woman this man had wronged back yonder in a past all but covered by the waters of oblivion.

He turned to the newspaper and reread the item about the real estate transaction, then opened to the personal and society page, where he found this item:

> Miss Leila Mills of Jefferson Avenue gave a luncheon yesterday at the Faraway Country Club for her house guest, Miss Helene Ridgeway of Cincinnati. The decorations were purple asters and pink roses.

Helene Ridgeway he knew; she had been the college chum of one of his gay cousins. He had not realized the strain he had

undergone in the past year till he saw the familiar name of the girl. The nightmare pictures he had conjured up faded; whatever Mills might be he was at least a reputable citizen and that was something to be thankful for; and obviously he was not poor and helpless.

The Leila referred to must be his daughter and the same blood ran in her veins as in his own . . . He flung the paper away; touched his forehead, found it covered with perspiration. He paced the floor till he had quieted himself, paused at the window, finding relief in the lights and sounds of the street, the bells and whistles of trains at the railway station somewhere in the distance. He was quite sane, he assured himself. The world surged round him, indifferent to his hopes and aims and fears. He might, he reasoned, dismiss his mother's story from his mind as untrue—the fabrication of a sick woman's mind. He must keep tight hold of himself . . .

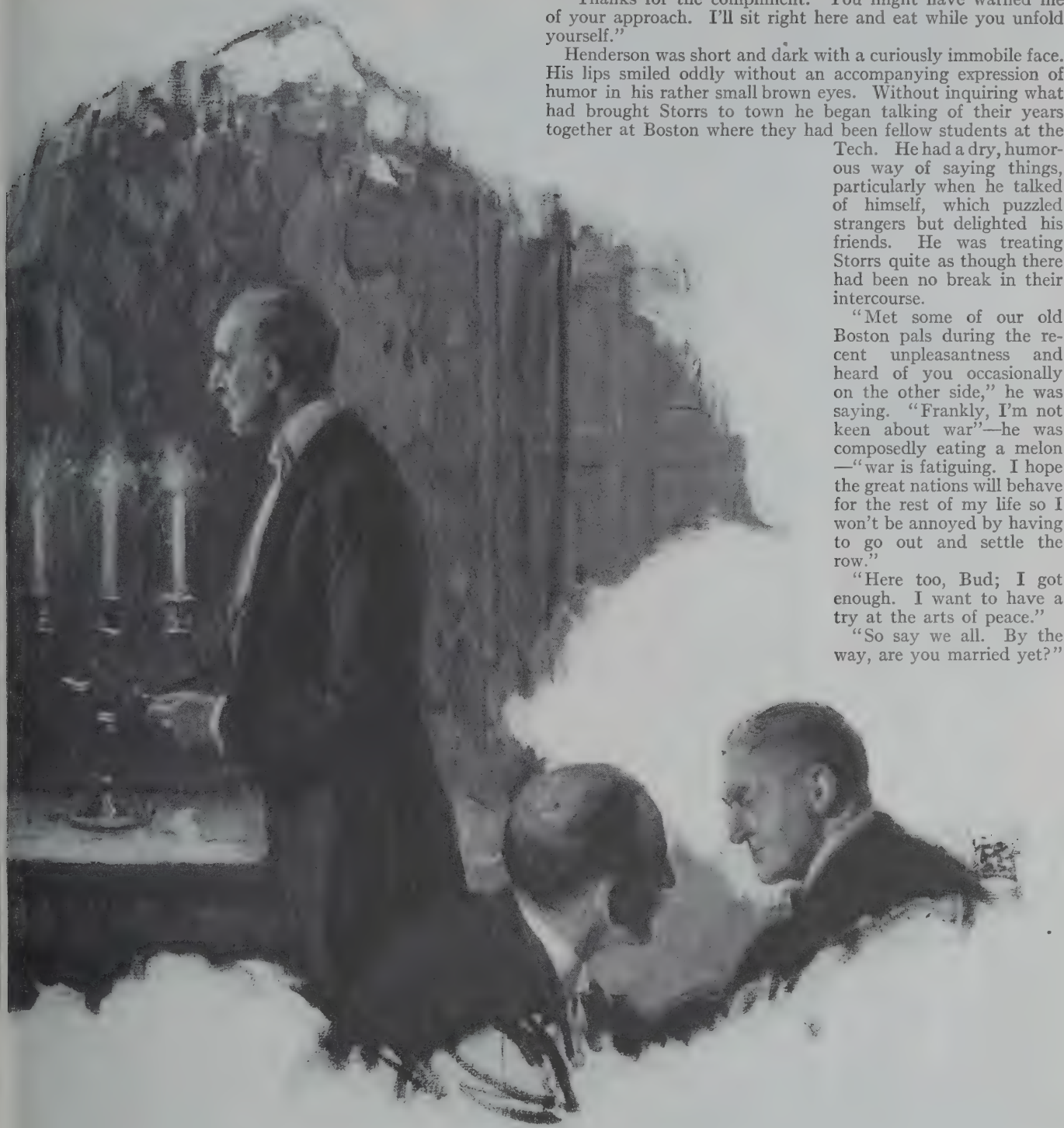
His mother had urged him to think kindly of Franklin Mills; and yet, now that the man was within reach, a contempt that bordered upon hatred filled his heart. For his mother his love turned for the moment to pity. It was an astounding thing, this dark page of her life carried all those years in her heart. He recalled the look she had bent upon him at times when he and his putative father had talked happily together. John Storrs had lavished an unusual devotion upon his wife to the end of his life. The wrong done him seemed monstrous as Bruce thought of it, remembering Storrs's pride in him, the sympathetic interest he had taken in his education, the emotion with which they had parted when Bruce went away to war. There was a vast pathos in all this—in the very ignorance of his wife's infidelity that John Storrs had carried to his grave.



"Mr. Mills," said Millicent, "let me present Mr. Storrs." Guardedly Bruce studied the man who was his father.

CHAPTER II

AWAKE early, Bruce donned a gray business suit and went down to breakfast. His immediate concern was to find employment; for in work, he knew, lay his hope of happiness and peace. He had thrust into his pocket letters from architects who had employed him in various cities commending him as an excellent draughtsman; and he bore a letter certifying to his



good character and trustworthiness from the president of the bank in his native town. He was not pressed by immediate need. His travels had been inexpensive; in fact he had a little more than earned his way; and he had not only the fifty thousand dollars his mother had left invested in securities but he carried drafts for the accumulated income—something over a thousand dollars—to tide him over any possible difficulties in finding an opening that promised well for the future. He had finished his breakfast and lingered, deep in thought, when a young man who had just entered the dining room paused beside him.

"Is it or is it not Bruce Storrs?" he demanded. "I spotted you from the door—didn't think there could be another such head and shoulders."

"Bud Henderson!"

Storrs was on his feet, wringing the hand of the young man, who was regarding him with a pleased grin.

"You good old Indian! I was just about to go out and ask the nearest cop where to find you! You're the only man I know in town!"

"Thanks for the compliment. You might have warned me of your approach. I'll sit right here and eat while you unfold yourself."

Henderson was short and dark with a curiously immobile face. His lips smiled oddly without an accompanying expression of humor in his rather small brown eyes. Without inquiring what had brought Storrs to town he began talking of their years together at Boston where they had been fellow students at the Tech. He had a dry, humorous way of saying things, particularly when he talked of himself, which puzzled strangers but delighted his friends. He was treating Storrs quite as though there had been no break in their intercourse.

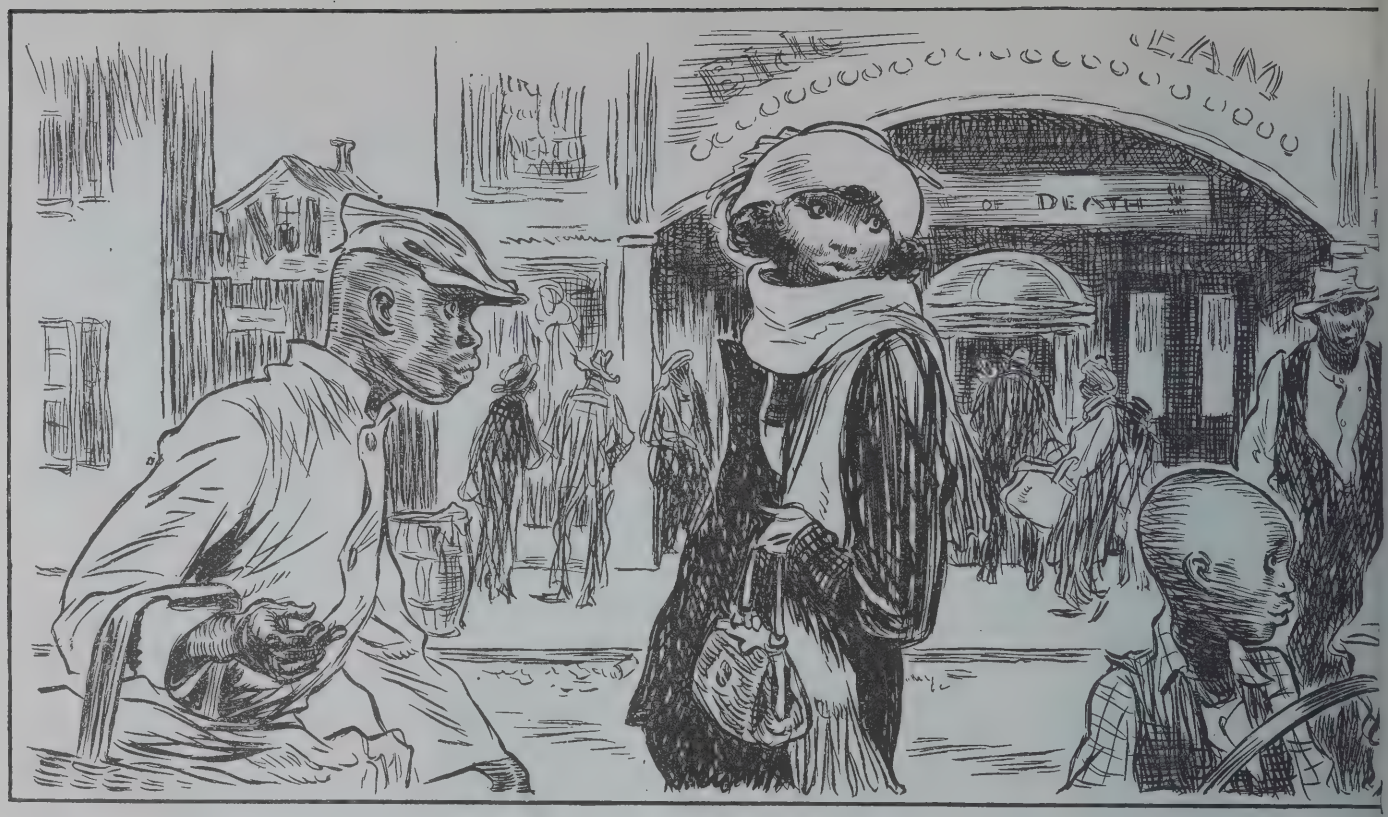
"Met some of our old Boston pals during the recent unpleasantness and heard of you occasionally on the other side," he was saying. "Frankly, I'm not keen about war"—he was composedly eating a melon—"war is fatiguing. I hope the great nations will behave for the rest of my life so I won't be annoyed by having to go out and settle the row."

"Here too, Bud; I got enough. I want to have a try at the arts of peace."

"So say we all. By the way, are you married yet?"

"No."

"That's bad. Marriage is an honorable estate; I'm rather keen about it. I took me a wife as soon as I got back from France. Oh Lord, no! None of the girls we knew around Boston. Couldn't afford them and besides it's a mistake not to marry in your home town and it's also easier when you're a bloomin' pauper. I married into one of the strongest wholesale grocery houses in all these parts. I'll drive you by the warehouse; an impressive pile—one of the biggest concerns west of Pittsburgh. Maybelle is the only child of the Conrad of Conrad, Buxton and Pettibone. A wonderful girl, Maybelle—one of the really strong, powerful women of this great nation. She's out of town at present playing a golf tournament for the huckleberry association championship. That's why I'm chasing downtown for breakfast—cook's on a vacation. You'll meet Maybelle; she's a person, that girl! Married me (*Continued on page 163*)



Otherwise Sweet

By IRVIN S. COBB

BEFORE continuing the speaker looked about him to make sure the rest of the group suitably were impressed. They were, and he did:

"Yas suzz, tha's the way it is wid me. W'en I starts gittin' bad I gits so bad my muscles all bind on me an' I has crampin' pains frum haid to foot. Tha's only jest the beginnin'. W'en I gits mad clear th'ough, it's time to pack the wimmin an' chillen to a place of safety an' remove the weakin's, the cripples an' the sickly ones to the cyclome cellar. 'Count of that, is w'y they calls me Wild Bill, the Human Harrycane.

"I reckin it muster been travelin' wid the circus, playin' alto cornet in the Genuwine Zulu Band, w'ich has made me so rough that-a-way.

"Circusses ain't no place fur people wid weak hearts. Prob'ly"—his eye swept the ring of properly awed faces that encircled him—"prob'ly they ain't none of you niggers present w'ich could last one season out wid a circus; but me, I stayed on goin' on nine yeahs. An' went stronger all the time!

"Tek that time in Springfield, Ohio, w'en the bigges' elephint, name of Emily, went rampagious by reason of somebody havin' give her a bottle of pepper-sauce an' her thinkin' 'twas red pop till too late fur her to change her mind 'bout drinkin' it. A elephint 'bout the size of a steam calliope that's burnin' up insides of her wid some new kind of a hell-fire w'ich water won't squench is a powerful onhealthy pusson to prank wid, I'll tell the waitin' world!

"Well, fust they gits the menagerie top cleared out an' 'en they reclaims the w'ite man that'd give her the stuff out frum under the sea-lionses' tank; w'ich they called him a practical joker in the paper next mawnin' but he suttinly wuzn't very practical lookin' w'en they wuz totin' him off to the city horspital wid one laig kind of flappin', an' him talkin' delirious. An' 'en they gits Emily chained up an' roped down an' the chief bull-man he starts in ca'mmin' her down wid a pitchfork.

"Me, I didn't know nuthin' 'bout it, bein' downtown whilst 'twas goin' on; but w'en I gits back to the lot an' starts in th'ough the markee, one of the razorbacks he sez to me, he sez:

" 'Hole on, black boy, they's a crazy elephint in that there tent!'

"An' I sez to him: 'Saginaw,' I sez, 'it don't mek no diff'unce to me ef this yere tent is upholstered in elephints; yere's where I'm headed an' yere's where I'm goin'!'

"Excusin' of the head bull-man I wuz the onliest one w'ich went near Emily the rest of the ev'nin'. An' ef you don't believe me, all you got do is jest write to my ole boss, Mist' Peter J. Powerses, Esquire, Owner, keer of Winter Quarterses, Waterloo, Ioway, an' he'll tell you percisely the same w'ich I jest is been.

"An' 'en, tek the time yere last fall w'en I wuz stoppin' off down yonder in Texas an' the Ku Kluxses started projectin' 'round. They taken an' whupped two uppidy cullid boys, an' they toted one w'ite man off to the outskirts an' fixed him up fur the Indian summer in some tar an' some feathers an' w'en he come crawlin' back to town next mawnin' he looked like a frizzly chicken caught out in a high wind. Yas, suzz, that w'ite man wuz ever'thing a hen is, 'ceptin' he couldn't lay aigs an' didn't feel much lak cacklin'. They tells me he wuz the better part of two weeks sheddin'.

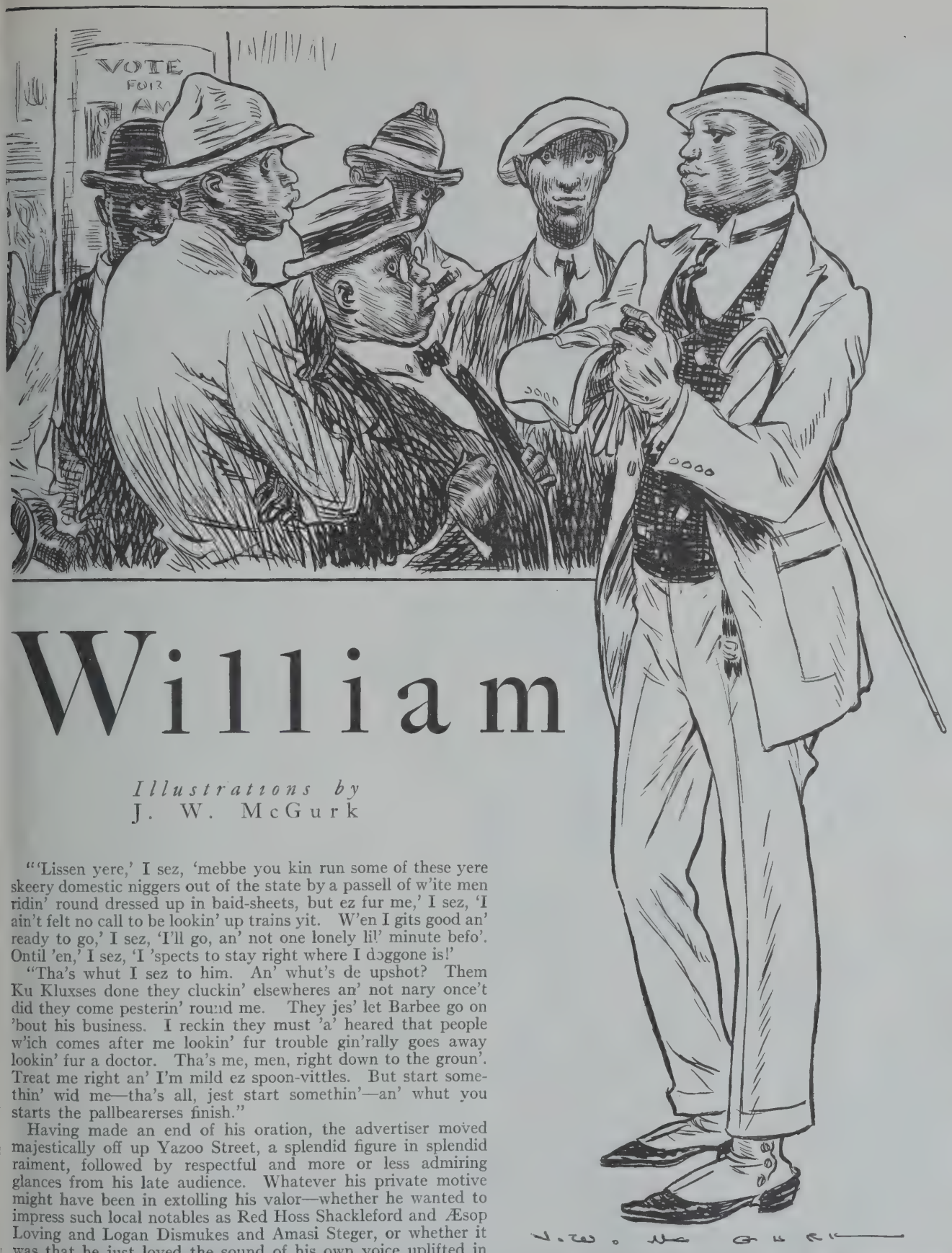
"So folkses in gin'ral and 'specially cullid folkses begins lookin' wall-eyed ever' time anybody speaks of them ole Ku Kluxses. But me, I ain't payin' 'em no mind. An' so one day a man come up to me an' he sez to me, he sez:

"'Look yere, nigger, ain't you actin' purty brash round this town fur a visitin' nigger? Next thing you knows, the Entertainment Committee goin' be waitin' on you!'

"I jest looks him in the eye an' I sez to him:

"'Is this a warnin'?'

"'Tek it or leave it be,' he sez; 'but they tells me pickin' plumages off frum betwixt yore shoulder blades ain't no easy job.'



William

Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk

"'Lissen yere,' I sez, 'mebbe you kin run some of these yere skeery domestic niggers out of the state by a passell of w'ite men ridin' round dressed up in baid-sheets, but ez fur me,' I sez, 'I ain't felt no call to be lookin' up trains yit. W'en I gits good an' ready to go,' I sez, 'I'll go, an' not one lonely lil' minute befo'. Ontil 'en,' I sez, 'I 'spects to stay right where I doggone is!'

"Tha's whut I sez to him. An' whut's de upshot? Them Ku Kluxses done they cluckin' elsewheres an' not nary once't did they come pesterin' round me. They jes' let Barbee go on 'bout his business. I reckin they must 'a' heared that people w'ich comes after me lookin' fur trouble gin'rally goes away lookin' fur a doctor. Tha's me, men, right down to the groun'. Treat me right an' I'm mild ez spoon-vittles. But start somethin' wid me—tha's all, jest start somethin'—an' whut you starts the pallbearerses finish."

Having made an end of his oration, the advertiser moved majestically off up Yazoo Street, a splendid figure in splendid raiment, followed by respectful and more or less admiring glances from his late audience. Whatever his private motive might have been in extolling his valor—whether he wanted to impress such local notables as Red Hoss Shackleford and Æsop Loving and Logan Dismukes and Amasi Steger, or whether it was that he just loved the sound of his own voice uplifted in self-worshiping—there was no doubt of the results in the minds of the hearers. They had harkened without interrupting, and they believed without question. For all remaining there knew the truth about this departing personage and might testify to it. They knew him for one of those rarest of created beings—a boaster who lived up, spirit and deed, to the text of his boasting. Twice already, since his recent advent, had he proved it. He had proved it on the stricken body of Smooth Crumbaugh and he had proved it in the instance of Abraham Begat Isaac Hopper.

If one wished to be technical about it, or fussy, it wasn't precisely an advent. More exactly was it in the nature of a triumphant re-entry. This fascinating and traveled bravo had been born and partly brought up in these same parts which his presence now adorned. Ten years before he had stolen away with a street carnival, an inconspicuous stripling then, and of the color of scorched molasses, giving no discernible signs of ultimate genius or future distinction. After these years he had returned in the full possession of his greatness—a gifted musician, a graceful and sinewy athlete, a conversationalist of rare powers whose favorite topic was himself, a master at retort and repartee, a metropolitan and a man of the world—yes, and, as speedily developed, a man of his word.

Almost, in his absence, he had been forgotten; the truant had become a faint, chrome-shaded memory vaguely to be recalled—if recalled at all—in connection with dazzling teeth and nimble feet and an adolescent aptitude for playing on a mouth organ. These things served to fix no identities in a town abounding in brown-skinned youths who could dance and syncopate. But it did not require of him many ways or indeed many hours after his arrival back to reimpress himself upon the residents of north Yazoo Street and Smoketown and Plunkett's Hill.

For this swift enlargement of his repute there were reasons and good reasons. To begin with, he was the dashing dark conquistador whose sketchy portrait has just been painted, in part, with the help of his own quoted language. In the second place, he was such a finished musician as the Afro-American populace of his home town never in all their lives had known. Thirdly, his wardrobe caught and held the eye. Fourthly, he wore for a handle on his name the title of Professor.

Now, music—either the love for it or the power to produce it—is supposed popularly to exert a gentling influence upon the human individual who cultivates this one of the muses; is even held to have charms to soothe the savage breast and bend a knotted oak. (See Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," page 294, for fuller particulars.) It still is an issue in dispute whether dogs do or do not like music—their behavior when hearing it leaves one in doubt—but zoologists agree that as regards the beasts of the field and even of the wild, the softening and restraining effects are undeniable.

So, by rights of naturalistic laws, the returned one, being an accomplished instrumentalist and a composer in his own rights, should have been of gentle mold; there again he upset the averages. Here was a braggart who by his acts justified all his bragging, here a sweet minstrel, a wandering troubadour who, when crossed or irritated, swung a devastating fist. Hence, and properly hence, Wild Bill, the Human Hurricane.

As, on this day, he swaggered off through Yazoo Street with his fawn-colored derby cocked far to one side, those left behind stared at him in his retreat and for a space were mute, dominated still by the spell of his personality.

It was Æsop Loving who broke the little silence. Himself, Æsop was given to stylish adornment of the person.

"Suttinly talk biggetty, don't he?" he murmured.

"Suttinly do," agreed Amasi Steger. "An' likewise act biggetty. An' *is* biggetty, ef it comes down to that."

"Also is," Logan Dismukes added with unqualified sincerity. "Shorely is jest whut you jest sez, Amasi."

"Still, I've tuck notice 'at the bigger they is, the harder they falls," said Æsop. An undercurrent of jealousy, one might even say of malice, coursed beneath his words. Softly he began chanting the refrain of a song written long before by a local bard in commemoration of the crime, trial and hanging of that famous malefactor, Devil George Winston. It ran like this:

Well. fly high, ole buzzard, you bound to light some day!

"Better tek keer 'at w'en he lights 'tain't on top of you," said Red Hoss Shackleford. "My memory ain't so pore but I still kin remember whut happen' to Smooth Crumbaugh th'other night. Talk 'bout lightnin' strikin'—*um-m-ph huh!*"

At this the hush redescended again upon all there. The reminiscence was fresh in their minds; it would stay fresh through the long years to come. Mentally each recreated the setting and the scene: the interior of the Bleeding Heart short-order and soft drink emporium at nighttime of the second day following Professor Barbee's arrival; Tump Glass, of the night shift, serving him and those he had invited to join him in a light snack of cold barbecued shoat; the host in the generous act of paying the total charge from a fat roll of bills; and at that precise moment the timed and dramatic entry of Smooth Crumbaugh, swaying under the influences of synthetic gin and therefore doubly dangerous.

As he came through the door his bloodshot eye had fallen upon the currency in the stranger's hand; the very sight of it seemed to inflame the desperado. It was the first meeting between these two. Neither, it would appear, previously had heard of the other. Smooth had been absent; the Professor had been busy at the congenial task of recommending his own qualities.

There was a feel of impending tragedy in the air as Smooth Crumbaugh, lurching slightly, advanced toward the new arrival. The others present shrank aside. They had just been hearing the Professor telling all about himself. But they knew about Smooth Crumbaugh. As the old saying had it, the farther you went up his street the tougher they got, and Smooth lived in the last house.

He laid a huge black paw upon the faultless lapel of the Professor's pin-striped coat, and his opening speech pounded forth from him in a menacing thunder:

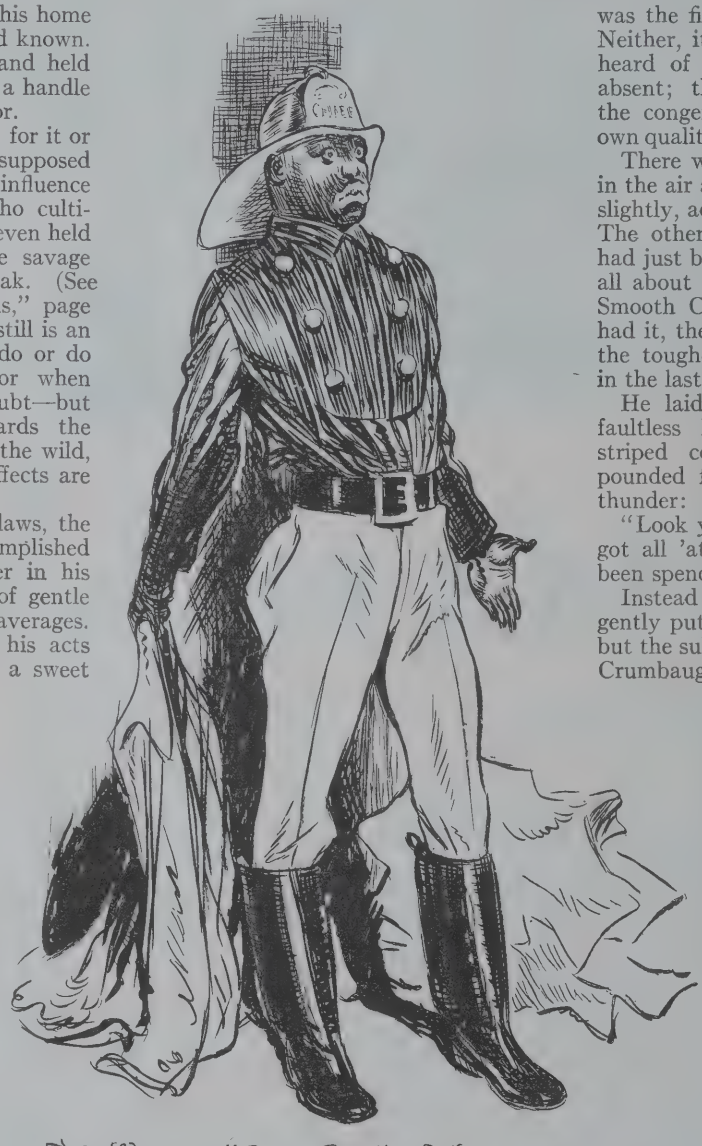
"Look yere, slim nigger, how come you got all 'at money fur to spend an' ain't been spendin' none of it on me?"

Instead of answering, the other almost gently put a counter question of his own; but the subtle irony of it was over Smooth Crumbaugh's bullet head.

"Who is you, ef at all, may I ast?"

"You better ast!" Smooth's fingers closed on the garment and he jerked its wearer roughly. "I is the offerci'l bully of dis town. An' w'en a strange nigger blow in yere wid cash he gin'elly pays his life insho'ence by givin' me the mos' part of it——"

Parlor magicians have proved that the hand may be quicker than the eye. So swiftly did the Professor's right hand clump into a fist and so swiftly did the fist travel to its mark, that the spectators sensed rather than saw its upward swing. But there was no doubt about where it struck; they heard it land and, astounded, marked its effect.



——an eye-filling, soul-lifting, magnetic figure in a shiny helmet.

Say two minutes later the dethroned Smooth Crumbaugh came to. On account of his jaw he spoke what might properly be called broken English; even his words, somehow, seemed swollen and stiff and sore. From the floor where he lay the smitten one put the query almost humbly:

"Mister, who is you, anyways?"

Professor Barbee paused from blowing on a skinned knuckle. One jaunty elbow was resting on the lunch counter. He was not exalted, not noticeably ruffled. He was poised calmness itself.

"Me?" he said; "now you asts me who *I* is? Well, I'm goin' tell you. I is the pusson you thought you wuz w'en you come in yere."

No one who was eyewitness to this thing—and Æsop Loving had been numbered among those who did witness it—would forget it, however long he might live. Nor would Æsop cease to have vivid recollection of an occurrence of two weeks later

down at the foot of Franklin Street, for likewise he had been present when this subsequent thing happened. To the envious Æsop, now trailing in second place as sartorial runner-up, it seemed the fates were decreeing that always he must be on hand when this usurping upstart scored his most brilliant triumphs.

Swift's Floating Palace had arrived to pay its annual visit. The show boat was nosed in at the bank just above the upper wharf boat; the customary band concert preceding the evening performance was going on; and the sloping gravel wharf was speckled with clumps of listeners. Other auditors were massed on the shovel-blade decks of the upper wharf boat. Mainly they were colored. The lower floor of the aquatic theater might or might not be filled with white patrons that night, but the proprietor knew, as his professional glance swept the shore, that the gallery would hold a capacity audience. He was sorry his theater wasn't all gallery; he always was sorry when he reached this town, with its forty percent of black population.

On this evening the dashing Barbee was squiring an acknowledged Yazoo Street belle, one Melissa Grider. He was, as usual, a mold of fashion; she preened her smartest feathers. She was his chosen companion now; later, when the curtain went up, she would be his guest aloft up there in what some white folks call peanut heaven. They stood together on the wharf boat. In the manner of one who knows the amusement world by heart he was directing the attention of his flattered lady to certain technical faults on the part of the show boat's band leader in the direction of the march measure then being rendered—or is *rendered* the word?—these musical terms so often are confusing to a layman.

At this moment an unseemly interruption befell. A roustabout had stolen away from his duties on the Chattanooga packet to enjoy the concert and he heavily trod on the tender toes of a resident who, as would appear, was touchy in other places as well. Hard words between the two ensued; then hard blows, then a clinching. The intertwined adversaries swirled into Melissa, almost jostling her from her feet. Instantly her escort was in action. With a dazzling dexterity he seized the struggling pair by their respective collar-napes and jerked them widely apart. The roustabout was sent spinning away in this direction; the other man spun away in that. Excepting that he struck something solid, it is probable that the latter might have spun clean off the unrailed guards of the wharf boat into deep Tennessee River water.

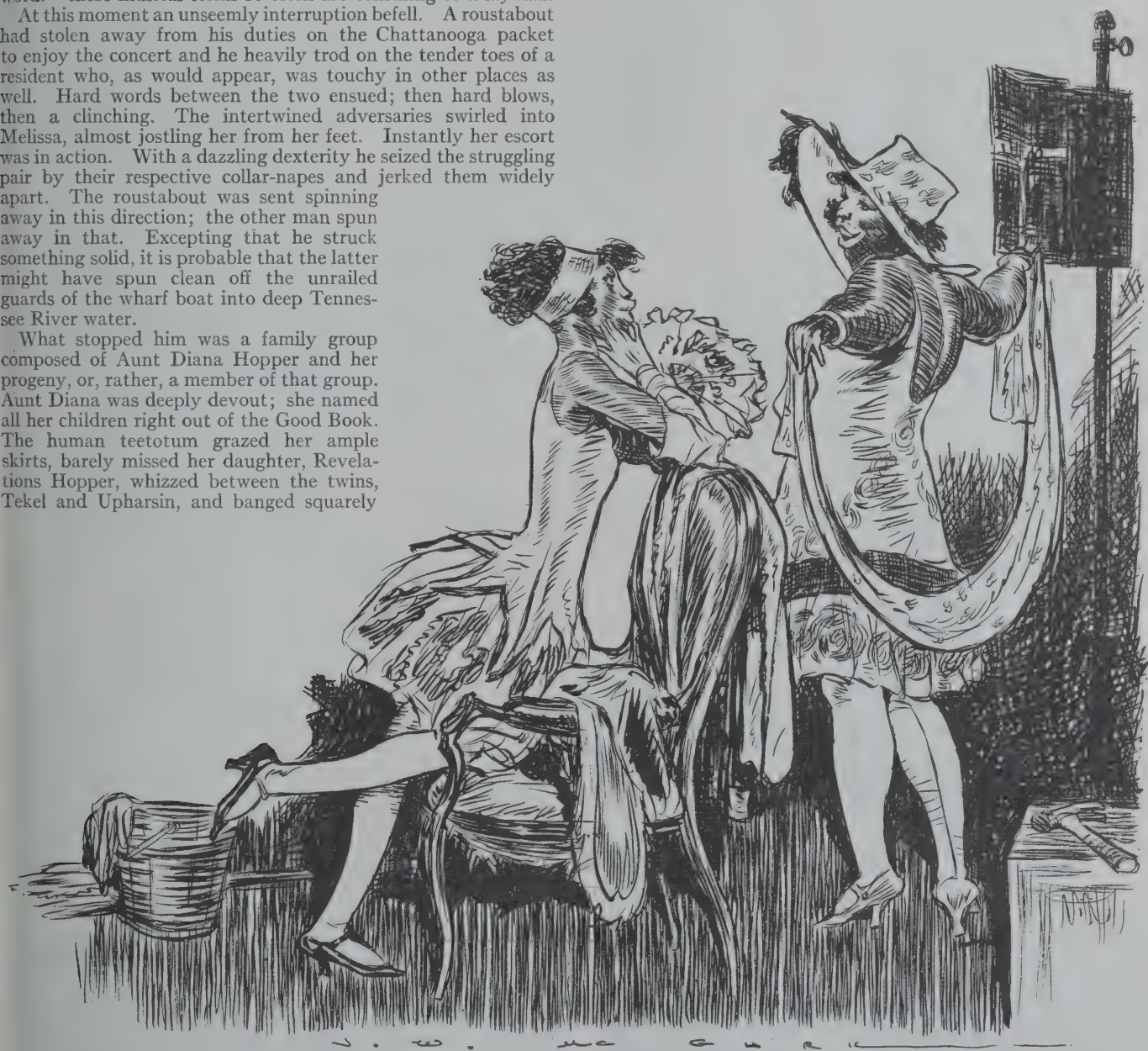
What stopped him was a family group composed of Aunt Diana Hopper and her progeny, or, rather, a member of that group. Aunt Diana was deeply devout; she named all her children right out of the Good Book. The human teetotum grazed her ample skirts, barely missed her daughter, Revelations Hopper, whizzed between the twins, Tekel and Upharsin, and banged squarely into her son, whose chief claim to distinction, other than having been christened after words traced out by his mother's finger in Matthew, first chapter and second verse, was that at the age of twelve he weighed 140 pounds, although of no more than the average height.

The chunky prodigy was perched on the gunwales of the wharf boat, facing outward, when a swiftly moving body struck him from behind and sent him, for all his firm bulk, straight overboard. Upon striking the water he did two things, practically simultaneously:

He went *glug* and he went down.

Terrific clamor arose, but the agonized shriek of Aunt Diana led all the rest.

If it was a white man who expertly pronged the grapple end of a boat hook into the collar of the victim as he arose to the surface, it was Professor Barbee who directed the supplemental rescue work. It was Barbee who made everybody stand back and give the gurgling boy air; Barbee who suggested up-ending him so that the water he had swallowed might, by gravity, be induced to flow out again; and Barbee, and none other, who added a final noble touch to the picture by handing the frantic mother a ten dollar bill as balm for her feelings and as payment for damage to her son's wardrobe. In fact, the Professor took the center of the stage from him who by rights should have been the real hero, just as at a funeral your polished undertaker sometimes steals the limelight away from the remains. There was sympathy for young Abraham Begat Isaac Hopper; but



If the straw-toned Ophelia had the advantage in complexion, there was something compelling about Melissa Grider.

there were cheers for Wild Bill, the efficient Human Hurricane.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding that his thoughts had been directed back to these historic events, Æsop Loving now renewed his crooning of the line which carried in it a warning and a prophecy concerning the buzzard that flies too high. With a reedy note of disfavor in his tones he was repeating the pregnant refrain long after the form of Wild Bill had been lost from view in the distance. As Æsop figured it, nature and luck had done entirely too much in their joint endowment of this individual. All right for him to be a pugilistic marvel, all right perhaps that, temperamentally, he should be the pet of fortune. But to make a walking fashion plate of him was carrying prodigality just a plentiful little bit too far. Æsop's one grain of comfort lay in recalling the proverb about pride going before a fall.

Still, as time went by, it must be confessed that the gods of humility deigned not to set snares or pitfalls for the Professor's unstrayed and unstumbling feet. By day and by night he kept right on gaining in popular favor so that his civic fame became many cubits high. In society he was an enormous success; artistically, he had no rival worthy of the name. Being abundantly supplied with funds he felt no call to follow after any of those devices which spoil most of the working hours of workaday folks, and thus had fuller opportunity for the exercise of his social talents. With him it was more a labor of love than of necessity when he formed the largest colored orchestra this end of the State had ever known, with himself—naturally—as its leader. He was more than its leader; he was a dictator, if ever there has been one.

It was felt, though, that he reached the ultimate pinnacles of popularity and prominence when he set in motion his plan for organizing and equipping the Plunkett's Hill All-Colored Volunteer Fire Fighters' Brigade. A holocaust gave him the cue for this forward step. One windy night in the late fall, fire originated in a cowshed on Emery Lane, upon the far slope of the gentle eminence known as Plunkett's Hill, and well beyond the corporate limits. With all promptitude the paid department answered the call.

But from Central Station to the alarmed neighborhood was a distance of fully two miles; from Station No. 2 the way was even longer. Moreover, the run must be made in part through muddy by-streets where the heavy hose carts had slow going; and finally, to top the chapter of disaster, the water mains ended at the municipal boundary. Before the fire had burned itself out for lack of more material to feed upon, the Colored Fraternity Temple, a frame structure two stories in height, had gone up in flame with almost the spontaneous alacrity of a celluloid comb, and a long stretch of those narrow, two room wooden dwellings known South as "gun barrels" had been swept to their spindly brick foundations. The main reason why all the sufferers were colored was because no white families whatsoever lived in the burnt district or, indeed, anywhere within the devastated and distracted suburb.

Fairly before the ashes were cold, Professor Barbee had his inspiration. But he bided his time, holding the idea in reserve until the suitable moment for presenting it had arrived. With his other favors he had a sense of psychology. He struck, so to speak, while the iron was hot, at a mass meeting which had been called by and for members of the race to take steps for succoring the chief losers by the fire. In another part of town on the same evening, white residents were acting in the same worthy cause.

Two of the colored pastors, the one colored lawyer practicing at the local bar, and both of the colored physicians, as representatives of the higher professions, had been heard. On behalf of the capitalistic classes, the colored undertaker and Green Wilgus, the leading master barber, also had spoken when Professor Barbee, rising from where he sat in the body of the house, obtained recognition and advanced to the platform and took the floor.

A ripple of surprise ran through the assemblage. It was observed now that his trousers were tucked into rubber boots and that he wore a long raincoat buttoned up to his throat; yet the night was not a rainy one, either, and the hall seemed well heated. Likewise, as though to enhance public curiosity, he bore in the crook of his left elbow a mysterious queer shaped object encased in paper.

But when he began to speak, speculations regarding these curious accessories immediately were lost in admiration for his flow of language and in interest for the topic with which he dealt. His powers of eloquence never had been shown to better advantage than now. It was, as he said at the outset, all very well to raise money for temporarily housing and feeding those made homeless. (Applause.) But his thoughts went further even than this laudable end. Let the people cure, in so far as was possible, the present ills resulting from the late confergation—his use of this word creating a distinct sensation—but let also his hearers look to steps which in future would lessen the possibilities of another such destructive visitation. (Great applause.) He continued:

"In briefly, this yere is now the notion w'ich I has worked out in my own haid: We will start up a all-cullid voluntary fire departmint fur the special purtecktion of the chief cullid locality, w'ich, ez you all full well knows, is Plunkett's Hill. We will have our own ingine house out there, wid our own ingine an' our own hook-an'-ladder wagginses an' so fo'th, kep' on the insides of it. We will have our own reg'lation uniforms same ez I has seen 'em in Nawthern parts of the country endurin' of my travels to an' fro, w'ich them uniforms'll be made to awder, fur the members thereof. [Distinct stir of approval.]

"An' so, my friends, w'en yereafter the summonses rings out on the midnight air, 'stid of us runnin' round waitin' fur the w'ite firemen to git there, an' in the meantime all our prop'ty mebbe mos' lakly gettin' consumed to the ground by the devourin' elemint, our own cullid fire-fightin' fools will hustle into they uniforms, bring fo'th our own cullid ingines an' all, an' prob'ly git 'at fire all squenched out an damped down befo' them w'ite firemen is more'n ha'fway to the spot. They will be a chief, w'ich he will tote a brass trumpet fur to yell his awders th'ough it, an' they'll be sev'l deputy chiefs.

"Nur is that all. We fu'thermo' must have, by all means, a ladies' oxiliary society to purvide comfort an' hot cawfee in cold weather fur our gallant men-folkses. Fur, ez all wise men knows, you kinnot do nothin' right in this world widout the helpin' aid of the sweet an' lovin' hands of the fair ladies of the land. [Cheers and handclaps and Aunt Diana Hopper crying out: "Heah 'im, Lawd!" as though in church.] Also an' mo'over besides, we will have fur the mo' elderly men a exempt firemen's association w'ich I finds they also is quite common in the Nawth where I is been . . ."

Voice from the floor, speaking eagerly:

"Whut-all these yere exemptious firemen got to do, Br'er Barbee?"

If the query for the moment daunted him, the Professor gave no sign of it; possibly he did bat his eyes once or twice. Sparring for time, he addressed the direction from which the interruption had come:

"I don' know ez I percisely ketched the question. Will the gen'elman w'ich perpound' it kindly rise in his place an' state her once't ag'in fur my understandin'?"

Uncle Gid Fowler, the veteran janitor of the Planters' National Bank, got upon his feet.

"Ez one of de older men w'ich you mentions, I wants to know dis—whut is de duty of these yere exemptious ones?"

"Oh! Tha's it, is it? You desires to know whut the exempt firemen do? Well, suh, I'm very glad 'at question wuz put by you—very glad indeed. The exempt firemen—they"—he might have been hesitating for the value of the dramatic effect. But it was only a very brief pause, for this was a ready thinker—"they natchelly goes to all the fires w'ich otherwise would be exempted. They ain't no tellin' w'en one of these yere exempt fires'll break out." He hurried forward to forestall any more of these technical riddles. "An' in between times they gives counsel an' advices to the younger men. An' they also wears a uniform. [More applause, led by Uncle Gid Fowler.]

"Speakin' of uniforms, Mist' Cheerman, I desires to speak on slightly fu'ther. Figgerin' 'at this yere notion of mine would meet wid yore ondivided favor yere tonight, I taken it 'pun myse'f to awder a reg'lation voluntary fireman's uniform frum a large Nawthern establishment, w'ich I has patronized 'em frequent in the past. I done this privately an' unbeknownst to all. I sent the awder in by the telegraph company, payin' all the expenses out of my own pocket, an' only yistiddy evenin' the uniform arrive', safe an' sound—*an' yere it is fur you all to see!*"

With one swift motion he rent from the bulky parcel, which all this while he had been nursing in his left arm, its paper covering and clapped it upon his head; with another fast play of arms and shoulders he divested himself of his shrouding raincoat and stood revealed, an eye-filling, soul-lifting, magnetic figure in a shiny metal helmet with the word "Chief" in gold letters across its frontlet, in a flannel shirt with a double row of big buttons down its breast, in a wide black belt with a broad bright buckle of brass to latch it, in glistening rubber boots. Now, the shirt, moreover, was in color a brilliant crimson; and the contrasting buttons were of lustrous pearl and in



It was rough surgery, but Officer Brack Mount had a most desperate case on his hands.

the gaslight shot forth iridescent gleams. And the helmet made headgear fit for a king.

As one, the entire assembly rose to its feet, cheering. Professor Barbee knew his people, there's no denying that. Charity is sweet and altogether admirable, but charity, however much to be commended and practiced, is, after all, rarely picturesque or spectacular. Almost the original object of the gathering was forgotten in the flare of enthusiasm which swept Colored Odd Fellows' Hall in the wake of the favorite citizen's master stroke. The prospect of playing a godlike rôle as a saver of life and property from the clutch of greedy mounting flames; the possibility of being a subchief—there was no doubt regarding the identity of the chief; practically he'd already elected himself, and the selection, by acclamation as it were, had been ratified—the hope of owning one of those red shirts and one of those towering (*Continued on page 146*)

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Writes on Life and Love as it Seems

Now That I'm *Fifty*

LAST month I was fifty years old.

That, as a mere fact, is of interest chiefly to myself. For, from twenty-one to eighty-one, birthdays do not thrill anyone but their victims. We ask:

"How soon will he be old enough to vote?"

And we ask:

"How soon will he be the oldest man we've ever had in the club (or the church or the village)?"

During the intervening decades, one's birthday, *as* a birthday, does not come under the caption of news.

Yet there is more to the fiftieth milestone than a mere personal event. For it is probably the most starkly significant milestone along the whole up-and downhill trail that leads from the maternity hospital to the undertaking establishment.

There is much to be learned from Fifty; yes, and much to be remembered. That is why I am writing these reflections on the grim age of half-a-hundred. If they wax personal and egotistic now and then—or even oftener than that—forgive me. It is impossible to view any scene or any experience except through one's own eyes. Besides, I have not been old long enough to keep from talking about it.

Some years ago George Ade wrote about an age he had reached. Ring Lardner wrote on another age. So there is nothing original about this thing I am doing—except that I can't give my series a humorous turn, after the Ade-Lardner fashion. Partly, because I am not a humorist. Chiefly, because it is just about as humorous to be fifty years old as to have lost three-fourths of one's fortune or three of one's four limbs.

I might speak poetically of my fiftieth birthday as my Golden Wedding to Life. That has a fine sound. But it doesn't make sense. There is nothing poetic about Fifty. As wisely write a Sonnet to an Ankle Brace or an Ode to Malaria.

I think the foregoing is enough of an introduction. Let's go.

At fifty, one is old. But one is old in only the true meaning of the word. Don't mistake "old" for "decaying," please. The two are far apart; in human life they ought to be something like a quarter century or more apart.

There is a world of difference, for example, between rotting wood and old wood. The latter is seasoned. It is firm, durable, staunch. It can endure much. True, it no longer has the riotous sap and growth of green wood; nor has it green wood's elastic resilience. It does not spring back readily into place from every crushing force which dashes against it. But neither does it flinch under that force. It withstands all pressure, right gallantly.

Being no longer green and young and springy, it snaps and goes to pieces, of course—if the pressure becomes too great. And there is no recovery from such breakage. No new wood tissue takes the place of the smashed fiber. But it has not yet felt the dank touch of decay. It can still endure much weight.

Do you get the analogy? Perhaps not. But in pitiably few years you will be glad to comfort yourself with it.

There are some things, of course, wherein Fifty is nearing bankruptcy. Among them are Love-making, Dissipation, Pleasure and the like.

In the gloriously idiotic and idiotically glorious Twenties, everything is possible and most things are desirable. In the Twenties, a man holds every winning card in his hand; with the possible—and usual—exception of the Money Card. He has Looks and Spirit and seething Vitality and Hope and a half-score other swiftly losable but Heaven-sent assets.

In the Thirties and often past the mid-Forties, he has the technic and the experience and the skill taught him by his Twenties; and a lot of assets left over from waning Youth. These enable him to win—yes, often to win against the redoubtable Twenties themselves—by dint of his greater craft and wisdom and by that same hard-acquired technic.

But Heaven help the Fifty-and-after-Fifty fun seeker who has not ample cash to pay for his fun!

Satan help the Fifty-and-after-Fifty Lothario who has not plenty of cash! The Money Card is the only trump left in his hand! He gets what he can pay for across the counter; never more, sometimes ludicrously less. Age has no temptations that money cannot buy.

If the success maxims would take cognizance of these grisly facts, they could scare Youth into laying up money against the rainy day of Fifty; far better than by shaking before adolescence the terrors of the poorhouse.

There is gay romance about the penniless pleasure seeker of Twenty. There is nauseating futility about the penniless pleasure seeker of Fifty. Let me illustrate one petty phase of what I mean:

A few years ago I came out of Rector's, a little before one o'clock in the morning. At a dozen or more of the restaurant's tables had sat girls whose youth was evident, each with an escort who could not have been less than fifty years old. These men were sleek and they fairly oozed prosperity. Their fair young companions were ardently interested in them. That was plain.

I rounded the corner, into Fiftieth Street. In front of me were three Winter Garden girls, just freed from a late rehearsal. They were waiting for a street car or for a taxicab or for an easy mark or for I don't know what. Assuredly they weren't waiting for what presently accosted them.

An upstanding elderly man—perhaps a shade over fifty—passed along. He was in street cleaner uniform and carried a broom, musket-fashion. At sight of the trio of youthful choristers he gave them a grin, which held only good comradeship. Every one of the three expressed her feelings in characteristic fashion. One sniffed, disgustedly, and turned her back on the civil chap. The second shrilled:

"At his age, too! The old fool!"

The third said, in icy rebuke:

"Gran'pa, you'd ought to be *ashamed* of yourself!"

Indignant and triple virtue had blocked the possible advances of a man as young and quite as well preserved as were any of that phalanx of oldsters in Rector's.

I saw one of the trio a week later, by the way, at Shanley's; leaning far across a table and staring with baby-eyed adoration into the face of her escort—who could not have been a day under sixty and whose teeth were showing bad teamwork as he ate.

No, at Fifty one must either be rich or sedate. One of the two. Nor is this cynicism. It is human nature.

You hear and read much about old men's darlings. But only of "*Rich* old men's darlings." That is understood.

A girl still under thirty marries a man of fifty or more. She does it because he is so good or so generous or so lonely or so maturely attractive. But you'll observe he is always comfortably well off.

Queer coincidence, isn't it?

The newspapers have yet to chronicle the first romance wherein the president's pretty stenographer on the seventh floor is swept off her feet and married by the fine looking fifty year old elevator starter.

No; though she is quite likely to marry her boss, who is two years older than the starter; and who is not as good looking or as well preserved. And people smile kindly at the sweet mating of May and late October.

"Put money in your purse." The Lord knows you'll need it, if you live to be Fifty.

Next month there will be more of Mr. Terhune's mellow philosophy on Life at Fifty



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ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Lover of mankind, friend of dumb animals, and writer of powerful stories and articles about both

A Love Story of Greenwich Village, Where it is Considered Eccentric to be Normal



Blindman's Buff

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THE girl was actually sitting at his table; she had been there, a part of the strange, exciting set, as it were, ever since Bruce had come in.

She treated it with a sort of affectionate disdain; but to Bruce it was all glitteringly new and important. He felt deeply privileged to be among these extraordinary folk; it seemed to him that never to have known Greenwich Village would have been never to have known the world.

He loved every inch of it, those eight or ten square blocks on the west side of New York, hemmed in by warehouses and the foreign quarters, that contain such a richness of youth and independence and beauty and talent.

The old brownstone houses so extraordinarily changed, with lemon and indigo walls in the rooms that once knew hoop skirts and jangling crystal gasoliers; the dark and crowded streets; the lantern-lighted basement doorways and the tables beyond; the roaring thunder of the elevated trains on the curving track overhead; the coarse plates of marvelous spaghetti; and everywhere, everywhere, the laughter, the companionship, the linked arms and murmuring voices of happy and carefree youth. Some new and fantastic eating place, some new and fantastic plan, was presented almost every day; and they weren't all bluffers, Bruce would tell himself. That girl was really selling stories—that man was talking pretty straight socialism, he'd been in Russia and in Poland, he knew what he was talking about.

There was so much to notice, through the drifting blue cigarette smoke, between the polished dark bare floor and the low chrome-yellow ceiling, that he had been only indistinctly aware of her. The big basement room was full of men and girls, and of long narrow bare tables flanked with benches—tables and benches all pushed at crooked angles now—and it was full too of laughter, singing and shouting. The young waitresses, working their difficult way through the crowd, loaded trays held high, were dressed like little nuns, with clicking wooden rosaries at their belts, and demure rosy faces framed in crisp clean bibs and coifs.

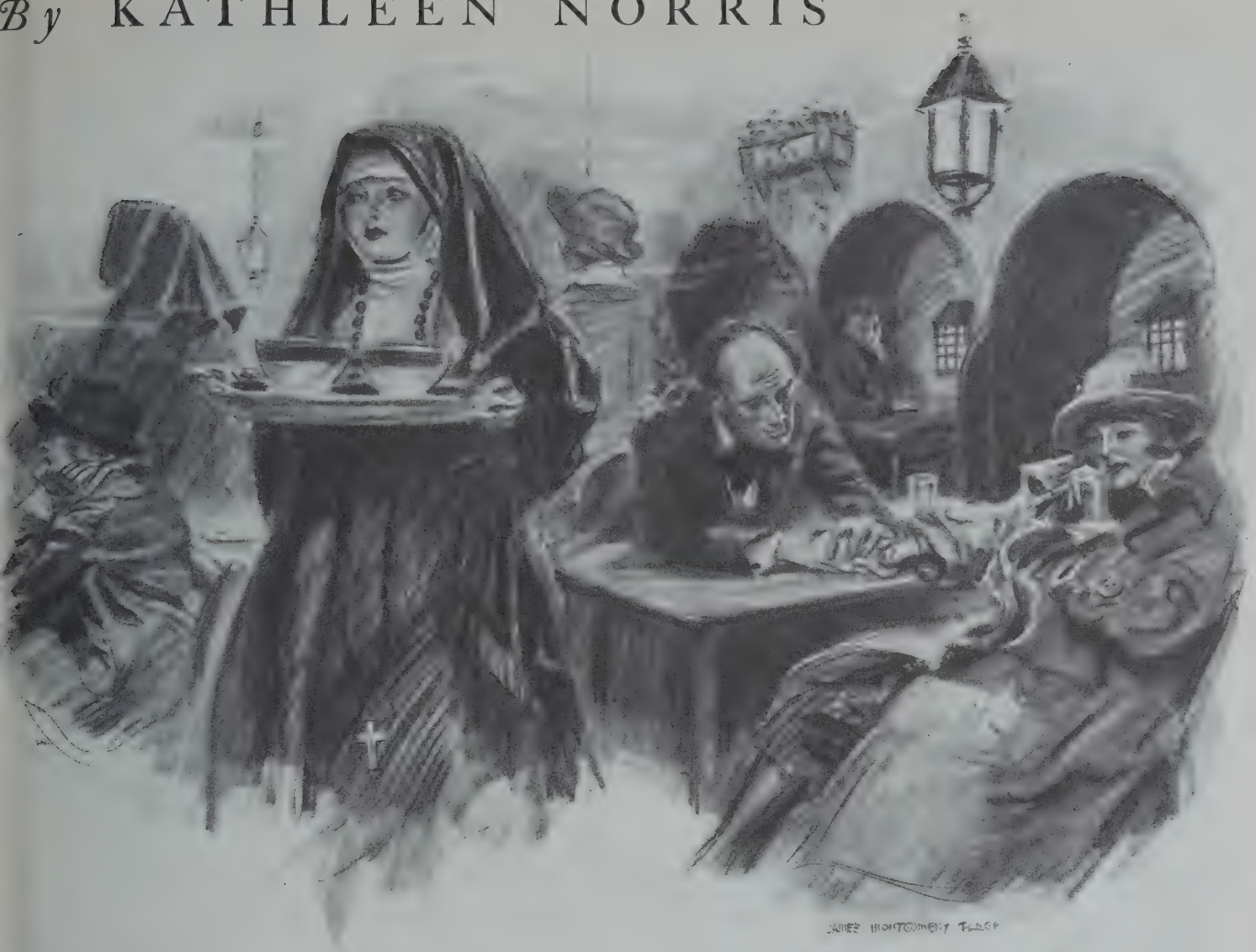
Even these busy stage-religious, however, showed slim silk-stockinged legs and twinkling slippers, and many of the other women for all their unconventionality were more modestly dressed. These wore lemon-yellow smocks, with their pretty heads bobbed like mediæval heralds, or brief shirt-like effects in homespun, or sinuous satins wound round their graceful bodies like the petals of a calla lily. Tam-o'-shanters were popular, erratic toques and turbans; many were bareheaded.

There was a piano in a corner, incessantly banged by a long haired, pale young man with a cigarette drooping from his moist lips. He was abetted by two half hysterical girls in black satin, but his music—if it was music—and their voices were alike drowned in the general clamor of the room.

Socialists were talking, dark faced, perspiring young men and bloodless, oriental looking girls, banging the tables. Lovers were murmuring, one young man was thrumming a ukulele, two were deep over a chess game at the cluttered corner of a table, and half a dozen jesters were busy, moving from group to group, laughing, shouting, ready with names. The usual heavily talkative florid men and blazing-eyed girls who had been drinking added a last touch to the scene with which Bruce was beginning to feel fairly familiar, a scene repeated in a score of these little Bohemian places every night.

Bruce was supposedly with Carter Poole, the same Carter Poole who had had three articles upon modern Russia in the

By KATHLEEN NORRIS



Weekly Areopagitican. But Carter had seen a full lipped, dark eyed charmer a few tables away, and had gone over to sit beside her, in a twisted chair, and murmur to her. Bruce could see her smiling as she listened, her roving eyes filled with an amusement almost maternal.

So now he was free to look at this girl who was sitting here at his own table. Apparently everybody knew her; various young persons had been dropping into the chair beside her or had greeted her as they circled the room. They had called her Poppy.

She was young, to begin with; perhaps twenty. Her skin had a satiny freshness and fairness, and her round eyes were blue and set in deep-curving lashes, like those of certain small children and all dolls. Her mouth was firm and wide, with just a hint of something jocose in its young, clean-cut lines, and Bruce immediately liked the firm, lean molding of cheeks and chin, and the feathery touches of soft, gold-browned hair at her temples and over her ears.

Her hand, slim and burned to a soft even brown by wholesome sunlight, lay idly on the table. Meals in the Little Cloister were surprisingly good and filling; this girl had made hers, he noted, of a stone bowl of bubbling onion soup, and the crackers, yellow pale Swiss cheese and coffee over which she was loitering now. He wondered if she was poor, to order so frugal a meal.

The plain little blue silk frock and the fantastic wide white organdie collar she wore told nothing to the untrained masculine eye.

"Hello, Poppy!" he hazarded.

She flashed him a reassuring smile. Bruce was of an aspect calculated not to alarm.

"Hello!" she said unconcernedly, and looked into her cup.

"Haven't I seen you here before?" Bruce asked.

He thought of the giggling, fluttering girls at dances, at home in Lorain, Ohio, and compared them, to their infinite disadvantage, with this composed young person, who sent her blue gaze idly about the noisy, crowded room, brought her black-fringed eyes thoughtfully to his and answered, pleasantly indifferent:

"I don't know. I'm sometimes here. You've been here before?"

"Only once," he had to confess. "But I've been—to all the other places," he said, with some little pride. "The Bargain Counter and the Three Aces and the Yellow Peril and Stumble Inn——"

"Oh, yes! I know," she interrupted lazily, as he paused. "But I like it here best."

Bruce by a series of imperceptible jerks hitched his chair nearer. He could now face the room almost as she was facing it, and when she raised those troubling, exhilarating, intoxicating blue eyes she had to look at him obliquely, almost over her shoulder.

"I like you—you're wonderful! I like you—you're wonderful!" something began to sing dizzily in his heart and brain. Carter would have said it outright, almost any other man in the room would have said it at once, as a matter of course. But Bruce was not familiar enough with the ways and manners of this new world—he was not indeed familiar with the glorious, dizzying, almost terrifying sensation he was experiencing—to take advantage of the moment.

The tone of her oddly reluctant, oddly husky voice, the lift of her indifferent, wise blue eyes, the movement of her beautiful little head above the fantastic collar and under the spray of golden brown hair and the wide hat, were making his senses actually spin.

He wanted her to talk—he did not care what she said. He wanted her to look at him, to go on locking those slender brown fingers and unlocking them, to stir her coffee again.

"Tell me who some of these people are," he said aloud, to say something.

"Who interests you?" she asked obligingly but without enthusiasm. He pointed them out and she identified them. Bill Kates and Marian Strong—Marian did the little clever pen and inks. Kiki Fraser, who was to have a play on. Joe Beaver and Tony—they called Tony "the Sheik." Lew Rogers's girl; everyone called her Betty-girl. Those two, reddening their lips, were "just some of the girls who come here—girls from some Western town."

"They pay for the men's meals," said Poppy, with an expression of distaste. "And so the men rush them and they think they are having a glorious time. Their mothers and aunts take in sewing, I suppose, to give the talented member of the family a chance in 'Noo-Yok'!"

Bruce laughed, stopped suddenly and flushed a little. Poppy was stirring her fourth half demi-tasse of strong black coffee.

"Can you sleep after that?" he asked at random.

"Oh—sleep!" She looked almost ecstatic. "One reason I'm not here so much is that I'm working hard," she said, "and how I love to sleep!"

It was the first personal note; he warmed to it.

"What's your work?" he asked.

They were both bending over the table now, their heads close together. Bruce was dizzy with ecstasy; this was the last touch of felicity. Life intoxicated him; the wonderful city, his wonderful job, his wonderful new friends and all the experiences to which they introduced him, and now this hour of music, joy, laughter, this glorious crowd of youthful geniuses and independents and rebels, and lastly, this woman, with her exquisite mouth moving upon such slow, thoughtful words, and her eyelashes dropped upon her cheek, and her broad hat shading her beautiful face and the curly tendrils of her soft hair.

"I work with a designer—it's nicer than it sounds," she said. "And I'm twenty," she said, routing all his senses with an upward glance and a slow smile. "My father is an actor, on the road now. I'm French, Bohemian, Irish and American, and I was married when I was eighteen—only it didn't take!"

Her casual, leisurely manner, and the quick flash of a smile with which she finished, robbed the parting revelation of its shock. She ended with an indifferent: "That's me. Who are you?"

Bruce confessed to Lorain, Ohio. He had gone to war at twenty-one, had had a taste of the big Eastern cities. Now his sisters were married and his father and mother perfectly satisfied that he should come on and write novels; of course he didn't mean at once, but some day. His mother had an old friend who took in an occasional boarder, in New York—she had given him a letter of introduction to her—and he had immediately secured a job on the Planet.

He said the last proudly; but she knew all about that.

"Space and detail?" she said, nodding. "Do they use your stuff yet? Are you making any money?"

"I don't have to worry about that," Bruce was upon the point of answering. But some little lingering remnant of sanity restrained him. So instead he answered, with an imitation of her own impassive manner: "Some. I'm sorry," he added, after one of the pleasant dreamy silences that are at least as important, under such circumstances, as any words can be, "I'm sorry about that marriage. What—what went wrong?"

"Everything!" she said gaily.

And the flash of her white teeth was like sunlight on enamel.



Bruce, whose family was one of the moral, social, financial and civic ramparts of Lorain, was sorry about that marriage, of course. It wasn't that lots of divorced women—older women—weren't perfectly fine and all right and all that. But this girl was so poised, so cool, so self-possessed about it. And she was so young.

However, so far as he was concerned the mischief was done. It didn't matter what she did, thought or said any longer. She was simply Poppy, and the whole world was Poppy, and the smoky room, and the smoky city, and the smoky planet existed only as a setting for her strange beauty, her strange glances, her strange sweet husky voice.

After a while they went with others to Humpy Cardigan's studio and danced. Everyone naturally wanted to dance with Poppy, and she danced indifferently with them all. Bruce felt almost faint with the felicity of actually holding her, broad hat, transparent frill, little silk gown, and the sweetness and youth and fragrance of the girl inside them, in his arms.

She danced beautifully, and without a word or a look for him. No matter. He went out into the hallway, when she went downstairs with Mrs. Cardigan at ten o'clock, and waited for her to come back. There was no one else to talk to, to look at, in the world.



The studio was on the fourth floor, with mansard windows back and front. It was lighted dimly by dangling lanterns in red shades; people were flirting earnestly on all the lumpy divans that sank so treacherously in unexpected spots. The pretty slippered feet of the girls, Bruce noted, were almost as high as their noses, as they propped themselves with pillows that were inches too far back for comfort.

Bruce smoked and waited. But Phyllis Cardigan, a lean, eager, imitative woman in dark crimson velvet, came back alone.

"Poppy's gone," she announced, in a world of ashes, emptiness, brass and darkness, to Bruce. "She always goes home early. She's a darling, isn't she?"

"She's a wonder—that girl. She can do anything!" Carter Poole said, lounging into their conversation. "The Sheik is mad about her. She won't go to the Beaux Arts ball with him—said she would rather go in a crowd. She's a handful, she is!"

"She's remarkable," Bruce said slowly. For some obscure reason he would have preferred them not to praise her. It made his own feeling for her less sacred, somehow. "She's been married?" he asked reluctantly.

"Yes——" But Phyllis Cardigan dismissed it with a gesture. "She never talks about it!" she said, shaking her head.

Bruce had that to comfort him. She never talked about it? Yes, but she had told him about it, voluntarily. Ah, what if she had liked him, as he liked her—— He longed to ask her full name; he would not admit even to these casual acquaintances that he knew not even that about her.

He haunted the Little Cloister. And four days later she came in again, and his heart made a great bound as he saw her, and his mouth grew dry and the palms of his hands wet. She was with two other girls; stupid, handsome creatures, who were listening to her, laughing at what she said. She wore a lacy black gown tonight, and a small black hat with a drooping feather that touched her shoulder. She looked older, adorably womanly and self-possessed.

"You—you look lovely!" Bruce said, making his way at once to her side.

"My best clothes!" she admitted, smiling her wise, composed smile. "I've been to a Tory tea party," she confided. "That explains the regalia. Now all I want is some salad, and then I've got to go."

"You shan't go this time," Bruce assured her steadily, "without leaving me your address!"

"Oh, really?" The blue eyes came up suddenly to his, and for almost the first time in his experience with her there was no hint of her habitual raillery and boredom in her tone. "Do you like me?" she asked, looking him straight in the eyes.

"No," he answered a little thickly, feeling himself tremble, and the red blood in his face. "I love you," he said, trying to laugh. "You—you're my girl!"

"Very well—but of course nobody ever tells the truth in a place like this!" Poppy reminded him serenely. "Combination salad without the cucumber, Kitty," she said to the little waitress. "You give me *your* address; that'll be the better way!"



"I write mother detailed accounts," confessed Bruce, "of my quiet domestic evenings with her old friend."

she added thoughtfully. "I'm a working woman—you might take me to lunch some day!"

"Yes, I'll do all of that," he said, unsmiling. "But—but that isn't all. I don't even know your name."

She looked up placidly, her maternal gaze breaking over him with a faint, indulgent amusement. He was sitting back, the big arms in the tweed coat folded over his big chest, his firm, square jaw thrust forward by the grip of his teeth, his steel-gray eyes narrowed to slits.

"Very simple, dear child," she said. "My name is Poppy."

"You weren't christened Poppy, I suppose?"

"A baby born as I was—a real Bohemian baby isn't cluttered with any such possession as a christening!"

"You aren't a genuine Bohemian?" he asked, diverted. He saw, being imaginative, a swarthy gypsy father, in vaudeville, a flat cluttered with red shawls and guitars.

"Ah, my dear, what a petty, dirty, sordid imitation this is!" she said suddenly, somber eyes upon the fast filling room. "But over there—the stars, and the dark summer nights, and the old men and women all singing together!"

She looked thoughtfully into space for some moments.

"You're so clean and sweet," she went on suddenly, touching his hand gently with hers. "Don't make love to me. Be—be friendly."

"I'll be more than that!" he said gravely, stirred.

"Jankow—and then Madison—those are my names," she told him gaily, with a delicious and heart-stopping change of mood. "Now where will we lunch tomorrow?"

"No, but, Poppy—will you truly?" he pleaded, shaken at the mere thought that she might not be serious.

"Why of course I will! Where are you living?"

"At the Priory. But let's make it definite, now."

"At the Priory," she echoed, surprised. "But I thought—I thought you were boarding with a friend of your mother? Wasn't that a success? Did you move?"

"Well, Poole took me to the Priory, and I'm having too good a time there to get out," Bruce confessed, sufficiently obsessed to note with exultation that she had remembered the details. "Don't worry—there are a lot of decent fellows there!"

She scowled, adorably maternal and concerned.

"Yes, I know. But you're so young and green!" she objected. "Does your mother know it?"

"No." He grinned, all boy. "I write mother detailed accounts of my quiet domestic evenings with her old friend," he

confessed. "And some day I'll make it all true. No hurry."

"But isn't that wrong?" the girl questioned.

"You're right, it's dead wrong. But my mother's a worrier. Wait a minute—here's how she writes me!"

He took out his wallet, and she examined its contents, putting it in order for him, and he showed her his mother's last letter, with its old-fashioned, cramped writing, and its "My dearest Tommie," and "God bless my dear boy, lovingly, Mother." Bruce's heart seemed to turn to a sort of liquid fire as he watched her and listened to her grave comments and commands. She was a totally different girl from the Poppy of last week; all the gypsy, all the rebel seemed to have been temporarily subdued by the "Tory tea."

She told him how to reach his mother's friend, what street car to take, at what corner to leave it; she advised him about restaurants, laundries, shops. She said: "Some of these men you're running with are straight, Bruce, and some aren't, of course. But almost all of them will let you pay for their meals or their room, or lend them money. I hate to see you—stung. Here's my man," she finished, rising. "I'm going to a private view of some pictures. Tomorrow, at Cadanasso's, at one?"

He had been listening absorbedly, more and more in love every instant. But now chill doubt, despair, jealousy, resentment, engulfed him. She had gone out of his world until tomorrow, and there was absolutely nothing left, except some chairs and tables and some dry, uninteresting voices and faces.

She was with a man he never had seen before, a disgusting looking man; she was talking to him. Her beauty, her smile, her upcurling lashes and her black lacy dress were still in the city—right here—but not with him. Bruce felt dazed, cold, limp, his mouth was dry and his head hot.

He walked up past Cardigan's studio and looked up at the windows and imagined the red lights and the lumpy couches, and a faint image of her, with her vital blue eyes and satiny firm little chin, was evoked by the mere memory.

Bruce presently ate a dinner of sawdust and plaster of Paris, meanwhile watching dummies of wax and cloth revolving about him and listening to plain English words spoken in an entirely foreign tongue. He went to bed early and was almost four hours reading a brief love story, because every time he came to any word of beauty, youth or passion his throat shut spasmodically and he had to look away from the page and remember Poppy.

The next day he walked round corners and looked unseeing into windows and pulled out his watch and put it away again. The fearful thought that if she failed him he had no way of tracing her made him stand still, once, brought up with a round turn in the sidewalk traffic, thereby infuriating some score of other pedestrains.

One o'clock. One-four. Bruce's heart began to sink steadily, like a plummet.

Suddenly a belted brown coat on a slim figure, a narrow little strip of fur against a soft, smooth cheek, a tipped little rowdyish hat over brown-gold spraying locks, and seeking blue eyes—it was Poppy! All the world straightened out for Bruce, and invisible hands turned up the sunlight, higher—higher—higher—into unbelievable brilliance and beauty and ecstasy, as he tucked her little gloved hand under his arm.

Where would they go? Oh, anywhere—anywhere! And how long had they? Ah, too short a time—even if it were a thousand years!

A shaded interior, after the glare; big cushiony leather wall seats, on which they could be close together; music—a menu——

Bruce was a big man, almost twenty-five. But he trembled, his hands were clumsy, his hat fell twice to the floor, he stammered and laughed like a yokel. And what—and what? Toasted muffins?

They were leaning on the table, murmuring, murmuring. He had been living for this for nineteen hours.

After that came their glorious time. For four weeks they saw each other every day. They were Bohemians of the Bohemians,



"I can only warn you," Bruce said, "I'm never going to let her go again."

and if Bruce had fancied that he had glimpsed the real joy and beauty, the freedom and independence of the "Village" before he knew her, he learned better now.

They always lunched together, among weird surroundings of yellow stenciled cats or calico lamp shades. He came to know everybody, as she did, all the long haired men and short haired women, all the successes and failures, all the Italian, French, Dutch, Swiss restaurants, and the American restaurants, the "Nice Respectable Little Joint," and the "Blue Iris," and the "Three Girls and Aunt Katy."

They drifted, young, utterly content, wholly in love, all about the city; they explored, they laughed, they confided. And every hour of meeting had its separate thrill, and every parting was a moment of real pain. Bruce came to know every expression of the beautiful blue eyes, and for Poppy a tweed coat on big angular shoulders anywhere possessed an almost sickening shock of joy and pain.

Bruce saw her dancing with all sorts of men; some looked like murderers, some like weaklings. He saw her sometimes ringleader in nonsense and hilarity, sometimes somberly an onlooker only. He saw her redden her full lips, talking as she rubbed on the lipstick, he came to know which were her best gloves, to feel free to ask her to wear the little rowdyish hat on some special occasion, not to forget the brown coat. He never called her anything but Poppy, nor reflected much upon what her life was when they were not together. There were scores of girls and young men drifting about the Village; nobody knew why they were, or cared, Poppy was one of a hundred.

Certain groups were always together; Poppy and Bruce would comment upon them. The tall girl with the red earrings and the thin, shaggy headed boy were quarreling again. Little Maisie looked as if she had been crying; Jerry was probably acting up.

Bruce never had the privilege of seeing Poppy home. She explained briefly and firmly that there would be no compromise on that point. She would let him take her to the subway, they would loiter up and down the long, bleak, odorous arcade, then she would nod a brief, casual good night, in the din and jar of the train that thundered in. Bruce as a small-town man was unaccustomed to so unnatural an arrangement; she had a way of looking very small and solitary as the belted back of her brown coat and the drooping feather disappeared.

But that, he told himself, was one of the glories of this marvelous new life. This rioting crowd of girls and men needed no background. They were, that was enough! They said things that overturned the world, they admitted love, they flung themselves into each other's arms, they rioted in extravagant dress, extravagant eating and drinking, in speech for which other young bodies were beaten and exiled and burned only a few hundred years ago!

Bruce drank deep of it, exulting. And for three weeks, four weeks, Poppy shared the glory with him to the least instant of adventure. Then there was a change.

He had noted that she was unwontedly thoughtful for a day or two; she roused herself with visible effort to reckless rejoinder, to mad dancing, to all the noise and fury and excitement. She hung lifelessly over the question of a costume for the Easter ball.

"Easter?" she mused, over the strawberry ice that she was idly scraping, upon an enervating, breathless green day of early spring. "We seize upon the word—but what does Lent mean to us?"

"Or to any other sensible person?" Bruce said roundly.

The awnings at Leopoldi's were besieged by the onslaught of the battering sunlight today, the street was hot and noisy. Voices echoed and ran unseen in the city, like the talking waters of brooks released by spring. Bruce, watching the beloved face, with the upcurling lashes dropped, bent tenderly toward her.

"What's the matter, sweet?" he pleaded.

She looked up, her eyes brimming, her mouth trying to smile.

"I don't know. I get so sick of it all!"

"Sick of——" He was honestly at a loss.

"Oh, these people!" Poppy said desperately. "These women, with their artificial hair and their artificial faces and their artificial brains! I'm so utterly weary of hearing lies—and dancing with men who shove dirty hands right into my back, and who say things men—men oughtn't say to girls! And of painted tables and heavy blue and red bowls and crash window curtaining! I almost think I could stand Nottingham lace and a euchre party at the Odd Fellows' Hall; anything—anything real!"



"This is real," Bruce said. "This is the realest—the most natural group in the world! I'll bet that even in Russia—in Paris—men and women don't get together so honestly. These girls aren't embroidering pillows and picking each other's reputations to pieces; they're dressing, talking, acting—just as they feel! It does me good. It's life in the raw——"

"Oh, *please!*" She was all out of key today, her eyes filled, her tone was faintly impatient. "Please, Bruce, don't *you* begin on bunk like that!"

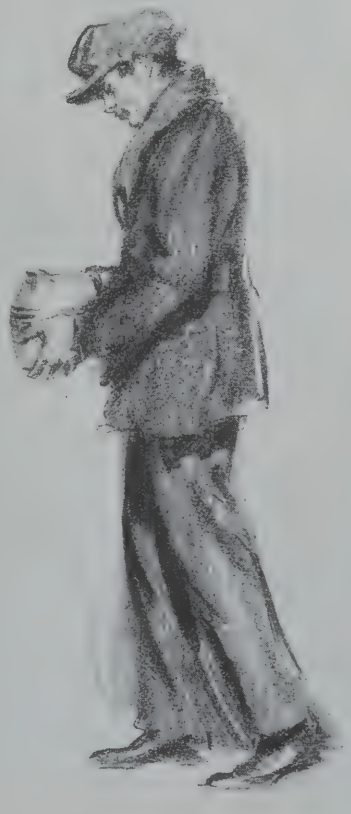
"You're mad because all the time Oscar was dancing with you he was kissing your shoulder," Bruce reproached her, surprised.

"He was drunk," she offered simply.

"Well, but—my heaven! You're not going to get fussy about that. He'd been drinking, but he was all right!"

They had differed before; this was their first quarrel. Bruce panted with the amazement and agony of crossing her; Poppy looked down at the bright green oilcloth of the table with swimming eyes. She hated these ready tears; she seemed utterly idiotic today.

"I don't see why you should get mad just because Oscar Florence kissed your shoulder—he kisses everybody! His kisses don't mean anything," Bruce resumed sulkily, after a pause.



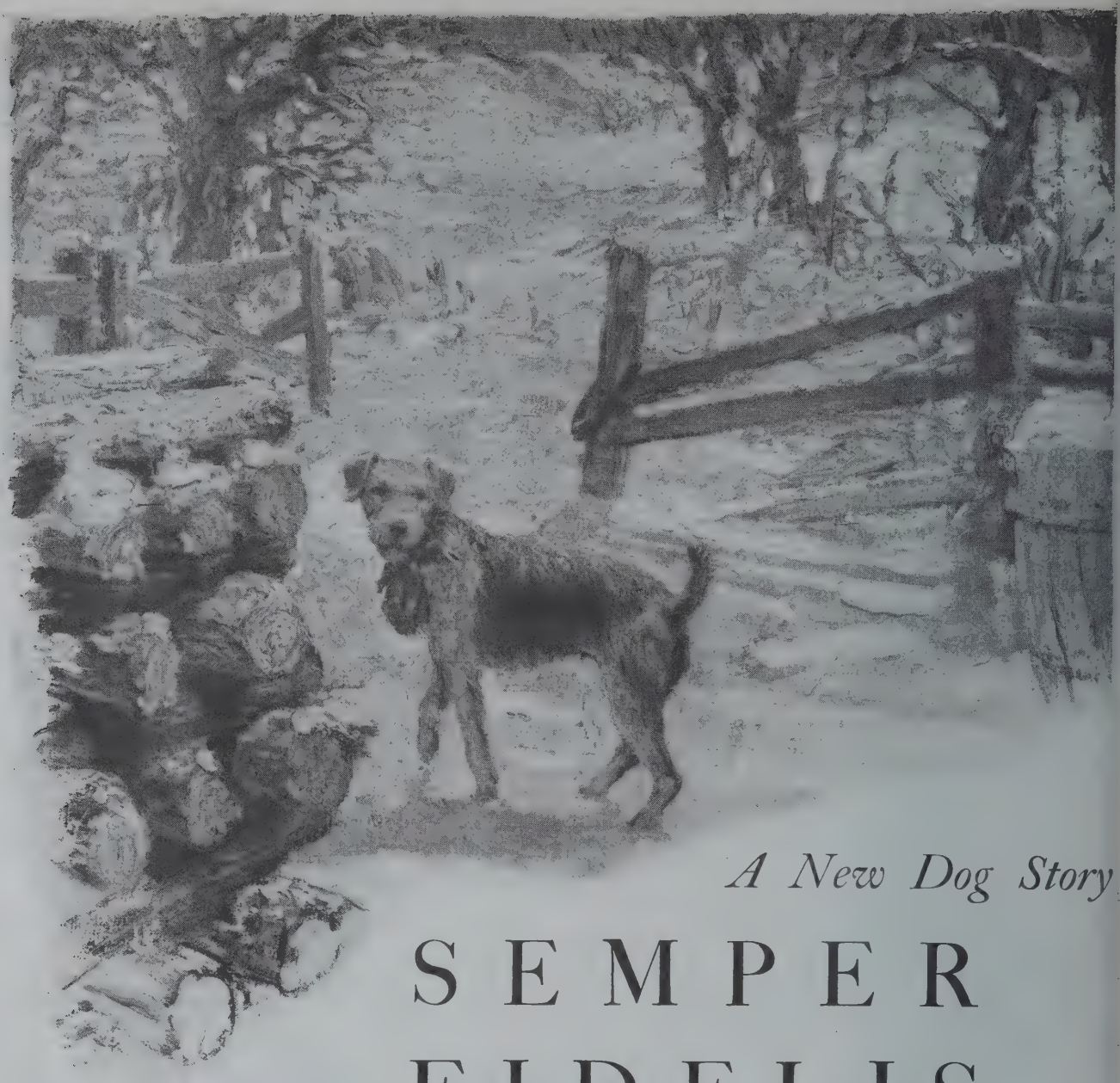
Poppy's blue eyes looked about the low-ceiled room, swimming in long streams and scarves of cigarette smoke; she blinked at the moving figures, the vacuously laughing faces, the flushed cheeks, the tousle of hair and skirts and silk-clad slim legs, the eager, disheveled men, perspiring, messing food and spilling glasses. Red lights cast an almost demoniac glow upon the confusion; a jazz band was making any speech difficult.

"I suppose," she said speaking slowly and levelly in a sudden lull, and with a stiff throat, "I suppose that what I am really sorry about—perhaps—is that you don't mind his doing so!"

"What!" Bruce shouted, through the recommencing uproar of the band. He had heard her, and she knew it. She merely shrugged, looked wearily into space and fell silent.

Presently she rose and walked composedly through the seething throng, engineering her way nicely through tables set at disorderly angles, and men and girls occupying chairs in every position but the customary one. Sometimes she was stopped by a slim perfumed hand, or a big, heavy one; she loitered, but Bruce noticed that her face was weary and that she did not smile.

"Are they happy?" she asked, in the street, in all the swarming confusion of five o'clock. "Happier, I mean, than young people are anyway when they're together, with music and something to eat? Don't—don't they have just as good a (*Continued on page 140*)



A New Dog Story

SEMPER FIDELIS

OF ONE thing old Dan Pelly, dog trainer and worshiper at the shrine of the Little God of the Open Spaces, was thoroughly convinced. A bucksaw is an invention of the Devil. In the contemplation of three cords of peeled Valparaiso live oak and the instrument of torture hereinbefore referred to, plus a slab of fat bacon rind with which to grease the recalcitrant blade, Dan felt his spirit wither; a low melancholy settled over him; in his search for solace he sat down on the sawbuck, loaded his pipe and gazed about him for a dog, into whose receptive ear he might pour the burden of his disgust.

From his nest of clean straw in the corner of the woodshed he saw Clonmel Knight, whose kennel name was Toby, rise to Dan's unspoken plea for social intercourse.

"Well, Toby, you old ruin," Dan greeted the dog, "how about you?"

Toby yawned loudly, stretched himself and in effect replied: "Nicely, thank you, Dan, for an old dog." Then he slouched across the woodshed and crept in between Dan's knees, where he sighed with relief in a very human sort of way. As he approached Dan noticed the uncertainty in his walk, a pathetic swaying of his hind quarters, accompanied by electric jerkings of the head.

"Well, Toby, old pup," he said, ruffling the little, alert V-shaped ears, "the years tiptoe by and we're old and doddering before we know it. Holy cats, I never know I'm past fifty until I start sawing and splitting wood for the winter, and then, as the feller says, I get a pain in my back and anguish in my heart and, in a manner of speaking, they sort o' wring my brow."

Clonmel Knight, alias Toby, coughed—the cough of the aged and infirm—and wagged his brief tail. Not that he heard a word Dan Pelly had said, for Toby was quite deaf, but because Dan was ruffling his ears and in a happier day loving words had always accompanied that loving caress.

Dan continued to talk to the dog. "You're feeling the downhill pull worse than ever this past month, Toby. I think you've got a touch of rheumatism and this cold weather doesn't improve it any; your appetite ain't any too good and I notice you've got a cataract on one eye. Confound your picture, Toby, what are you aiming to do, anyhow? Live forever? Don't you know you were whelped in April of nineteen six and here it is coming Christmas in the year Annie Domino nineteen twenty-two? Toby, you're plumb see-nile."

Following unconsciously the habit of a lifetime, Dan's calloused hands roved over Toby in search of a possible wood tick. "Toby," he admonished the decrepit Airedale, "if I hadn't kept these visitors away from you by two baths a week in tepid water, one bath a month in creolin, plenty of grooming and a nice bed of pine or cedar shavings, you'd have been a memory years ago. And at that I ain't done right by you, Toby. Five years ago, when that scourge of virulent distemper killed every dog in my kennels except you, but left you with chorea and a disconnected sense of equilibrium, I should have eased you out under the rose bushes in the back garden. But I didn't have the heart to.

"I kept banking on that iron Airedale constitution of yours to outgrow it—and besides, you'd been Johnny's dog, and every



"Good dog, Toby. Go find Dan," said Martha. "Good by, Toby. Good by, Johnny's dog."

By

PETER B. KYNE

Illustrations by
Stockton Mulford

time I'd think I ought to do the decent thing by you, Toby, I'd get a vision of you standing on your hind legs by the coffin looking in at him and wondering why he didn't whistle to you like a little boy should—ah, Toby, I can close my eyes and see you two trudging off up the cañon, Johnny with his twenty-two caliber rifle on his shoulder and you trotting ahead a little bit, looking back over your shoulder at my little man from time to time—I get thinking of him around Christmas time, Toby, and when I do I don't want to saw wood. I want to get out in the woods and tramp and tramp and try to forget."

Toby raised his head—long and broad and flat, as all good Airedale's heads should be—and smiled. His small dark eyes, long since robbed of the fire of youth, were very wistful; his tasseled, three-vertebræ tail semaphored, in the language of his kind, the ancient message of dogdom: "I love you."

"Yes, yes, I know you do, Toby. And I love you, too, old pal. It hurts me to see you in misery. I got you as a three months' old puppy for Johnny, when he was ten years old. You were a valuable dog, Toby, a lineal descendant of the first great dogs of your breed ever imported into the United States—Clonmel Marvel and Bath Lady. I traded a two-year old, well trained Irish setter for you to a gentleman that had a weakness for the big, red, headstrong fool. You were Johnny's dog for four years—and how you loved him! You wouldn't have any false gods before you in those days, would you, Toby? The best you ever had for me was a polite 'Good morning to you, Dan, but the rest of the day for Johnny.' But when Johnny left us you came to me for comfort—and oh, Toby boy, the days we've spent afield together trying to forget Johnny! Toby, do you know that the coons, lynx, skunks, badger, gray foxes, rabbits and bobcats you've killed single-handed, and the bear and cougar you've treed for me in your day would fill a couple of box cars? Well, that's a fact; and the blood you've shed a-doing it would fill one of them ten gallon hats like the movie cowboys wear.

"You've been mauled an' bitten an' scratched until your old hide must look like a crazy quilt; you've been poisoned and run over by buckboards and a flivver; you've been sprayed by skunks till you was blind and cried with shame because you couldn't see the enemy nor smell him and you were afraid he'd get away; you've clumb trees and fell out of them or been knocked out of them by what was in the tree first; you've rolled over cliffs and once you dropped



"Your kind ain't much on beauty, but if handsome is what handsome does," said Dan, "you're the most beautiful dog in the world. You've just naturally got too much courage to die, Toby."

into an old dry well and was there twelve days without food or water before I found you; you've allowed big buck coons to take you into water, where Old Man Coon aimed to get you under and drown you—and you went under with him and killed him on the bottom. That grip across the brisket and no let-go till the breastbone cracked, eh, Toby?"

Toby whisked his tail in sad remembrance of a halcyon youth.

"Remember that day you and Johnny and me was out gathering mushrooms in the Little Antelope Valley? It was just our luck not to have a gun with us. You were scouting up an arroyo when I spotted a coyote headed straight for Johnny. Of course I knew an ordinary coyote would naturally head straight away from Johnny, and in a jiffy I realized that this one had hydrophobia.

"I yelled to Johnny to climb a madrone tree close by and he just did get up in time. Then I whistled for you—and you came. You bet you did, Toby—and that mad coyote went to meet you. He bit you twice before you got the right hold and killed him. He had rabies, all right. I sent his head up to the University of California to be examined, and you, you reckless old fool, I had to take you up to the city and have a regular doctor give you the Pasteur treatment. That's the time you and Johnny got your pictures in the city paper—and I guess, if it hadn't been for that, Johnny would have died without us ever having a picture of him!"

Toby shivered with the old chorea shiver, augmented by the tremors of age; he swayed and seemed half minded to sit down abruptly, but recovered himself.

Dan nodded understandingly. "Yes, Toby, and you *would* have set down if you'd been anything but an Airedale terrier. Your kind ain't much on beauty, but if handsome is what handsome does, you're the most beautiful dog in the world. You've just naturally got too much courage to die, Toby. I'm on to you. You just stay alive to fight that chorea and the disposition of your hind quarters to skid off the right of way, don't you?—although Martha says the only thing that keeps you alive is the hope that some day I'll relent and take you hunting again.

"She says you're just a-hangin' on by faith. I keep telling her I dassen't take you afield, because you're so old and that distemper has left you with such a weak heart you can't stand much exercise. You'd keel over with heart disease, just like little Midgie, my old black and white pointer bitch. She'd retrieved a quail and was coming out of a thicket with the dead bird in her mouth when she stopped to point a live bird in the grass in front of her. I made her hold it while I tried to get a picture with my kodak, but the exercise and the excitement and repression was too much and she dropped dead on point. Martha says that's the way a good field dog should die—in action, faithful to the end.

"Well, that's all right for a setter or a pointer, but you're a varmint dog, Toby, and I can't risk you on the field of honor. Your teeth are about gone, your speed is gone, your sight is at least half gone, and while you threw back pretty strong to your otter hound ancestors in the matter of a nose—for I always did believe you hunted more by scent than sight—and might be able to waddle along somehow on a coon track, I'm afraid, Toby, when you caught up with your coon he'd turn and give you an all-fired licking! You're the only Airedale I ever knew that lived up to the old brag of the Airedale fancy that an Airedale can do everything any other dog can do—and then lick the other dog; only—you ain't the dog you used to be, Toby.

"You wouldn't want me to take you afield wheezing along on two legs and a half and have a skunk cover you with disgrace, would you, Toby? Of course you wouldn't. You can't be killed in action, Toby. You've just got to figure yourself an old soldier that's been crippled up in a dozen campaigns and finally lands in the Old Soldiers' Home. Faithful to the last, Toby, but they don't die sword in hand."

Toby again raised his dim eyes to his master. Yes, he was finding it increasingly difficult to resist that impulse to flop over awkwardly after any exertion, and, as Dan Pelly had remarked, he *was* living on faith and courage. However, he would buck up—he would buck Dan up. All his life he had carried a merry tail. Tomorrow was another day!

He took Dan's wrist in his snags of teeth, growled ferociously and pretended to be a very devil of a fellow.

Dan Pelly closed his eyes in sudden pain. He had a vision of Toby doing that to Johnny's wrist, in a vain effort to make him play, a few minutes after Dan and the neighbors had taken Johnny from the swimming pool and laid him in the grass along the bank. Ah, memories, memories! And yet 'twas better to have loved and lost than never to have known those fourteen years of fatherhood. Dan was not embittered—he was too hopeless a sentimentalist for that—but a part of him had stayed with Johnny among the wild flowers in an old country cemetery. He knew the fallacy of life and the sweet mercy of death.

Toby continued to threaten and growl. Suddenly his hind legs skidded out from under him and he collapsed on the woodshed floor. It was the chorea.

Dan thought the old dog was dying and knelt beside him. He lifted his head and Toby smiled apologetically and tried to kiss the wrist which a moment before he had pretended to bite.

"So be it, Clonmel Knight, called Toby," Dan murmured, with sudden, adamantine resolution. "We'll call that our last good by. I'll play fair with you, boy. I'll not let you hang on and suffer and die by inches. Wait for me in the Happy Hunting Grounds and when you see Johnny-boy kiss him for me."

Like all out-o'-door men, Dan Pelly was a pagan. He believed that all field dogs have souls.

He went directly to the house. His wife, Martha, was in the kitchen making mincemeat and as he entered she turned her old sweet face toward him and smiled, for she saw that the old visions had taken possession of him again, that he was unhappy.

"Have a piece of mince pie, dear?"

"No-o-o," he sighed. A long silence. Then: "Martha, I can't saw that wood until Toby gets out of the woodshed. Have we got any chloroform in the house?"

"Oh, Dan, how can you bear to do it?"

"I can't, Martha. But it's got to be done. I think he suffers a lot, although you can never tell about an Airedale. They never complain. I've a notion his grub doesn't taste any more like grub to him than sawdust does, and he's getting those blind staggers more and more frequent. Is there any chloroform left?"

Martha nodded. Dan rose, took from its buckhorn rests over the fireplace his most treasured possession—a 6.5 mm. Mannlicher-Schoenauer sporting carbine—and faced Martha.

"I'm going for a pasear up into the timber on Little Butte," he explained. "Heard grouse drumming up there last week and I have a notion I can shoot the heads off a brace of cock grouse for next Sunday's dinner. Got a few traps out up that way, too. They ought to be looked after. Lafe Foster, who rides for the Diamond Bar outfit over in the Little Antelope Valley, came through here yesterday on his way to town. I asked him to bring out our mail. He'll come by about four o'clock, I reckon, so's to get over the pass before dark. Give him the chloroform and a sponge and five dollars and tell him to bury Toby in the back garden next to Pathfinder's Princess and Old Keepsake."

He walked to the door and stood a moment looking out across the white fields. "I reckon there must be two foot of snow out there, Martha," he said presently, "but we had a fair freeze last night, so it don't seem likely I'll need snowshoes. The sun's out but there ain't no warmth to it to speak of—well, so long for a few hours, Martha."

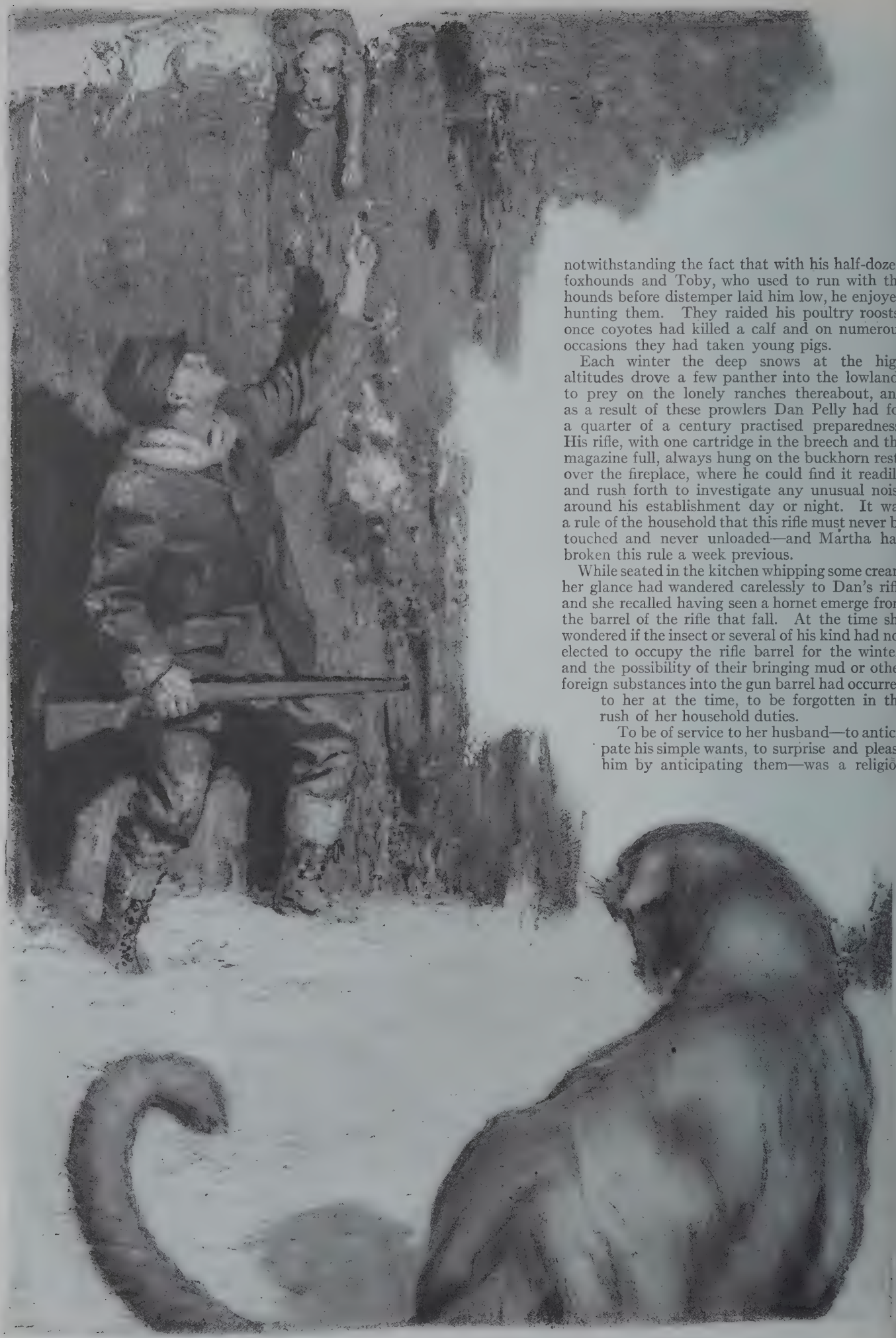
He went to the kennels where he kept the dogs sent to him to board and train. Among the dozen or more dogs there he kept his own grand little field trial winner, an English setter named Tiny Tim. "Come on, Timmy," he called, and opened the kennel door for Tiny Tim to squeeze out. "We're going for a hike up on Little Butte. The snow's just that hard it won't ball up on your feet, and it's a grand day for a bit of exercise."

Martha watched him disappear across the field that sloped gently up to the mouth of a cañon which in turn swept gradually upward two miles to a broken and rugged country, sparsely timbered with mountain pine, laurel and madrone, and known as Little Butte from a small conical hill which buttressed its western flank. From the time Dan left the house until he and Tiny Tim disappeared up the cañon his trail was quite distinct in the snow.

Martha's eyes were sad and troubled, but around her mouth grim little lines of determination now appeared. In the Pelly household she was the leader—the strongest link in the matrimonial chain. Dan never disputed her leadership, and the fact that he had left to her the task of arranging Toby's obsequies was only another of his ways of admitting it. Lacking the courage to do the job himself, he assumed, quite naturally, that Martha would be equal to the task; so, having acquainted her with his wishes, he had beaten a retreat before she had time to protest or suggest other arrangements for Toby's disposal.

"Poor old Dan," she murmured. "He has the heart of a child. Well, Lafe Foster is not similarly troubled—oh, dear! Dan's gone away with an empty rifle. There are the six cartridges in his desk in the living room."

It was true. Dan Pelly lived in a country where coyotes, coons, lynx and bobcats were all too plentiful to suit him,



notwithstanding the fact that with his half-dozen foxhounds and Toby, who used to run with the hounds before distemper laid him low, he enjoyed hunting them. They raided his poultry roosts; once coyotes had killed a calf and on numerous occasions they had taken young pigs.

Each winter the deep snows at the high altitudes drove a few panther into the lowlands to prey on the lonely ranches thereabout, and as a result of these prowlers Dan Pelly had for a quarter of a century practised preparedness. His rifle, with one cartridge in the breech and the magazine full, always hung on the buckhorn rests over the fireplace, where he could find it readily and rush forth to investigate any unusual noise around his establishment day or night. It was a rule of the household that this rifle must never be touched and never unloaded—and Martha had broken this rule a week previous.

While seated in the kitchen whipping some cream her glance had wandered carelessly to Dan's rifle and she recalled having seen a hornet emerge from the barrel of the rifle that fall. At the time she wondered if the insect or several of his kind had not elected to occupy the rifle barrel for the winter, and the possibility of their bringing mud or other foreign substances into the gun barrel had occurred to her at the time, to be forgotten in the rush of her household duties.

To be of service to her husband—to anticipate his simple wants, to surprise and please him by anticipating them—was a religion

Without a moment's hesitation, Toby crawled over the edge of the pot hole—and into Dan's waiting arms.

with Martha. Hence when the memory of the hornets returned to her she took down the rifle, pumped the cartridge out of the chamber and squinted down the barrel, with the breech presented against the white wall opposite. Gracious, the rifle was filthy! She couldn't see through it. With the instinct of a clean and orderly woman, therefore, she pumped the remaining five cartridges out of the magazine and cleaned and oiled the rifle thoroughly. Then, noticing that the brass shells of the cartridges, having been in the magazine several months, had commenced to accumulate verdigris, she had set them aside to clean them also.

Presently a neighbor had called and the task had been deferred; the neighbor stayed for dinner and, seeking to keep from her Dan the knowledge that the only fixed rule of his existence had been defied, Martha had placed the cartridges temporarily in a drawer in an old desk. Then she forgot about them entirely and Dan, too sure of his rifle even to slide the bolt and see that it was loaded, had departed in ignorance of the fact that he carried an empty gun and would have his appetite for grouse restrained accordingly.

Martha was annoyed but not frightened. She knew Dan would not say anything, even though he might resent her interference in the affairs of his department. But it distressed her to think of his disappointment, and since discovery was inevitable she resolved to do her best to right her error. She would tie the cartridges in a bandanna handkerchief, fasten them to Tiny Tim's collar and turn him loose on the trail of his master, with instructions to "Go—fetch." Nothing could be simpler.

She tied the cartridges in a flaming red bandanna handkerchief in order that Dan could not possibly fail to see it against the snowy pelt of Tiny Tim, and went out to the kennels. But Tiny Tim was not there and when she found the footprints of a man and a small dog in the clean snow back of the barn and leading away across the field, she realized that Dan had taken the little setter with him for company. Tiny Tim was almost entirely white and against the snowfield he had not been visible.

Disappointed, Martha returned to the house, pausing en route at the woodshed to look in at Toby. The woodshed door was locked but through a knot hole in the door she saw a small dark eye set in a halo of grizzled hair that had once been fawn-colored. Toby, standing on his unsteady hind legs to reach this knot hole, had gazed out across the field and seen his master, rifle on shoulder and accompanied by Tiny Tim, faring forth along the paths of glory while he, poor, helpless prisoner, remained behind, like a sick soldier in hospital. Martha opened the door and with a short, quick, rapturous bark, Toby sprang out, skidded, rolled over in the snow, got up foolishly and started at a stiff, unsteady lope along the track taken by Dan Pelly and Tiny Tim.

"Toby!"

Martha's high, somewhat shrill cry penetrated to the old dog's dull ears; he paused and faced about inquiringly. With a crook of her finger Martha summoned him to her and he came obediently but reluctantly.

"Toby, dear," she said, as she fastened the bandanna around his collar, "you're a poor old invalid, but you want to go so go you shall. You haven't got another hunt left in you, but you *might* reach Dan with these cartridges before he climbs the hogsback to Little Butte. The run and the climb will probably break your poor heart, but that will be as it should be. You should be given your chance, Toby—the chance that all good hunting dogs merit—the chance to die on the field of honor. Good dog, Toby. Go find Dan. If you can't smell him you can track him through the snow by sight. Don't come back, Toby. Cafe Foster will be waiting with a chloroform sponge at the bottom of his cowboy boot, and he'll slip the boot leg over your poor head. Good by, Toby. Good by, Johnny's dog . . ."

She was weeping silently as she returned to the house. Toby, uttering his short, rapturous barks, scurried uncertainly and not very speedily away through the snow. His head hung low as his dim eyes and dull nose sought the trail, but his tasseled tail hung high and twitched merrily. Frequently the devilish short circuit between his brain and his hind legs made him sit down clumsily, but after a minute's rest he would start on again. For Clonmel Knight, called Toby, was an Airedale, a descendant of champions, and in his family tree there had never been a coward or a weakling. He possessed in superlative degree the will to live, he will to plod on, to fight to the finish. Come what might he would not quit.

His short bark grew shriller and there was in it an eager, sobbing note as he turned into the cañon that led upward to Little Butte, for another trail had crossed that of Dan Pelly and Tiny Tim. Toby stood, swaying, on the trail and studied these footprints; then he ran his old nose into them and sniffed and sniffed.

"Dan, Dan Pelly," he barked. "It's a panther. He crossed here. He'll go up the other hogsback and come down into Little Butte. Come on, let's get him."

But there was no Dan to cheer him on, to consult with him as to the proper course to pursue. Toby hesitated, wept a little—or so his complaining whimpering appeared to indicate—and reluctantly abandoned the panther's trail to follow that of Dan Pelly. Where the trail led straight up to the hogsback from the cañon floor, Toby sat down of his own free will to rest. He was badly winded, his legs trembled and his heart ached and thumped. After a five minute rest, however, he felt better, so he started, very slowly and laboriously, to follow Dan Pelly's footprints up the hill.

Although no longer young, Dan Pelly was in the pink of physical condition. All his life he had hunted, he had never dissipated; he went up a hill faster than most men go down it. There was no game in the valley in which he was at all interested; he knew there were grouse on Little Butte, so to Little Butte he went as fast as his sturdy old legs would carry him, with Timmy frisking on ahead, ranging wide and sniffing every prospect in a vain search for quail.

Suddenly as Dan toiled upward there came to him, borne on the clear, cold air, a shrill bark from Tiny Tim. Dan paused, frowning. Was Tiny Tim forgetting his manners and barking at a grouse in a tree, or was he disgracing himself as a quail dog by running a rabbit?

The dog was not in sight. He had disappeared into the scrubby timber. But presently he barked again and this time there was terror in his bark. Indeed, it was scarcely a bark. It was a most disgraceful yelp, portentous of death in its most violent form, and Dan was not at all surprised when a black speck, which was Timmy's black ears preceding Timmy, burst from the timber and came toward Dan with all the speed of which he was capable. Indeed, so fast did he come that whatever had been pursuing him must have realized the futility of pursuit, for although Dan's keen eyes searched the edge of the timber he saw nothing. Nevertheless, he *knew!*

Timmy came flying up in a flurry of snow and tried to leap into Dan's arms for protection. "So you ran slam bang into a hungry panther, eh?" Dan queried the little setter. "Well, there's nothing a hungry panther likes better than a juicy little dog, so I reckon he give you a run for a hundred yards or so. Well, they're fast for a little way, Timmy, but they can't keep it up. You come to heel, Timmy, if you don't want to get et up, and we'll get on that panther's trail and see if we can't tree him. There's a state bounty on panthers, Timmy. Thirty dollars for a female and twenty for a male, and the Diamond Bar outfit over in the Little Antelope pays an additional bounty of twenty dollars for any kind of a panther killed on or near their range. And I get the pelts, too. Dang it, why didn't I bring the hounds? If old Toby were only here now, and in his old form, he'd have that panther treed in jig time. Come on, Timmy. I won't let him hurt you."

Tiny Tim, however, was not so certain of that. He was a bird dog, not a warrior, and his recent experience had quite shocked his gentle nature. He had never been pursued by a panther before and he was not anxious to repeat the terrible experience. Timmy held strongly to the opinion that it is no disgrace to run when one is afraid, so, acting upon that opinion, he turned and, tail between his legs, fled ignobly for home. Dan chuckled at the runaway and pressed on at a trot to the timber.

By following the line of Timmy's ignominious retreat Dan came promptly to the evidence of Timmy's fright. As he had suspected, it was a panther, and a full grown one at that. Following the plainly visible trail through the snow he came abruptly upon the evidences of a panther party which Timmy had evidently interrupted. In a small open space among the trees the snow was stained red, and from the opposite direction, leading up to the point of an evident tragedy, Dan observed the small, neat imprint of a deer's hoofs.

"Hum!" Dan Pelly soliloquized. "Old Señor Panther killed a deer here and was about to dine when Timmy, the little fool, dashed in and interrupted him. The panther chased Timmy away and then returned to his kill. He has carried the carcass away to eat in a spot where he will not be likely to be interrupted again."

The trail was easier to follow now. There was no possibility of mistaking it, for the drops of blood from the freshly killed deer stained the snow crimson each place the panther set his gory burden down and rested for a few moments before proceeding.

"Good big buck," Dan soliloquized. (*Continued on page 153*)

By O. O. McINTYRE

The BOY Who Wouldn't STAY DOWN

Illustrations by A. H. Henkel



DOWN along Manhattan's Newspaper Row he used to appear each week with a sheaf of pictures of beautiful Broadway stars. He came from an uptown theatrical office—a young Hebrew office boy with a solemn, pinched face and the enduring eyes of a race inured to oppression.

He was a comic-tragic figure whose mind seemed touched by melancholy and wonder.

Somehow dramatic editors he visited felt they should use his pictures. He had none of the brashness of the shock-proof press agent. He felt conspicuously in the way and would wait hours patiently and uncomplainingly in anterooms.

Someone dubbed him "Faithful Mike." It was a pseudonym that fitted like a glove. When playwrights, actors and Rialto elegantes come to call at the producer's office, he followed them around in wide-eyed admiration, for this solemn boy was gripped by the theater's glamour. He took care of their hats and sticks and helped them on with their overcoats.

Secretly he nursed the great ambition. To produce a play had become his all-absorbing dream, and tucked away in his inconspicuous post he absorbed every phase of the swirling life about him.

He was first at the office and last to leave, but somehow he found time to slip in to rehearsals, to read rejected play scripts and study what the theater calls "technic." Opening nights found him enthroned among the gallery gods, eager and attentive.

One day he had his bold moment and shyly told the producer of his boyish hopes.

"If you ever get a play," he pleaded, "that has just a few characters and costs little to produce I'd like to try it." Then his cheeks flamed red and he hurried out, overwhelmed by his own audacity.

In a few months a play came that had no possibilities. In a rather jesting spirit the producer turned it over to "Faithful Mike."



The lad quit his job and began the first steps of producing. All his savings went into the initial step of assembling the cast. He borrowed from anyone who would lend. There were feverish days when the play seemed destined not to leave the barrier.

Then the office boy producer would leave his rehearsals and scour the Broadway bypaths for more dollars. It was a heart-breaking struggle that a wise and cynical Rialto watched with amused tolerance.

The production opened in an obscure Pennsylvania town and failed dismally in one night—the worst "flop" in Broadway's history. The young producer was left with seven property overcoats, eleven dollars in cash and a frozen dream.

Two days later he was back at his office boy job—helping with overcoats and laughing off sophisticated jibes. And he began again his weekly pilgrimages to Newspaper Row to peddle pictures of worthier plays.

"Faithful Mike" had been a failure and nowhere is failure so colossal as along the Glittering Way. It bows only to the great god Success. Scorn, however, did not kill his enthusiasm.

It was a few months ago that the boy, perhaps a bit shyer than usual, dropped into the newspaper shops with neatly typed advance notices of another play he was to produce.

He had dug up a mystery play, of all things, in a season that had run the gamut of hair-raising thrillers. There were tolerant smiles when he departed.

How he produced the play is an account of an achievement of the impossible—an impossible story of an impossible street. Hurling himself against Broadway's flinty heart, he found it soft and simple. He knocked the illusions sky high and left the theater world stunned—this mild mannered youth of twenty-five years.

Armed only with an ignoble, hooted failure, he secured one of the most attractive playhouses in the city. He directed rehearsals in person—with a gentleness that brought moisture to the eyes of calloused players.

The opening night! Critics came because there happened to be no other opening that night and Mike was a "good kid." Too, it was a human interest story—this office boy, without skill or talent, who refused stubbornly to be suffocated by failure.

"Faithful Mike" was there in the lobby to greet them in his timid way. He was not in evening clothes and he had not touched food all day. His eyes were fever-bright and his face drawn and chalk-white.

The Death Watch arrived.

The orchestra pits filled with typical first-nighters—the hardest-boiled audience in the world. And they remained with the critics to see a bit of theatrical history making.

The play was a success—a "wallop." From the rise of the curtain it was greeted with riotous bursts of applause. A theme so threadbare as mystery had been given a new twist—devastatingly furious and shuddery.

Before the curtain fell, scouts from the ticket agencies had leaped to the telephone to notify their chiefs. The house was a "buy" and already it was sold out for six weeks and destined for a long Broadway run. Magically, it would pile up a fortune for its producer. One firm had offered a quarter-million for all rights. Statisticians say it will make two millions.

And when the audience passed out into the lobby going home, "Faithful Mike" was there helping folk on with their overcoats and fetching drinks in paper cups for the ladies. He had not yet realized he was no longer an office boy.

They found him after the theater had been darkened in an obscure corner, a little crumpled and forlorn. The dawn was breaking for him and he was greeting it with honest tears.



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O. O. McINTYRE

Is the man who made New York famous. Quite a few others had written about the city, but it wasn't until he took up the subject that folks over the country began really to KNOW it



Where were they going? Marny wondered without caring. A drowsiness she did not attempt to

The DESERT

Illustrations by

Part Six: CHAPTER X

VERY early in the morning, in the dark hour that precedes the dawn, Marny Geradine rode out from Algiers in the guise of an Arab boy, her slender figure concealed in the voluminous folds of a long white burnous, her fair face hidden by the haick that was pulled far forward over her brow. Beside her Hosein was riding with a wary eye on her horse, ready at any moment to catch the bridle should the nervous strength that was supporting her fail suddenly. A few paces ahead of them Carew in the dark blue burnous he affected was hardly distinguishable in the gloom.

Trembling with bodily weakness and the still lingering fear she could not conquer, she strained her eyes to keep him in sight. Only with him near her was she safe. On him and on his strength she was utterly dependent, for she had no longer any strength of her own. The courageous spirit that had sustained her for so long was broken at last, and spent in mind and body her only hope was in him.

He had sworn that she was safe, that he had passed through the Villa des Ombres unrecognized, that he had brought her unseen to his own house. But the words that had soothed her as he held her in his strong embrace seemed to lose power when he was absent. He had been obliged to leave her almost at once and the touch of his first kiss was still warm on her lips when he had hurried away to make the arrangements for which so little time was available. He had bade her rest but, nerve-racked and overwrought, rest had been impossible as she lay starting and shivering at every noise that echoed through the strange house. Like a terrified child that requires repeated and audible consolation she longed for the sound of his voice, for the tangible comfort of his shielding arms.

And now as she rode through the deserted streets of the sleeping suburb fear for herself was mingled with a new and terrible fear for him. She had as yet no knowledge of what had passed in the Villa des Ombres after she had lost consciousness, and she was obsessed with the thought of her husband. She saw him in every shadow; the very sound of the horses' feet seemed to her excited fancy like hurrying pursuing footsteps. She hated herself for her want of confidence. At the bottom of her heart she knew that her trust in Carew was implicit, that it

E. M. HULL *who wrote* "The Sheik"



combat stole over her as she listened to the murmur of the two men's voices. Then she slept.

HEALER

Dean Cornwell

was only her overstrained nerves that made her shiver with dread, that turned her sick each time her horse quickened his pace or swerved from some object that only he could see. She tried to fight against her weakness, to believe that her disguise was complete, but she knew that she would have no peace until the town was left behind, until, the open country reached, she could abandon the rôle of attendant and ride beside the man to whom she had given herself and gain fresh strength and courage from his nearness. And from time to time unconsciously she strove to lessen the distance between them, checking her horse again with a sharp little sigh as she heard Hosein's low voiced "*Doucement, doucement*" repeated warningly.

The way seemed never ending.

To avoid passing the Villa des Ombres a wide detour was necessary, and Marny began to think they would never win clear of the tree-lined avenues and succession of silent villas that appeared to extend indefinitely.

There were few abroad at this early hour, but the occasional passing of some chance pedestrian made her shrink within the folds of the enveloping burnous, wild eyed with apprehension and faint with the heavy beating of her tired heart. And once the sound of galloping hoofs behind them came near to shattering what little self-control was left to her and with a choking cry she drove her horse against Hosein's, clutching frantically at the man's arm and reeling weakly in the saddle. But it was only an Arab, wraith-like in the darkness and immersed in his own concerns, who tore by at breakneck speed on a raking chestnut that squealed an angry defiance at the other horses as he clattered past. She recovered herself with a feeling of shame for her own cowardice, wondering miserably if she would ever regain the strength and nerve that five years of crushing experience had slowly sapped from her.

Still dazed with the horror of the last few hours, she could hardly believe in the fact of her deliverance. Was it really over, the life of pain that had transformed her from a happy, carefree child into a sorrowful, disillusioned woman who had prayed for death to release her from bondage that was intolerable?

And death had been very near to her last night. She had realized it when, seeking to prevent what she knew to be an injustice, she had thrown herself between her husband and the wretched Arab valet, and Geradine, mad with drink and rage, had turned to wreak on her the same punishment he had inflicted



on his servant. His face had been the face of a devil, distorted almost beyond recognition, and in his glittering red-flecked eyes she had read her fate. Temporarily insane, he was past knowing what he did; and helpless against his strength, she was well aware now that but for the coming of Carew the ghastly scene must have ended in tragedy, that body or brain must have succumbed to the fury of his passion. Never while she lived would she forget. Still close to hers she seemed to see that savage bestial face, the staring, bloodshot eyes blazing with merciless ferocity; her lacerated shoulders still quivered as if they shrank again under the cruel blows that had rained on her till consciousness fled. The brutality of years had reached culmination when, with words whose foulness had scorched her soul, he had beaten her like a dog. That was what she had been! His dog—kicked or caressed as the mood took him. A thing of no account. His chattel—sold to him like a slave in an eastern market, taken by him merely to satisfy his basest instincts.

Shudderingly she tried to banish thought, to put him from her mind, but her shaken brain was beyond control and over and over again she lived through the cruelty of the years that were past until every nerve in her aching body seemed strained to breaking point. Trembling from head to foot and bathed in perspiration she wondered if the horror of it would ever leave her, if all her life was to be a nightmare of hideous recollection.

Drooping with fatigue, her wet hands slipping on the bridle she grasped mechanically, she prayed desperately for the open country that meant freedom and happiness. And gradually yielding to the physical pain that was swamping all other feeling, she ceased to notice the locality through which they were passing and she had almost drifted into unconsciousness when the sound of the voice she had longed for roused her to the fact that at last the town was left behind. Slowly she raised her head to meet the grave eyes that looked searchingly into hers. And at sight of her face Carew reined nearer, and she felt his cool strong fingers close with practiced touch about her wrist.

"Can you hold out a bit longer, dear? We're rather close to Algiers, yet," he said. The tender anxiety of his voice made her set her teeth to keep back the sob that rose in her throat, a sob of joy and wonder at the consideration to which she was so unused.

She drew herself straighter in the saddle and smiled at him bravely.

"I'm all right," she gasped. "If—if I can ride beside you," she added faintly. His lips tightened as he eyed her doubtfully. Then without answering he wheeled Suliman towards the south.

The movements of her horse were easy, and away from the metaled roads the slow canter at which they rode was less jarring, but it took all her resolution to maintain the upright carriage she had adopted and hide from him the weakness that was steadily overcoming her. The nervous strength that had upheld her at first was slipping from her fast now that the immediate fear of discovery was past and in the reaction of relief she feared the collapse that was threatening momentarily. She pulled the haick closer about her face that he might not see the moisture lying thick on her forehead and rode on with compressed lips, fighting the spells of faintness that made her head reel and the surrounding landscape appear to waver in curious undulations before her eyes.

The dawn was brightening. Already it was light enough to see distinctly, and despite her fatigue Marny looked with interest on a district that was new to her.

For some time still their way led past farms and fruit gardens but of human life they saw little. The few field workers and goatherds they met were absorbed in their own affairs and paid no heed to their passing, or at most bestowed on them a perfunctory salaam that was due to Carew's supposed rank. He looked like a chief, she thought with a strange new feeling of pride. It was difficult seeing him thus to remember that he was an Englishman. To her he would always be an Arab, a man of the open, a desert dweller. And in the sandy wastes of the great



Very early in the morning Marny Geradine rode out from Algiers in the guise of an Arab boy.

wilderness towards which her thoughts had turned so longingly she would live with him the wild free life of her dreams, a life that might prove hard and dangerous but a life that would be made sweet by his love and companionship.

If only she need not have come to him like this! If only he had found her in the time of her unfettered girlhood when he could have taken her unstained and without dishonor! But over their love now hung the shadow of disgrace. And it was for her sake that he had done what would be held up to him as a reproach. For her sake——

He heard the sob she tried to smother and winced, his eyes sweeping the horizon impatiently. He knew that she had almost reached the limit of her endurance and his arms were aching to hold her, to ease the pain of her weary little body against his own strong limbs; but while the scattered farms still stretched about them he dared not risk the chance of passing observation. Neither, because of her weakness, did he dare to quicken their slow pace—an unaccustomed pace at which Suliman was fretting and protesting, rearing from time to time as he tried to break into the usual gallop.

But at length the last outlying vineyard was passed and, screened by the rising ground of the foothills they were approaching, precaution was no longer necessary. With a sigh of relief Carew swung his horse close to hers and bending sideways lifted her easily out of the saddle. She yielded without demur, relaxing against him with a moan of utter exhaustion. He knew that she was crying, but he knew also that the tears which hurt him so poignantly were necessary to relieve the excited brain that had gone so perilously near to destruction, and he made no attempt to check them. Tightening his arm about her he gave Suliman his head.

With a snort of pleasure the big bay leaped forward, free to go his own pace at last, galloping as he had galloped when once before he had carried double. The memory of that midnight ride came to Carew as he glanced down at the girl he held before him. With what different feelings he had carried her then! How he had revolted at her proximity, hating the slight burden that was now so precious. Every moment had been torture. Now, in the ecstasy that filled him, he wished that the way were longer, that the moment might never come when he would have to waken from his dream ride of almost unbelievable happiness and face the stern realities of the difficult course that lay before them. For an instant his somber eyes grew stern and brooding; then he thrust the thought of the future from him. There was time enough to think of that. Now he could think only of her.

His face grew very tender, very pitiful as he looked at her. Poor little tired child, bruised and broken with appalling experience—would even his love, great as it was, compensate for the suffering that had wrecked her young life? All that was best in him rose up as he caught her closer with a stifled whisper.

That he might never fail her, that she might never regret the step she had taken, never regret the faith she had in him, was the prayer that burst from his innermost soul—a prayer that was deeper, more fervent than any he had ever uttered in his life.

But as the bay tore on with long swinging strides that were the perfection of movement Carew put from him everything but the joy of the moment. After the enforced stay in a town he had come to loathe, after the tedious days of comparative inactivity made hideous by mental struggle, he felt like a man released from prison. Behind him lay all he wished to forget. Before him lay a new life, new happiness, new hope. He could hardly realize yet what it meant to him. No longer alone, with something more than his work to live for, he seemed to see the world suddenly with new eyes—a world transformed and beautified. Eagerly he looked at the brightening sky. The dawn had almost come, a dawn that was to him symbolical.

A feeling of exultation came over him. The wild rush through the air, the cool wind blowing against his face, was like an intoxicant stirring him as it always stirred him, and today more powerfully than ever before. For did he not hold in his arms his heart's desire—was not the woman he had craved his at last? With a quick fierce laugh he drove his knees into Suliman's ribs and swung him round to face the open hillside. Gallantly the horse attacked the steep incline but the gradient was punishing and gradually his pace slackened till it dropped to a walk. Picking his steps carefully amongst the scrub and boulders, he wound his way laboriously up the twisting track till he reached the summit to stand with heaving sides and wide distended nostrils.

And at the same moment the sun rose clear of the banking clouds of gold and crimson, and the full light came with startling suddenness, revealing all the wild beauty of the desolate hills. A scene of more than ordinary grandeur, or so it seemed to the man whose heart was throbbing with a passion that almost frightened him and whose whole sensitive being was thrilling and responding to the radiant glory of this the most marvelous sunrise he had ever witnessed. Behind them Hosein was on his knees absorbed in rapt devotion, and alone with her he viewed the advent of the new day, the new life that they would live together. The reins dropped loose on Suliman's neck as he raised her high in his arms till their lips met and her shy eyes fell under the ardor of his burning kiss. A kiss that with its hungry passion, its complete possessiveness, awoke her to a fuller realization of the step she had taken.

She was trembling when at last he released her, her quivering face scarlet with shame. Miserably she stared at him, struggling to free herself.

"Let me go," she moaned. "I hadn't any right to ask you—I hadn't any right to make it so difficult for you." But in her piteous eyes he read the despair that gave the lie to her stumbling, sobbing words.

"You *want* to go—back to him?" he said slowly.

He was answered in the sharp cry that burst from her as she shuddered closer into his arms, clinging to him with all her feeble strength. With a soft little laugh of triumph he kissed her again and turned in the saddle to shout to Hosein, who had finished his prayers and was waiting discreetly in the background.

As he ranged alongside leading the spare horse, Marny tried to raise herself.

"I'm rested now—let me ride," she murmured.

Carew saw her face contract with the pain that movement caused her, and shook his head. "You are not fit to ride. Lie still and rest," he said decisively.

"But you can't carry me all the way; I'm so heavy——" she objected faintly.

"Heavy!" he laughed. "About as heavy as an extra carbine." And following his swift glance she noticed for the the first time the leathern holster that projected beyond his knee. The sight of it reminded her of the hazardous life that would be hers and made her rebel against the weakness that seemed to make her so unfit a companion for him.

"Let me try," she pleaded.

But he shook his head again.

"Do as you're told, my dear," he said, with a smile that softened the peremptoriness of his tone. "You're worn out, and you are on the highroad to fever unless you take things easily. I can't have you knocking up out in the desert. You'll want all your strength where we're going."

Where were they going? She wondered without caring. She knew nothing of his plans. She was content to go where he took her, content to follow where he led. She had given her life into his keeping; she was satisfied to leave to him the ordering of that life. With a tired sigh she dropped her head on his breast, thankful for the support of the strong arm crooked about her, yielding to the strength that was so strangely gentle.

A drowsiness she did not attempt to combat stole over her as she lay with closed eyes listening to the murmur of the two men's voices. Dreamily she became aware that Hosein had left them and that they were alone on the top of the sun-warmed hill. Dead with sleep she felt Carew's arms tighten round her, heard without fully comprehending his explanation that he had sent the Arab on to prepare the camp for their coming, and slept as his lips touched hers.



A great gladness dawned in Carew's eyes as he stooped his head to the soft curls.

It was late in the afternoon when she woke. Still heavy and confused with sleep, at first she was conscious only of the feeling of bodily comfort that enveloped her. Her tired limbs were at rest and she lay propped against soft cushions that eased the dull ache of her wounded shoulders. With a little sigh of physical content she nestled deeper into the silken pillows, inhaling the faint oriental perfume



Hour after hour Carew lay motionless in the warm sand, the blood beating in his ears, his brain on fire.

that clung about them, wondering vaguely when Ann would come to waken her. Ann? Ann would never come to her again! Ann was gone, the victim of petty spite and tyranny. And she—— With a cry she started up, staring around her in bewilderment. Then remembrance came with a rush, and sobbing with relief she sank back on the cushions of the wide divan where once before she had slept with such curious confidence.

Wonderingly she looked about the room, at the simple but costly Arab furnishings, at the well stocked gun rack that stood near the couch on which she was lying, at the litter of masculine belongings that with their suggestion of intimacy served to bring home to her even more fully than before the significance of what she had done. His room! The hot blood flamed into her cheeks and she hid her face in the pillows, whispering his name, shivering with a new sweet fear and joy that made her long for him and yet shrink from even the thought of his coming.

How long since he had brought her here? How long since she had fallen asleep in his arms on the top of the sun-bathed hill? The room was perceptibly darker when at last she raised her head and sat up, listening for some sound to penetrate from the adjoining room that should assure her of his nearness. But she heard only the distant hum of the scattered camp—the shrill squeal of an angry stallion, the doleful long drawn bray of a donkey and, near at hand, the monotonous creak and whine of some unknown piece of mechanism whose use she could not guess. Strange unfamiliar noises that yet seemed so oddly familiar, like the faint echoes of a far off memory urging the remembrance of another long forgotten life when she had lived and loved in close proximity to the sounds that now thrilled her with vague wonderings. Did love ever die—was this passion that had overwhelmed her so suddenly only the reawakening of a love that had been born in bygone ages? Had she loved him then? Had he too lived in that remote past that seemed struggling for recognition? Had their wandering souls, long desolate and alone, triumphed over the barrier that separated them to converge once more and know again the transient rapture of earthly happiness?

With a tremulous smile she slipped from the couch and went slowly to the little dressing table at the farther end of the room. Curiously she stared at herself in the tiny mirror, frowning at the weary white face she saw reflected.

The close drawn haick had been removed and, tumbled by the heavy headdress, her hair lay loose in curling waves about her shoulders. The color crept into her cheeks again as she strove to roll it up into something approaching order. As she wrestled with the few pins that remained to her, two hands placed suddenly on her shoulders made her start violently.

"Must you hide it all away? It was very pretty as it was."

There was a new note in his voice, a new hint of definite ownership in his manner as he coolly unloosened the soft coils she had hastily bound up and drew her to him. But she dared not meet his look and, surrendering to his arms, she hid her face against him in an agony of shyness.

With a tender word of expostulation he slipped his hand under her chin and raised her head. His ardent love was crying out for expression but the shamed piteousness of her eyes checked the passionate words that rushed to his lips. What was his love worth if self came before consideration? He stooped his cheek to hers.

"Do you think I don't understand?" he murmured. "Do you think I don't realize how—strange it is? But you can't be shy with me, dear. Only remember that I love you, that I'd give my life to keep you happy. I'll do all I can to make it easy for you——" But even as he spoke the restraint he imposed on himself slipped for a moment and he crushed her to him convulsively. "Child, child, if you knew how I have longed for you! If you knew what it means to me to hold you in my arms—*here*—to know that you are mine, mine utterly! Marny ——" He pulled himself up sharply with a gesture of compunction, his hands dropping to his sides. "Forgive me, dear," he said gently, "I didn't mean to be rough with you—I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

The tears that were so near the surface welled into her eyes and she looked at him strangely.

"Rough?" she whispered slowly. "I wonder if you know what roughness means—I wonder if you could hurt me if you tried!" Then her face contracted suddenly and her hands went out to him in shuddering appeal. "Keep me from remembering!" she cried wildly. "Help me to blot out the past. I can't tell even you. I want to forget—everything—everything but your love. Oh, my desert healer, you heal others, heal me too! Make me strong again—strong and fit to share your life, to be your helper. Don't let me think! Oh, Gervas, don't—let—me—think!"

The look he had dreaded to see again was back in her eyes and her whole body was shaking as she clung to him with all her shyness forgotten in the greater mental distress that made her seek his help and consolation. With almost womanly tenderness he soothed her, holding her till the nervous trembling passed and she lay still in his arms.

"It's over," he said at last, "over and done with. It's a new life we've begun together, dearest. A new life that will bring you health and strength and, God helping me, a greater joy than we have ever known. The desert will heal you, Marny, as it healed me years ago. Shut your mind to the past. Think only of the future—and of our happiness."

A bitter sob escaped her. "We haven't any right to be happy," she moaned. He did not answer but she felt him stiffen suddenly and her eyes leaped to his with a new fear dawning in them. "Gervas," she gasped, "what will you do—if he won't divorce me? Oh, you don't know him as I do, you don't know of what he is capable! He would do it just to feel that his power was over me still, just to keep me bound, just to hurt us. Gervas, if I can never be free, if I can never be your wife—what then?"

A shadow passed over his face as he looked down at her.

"Will the price of our happiness be too big for you to pay, Marny—or is it me that you doubt?" he asked slowly.

"*Gervas*——"

But his kisses stopped her frantic protestations and there was only love and pity in his eyes as he gathered her closer.

"You will always be my wife—as you are my wife to me now. Nothing can alter that. Nothing shall ever come between us. God knows how you've suffered, and He can judge me for what I have done when the time comes. But while I live you're mine and no power on earth shall take you from me." His deep voice was vibrant with passion and for a moment the fierce pressure of his arms was pain. Then as if ashamed of his own display of feeling he put her from him. "I'm a brute," he exclaimed remorsefully. "Come and eat, you pale child. I hadn't the heart to wake you before, you were sleeping so soundly."

Shyness fell on her again as he led her into the adjoining room. And throughout the meal that followed she was very silent, eating mechanically what was put before her and studiously avoiding his eyes as from time to time she glanced with furtive curiosity about the big tent.

His heart ached for her as he watched her with an intentness he was careful to conceal. He was longing to help her, longing to make easier the difficult situation which he knew she was only now realizing in its entirety, fearful of augmenting her constraint by any word or gesture that should emphasize the new relationship between them. Love made it easy for him to guess her thoughts. With fine intuition he understood perfectly the struggle that complete realization must have awakened in her mind. Though she loved him, though she had given herself to him, still he knew that she must be shrinking sensitively from the consequences of her own act. His arms had been a refuge she had turned to in her need, but they were the arms of the man who loved her, and here in his tent she must be facing the hard fact of her obligation, facing the payment of her freedom—a payment that only love could make endurable.

More than ever did his own love clamor for utterance but he gripped himself resolutely, playing the part of impassive host with almost cold courtesy while he attended to her wants and keeping the conversation strictly to trivialities. And trivial conversation was not easy. They knew so little the one of the other. He had as yet no knowledge of her tastes, no knowledge of her interests. In spite of the love that had swept them both off their feet they were, to all intents and purposes, strangers to each other, and further hindered by her shy reserve, a common meeting ground was difficult to find.

But when the short twilight had faded and the lamps were lighted in the tent, when Hosein had come and gone for the last time, leaving them alone, he found it impossible to maintain the detached attitude he had adopted, impossible to avoid reference to certain subjects that must of necessity be discussed between them.

The sense of their aloneness, the intimacy of the moment, was stirring him deeply and the sight of her lying amongst the heaped up cushions of the divan, lovelier than he had ever seen her, infinitely pathetic as she seemed in her utter dependence on him, was an appeal that was too strong to be resisted. His heart was beating furiously as he went to her.

And affected no less than he, her breath came fast and her shy eyes met his for only a moment as she moved to make place for him. Sitting down beside her he caught her slim hands up to his lips. Then, still holding them in his firm grasp, he crashed through the faint barrier that had risen between them and spoke with unreserved frankness of the future and the life that they would share together. And afterwards, because he believed that only by mutual confidence and trust could their love be perfected, he broke the silence of years and told her the story of his life, the tragedy that had wrecked his early manhood and driven him to a self-imposed exile, and of the consolation he had found in the work that had become so dear to him. And his own confidence ended, he drew from her bit by bit the history of her girlhood and pitiful marriage. But of what she had suffered at the hands of the brute to whom her brother had sold her she would say nothing.

(*Continued on page 132*)

A LOVE Story by our old friend

FRANK R. ADAMS

The LUCK *That* Failed



Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

THE blessed, blessed relief of not having the youngsters to take care of for one whole day.

Carmelita Bellegarde, combination nursemaid, governess and slave to the Scott-Murphy children called down a blessing upon their aunt, Mrs. Lydia Scott-Murphy, who believed that the bringing up of children should not be relegated to servants and was giving a twenty-four hour demonstration of what motherly care could do for them.

Carmelita wished her luck—fervently—but she had no illusions. The twins and Mary Louise would be back in her care, for good, by morning. There was not much hope that Aunt Lydia would ever care to repeat the experiment. No one who was not paid for it generously would ever deliberately seek the society of the spoiled little Scott-Murphys a second time.

Therefore it behooved Carmelita to make the most of her freedom. Even Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Murphy were away for the day, visiting friends at Del Mar. There wasn't a thing on the program except to have a good time.

The trouble was that, at Coronado, there isn't much to do unless you are one of the swells, and even then you have to know the right crowd. From the veranda of the hotel Carmelita surveyed the beach. It was all nice and glisteny in the morning sun. Old Mother Pacific had scrubbed it clean with an overnight storm. Even yet the rollers were pretty high. But they were subsiding.

Several riding parties were galloping on the hard sand left by the receding tide, the women all in gleaming white, the men with white breeches too, but dark coats usually—with a few colored ones.

In front of the hotel on the curved driveway were several insolent beasts of high powered cars waiting indolently for passengers more indolent than themselves who were chatting on the veranda steps preparing for the tremendous fatigue of being driven somewhere for luncheon.

Carmelita sighed rebelliously. She could not take part in the expensive pleasure of either the riders or the drivers. It took money, clothes and social position to make one eligible for either group. Oh well, it didn't matter! Carmelita had made her own bed when she had struck out for herself. She was doing the work of an inferior; she would have to accept whatever disadvantage the caste system thrust upon her.

Still, she wanted to amuse herself. She was as pretty as most of the girls in the white breeches astride the galloping horses, prettier than any of the ladies in sports costumes and gay sweaters who loitered on the veranda. There ought to be something interesting going on that even a nursemaid could participate in unobtrusively. She wasn't wearing a uniform and there was no brand of service on her forehead.

And she was in a receptive mood.

Carmelita sauntered down the steps doing a careful imitation

of the dollar duchesses who did nothing else all day. She pretended that she felt very supercilious and if one of the other nursemaids who worked for families staying at the hotel had been in the path she would doubtless have stepped on her without noticing that something crunched under her heel.

She strolled with studied, loitering steps along the beach walk past the garages to the bathhouse. There she stood for a moment in the pose of a lady wondering whether to go for a plunge in the pool or just to rest.

Why not?

She had been there before with the children and she liked swimming. It was a democratic institution.

And she had a bathing suit that had never been worn yet. Darn good reason why not, too. It was one that her loving aunt had sent her from Deauville and while it was the most conservative pattern that could be obtained at the French resort it was still two laps and a couple of jumps ahead of anything that was being displayed in the land of the (except for a few amendments) free. Certainly it had not been appropriate in the least for a nursemaid who cared to retain her job.

But today was different.

Carmelita went back to her room and got the little waterproof bag that contained the garment which she had privately named "The Disgrace of Deauville" and a modest bathrobe.

The bathrobe was a happy thought. Because when she got the economical costume on she had a panic. There is no use trying to describe how she looked in it except to say that it was dull black but that the effect was not in the least somber because there were so many places where it wasn't.

Carmelita, who had adopted Puritan standards because she was brought up in America far from her French and Spanish relatives, thought she appeared immodest. As a matter of fact she didn't. Probably it was because she was so young yet and so unspoiled. There were beginning curves in her figure but scarcely noticeable ones and her face wasn't an experienced face at all. Nothing was written on it yet but gentleness and naïve charm. There wasn't even very much beauty there, mostly alertness and sympathy, rather like a friendly pup whose expression says "What'll we do now?" If you looked at her attentively for some little time she "got you," as the saying is, but there was nothing flamboyant about her allure, nothing to arrest the gaze of a roving eye.

Carmelita had gotten clear out of her dressing room before she got her final attack of stage fright and decided that she could never in all the world take off her bathrobe and dive into the pool before all the crowd that was assembled. It was the morning bathing hour and there were a good many there including nonparticipating spectators.

Still, she had shown herself and it looked silly to go back. Happy thought! The ocean was just outside. She had noticed that no one was going in on the beach owing to the surf but she was a good swimmer and had no fear. No one would see her at all outside, or, if a few did, they would be so far away that they would not notice her costume.

She was in luck. There was only one lone, solitary beach rider in sight and he or she was quite a way off. Carmelita practically had the Pacific to herself.

From the shelter of the bathrobe out to deep water was only a ten second interval. Once submerged and swimming she murmured a blessing on the head of the French designer who had conceived the streamlines of her *maillot*. It surely was fun to have one's movements in the water absolutely unhampered by clothes. It was next to being a mermaid. Carmelita, luxuriating in her freedom and confident of her strength as a swimmer, headed out to sea.

Because she was swimming on her back with her eyes on the tossing sky and her ears under water she neither saw nor heard what transpired on the beach she had just left.

The lone horseman coming up toward the hotel from the south had seen her plunge in, apparently struggle with the waves for a while and then disappear. He arrived on thundering hoofs and stopped where her bathrobe marked the spot she had gone in.

He shaded his eyes with his hands but the head he had at first seen bobbing around through the surf was no longer in view. He thought he saw a submerged something out there but he wasn't sure.

To the mind of the horseman this was no occasion for discussing pros and cons. The situation required action and he came from a country where action largely takes the place of words.

"In you go, Paint," he said to his horse, heading the latter straight for Honolulu and making him wade out despite a quite natural equine aversion to wet feet. "Don't stop to tell me you don't savvy salt water. Neither do I. Let's git."

The break of the waves was already slapping the horse in the belly and he didn't like it one little bit. But he had a foolish idea that the man astride of his back was greater than the Pacific and would doubtless guide him safely out on the other side. So he went in deeper and deeper and finally began to swim.

"Good boy, Paint," his master encouraged. "You'll be sproutin' fins and flippers yet. That party ought to be right about—here she is."

Carmelita coming up from a swim under water found her surprised self almost alongside a swimming horse, probably the last thing she had expected to collide with out in that particular ocean.

More breath-taking even than the discovery of the horse in her bathtub was the next thing that happened, which was that the man in the saddle flopped off into the water beside her, grabbed her unceremoniously under his arm and hanging on to his mount's tail in some mysterious way guided him to the shore.

It was a very mad mermaid whom the gallant horseman planted upright on her own feet there on the beach. She was so mad that she forgot for the moment how very scanty her glued-on rompers were and she stamped her foot like the spoiled child that she looked.

"What do you mean by yanking me out of the ocean like that?" she demanded.

By this time her distinctly disheveled rescuer had begun to realize that perhaps he had made an error. Carmelita was not even puffing and she was not water-logged as a drowned person should be.

"Why?" she asked again.

He grinned. "Well, they wasn't anyone in sight but you so I rode out to ask the way to Hotel del Coronado."

As the hotel was in unmistakably plain sight and as no other building could ever be confused with its rambling mid-Cleveland elegance the girl did not deign to answer.

"I didn't aim to give offense, ma'am. It just happens that me—I mean I—and my pony here ain't none too familiar with the customs on the ocean and we thought when you went down and didn't come up you was drowned."

"Didn't you guess I was swimming under water?" Carmelita had picked up her bathrobe by this time and had thrown it over her shoulders.

"No, ma'am," the man assured her, "we didn't know a body could do that."

"Can't you swim under water yourself?"

"No, ma'am, none whatever. Not under nor over. The facilities ain't remarkable out where I come from, down Little Pecos Valley way, and I ain't never learned to swim. I wasn't just positive Paint—that's the cayuse—had any education along that line either until after we got quite a ways out."

"You can't swim?" Carmelita echoed, incredulous, "and yet you went out in a sea like that? Absurd!"

"Yes, ma'am. I kinda thought so myself. If you're all right I'll be goin' on. Thank you kindly for telling me where the hotel is."

She hadn't told him that, hadn't told him anything in fact, but she felt too ridiculous to call him back and say that she had been unspeakably ungracious to a person who had taken incalculable risks in venturing out into the heavy surf and treacherous undertow without the slightest knowledge of swimming, merely to rescue a perfect stranger.

Before she could conquer her pride he had mounted damply and loped away at the easy gait of a range rider.

He looked well in the saddle although his English cut riding clothes were an anachronism on him. And his voice had been pleasant even if choice of language symbols was a little uncouth.

Yes, she rather liked him now that it was too late.

II

She recollected him pleasantly all through luncheon, which she ate as usual in the children's dining room quite sequestered from the gay crowd in the enormous main hall. His advent had put quite a little edge in the day, enough to last her for a dull week to follow.

Carmelita rather imagined that she had exhausted the possibilities of Coronado for adventure but after luncheon she put on her best afternoon dress anyway. It could not easily be distinguished from the best afternoon dresses of most of the guests. To tell the truth it had been Mrs. Scott-Murphy's best afternoon costume until the week previous, when Mrs. Rear-admiral Blennon,



"Why, it's Carmelita!" said Mr. Scott-Murphy, who had a slightly roving eye. "My dear girl, walk down the avenue a ways and we'll go for a ride." "I have an engagement," Carmelita lied.

whom Mrs. Scott-Murphy couldn't see with binoculars, had appeared in one like it before Mrs. Scott-Murphy had sprung hers. Then her mistress had given hers to Carmelita with the stipulated condition that she should wear it as often as possible when off duty.

Which was no hardship because it was a lovely thing in rust color with a severely simple knot of old gold ribbons at the left shoulder. Carmelita had a stunning hat that went with it which she had made herself. It was large, black, and had a veil hanging from its left brim. The entire effect was that of a lovely English girl who has let a French modiste bring out her best points.

Carmelita knew from consulting, first her mirror and then the glances of one or two people whom she passed, that she had achieved an effect. It seemed too bad to be all dressed up with nothing particular in prospect but after all it was something to be dressed up. She went outdoors to show herself off.

On the hotel driveway were parked many, many cars.

Carmelita looked them all over as if searching for her own personal equipage. It was fun to imagine what it would be like to sit back amid that luxurious upholstery and order about the smartly liveried chauffeurs.

The car she liked the very most was an open one with a deep maroon body and a powerful black snout that looked as if it might be friendly. There was nothing supercilious about that car and yet it had swank. It acted as if its owner loved it and, in return, it loved back.

She wondered who did own it and raised her eyes from her inspection of the running gear. There was no one in the tonneau but in the driver's seat sat her rescuer of the morning. He was wearing a blue suit now and a cap, but in those clothes, too, he seemed to hint at chaps and a sombrero.

He smiled as she caught his eye. He looked as if he hoped she would speak.

So she did.

"Good afternoon," she said.

"Good afternoon, ma'am."

"I was so surprised and embarrassed this morning," she continued graciously, "that I'm afraid I was not very polite. I didn't even thank you for risking your life to save mine. I do wish to thank you now."

"It wasn't anything, ma'am. When I went after you I didn't know you were so—so beautiful or I wouldn't have had the nerve to do it but as a matter of fact I sort of half had the idea that if I saved somebody's life they might be willing to talk to me. You see I've been awful lonesome since I came down San Diego way."

"Don't you know anybody?"

"Not really," he confessed. "Not the right sort of people. I'm all jake with the race track gang that hangs out at the Grant Hotel in town—that's where I'm stopping—but I'm a rank outsider with all this Army and Navy gang and the society swells that lives here. I bought me the right kind of clothes—even the dude riding pants you saw this morning—but that ain't all that's the matter with me, I guess."

Carmelita felt that the interview had gone far enough. "You are waiting for someone?" she suggested, starting away



"Why," Carmelita asked, "is everybody so glum?" said Dan. "We're among the few who are not going



"They bet on Surfboat," to tear up their tickets."

"Not now, ma'am, not since you came out."

"You were waiting for me?"

"Yes." Right straight from the shoulder, too. "I tried to keep myself from being a darn fool but it wasn't any use. I had to come over and see if you didn't come out again. So I did."

"But what for?"

"Well, until I saw you I was hopin' I'd have the nerve to ask you to go for a ride with me but now I don't dast."

He grinned at her shyly as he put his invitation in the only way that she could possibly have considered it. The onus of regarding it as an invitation at all was strictly up to her.

Finally she grinned back.

"I'll go with you." She climbed in beside him.

"Gosh a'mighty!"

Carmelita grew all warm inside. It was nice to have such genuine surprised homage from a man whose masculinity and method satisfied her ideals more fully than did those of the winter resort idlers whose weaknesses she had viewed long and microscopically from the undercrust.

There was a good deal of traffic.

"I wonder where everybody is going?" Carmelita asked.

"To Tia Juana," her driver replied, stealing a place in ahead of a big limousine. "It's almost time for the first race. Would you like to go?"

Would she? Of course. Carmelita had never been across the California border into Mexico and had never in all her life seen a horse race. Here were two adventures held temptingly before her. But she must not be too eager, must appear to be blasé.

"It's about the only thing to do, isn't it?" She managed the air of indifference perfectly.

He sighed. No use to tell her that he had not dared to hope that she would give him that much of her time.

The afternoon was an act right out of a musical comedy. The sun was bright and happy, the slumbering hills in the background were distant scenery and everybody had on spick and span clothes and smiled. Later there was an orchestra.

Carmelita was full of sparkle. There had not been anyone in her life for a long time with whom she had cared to exchange ideas. She had to be careful not to tell him anything about herself and the conditions under which she was living, but Carmelita knew other things, had traveled a good deal and had read much. On mundane subjects her mind was a considerably greater reservoir than that of her companion. On the other hand he had a novel point of view and a shrewd estimate of character and conditions that demonstrated an innate cleverness and education of another sort.

As a matter of fact he had graduated from a Western university.

"I know the rules of grammar and everything. I got in the habit of talking Western from associating with the ridin' crews at the motion picture studios. That's about the only place there are any real cowboys any more. I could ride and rope a little myself and when the slump in cattle prices came after the war I came out to Los Angeles (*Continued on page 110*)

BIG MOMENTS



A MAN may walk along the swarming streets for years an never arrest a passing glance—then one day comes h crowded hour. He is lifted from the drab level and in a instant a thousand fascinated eyes are focused on hi Traffic halts. Hurrying throngs forget the affairs of impo tance that are impelling them onward. They pause and yiel themselves whole-heartedly to the enjoyment of the momen Smiles spread for a block. Heavy burdens lift from tire shoulders. Joy prevails!

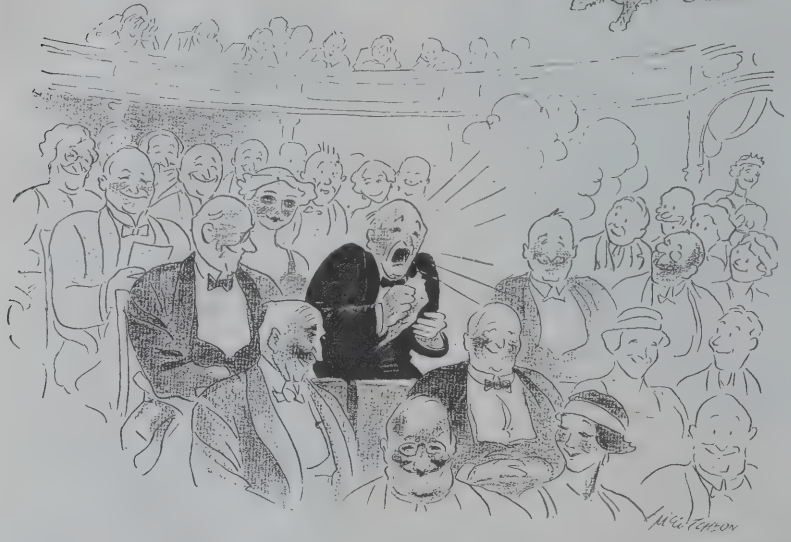
A moment later the crowds take up their measured tread traffic starts afresh and the afterglow of a genial smile ligh up a thousand faces.

BEAUTY in distress! What chivalrous emotions are stirred! And yet there are times when an unfeeling world looks on, wreathed in smiles, with never a helping hand extended. Take, for example, a lady leading two pups. A crowded sidewalk, the roar of motors, the shrilling notes of traffic whistles, a thousand and one distracting sights and sounds. Inviting doorways to explore, strangers to sniff,



all directions calling at onc and awaking the age-old in stincts of the wild, a pair o tangled leashes and there yo have the groundwork fo comedy and tragedy. Crisi

The world would be brigh er if every street had it beautiful young lady leadin two puppies. When one tire of looking at the dogs, h could regard the young lady for she would be in no strat gic position to notice, muc less to repel.



A PACKED theater! A tense moment when every ey is glued to the stage. Dead silence—the coughing ar throat clearing stilled for the time. Every thought in a the house concentrated on that gripping climax of the pla

Suddenly there is a quick spasmodic movement in th audience, a frantic clutch for a handkerchief. Too lat a gasping sputter and then a blast, shattering the silence a gentleman down in the eighth row has sneezed.

Modern hygienic teachings warn us of the dangers lurk ing in the unmuffled sneeze, but one does not think of tha until later. The instincts of true politeness require tha one overlook a gentleman's embarrassing mishap, but tha also occurs to one later.

Presently we take up the interrupted thread of the pla one smile to the good.

GRIEF is not commonly considered a subject for amusement. Tears are sobering things. Distress disturbs, and yet there are times when even these may have their silver lining.

It is spring. The windows are open, the curtains lazily flapping. In the farmyard sounds the hen's maternal cluck, a distant anvil rings, there is a sprightly sound of hammering, the strokes rising in rhythmic cadence as the nail is driven home. Children's voices come from every vacant lot. The cloud of winter is passing and hearts are happier for no particular reason. In other words, Spring.

Little "Wobbie" tags along, hated by his elder brother who has been delegated to guard and protect him from harm and danger. Spring is calling, temptations rear up on all sides, elder brother is full of vitamines. He hearkens to the call and little Wobbie is left high and dry, and *very* mad. People pause and another smile leaves its impress upon the ages.



WORDS AND PICTURES BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

SOMETIMES they appear—a refreshing breath from the simpler places. The blight of sophistication has not yet ettled down upon them. Hand in hand, absorbed and unonscious, they lay their frank affections before a mocking orld. They haven't learned that sentiment shown in pubc becomes the cue for empty laughter.

But real affection has great dignity, no matter where or ow revealed. So that when clinging souls unashamed walk own the busy streets, worldly faces soften beneath the int and there are wistful aches in abused and battered earts.

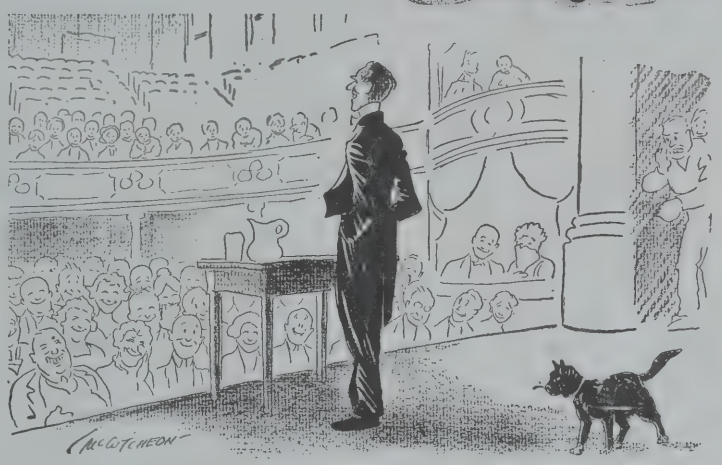
They leave a glow like sunshine in the wake of a thousand iiles.



THE lecturer, doing 120 dates in 120 days, arose go through his oft told tales ith a brave attempt at sponneity. The last jump had en a hard one, a stuffy day ach, a change of trains at ree A. M. and a grand total four hours' sleep. There asn't a spark left in him. ven his shirt front, unsucssfully doing service for en another night, was wilt- and gaping.

The speaker's depression as soon communicated to e audience. He could not ake his jokes crack. The old sure fire ones were missing on all cylinders. The audience stared in stony silence.

Suddenly the frozen faces melted. "At last I'm getting 'em over," thought the lecturer. His spirits rose. New reserves of vitality responded to the call. Confidence returned. The smiles spread, laughter and snickering brightened the hall, the funereal gloom of a moment before was magically transformed. That night he wrote home that the lecture was a huge success: "Started off slow, but I got 'em at last."



DEMOCRACY, a noble institution more frequently preached than practiced. In the rounded phrases of ie spellbinder, it is pictured as the ark of freedom, the ılladium of our liberties, whatever that means, and the olden bond that unites peoples in liberty, equality and aternity. Stirring words!

Everybody starts out in life with a full complement of emocratic principles. Up to three, every child, rich or oor, is by nature democratic. He knows no class distinction, the friendly advance of the stranger is taken at its ce value, he trades smile for smile and is happy.

In his truly democratic soul, he harbors no base suscions. He expands joyously to every friendly breeze, matter from what lowly quarter. He is the real demoat. By five he has slowly edged, or been pushed, away om that delightful no-man's land where caste and class nsciousness are unknown, and a few years later he begins wonder if democracy isn't just something to talk about political campaigns.





ORIGINALITY, confidence and self-reliance! Splendid qualities! Without these the world would stagnate, progress would falter, humanity would lean.

Take the sign painter, for instance. Serene in his self-confidence, he is giving his originality a pleasant ride. His beautiful sign contains an unsuspected flaw. There is one consonant overweight.

A man has paused with a sudden look of interest. A crowd gathers. Smiles bloom but the painter paints serenely on. He is used to admiring people. They are no treat to him, but he adds a few extra flourishes as a slight concession to the vulgar herd.

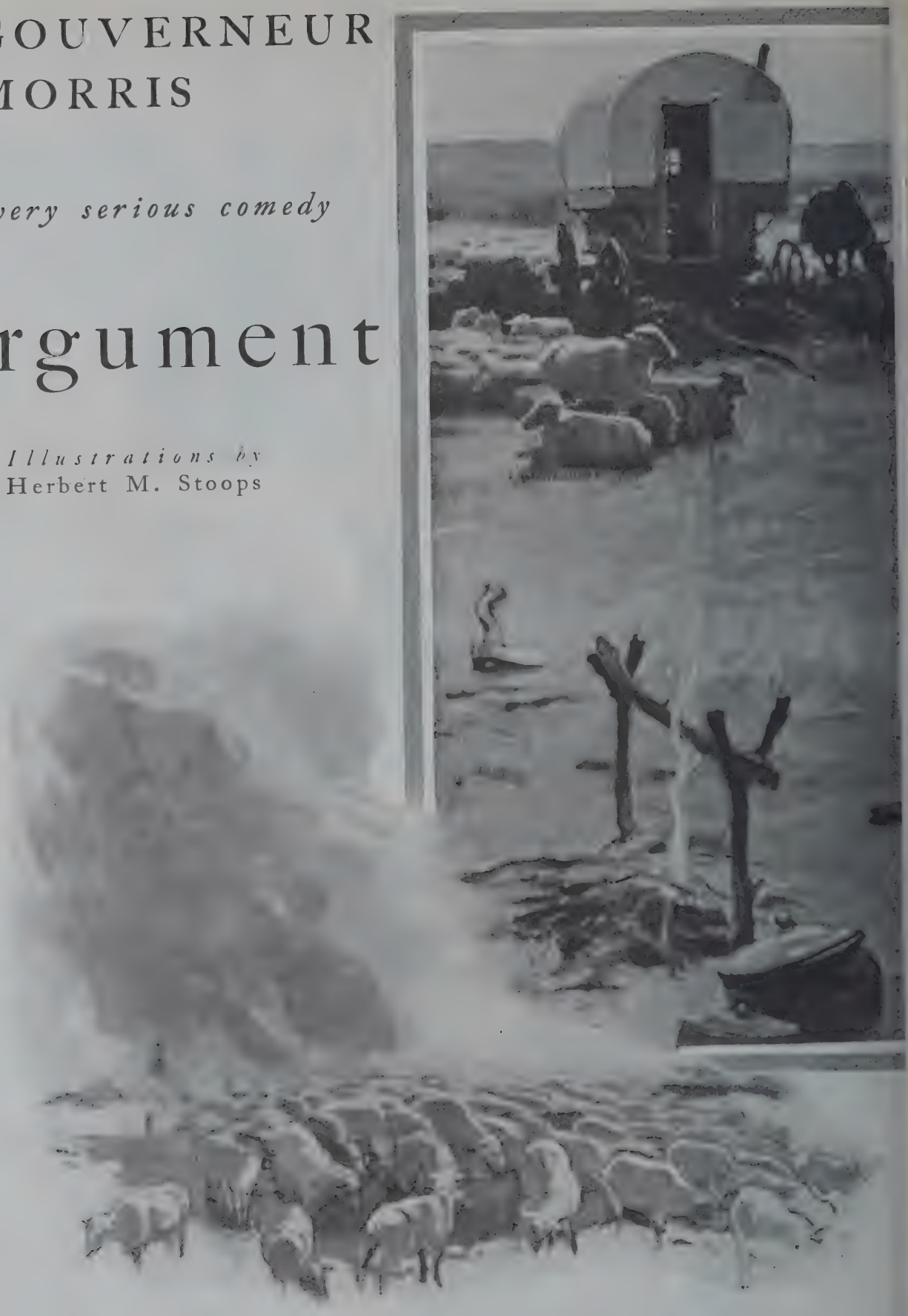
If some kind hearted soul, eager to do good, should tell him he is making a fatal error, the painter would turn around and set down his paint pot, run a withering glance up and down the well meaning stranger, take out his pipe, spit and then inquire in a scathing voice, "Say, who asked you to butt in here?"

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

A very serious comedy

Argument

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops



THIS world is full of works that have to be done. Some men are born to find diamonds, some to cut diamonds and some to wear them; and some men are born to keep bees or raise hogs. Domes have to be gilded, and cesspools have to be cleaned. And there's never any end to anything. And there won't be ever until the world falls into the sun.

Just so long as the world keeps its distance from the sun it will need blankets. If there weren't any sheep there wouldn't be any blankets, and there soon wouldn't be any sheep if there weren't men and dogs to take care of them. Herding sheep is one of the world's works that has to be done. It has its good sides and its bad sides. And it's mostly done by men who can't get along with other men, or put up with their laws and their talk—talk, talk, talk, all day talk—and who get shoved out of the cities and towns into the open.

It must have been the Indian in Joe that didn't like talk. He never saw but one girl that he wanted to have around all the time. She was a poor relation of the Camposantos. Nobody wanted her except Joe. He spoke to the priest about her, and the priest said she was no good to anybody, and if he wanted to marry her nobody would stand in the way. So they were



"After that," said Mescal, "I get to feeling pretty lonely and so I come to you and we join flocks."

married. He never knew whether she wanted to go with him or not. He didn't know how to ask her and she couldn't have answered him if he had. She'd had scarlet fever when she was little and it had left her deaf and dumb.

He wasn't always glad that he'd taken her to live with him, but when she died and was gone for good he knew that he'd rather have had her back with him than not. She was company; not too much company like most people, but just enough.

He didn't mind good talk. He didn't mind being told things that he didn't know. He had a book of knowledge in six volumes, and he read it over and over until he knew everything that was in it. It was the only thing he ever had that he set a big value on; but when he knew everything that was in it, its value was gone and he threw it away. What's the use of pointing and saying "There's the beans?" Pointing is enough. People are always telling you things that you know already; like "it's a warm day" or "it's a cold day." Before he was driven to sheep herding he'd known people, men and women, who'd spend a good ten or twelve hours a day wasting words, and be hard at it the next morning. Most of the people he knew were like that. So he pulled out. And he never went near a town except when he had to buy supplies.

Nobody would be so foolish as to say that Joe was a good citizen. He seldom knew who was President, or why. He wasn't clean. He hardly ever changed his clothes, except during the rainy season when they got too wet for comfort. And he wouldn't have known what to do with a toothbrush. But good citizen or not, he did his little share in the world's work—the work that simply *has* to be done—and he did it well and honestly. He neither praised himself for doing this nor pitied himself for having to do it.

The only home that he knew was a little van on wheels. It had a window and a stovepipe. A gray horse pulled it from range to range. And the sheep, dirty gray with adobe dust, went ahead of it, and behind it, and on either side, almost as far as the eye could see. A formidable cloud of dust moved above them and followed them from pasture to pasture. Bolo, a gray dog descended from wolves, marshaled the sheep and gave them their orders. He was very old and wise and silent.

Wars lasting many years have been fought for smaller territories than that over which Joe and Bolo ranged with their sheep. Kingdoms, empires and republics with fewer acres to their names have affected the whole history of civilization.

Like so much of California it was a region strong in soil and

weak in water. Rain fell upon it occasionally during four months of the year. These rains forced the wild grasses and flowers into a fantastic growth and profusion. And their sudden and complete cessation forced these same vegetables into a premature period of ripening and rest. Ponds evaporated to nothing. Rivers turned into sand and pebbles and dust. Here and there at wide intervals water from underground sources managed to exist as water until the replenishing rains came back again.

From the first of July until November the whole region was the color of very old dry hay, upon which the sunshine lay very thick and hot, and over which, every afternoon, a drying wind blew strongly.

There were many mountains and hills. And many of them were densely covered with chaparral. Chaparral is a miniature forest. It has about the same ratio to a squirrel that a regular forest has to a man. It is composed, and very densely, of twisted and tormented trees, some of which are very very old and all of which are very hard and tough. By midsummer it is a dead forest, brown and gray, and thick with dust. The roots of the chaparral trees are very fine grained and heavy. They burn like coal, and they come in handy when a sheep herder runs out of kerosene.

Deer, coyotes, bears and even lions have made roads and runways through the chaparral. So have sheep and cattle. It is a network of such roads and runways, twisting, turning, crossing and recrossing. Nearly all the bears and lions had long since passed out of the region over which Joe and Bolo herded their sheep, but like the ancient Romans the roads which they made have survived them.

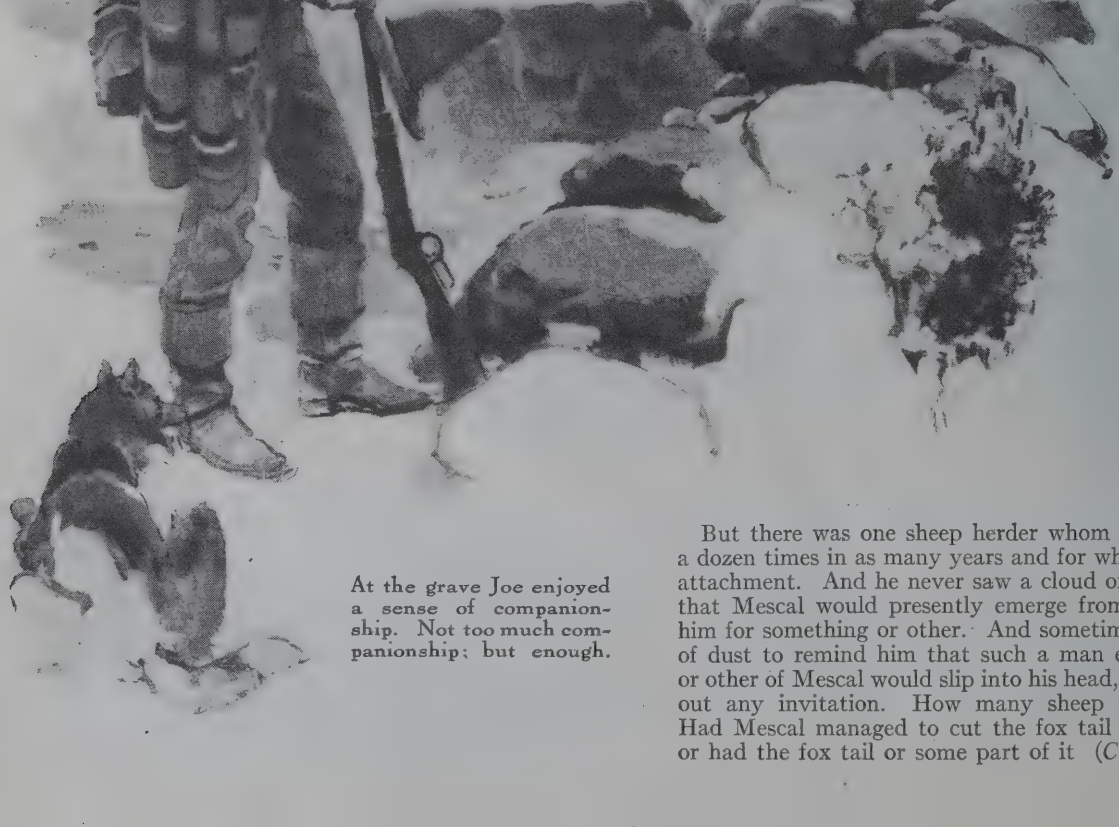
But these roads are more like tunnels than roads. To follow those which the cattle have made, a man must be forever ducking his head. To follow the deer roads and the bear roads he must double over and bend his knees. Only Bolo could follow the sheep into the chaparral and drive them out.

There was little for the sheep to eat in the chaparral and less for them to drink, but it had a perverse attraction for them. They soon, however, became confused even among the runways which they themselves had made, and gave themselves up for lost. Then they would find their tongues and bleat terribly for help and guidance, especially if night were falling.

Once every year Joe camped for some weeks near the spot where he had buried his wife. The cairn of limestone boulders and the wooden cross which marked her grave and prevented the coyotes from exhuming her body gave him pleasure. He was proud of it. It is not given to every man to build up with his own hands a pile of stones which will last indefinitely.

In this monument to the deaf and dumb woman, and in this protective covering for her humble body, the one creative impulse of his life had had its fulfillment.

The grave was almost a personality to him. In its neighborhood he enjoyed a sense of companionship. It was not the complete companionship which some men enjoy; not too much companionship; but enough.



At the grave Joe enjoyed a sense of companionship. Not too much companionship; but enough.

II

Sometimes far off Joe and Bolo saw vast clouds of dust moving slowly in this direction or that. And they knew that these clouds of dust concealed other flocks of sheep, other sheep herders and other dogs.

Sometimes a man would emerge from one of these dust clouds and come toward them. It might take him an hour or even two hours to get to them. When they first saw him he might be five or six miles away; and many people would not have been able to see him at all. But Joe and Bolo had eyes like telescopes, and the moment the speck of a man emerged from his cloud of dust and began to move toward them Joe would think to himself: "That is Henry. He is out of tobacco." Or, "That is little Pico," or, "That is Alvarez. He still limps."

Without exception the veins and arteries of these sheep herders carried the blood of more than one race. Henry was more Portuguese than Indian. Little Pico and Alvarez were more Indian than Spanish. They were silent and simple men. Their wills seldom entertained more than one purpose at a time. Henry, for instance, would come for the purpose of buying a little tobacco. When he had secured the tobacco another purpose would possess him to get back to his sheep.

Joe himself seldom paid visits to the other sheep herders. He was a forward looking man and nearly always had everything that he needed packed away in his little gypsy wagon. He vastly preferred his own dust to that of others.

But there was one sheep herder whom Joe had seen perhaps a dozen times in as many years and for whom he had formed an attachment. And he never saw a cloud of dust without hoping that Mescal would presently emerge from it and come to ask him for something or other. And sometimes without any cloud of dust to remind him that such a man existed, some thought or other of Mescal would slip into his head, all by itself and without any invitation. How many sheep was Mescal herding? Had Mescal managed to cut the fox tail out of his dog's foot, or had the fox tail or some part of it (*Continued on page 120*)



ALMA RUBENS, *Paul Panzer and Lionel Barrymore in a dramatic and superbly acted scene from the powerful film play, "The Enemies of Women," written by Vicente Blasco Ibanez and presented by the Cosmopolitan Corporation.*



JENISE CORDAY *is one of the light-footed, light-hearted, youthful and winsome beauties that make the musical comedy success, "Sally, Irene and Mary."*



EUGENIA REPELSKY, *one-time of the Imperial Opera Company of Moscow, does Russian dancing that is really Russian with the "Greenwich Village Follies."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS MURAY



ANN MASON, *who plays her first stellar part—and plays it with brilliant success—in that strange melodrama, "The Last Warning."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE STUDIO

By RUTH BURR SANBORN

Showing that it is the quiet and persistent bird—as well as the early one—that gets the worm

The Younger Mr. BURRAGE

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

AT FIVE o'clock on the twenty-ninth of June, Philip Fairbain Burrage stepped down from the taxi that had brought him to the Burrage home on Eaton Avenue. The paying of the fare and the removal rom the taxi of certain articles too precious to be entrusted to he expressman marked definitely the end of his college career nd the beginning of something new.

Philip Fairbain looked exactly what he was—an awfully nice oy. He had awfully nice blue eyes that stared people up and lown without making them uncomfortable, and an awfully nice quarish chin, and a nice slow smile that was rather worth vaiting for. During his four years at the university he had disinguished himself academically in no way save by the narrowess of the margin by which he had passed his examinations. On the football field he had distinguished himself by his bility to get in the way of the other team. Philip Fairbain lid not play brilliantly, but he played hard and steadily and vith enormous earnestness. That was the way Philip did things.

The strange thing about Philip Fairbain was that he was lways getting his own way without seeming to do so at all. He never announced beforehand what he was going to do; he ever annoyed people by arguing about how he was going to do t. But somehow, while the rival interest was planning how to pend the prize money when it came in, Philip was walking nobtrusively away with the prize in his pocket all the time.

"Thanks," said Philip to the driver. Then he thrust his head or a moment back inside the taxi. "Come, Plute," he said.

Plute came. Plute was the kind of dog that is more hound han anything else. His tail hung down straight behind, his ead hung down before; he had about him the air f hanging down all over. When he raised his head, vhich was seldom, he displayed a large, rather vhitish face with a tendency to pepper and saltess round the muzzle. In the past one of his eyes ad met with reverses, which gave it the appearnce of being made of not very good green glass.

The Burrage home was a solid, reputable brick ouse, suited to the family of a solid, reputable busiess man of Mr. Burrage's connections. It had bout it a capable, rather successful look not unike that of Mr. Burrage himself.

In the hall Philip Fairbain and his father met. o Philip, Mr. Burrage appeared even more capable and more successful than he had during the Easter holidays. Mr. Burrage had an uncompromising face that ended in a particularly uncompromising chin.

"How do you do?" aid Philip.

Mr. Burrage did not eply in kind. His corliality, if he had meant ny, was checked at its ource by the sudden ight of Plute.

"What," he demandd, "is *that?*"

"A dog," said Philip 'airbain mildly.

"A dog!" shouted Mr. Burrage, his voice rising o its customary office itch. "That thing! What you bringing it in ere for?"

"It's my dog," Philip xplained.



"What," Mr. Burrage demanded, "is that?" "A dog," said Philip Fairbain mildly.

"Your dog!" his father echoed with a fine sarcasm. "And where did you think you were going to put it?"

"In my room," said Philip.

At the sheer enormity of the outrage Mr. Burrage was for a moment silent, and Philip and Plute began to climb the stairs.

"*Philip!*" said Mr. Burrage.

"I'm afraid I'll have to take him up just for now," said Philip in a tone of gentle apology. "I couldn't leave him down here, could I?"

And Philip Fairbain Burrage and his dog disappeared round the bend at the top of the stairs.

June thirtieth was among the most important days of Philip's life. In the morning he began his business career; in the evening he met Noreen Gordon.

At nine o'clock Mr. Burrage took Philip into the mahogany and leather office from which the famous Burrage Real Estate Company was directed, and explained to him as much of the business as he thought he needed to understand. Mr. Burrage himself was the kind of man who always made up his mind the right way and acted accordingly. He did not make mistakes. It was no secret that he thought but meanly of his son's attainments. Football was all right, he was accustomed to say, but it was not what he had sent Phil to college for.

Philip Fairbain stood on the opposite side of the mahogany desk and gazed back at his father. No worries clouded his smooth brow; in his wide blue eyes was a kind of wondering interest. Philip's very calmness irritated his father.

"Well," he said, "so you're sure you want to work here?"

"Yes, sir," said Philip.

"Thirty dollars, then," Mr. Burrage stated, with the air of a sovereign delivering his ultimatum. "That's what I'd pay any other young man, and that's what I'll pay you."

"Yes, sir," said Philip.

"Of course," said Mr. Burrage, "if you should ever show any real ability for the business I'd be glad to take you in. If you don't, there's no more reason why I should make you a partner than anybody else. I don't believe in favoritism."

"No, sir," said Philip.

He rose and thrust his hand back through the shock of fair hair that was several shades lighter than his sunburned face. Something in the gesture and in the way that his tall young son towered over him inexpressibly irritated Mr. Burrage.

He rang a bell and had Philip Fairbain taken away to be instructed in his new duties.

Almost exactly twelve hours later Philip met Noreen Gordon at a Linwood Country Club dance. Noreen Gordon was the season's sensation. She was reputed to be enormously clever. She was rich; she was traveled; she was beautiful. She wore strange lovely clothes and followed strange mad impulses that caught the imagination of the young people who made up the society of wealthy suburban Linwood. It was characteristic of Noreen Gordon that she had let her bobbed hair grow a little before anyone else had thought of it, and when all the other girls in her set struggled with dangling ends, she had no short ends to dangle. Noreen Gordon was that rare thing known inclusively as different.

Philip Fairbain Burrage caught his first glimpse of her as she stood in one corner of the club house piazza walled round by her adorers. All the young men in Linwood were in love with Noreen Gordon. From the vantage point of his height and the one low step that led into the hunt room, Philip could look down over their adoring heads and see her plainly.

Noreen was wearing black. She was fond of black because she knew perfectly that it emphasized the red-gold in her tawny hair and the lights in her brown eyes. Philip Fairbain watched her for some time with a considerable degree of attention and a considerable degree of pleasure. Then he came down from the low step that led into the hunt room and joined her group. He addressed himself to two men on the outskirts whom he knew.

"I want to meet her," he said.

"I don't blame you," said Kenard Warren moodily.

But Don McKeen was more obliging.

"All right," he said. "I guess I can manage it for you."

Don managed it. It was all the same to Don however many new men Noreen met; he knew that he had no chance anyway. It was rumored that just now the prospects of Mr. Hopkinson Bowers showed brightest, but no one could really tell, of course, where Noreen Gordon was concerned.

"I want to dance with you," said Philip when the introduction had been made.

He was dazzled by the glory of Miss Gordon, but he did not forget what he had come for. In Philip's simple creed there was no guile; when he saw what he wanted he asked for it.

The group round Miss Gordon laughed, some of the men a bit too loudly.

"That's what we all want," someone said.

Noreen laughed too—lightly.

"Can't," she said. "I haven't any dances left."

"Extras?" aked Philip.

"Nothing," said Noreen Gordon. "They're all divided round in little pieces. And I hate being cut in on all the time."

"That's too bad," said Philip sympathetically.

For the greater part of the evening Philip Fairbain Burrage stood in the doorway and watched Noreen Gordon drift past in the arms of those more fortunate than he. He liked to watch Noreen and he watched her. He watched her thoroughly. Members of the Linwood Country Club exchanged amused glances over the new victim of Noreen's charms.

After a time Philip missed her, and because he very much wanted to look at her some more he set out to find her. At last he did.

Noreen was sitting in one corner of the divan that stood at a turn in the winding stairs.

"May I sit here?" said Philip.

Noreen Gordon was half angry, half amused. She raised her shoulders ever so slightly, and Philip, taking it for permission, sat.

"Mr. Bowers has just gone for ices," Noreen told him.

"Yes," said Philip.

He made no suggestion that he should go away. He simply sat. For the time being he had achieved exactly what he wanted.

Noreen made a little conversation.

"Aren't you dancing tonight, Mr. Burrage?" she asked.

"No," said Philip. Then he explained. "You said you hadn't any dances."

"There are other people," Noreen suggested.

"Not for me," said Philip.

And then Mr. Hopkinson Bowers came up with the ices.

"Here's Mr. Bowers," Noreen prodded Philip Fairbain gently.

"Yes," said Philip. "Good evening, Mr. Bowers. I think there's room for all of us."

He moved over obligingly in the direction of Noreen Gordon, and made room for Mr. Bowers on his other side.

Noreen looked once at the grave face of Philip Fairbain, and once at the purple countenance of Mr. Bowers, and smothered her quick desire to laugh with a spoonful of pistachio and cherry. Noreen Gordon might be clever and beautiful and rich in her own right, but more than that she had a sense of humor.

Mr. Bowers nearly choked with mingled pistachio and rage. Then he drew up a chair on the other side of Miss Noreen Gordon and took his place there with what dignity he could muster, while Noreen smiled provokingly into the middle distance.

From that point Philip Fairbain did not take an active part in the conversation, but he was satisfied.

When Mr. Robinson came to claim Miss Gordon for the next dance, Philip rose with Mr. Bowers and bowed her gravely away.

Then he went home.

At the end of his second five dollar day in the employ of G. H. Burrage, Philip saw Miss Gordon again. He was waiting at a street crossing when she drove up, dazzling in a long low-slung brown car of unmistakable manufacture. Noreen herself wore brown to match her car, with a touch of brightness in her floating scarf and the burnt orange of the quill in her saucy hat. There was arrogance in the very curl of her fingers as she put out her hand to signal her stop in the press of traffic.

Philip Fairbain stood on the curbing and adored. With one hand he gripped his hat brim so that he might be able to snatch off his hat with the least possible delay when she should see him. But the occasion for snatching it off did not arise. Noreen Gordon looked over Philip and through him and round him, but no gleam of recognition brightened her eyes. And presently Philip found that she had driven away and that he was standing absurdly on the street corner, gaping at the place where she had been, with his hat brim in his hand.

It was partly this incident that decided him in what he had not been sure that he was going to do. He went home and called Miss Noreen Gordon on the telephone. She was in.

"It's hot," he said when at last he had the connection. "I could take you to ride at eight o'clock if you could go."

"Thank you," said Noreen. "I couldn't. I'm going to be busy."

There was a note of crisp finality in her voice. Philip Fairbain ignored it.



Suddenly they came upon something not usually included in an exhibition of the Nichols estate. It was Noreen.

"I could take you at quarter past eight," he said, "if you could go then."

"I couldn't," Noreen repeated.

"I could take you——" began Philip.

Over the wire there came first a little bang, then a click, then silence. The little bang was Miss Noreen Gordon stamping her foot; the click was Miss Noreen Gordon hanging up the receiver. She was suddenly, unreasonably angry. She could not herself have told exactly why, and that very thing increased her wrath.

Then the telephone rang again.

"Hello," said Philip Fairbain, "I guess they cut us off. I was going to say that I could take you at half-past eight if you could go then."

As suddenly and unreasonably as she had been angry, Noreen was enormously amused. For an instant she struggled with her merriment; then she laughed frankly into the telephone.

"Well," she said, "you certainly have got a line."

"Yes," said Philip. "It's a bad line; cut our connection. Could you go at half-past eight?"

"Yes," said Noreen.

She was much more surprised than Philip to hear herself saying so. After all Philip had no way of knowing that Noreen had already refused five invitations for the evening in order that she might stay quietly at home and decide once for all whether she would or would not marry Mr. Hopkinson Bowers.

At eight-thirty they rode. Philip, weaving his way through the traffic on his way to the river drive, was conscious only of the warmth of rushing air and the nearness of Noreen Gordon. Noreen was wondering if, after all, she might decide that question while she rode.

Then something happened. Over the side of the car by Philip's left elbow something rose—something large and rather whitish with a not very good green eye on the nearer side.



For the greater part of the evening Philip Fairbain watched Noreen Gordon—thoroughly.

Noreen Gordon, who had no nerves, gave an honest start.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"It's a dog," Philip explained.

Noreen recovered herself. She leaned forward and examined Plute's elevated countenance.

"Oh, yes," she said, "that's it! I knew it reminded me of something, and I couldn't think what."

Philip said nothing.

"Perhaps you'd better put him off now," Noreen suggested.

"I can't," said Philip. "He's my dog. He likes to ride on the step."

"How very interesting," Noreen murmured. "*Who* gave him to you?"

"I bought him," said Philip.

"No! Really?" she tormented him. "Aren't you extravagant!"

Philip had grown rather red under his tan, but he knew better than to try to defend himself. He was silent.

"I think you'd better put him off now," she suggested again.

"I can't," said Philip. "He couldn't keep up."

"Then you had better," said Noreen. "I'm so afraid he'll fall."

Philip Fairbain took his attention from the wheel long enough to glance briefly at Miss Gordon. His worst suspicions were confirmed.

"You're not really afraid he'll fall," he charged her gravely. "You don't want to be seen riding in a car that has him on the outside of it."

"You're so clever!" Noreen murmured.

There was a considerable silence. Then:

"I'll tell you what we could do," said Philip Fairbain. "We could take him inside."

Miss Gordon made a delicate gesture of distaste. "Whatever you do," she said, "don't let that beast in here."

"Well—all right," said Philip. "I'll leave him outside if you'd rather."

For a long moment Noreen Gordon could not decide whether to be very angry or very much amused. She was distinctly not accustomed to this treatment. At last she laughed.

"Well," she said, "you certainly have got a brand new line all your own."

"I haven't any line," said Philip.

"And that," said Noreen, "is part of it."

Philip pondered for some time over what she meant by this.

As a whole, however, Philip found the ride entirely satisfactory. For the time being he had exactly what he wanted. He was content to urge his car onward through the warm June twilight and know that she was there beside him, to feel the touch of her shoulder as she swayed toward him on the turns, to steal a glance at her now and then and see the bewildering color of her hair. He was quite content to let Noreen do most of the talking. If Noreen said that he had a line, he was content to have one.

II

Taking everything together it was rather a long summer for Philip Fairbain. There was little tennis and less golf, and no long vacations in the woods, and no deep sea fishing off the coast of Maine. It was increasingly borne in on Philip that he had never had to work before.

Nevertheless he pegged away at his thirty dollar job with a kind of resolute enthusiasm. He went at selling houses hard and earnestly as he had gone at football, and he told the whole truth about the property which he handled with a completeness that would have shocked his more conservative father.

From the beginning his sales were rather good. There was something about Philip's slow smile and the directness of his look that made everyone want to own a house. The fact that Mr. Burrage was not impressed by the things that his son sold was chiefly because he had known in advance that his son would not sell anything.

On the whole it was not a dull summer, either for Philip or for any of the other young men in Linwood; for Noreen Gordon was at least spasmodically in town. Noreen was not summering at any of the resorts where it had been her custom to summer in former years, and though she was forever dashing off for brilliant parties at shore or lake or mountains, she was as forever dashing back again to enliven Linwood. The fact was that Noreen had become interested in architecture and landscape gardening, and had thrown herself into the study of these subjects with the enthusiasm which she always lavished on her whims. She was

aking two courses in the summer school, she told everyone, and imply couldn't be away from the city for long at a time.

Noreen attended lectures with gusto; she filled little leather olumes with hastily scribbled notes; she peeped and botanized ll over greater Boston. Sometimes she let Philip drive her bout the city while she scrutinized its architecture and wrote lown her impressions of it on bits of paper which she presently ost.

Philip always remembered as one of their best times together he Saturday afternoon when they went out to look at the old ichols place. He had showed it to her a little timidly as a uriosity, and she had been pleased beyond his wildest dreams. he old Nichols mansion had been built and the Nichols grounds id out some forty years before by Augustine Antony Nichols. ugustine Nichols had had a very great deal of money, and had elieved in getting his money's worth. When he had laid out is estate he had undoubtedly done so. No one could have got ny more on any estate. Since his death some years before it d been in the hands of G. H. Burrage. As yet no one had ought it.

Philip took Noreen up a long winding drive edged with strange egetation, and round the back of the house to the porte-cochère t the side. There was revealed gradually to Noreen's startled yes an immensity of great tawdry wooden building, originally ainted one of the more offensive shades of mustard yellow, and rnamented with a wealth of pie-crust trimming round the eaves.

"Mid-Victorian," Noreen murmured.

They went inside first, through the great echoing rooms with heir black marble fireplaces and their jingling chandeliers and heir floors laid down in patterns like so many patchwork quilts.

Noreen was delighted. She had never before seen anything o consistently dreadful, nd she hurried on ahead f Philip from room to oom, keeping up a fire of xclamation and comment s she went.

"Oh just see!" she cried. See that mantelpiece—and carved all over—with enetian scenes. Look—here's a gondola. And hink of the good crystal hey wasted on that elec-ric light thing. It would ave made a string of glass eads for everyone in the ity. Isn't the whole thing crime?"

"Yes," said Philip.

He was less interested in ne crime committed twenty years earlier by ugustine Nichols than he was in the poise and wing of Noreen's slender figure in its white ort suit.

They opened the front door.

"It would have a knocker, wouldn't it?" oreen laughed. "Lion couchant."

Then she gasped. She had not really seen ne front of the estate before, and the full effect urst upon her at once.

"Oh—oh—oh!" she cried. "A brick terrace nd two steps down into a French parterre—in ront of *this* house. And—oh Phil!—*do* I see a unken Italian garden in the distance?"

"Yes," said Philip.

He followed her down the two brick steps nd along one of the formal paths of the French arterre. The geometrical regularity of the arden as a whole and the neat way in which ne squares and triangles and rectangles and apezoids of the beds were fitted together was uite unspoiled by neglect.

"It makes you wonder what it was that you sed to know about the square of the hypote-use, doesn't it?" Noreen laughed.

"Yes," said Philip obligingly.

We are sorry to have to say, however, that is was not strictly true. What he was really ondering at the time was whether Miss ordon would let him take her somewhere r tea.

At the lower end of the garden two sentinels clipped from box stood beside the path.

"Topiary work," Noreen murmured again.

A little farther on a granite dove drank perpetually from a granite bowl.

Then they went down more steps and into the Italian garden—a maze of graveled paths and strange plants and strange stiff seats with a great deal of carving. In the center was a spraying fountain. Philip turned the water on and it sprayed. Noreen laughed out in delight.

"I'm going to come and sketch this place some day," she said, "for a horrible example in my gardening class."

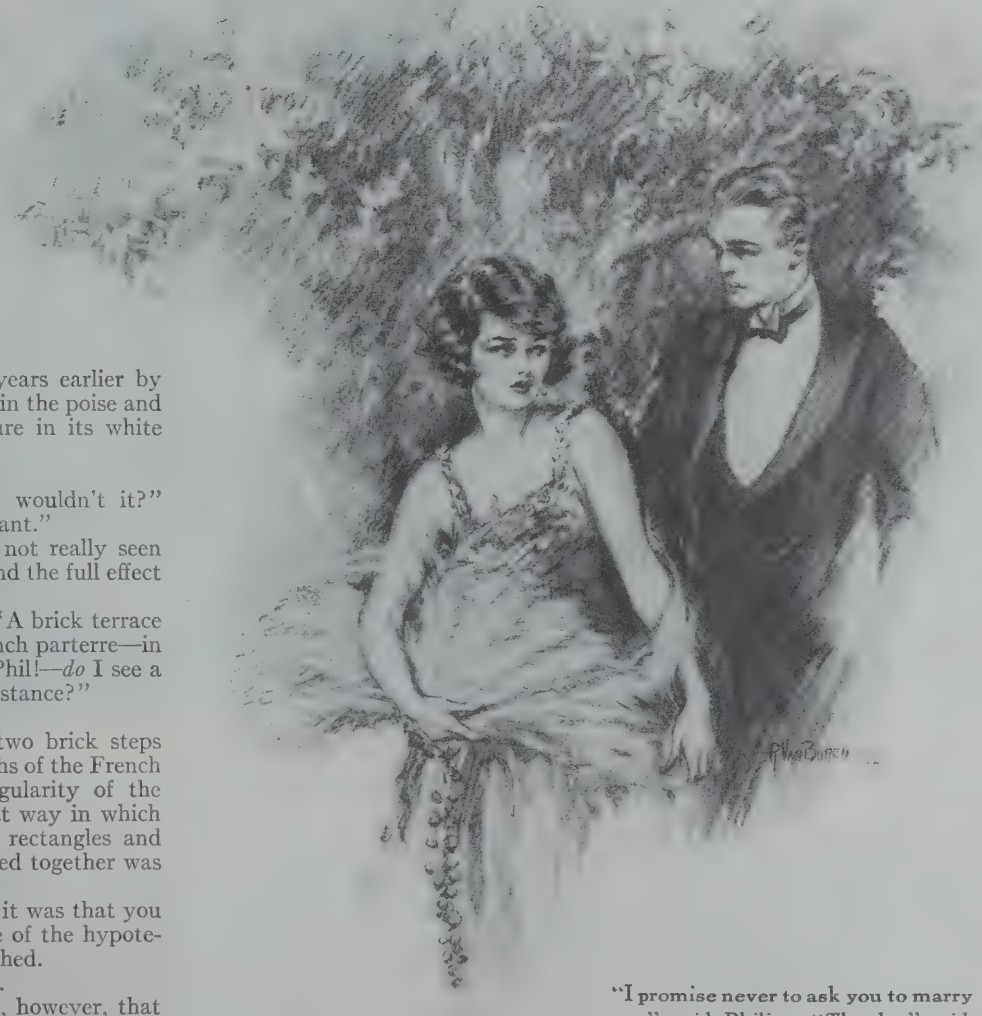
Philip and Noreen sat beside the spraying fountain on a cold stone seat and looked about them. On one side Diana ran fleetly through the greenwood, with her marble hair flying in the wind and her marble petticoat flapping round her knees; on the other a noble buck, unconscious of his danger, stood gazing into the distance and chewing his marble cud. Just opposite two fat cupids sat on a kind of perch and fitted their arrows to their bows.

"Kind of a hunting scene," said Philip.

This remark was among the most successful that he had ever made to Noreen Gordon. It was on the strength of it that he had courage to ask her to go to tea.

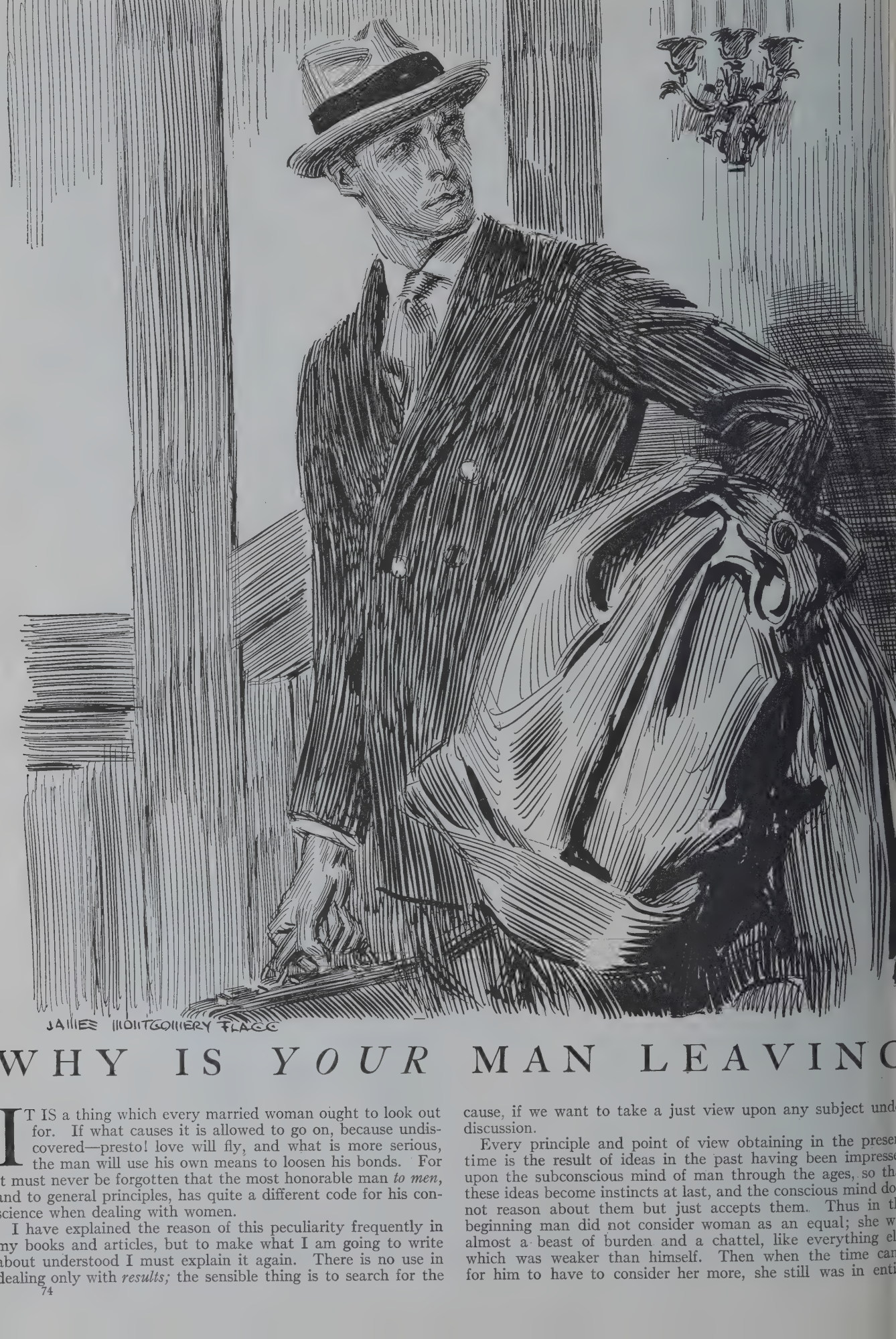
It may have been partly because of it too that she accepted. At any rate she was very nice to him, and his afternoon was a success.

But fortune and Noreen Gordon were not always kind to Philip that summer. Indeed, Noreen treated him at all times with the utmost caprice. Sometimes she was gracious; sometimes she was almost rude. Sometimes (*Continued on page 135*)



"I promise never to ask you to marry me," said Philip. "Thanks," said Noreen. "That's very reassuring."

WHY IS *THAT* MAN LEAVING



WHY IS *YOUR* MAN LEAVING

IT IS a thing which every married woman ought to look out for. If what causes it is allowed to go on, because undiscovered—presto! love will fly, and what is more serious, the man will use his own means to loosen his bonds. For it must never be forgotten that the most honorable man *to men*, and to general principles, has quite a different code for his conscience when dealing with women.

I have explained the reason of this peculiarity frequently in my books and articles, but to make what I am going to write about understood I must explain it again. There is no use in dealing only with *results;* the sensible thing is to search for the cause, if we want to take a just view upon any subject und discussion.

Every principle and point of view obtaining in the prese time is the result of ideas in the past having been impress upon the subconscious mind of man through the ages, so th these ideas become instincts at last, and the conscious mind do not reason about them but just accepts them. Thus in t beginning man did not consider woman as an equal; she w almost a beast of burden and a chattel, like everything el which was weaker than himself. Then when the time ca for him to have to consider her more, she still was in enti

By James Montgomery Flagg



YOU? *By* ELINOR GLYN

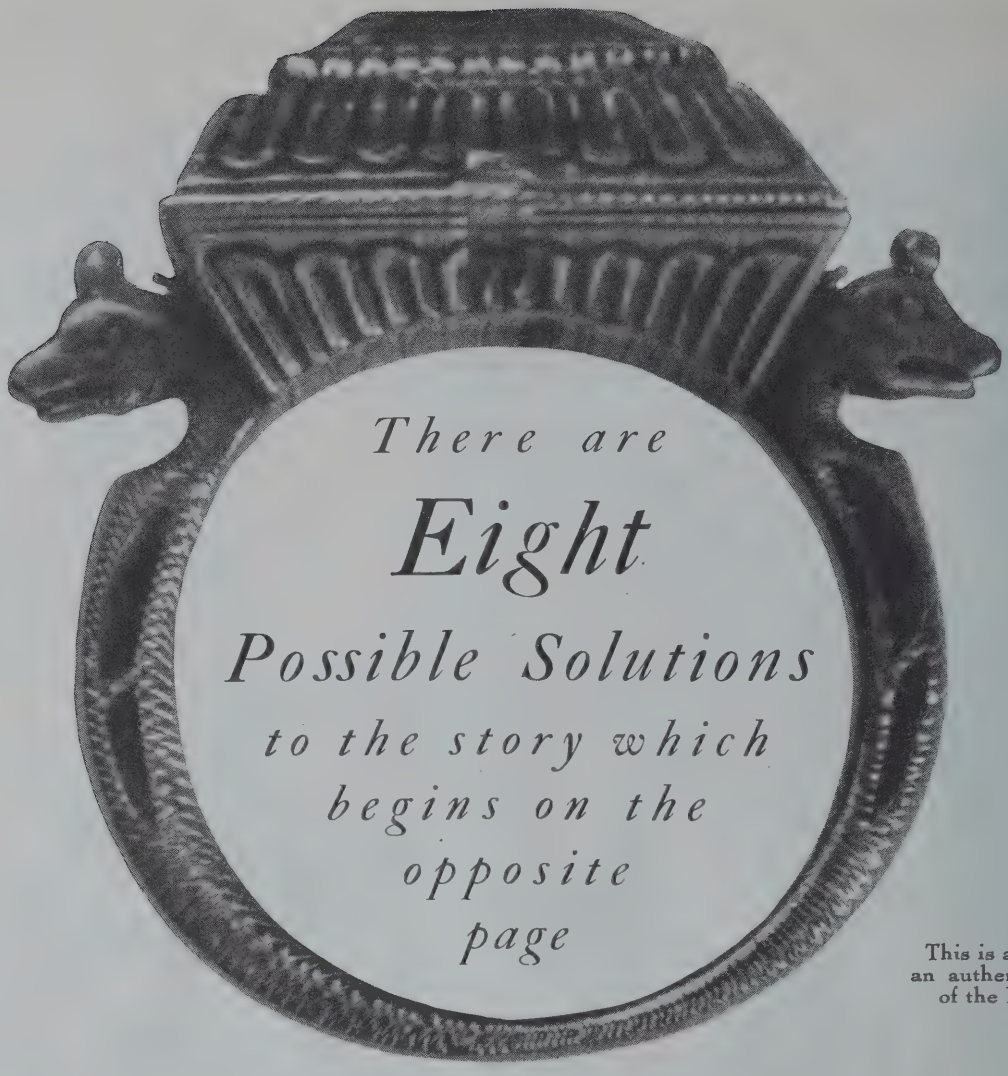
subjection to him as either wife or daughter. He could order and had to be obeyed merely because he was *a man*—not because he had a character which commands obedience. He could do as he pleased and had not to give an account of his actions or suffer restraint in any way. Then gradually woman emerged and tried to assert herself—and man found that it saved fuss to lie to her. He felt no dishonor about this because in no way did he consider her an equal—honor was for his dealings with men.

To lie to a woman to make things go smoothly and save himself trouble was no more to him than humoring a tricky horse, because in that way he got more out of the creature than by thrashing it to bits—all this not because man is a cruel brute but simply because of the result of primitive conditions.

Then civilization advanced, and the laws of chivalry grew to be a force. But by that time the idea that it was quite natural to lie to woman, in man had become an *instinct*.

It takes many generations of deliberate training to produce, or eradicate, an instinct, however much the conscious reason may go against it.

Thus in the present day man's subconscious mind still feels there is not the same dishonor in lying to a woman as in lying to a man. Even though if he were asked (*Continued on page 128*)



This is a photograph of an authentic poison ring of the Middle Ages.

A. That Carval put sugar in the ring, just as he claimed, and:

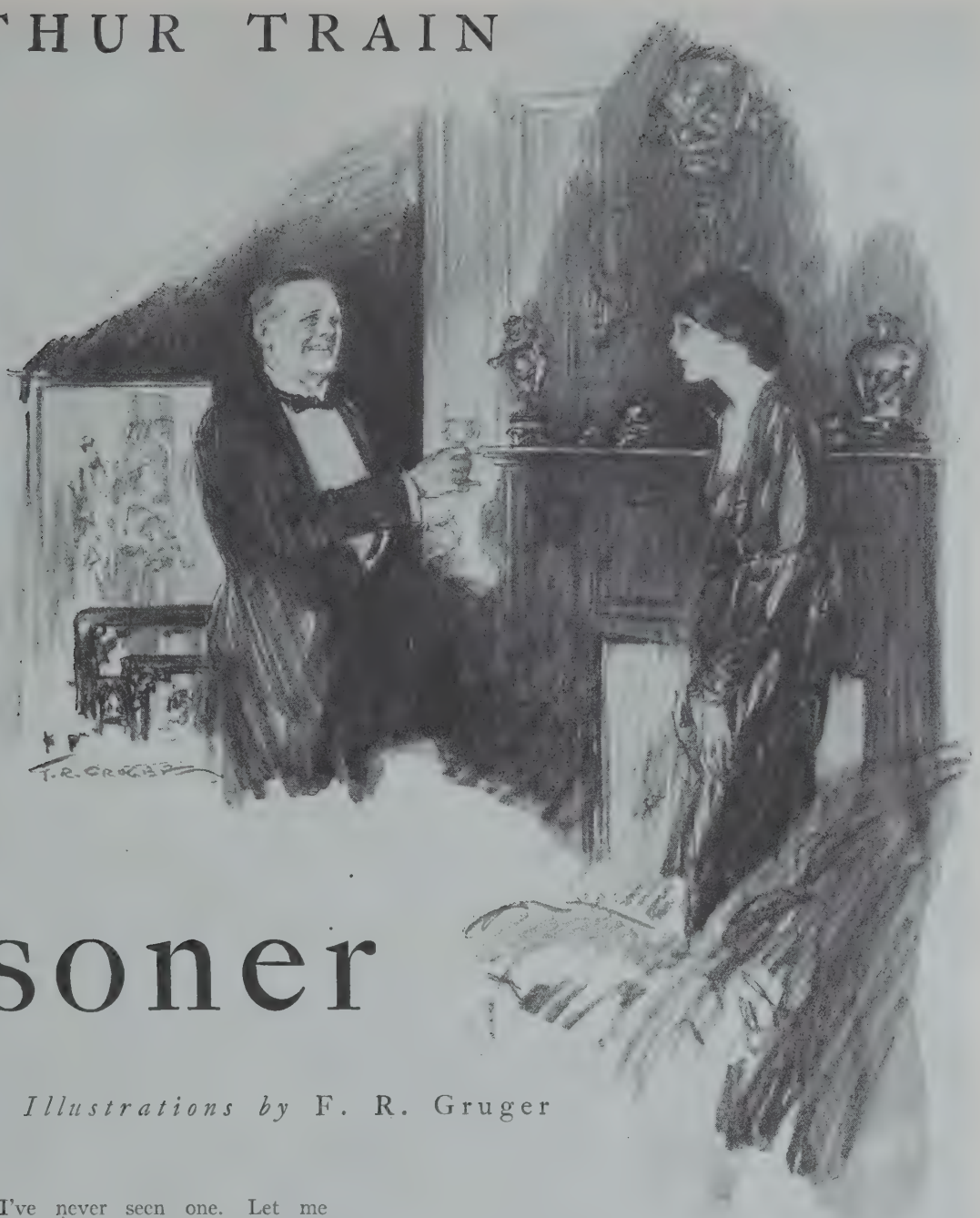
1. *That Kildare and he* both *died of heart failure.*
2. *That Kildare died of heart failure, but that there was still some poison lingering in the bottom of the ring, which killed Carval.*
3. *That both died of the poison lingering in the ring.*
4. *That Kildare discovered what Carval had put in the ring and replaced it with real poison from which both of them died.*

B. That Carval put potassium cyanide in the ring, and:

5. *That Kildare died of it, while Carval died of heart failure.*
6. *That* both *died of the potassium cyanide.*
7. *That Kildare died of the potassium cyanide, but that Carval died of the poison lingering in the bottom of the ring.*
8. *That Kildare died of heart failure before the poison touched his lips and that Carval was the only one who in fact took it, thus paying the penalty for his treachery.*

MR. TRAIN, *who wrote the story, prefers* No. 2.
The Editor of COSMOPOLITAN *prefers* No. 7.
Read the story; then decide which you prefer.

By ARTHUR TRAIN



The Poisoner

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

"If I wasn't telling the truth," exclaimed Carval, "do you think I'd dare do this?"

A POISON RING? I've never seen one. Let me look at it."

Kyran Kildare slipped the ring from his thin finger, so little characteristic of a sculptor, and held out under the yellow lamplight towards his friend Carval, at hose house he had been dining.

"Yes, that is what it is—a poison ring. Made by Benvenuto ellini for one of the Medici—probably Cosimo himself. Look t that intaglio! Isn't it exquisite?" His narrow, sensitive ıce was aglow.

Oswald Carval took the ring and examined it with interest, greeing mentally that the sculptor's delight in it was fully ıstified. He did not share all of Kildare's enthusiasms by any ıeans, but this exquisitely chased and chiseled thing was some-ıing quite out of the ordinary.

"H'm!" he mused. "I wonder did they actually carry poison round in those things!"

As an analytical chemist he was professionally interested in oisons.

"Do you see that tiny excrescence below the medallion? Press !" said Kildare.

But Carval's thick fingers were too clumsy; and the sculptor ook back the ring and with his thumb nail easily released the ring. The beryl on which the intaglio was cut flew back, evealing a hollow receptacle beneath, perhaps a quarter of an ıch in diameter and depth.

"You'd make a poor poisoner!" he laughed.

"Think so?" grinned Carval. "Where did you get it?"

"Just luck! They're hard to get. A queer old uncle of mine, ho lives in Florence, bought it of a bankrupt *marchese*—one of the 'new poor,' you know—and let me have it for the same price. There's no question as to its genuineness. It's a family heirloom."

"They had powerful poisons!" said Carval. "It's strange we don't know more about them. I suppose one reason is that in those days chemistry—or alchemy as they called it—was popularly regarded as akin to necromancy—the Black Art—and as having something distinctly devilish about it."

"Well, isn't there?" inquired Kildare. "Your chemist is the only real sorcerer!"

"Quite the contrary," returned Carval with a faint smile on his florid face. "My profession is most banal. The age of poison is over; the age of the antiseptic is here. Bicarbonate of soda—not bichloride of mercury!"

"What is that?"

"Bichloride of mercury? Well, that and potassium cyanide are about the only modern poisons that ring could hold effectively. Dilute either in water and put a drop on the end of a dog's tongue and he'll never wag his tail again!"

"Poor dog!" Kildare shuddered and a shadow passed over his face—a face almost as finely chiseled as those of the Pallas Athene on the intaglio. "Do you suppose they knew about potassium cyanide in those days?"

"Very likely. That may be what your ring contained."

Kildare, the "Wild Irishman" as his Bohemian friends called



"'So Nicoletta is false to me! Ha!' I fill the goblets with red wine and, turning aside, empty th

him, lifted his chin with a peculiar gesture, as if by so doing he could get an angle of vision by which he might look down the vista of the ages.

"I wonder!" he sighed. "I know a chap who always carries a little phial of some such stuff around with him so that in the event of accident or fire he can escape a death of agony."

"A very dangerous expedient!" replied the chemist. "There are moments when most men, if the means were readily at hand, might be tempted to take their lives without any real justification."

"Well, why shouldn't they?" demanded Kildare. "Their lives are their own. Like as not I may take it into my head to cheat the hangman myself some day."

"Don't talk nonsense!" warned his friend.

"I mean it!" retorted the sculptor.

"Anyhow, I advise you to be careful how you monkey with that thing," said Carval. "The inside of it looks clean enough but that ring may have been tucked away in a chest somewhere for the last five hundred years. Poisons are very persistent. They lose nothing of their potency through age."

Kildare looked into the ring.

"By George! Do you mean that if by remote chance the cavity still contained some tiny speck of what do you call it—one so small you couldn't see it even—that it could still do the trick?"

"Yes," answered Carval. "I know of a case where that actually happened—in Atlanta, Georgia!"

Kildare slid the ring on his finger, lighted a cigarette and leaned back, his long legs crossed upon a carved teakwood taboret.

"Funny mind you've got to remember that sort of thing. Fancy—Atlanta, Georgia!"

"My memory for fact is good enough." Carval did not see



contents of this ring into the one destined for you. 'Let us drink to the fair Nicoletta,' I cry."

to resent the slur upon its selective aspect. "As for poisons persisting, there's nothing peculiar in that. Nothing in nature is destructible. You merely shatter the arrangement of molecules which form a new combination."

Kildare nodded.

" 'Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away'?"

"Exactly. An atom of cyanide is now and ever will be—an atom of cyanide. You can't annihilate it. Nothing in nature is ever lost—not even a light ray."

"Who then can doubt immortality!" mumured Kildare. "If the flash of the seagull's wing, the song of the nightingale, the lover's whisper, the first gleam of the evening star are never lost, but live forever! Rather beautiful, that!"

Carval eyed him tolerantly. Visionaries and poets were not in his line.

"Unfortunately immortality is not confined merely to the beautiful," he remarked.

Kildare's face darkened.

"Doubtless true!" he admitted. "I suppose the poison of slander is as persistent as that of your cyanide."

"From what I know of the Cinquecento it was as popular as any other," said Carval drily.

Kildare turned the ring slowly around on his finger.

"The Golden Age for all that! Even if they had the vices of their virtues. They knew how to live. At white heat—the only way. Nothing's worth while that's not done with passion. After all, you can forgive anything done in hot blood, can't you? Of course there were a lot of treacherous folk too, smiling villains. But most of 'em, if they were going to run you through, shouted first 'On guard!' "

"The poisoner didn't," retorted the chemist grimly.

"No," assented Kildare. "But even so, poisoning was a well recognized means to an end. By St. Gregory! To have that ring on my finger, and to know that it has held death for so many gallant men and beautiful women, makes me feel like one of the Sforzas or Borgias myself!"

He sprang from his chair and stood on the hearthrug in front of his phlegmatic friend.

"Can't you imagine our dining here together like this six hundred years ago in Florence? You have come at my invitation with a few of our friends to taste some rare old Falernian or to plan for some amorous adventure. There is Annibal Caro, Baccio Bandinelli, the Marquis del Vasto, Luigi Pulci, Giulio Romano, perhaps Arturo Traiano, the Pope's chamberlain, or even Orazio Baglioni himself—a gay and distinguished company. Your pages loiter outside. Within, a wandering bard has just sung a ballad for us, and you have thrown him a piece of gold. My servant enters bearing a great golden flagon—one of Cellini's masterpieces—places it upon the table among the garlands and sweetmeats, and bowing, retires. Can't you see him?"

He waved his hand towards the door.

" 'Good my lord,' " quoth I, 'and how doth your lordship with the fair Lucrezia?'

" 'Lucrezia!' say you. 'Nay, I have no longer interest in the wench. I have a new mistress—Nicoletta, the daughter of Strozzi the Armorer.'

"Like the sting of an adder the name plunges through my heart. So Nicoletta is false to me! Ha! From the flagon I fill the goblets brimming with red wine and, turning quickly aside, open my ring—this very ring!—and empty its contents into the one destined for you.

" 'Good my lord,' I cry, 'let us drink to the fair Nicoletta!'

"Unsuspecting, you lift the goblet to your lips.

" 'To Nicoletta!' they all shout.

"Suddenly you turn pale, the goblet crashes to the floor, you clutch wildly at the table. The Baglioni catches you in his arms. But already you are dead!"

Kildare acted out the imaginary scene with all the ardor of his volatile temperament. Those unaware that he was the only child of an Italian mother and an Irish father sometimes thought him queer—at times almost irrational—for his moods followed one another quickly, plunging from reckless gaiety to deep depression.

Carval's pale gray eyes regarded him calmly.

"And then," he grunted, "my good friend, Arturo Traiano, the chamberlain to His Holiness, promptly runs you through with his snickersnee!"

Kildare did not seem to hear him. He was standing with one hand upon his forehead and with the other, upon which shone the ring, extended towards the lamp.

"Tomorrow," he cried, "I shall do a bust of Benvenuto! My *magnum opus!* The ring will be my inspiration. It will be the talisman opening the gate to the Cinquecento. I shall live at the court of Cosimo and move among the noble ladies, the gallants, courtiers, pages, men at arms, priests, foreign envoys and artists that filled his palace!" He turned suddenly to Carval. "But as it is, the talisman is incomplete. You must give me some poison, some of that potassium cyanide, to put in it. Unless the ring is exactly as it was in the days of Benvenuto it will have no potency."

Carval allowed the smoke of his cigarette to wreathe itself slowly from his nostrils.

"Nonsense!" he answered presently. "What a crazy idea!"

"I am quite in earnest," declared Kildare excitedly. "A businessman like you doesn't understand. It might mean all the difference between success and failure. No doubt you have some of the stuff right here in your laboratory."

His glance shifted to a door at the end of the room. Carval shrugged his shoulders.

"Haven't you?" persisted Kildare.

"Perhaps."

"Then give it to me!"

"My dear fellow, the law doesn't permit it."

"But I ask it as a favor."

He was pleading now—half beside himself, it seemed to Carval.

"No—no! It's quite impossible!"

"I beg of you!"

For perhaps half a minute Carval did not reply. His stolid rather beefy countenance gave no inkling of his thoughts.

Kildare crossed over and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"If you are my friend!" he said with emotion. "As a friend I ask it!"

Carval took several puffs from his cigarette.

"Oh well!" he replied finally. "If it means as much to you as all that!"

He arose with his customary deliberation and walked slowly to the door leading to his laboratory.

Kildare's glance followed the thickset figure until it disappeared. A good friend, Carval! A conscientious chap, too. His eyes wandered round the room. But what appalling taste! However, what could you expect from a chemist—a manufacturing chemist at that? Carval's only lengthy vacation had been a trip to China, and he had filled his drawing room with what he regarded as artistic trophies of his visit—deformed bronze idols, hideous grinning masks, grotesque images of wild animals, terrifying implements of torture and of war, massive tables and cabinets of teak, horrible black and yellow screens. But what particularly tortured Kildare was the fact that the room in which these treasures had been so methodically arranged had white woodwork picked out in gold, a pink satin wall covering and a brown Brussels carpet. Nevertheless, Kildare was fond of this practical friend of his and admired the traits in the other which he did not himself possess. Presently he sat down again and once more examined the beauties of the ring.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the door, in his white tiled laboratory the practical friend was standing before a row of jars upon a glass shelf.

"If that is what he wants——" he muttered to himself.

He took down one of the jars.

A few minutes later Carval came back holding in his palm a paper on which was a tiny pile of white powder.

"There!" he said, as one might to a child. "I'll let you have this upon one condition—that you will never let anyone know I gave it to you. It would make me liable to criminal prosecution."

"I promise," agreed Kildare. "Now put it in the ring."

He pressed the spring and the intaglio flew back, revealing the pyramidal hollow beneath. Then he held it out, still upon his finger. Carval shook his head.

"Is it as dangerous as all that?" asked Kildare.

"One never knows!" replied Carval ominously. "Give me the ring."

He made a cone of the paper and with the utmost caution poured its contents into the receptacle. They were both astonished at the amount it held. Evidently the bottom was deeper than appeared. When it was all in Carval moistened it slightly with a medicine dropper in order that it might cake, and snapped back the intaglio.

"There you are!" he said. "There's enough stuff in there to kill a thousand dogs—or men."

Kildare put it back eagerly on his finger.

"I can't thank you enough!" he cried. "I don't blame you for thinking me an idiot—but honestly, it will make all the difference. Now I shall really feel as if the shade of Benvenuto were at my elbow. You shall see something worthy of the period of—poison! And now, old man, I must hurry along. I think I'll drop in on Margaret for a moment before going home. Shall I give her your regards?"

"By all means," answered Carval, placing the paper in the grate, where it writhed for a moment before bursting into flame. He knew that Miss Welford was to be out that evening, but he saw no object in letting Kildare know that he knew. "I hope you're satisfied. Remember now—one drop of that stuff! Well, if you must be off. Good night."

II

KILDARE, disappointed in his attempt to call upon Miss Welford, returned dejectedly to his studio on Washington Square. He had been keen to show Margaret the ring and to tell her of his plan to do the bust of Cellini, yet it was characteristic of him that he preferred to take a chance on finding her out than call her up and make an appointment by telephone. Kildare did not like telephones; and he abominated electricity, alarm clocks and stiff shirts. His apparent disregard of many conventions, however, was due less to opposition to them than to the fact that his mind was apt to be on something else. He was impulsive, temperamental and wholly irresponsible about his engagements, all of which, he maintained, should be taken as made with a mental reservation.

His friends, who were many, forgave these eccentricities on account of his gentleness, loyalty and high spirits, for he always made a "party" of anything that might be toward, irrespective of who composed the gathering, exhausting himself in story telling, games and all sorts of horseplay. In consequence he was in universal demand, which interfered sadly with his work.



"I turns around," Mrs. O'Connell told Margaret, "and sees him lying there on the floor dead."

e had a small income, enough to live on, and that was all he inted. He drank a little, though not immoderately, but cause his sensitive temperament reacted quickly to alcohol got credit for drinking more than he really did. He had me talent but was easily discouraged, and as he inevitably sisted on doing everything differently from the way agreed upon, and frequently in an outburst of temper destroyed work which had taken months of his own and his sitter's time, got few orders.

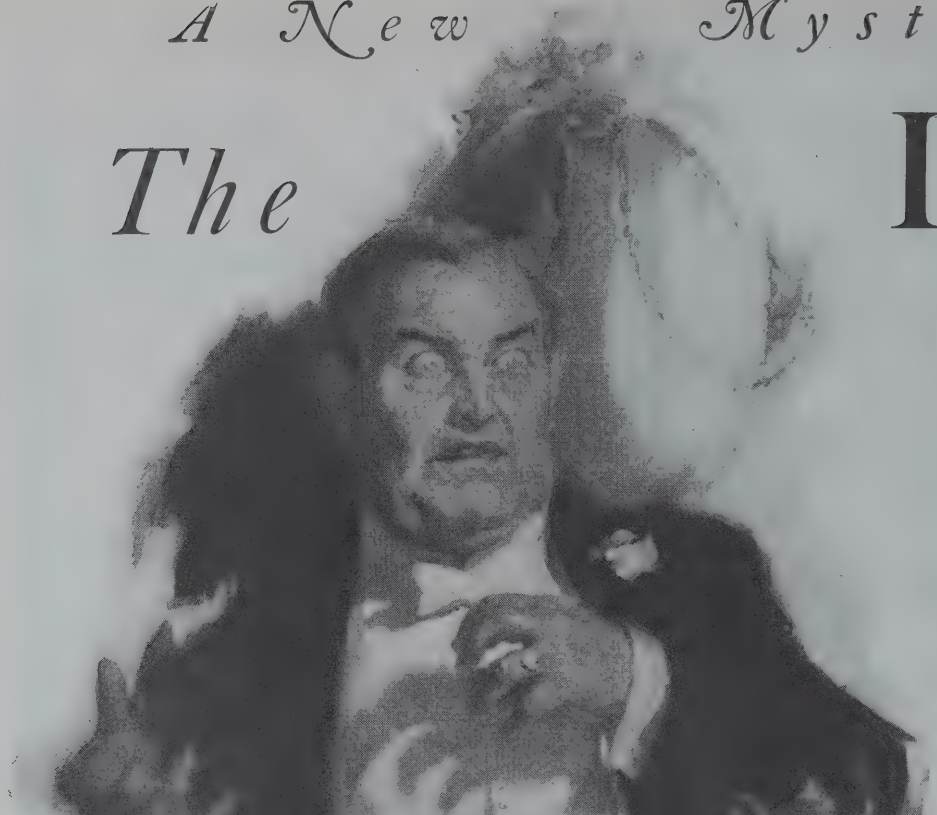
A charming crank! One of those vague irresponsibles you stumble upon in a Dublin pothouse or at tea at Lady Gregory's; a mediæval spirit in a Sinn Fein body; (*Continued on page 156*)

A New Mystery Nove

The Lone

RET

Illustrations b



Morphew
stood transfixed, stunned eyes seeking the doorway.

A Résumé of Part One:

THE story takes place in the New York of today. It concerns:

MICHAEL LANYARD, THE LONE WOLF, *once prince of European jewel thieves, now a member of the British Secret Service on leave of absence.*

EVE DE MONTALAIS, *whom he loves as he has never loved before—a woman of beauty, of charm, of wealth.*

MORPHEW, *powerful New York bootlegger and director of criminals.*

PAGAN, *a satellite of Morphew's.*

MALLISON, *gentleman crook and member of Morphew's crew.*

LIANE DELORME, *demi-mondaine and one-time underworld acquaintance of the Lone Wolf.*

MRS. FOLLIOTT MCFEE, *who is piquant and inordinately rich, whose nickname is* FOLLY *and who lives up to it.*

Between Michael Lanyard and Eve de Montalais there exists a singularly deep understanding. He has just declared his love for her; "yet I may not," he says, "ask you to become my wife." Pressed for a reason, "Wherever I go," he tells her, "I am a marked man. Hunted. Society never has patience with the penitent." He cannot ask Eve to share such a life. In the back of his mind, too, lies the reason that he is now poor, Eve rich.

Eve will not accept his reasoning. As they talk (at the Ritz) enters a curiously forbidding personality, who seems from a near by table covertly to be watching them. They have seen this man before. Eve shivers. Lanyard confesses to an instinctive foreboding that their paths will somehow cross.

That night, parting from Eve, he kisses her for the first time. Thereafter Lanyard knows that despite all difficulties he must make his new life as a criminal who has reformed such that he can marry Eve without bringing on her disgrace and hardship.

Returning homeward down Fifth Avenue pondering this problem, he unexpectedly runs into Liane Delorme, whom he had last seen in Paris years befo She greets him with effusive affecti and insists on his accompanying her the Clique Club. She knows a gr deal about his new life, and does take his reform too seriously. And the Club—a post-Prohibition drinki and gambling affair—as they talk, M phew and his crew come in—the sinis personality Eve and Lanyard had s at the Ritz. Folly is among the wearing immensely valuable emeral

After introductions and a little t and that, Lanyard and Morphew are alone. At once, indirectly, Morph puts to Lanyard a proposal: that L yard shall take up his old thieving tra Morphew protecting him from the po in return for a large share of each ha

Lanyard's eyes are ugly with ang "At the first sign," he counters, "of any disposition on your p to meddle further in my affairs, I will seek you out and bre this stick, or a stouter one, over your back." He turns to w out of the room. The door is locked.

"It may interest you to know," then says Morphew quiet "that I am the proprietor of this joint. You've got to come me. If you don't, I'll prove you committed every burglary any size in this town; and if that isn't enough, I'll plant oth on you. You'll come across to me or go up the River for life."

"I would as willingly," answers Lanyard, gripping his sti "go up for manslaughter."

At that moment the door is flung open, there is a din of voic and a waiter appears. "Monsieur Morphew," he stutters, " police! A raid! A raid!"

Part Two: CHAPTER IV

WITH an incoherent bellow of rage and astonishm Morphew reared up out of his chair, overturning But that was all; instantaneously something lik paralysis of consternation transfixed him, so t he stood with huge hands fluttering feebly and knees quak under his great weight, the light dimming behind the bleach flesh of his face, jaw sagging and stunned eyes seeking doorway.

Through this, a froth of noise upon the uproar from below, ca sounds of scuffling and voices angry and remonstrant. In corridor a confused movement was visible, a knot of figures apart, Liane Delorme broke through and, ghastly with pa beneath her war paint, strode breathlessly into the room, strong sweep of her perfectly modeled arm brushing aside jabbering Theodore.

Mallison followed her closely, like a fearful child tagging at mother's skirts, with the slinking tread and something of witless look of a cowed animal peering through the sleek surfac his comeliness. And that this look little belied his state of m was shown by the nervous shy he gave when Lanyard, satisf there was nothing to be gained by more delay, made for the do

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Wolf URNS

W. D. Stevens



Liane Delorme

ghastly with pallor beneath her war paint, strode into the room.

The corridor was choked with people, flustered waiters mixed in with guests whom the alarm had routed out of the other private rooms, all aimlessly milling about and questioning one another with vacant eyes and babbling tongues. Nobody offered to stay Lanyard; on the other hand nobody offered to get out of his way. Pagan passed him, plying busy elbows, his habitual leer erased. Of Mrs. McFee one saw nothing.

Halfway to the head of the staircase the jam on the narrow landing grew too dense to be penetrated other than by main strength and ill will; and, crowded against the banisters, Lanyard waited a general movement that would permit him to proceed.

Looking down over the handrail, he commanded a view of the first landing, the stage of a more lively scene as guests and employees of the "club" stampeding for the stairs were checked, hustled and bully-ragged by a squad of police, readily to be picked out by their flat-topped blue caps, and a number of plain-clothes men, quite as conspicuously badged by those weatherworn derbies lacking which self-respecting police detectives consider themselves no sportsmen in their attitude toward lawbreakers.

Hectoring cries of authority, plain profanity of an unimaginative citizenry and yammering of hysterical women manufactured a clamor that drowned out all lesser noises till somebody near Lanyard used stentorian lungs to suggest the roof as a possible way of escape; upon which advice the whole body of people surged toward the third flight of stairs.

In that moment, while clinging to the banister rail to keep from being swept along, Lanyard heard his name shrilled in a pathetic voice and saw Mrs. McFee struggling in the rush, the violet eyes darkly dilate with dismay, the mouth of a child tremulous with appeal. Immediately Lanyard threw himself toward her. Tripped and jostled till her strength failed, his arms alone saved the young woman from going down under those panic feet. Then putting his shoulders to the press, he dragged her out of the worst of it and into the semi-shelter of a jog in the wall, in front of which he planted himself as a screen.

"Now we're all right," he said cheerfully. "Take it easy and don't worry."

"But I can't help worrying!" the small person objected, clutching the lapels of his dress coat with importunate hands. "How can I, if I'm going to be arrested and put in jail and brought up in a police court with all these awful people? The shame of it! the disgrace!"

"If you'll trust to me," Lanyard suggested, "I think I can promise you none of those calamities will happen."

"But how can you——"

"I'm sure I know a way . . ."

As he spoke, with no warning whatsoever the house from cellar to roof was drenched with darkness absolute.

This thing befell with stupefying dramatic force. Where there had been deafening hubbub and confusion to confound the readiest, a lull of a long moment succeeded, during which every voice was hushed and nobody stirred. In this breathing spell Lanyard found time to divine what had happened: that some creature of Morphew's, acting possibly on inspiration but more probably in conformance with a plan preconcerted against such an emergency, had disconnected the master switch of the electric wiring system for the house. Then Folly McFee whimpered in new fright and caught him closer to her; and in another breath the turmoil revived in redoubled volume.

Lanyard lifted his hands to the woman's and gently disengaged them.

"There, Mrs. McFee! don't be alarmed. They've simply shut off the lights to give the people the police are after a chance to escape. If you will only calm yourself and have a little faith in me, I'll get you out of this in a jiffy, and no harm done."

"But my wrap! I can't go without my wrap—I'd catch my death! And my hand bag, too—I left it on the table——"

"I'll find them for you; it wont delay us a minute . . ."

Lanyard swept the darkness roundabout with an extended hand, which came into contact with nothing; then, satisfied

that the landing was now practically clear, drew the woman out of her corner and coolly wound an arm around her.

"I'll be better able to avoid losing you this way," he explained. "Hope you don't mind."

"No-o," said the small voice. "I think—I believe I rather like it."

In witness whereto, she snuggled . . .

For all that unmitigated murk Lanyard experienced no difficulty in finding the way back to the right door.

"Hello?" he called, pausing on its threshold. "I've got Mrs. McFee here, safe and sound. Somebody make a light; I noticed candles on the mantelpiece . . ."

Nothing answered him. But this he had discounted. Releasing the woman and bidding her stop where she was, he struck a match whose flare revealed a room deserted.

Folly McFee gave a gasp of astonishment: "Where are they?"

"In sound American slanguage," Lanyard replied, crossing to the fireplace and applying the flame to the wicks of molded and tinted candles that decorated its mantel, "our friends have flown the coop. You see, Morphew told me just now that he's the proprietor of these premises; so I'm inclined to suspect the lights were put out to permit him to make a clean getaway . . . But here's your wrap." He draped the sable robe around the woman's shoulders. "And your bag," he added, finding the same where Folly had left it.

"But I don't understand!" she protested, lifting a bewildered small face to the light.

"I never imagined you would, Mrs. McFee," Lanyard laughed, catching up one of the candlesticks and turning to the door. "If you had understood, I fancy, you would never have come here tonight—or any night—that is, unless it's a fad of yours to live up to your nickname . . ."

The words failed on his lips as he pulled up just short of the door, finding this blocked by a long, lanky shape of humanity lounging with one lazy shoulder against the frame; the derby of tradition on the back of his head, hands buried in the pockets of an unbuttoned overcoat—one of them, Lanyard hadn't any doubt whatever, holding an automatic pistol ready.

"The devil!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"Devil yourself, Monseer Lanyard," a nasal drawl returned. "Funny! I was thinking only a day or so ago it was about time for you and me to be bumping into each other again. And now, lo and behold you!"

"It can't be!" Lanyard cried incredulously, stepping nearer and holding the candle high.

"Wrong again—it can," drawled the humorous voice. "It is!"

The candlelight ruddled the lineaments of a North American Indian in the skin of a paleface: narrowed eyes beneath a lofty brow, a thin nose with a prominent bridge, lantern jaws and high cheek bones, a wide slit of a firm lipped mouth.

"Crane!" Lanyard cried in unfeigned pleasure.

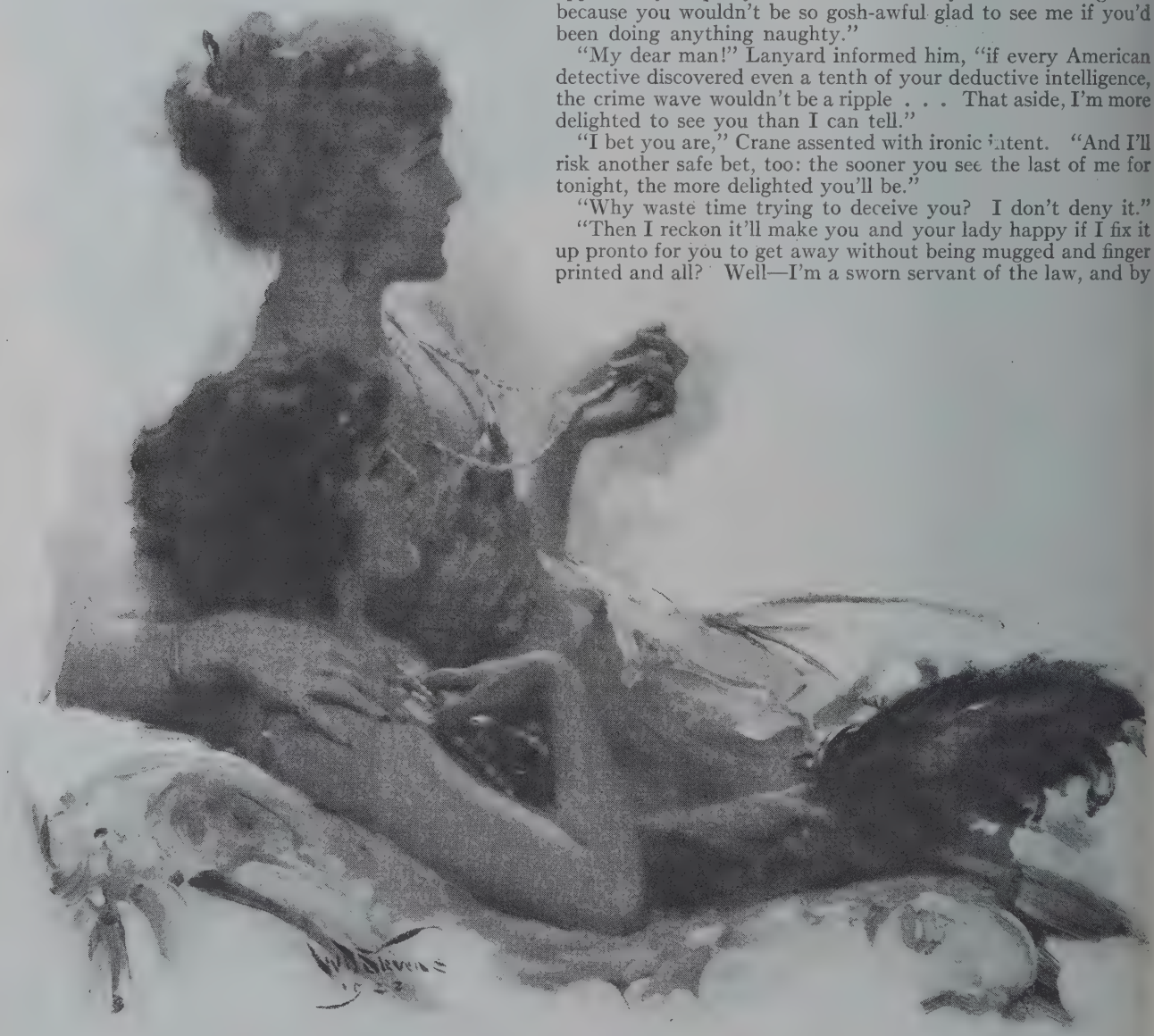
"Never forget anything, do you?" Mr. Crane complained in mock bitterness. "Here I was counting on being able to put something over on you because you hadn't seen me for five or six years—nineteen-seventeen, wasn't it?—and you'd ought to've forgotten my map entirely . . . Swell chance!" He surrendered to Lanyard's friendly grasp a bony hand of tremendous strength. "Well!" he groused on, "I guess here's where I miss another opportunity to put you out of harm's way—in the hoosegow—because you wouldn't be so gosh-awful glad to see me if you'd been doing anything naughty."

"My dear man!" Lanyard informed him, "if every American detective discovered even a tenth of your deductive intelligence, the crime wave wouldn't be a ripple . . . That aside, I'm more delighted to see you than I can tell."

"I bet you are," Crane assented with ironic intent. "And I'll risk another safe bet, too: the sooner you see the last of me for tonight, the more delighted you'll be."

"Why waste time trying to deceive you? I don't deny it."

"Then I reckon it'll make you and your lady happy if I fix it up pronto for you to get away without being mugged and finger printed and all? Well—I'm a sworn servant of the law, and by





"To be frank," admitted Pagan, "I had the Lone Wolf in mind. The fellow is here now and up to his old tricks again."

all accounts you're a desperate bad character; but come along . . . Only you got to promise you won't tell on me."

Crane sighed heavily and straightened up, but Lanyard dropped a detaining hand on his arm.

"A moment, my friend, by your leave. My personal gratitude I hope to prove when you have more time. But Mrs. McFee, too, would like to thank you . . . Permit me, Mrs. McFee—Mr. Crane . . ."

"Mrs. Folliott McFee?" Crane queried quickly, with a glint of interest, and engulfed in his grasp her absurdly insignificant hand. "How do you do, ma'am—pleased to meet you."

"It's awfully sweet of you," Folly replied with trusting eyes and that hint—no more—of an infantile lisp which she had found so serviceable in dealing with certain types of men. "I'm sure I'd be frightened silly if it wasn't for you and Mr. Lanyard."

"Nothing for you to be scared about," Crane reassured her. "It's the outfit that runs this joint we're after tonight, not the general public, that great body"—his tone took on the authentic twang of a public orator—"of simple minded, plain living, law-deriding hooch hounds that forms the sturdy backbone of this glorious nation . . . Listen to 'em yap!" He grinned broadly, cocking an appreciative ear to the clamor. "No, ma'am—even if you and Monseer Lanyard hadn't run into me, the worst that could have happened to you would've been to have your names and addresses taken so as you could be called as witnesses in case we caught anybody. Which," Crane added with conviction, "I don't much think we will, not tonight, not since they put the lights out on us. That's a brand new dodge, and a hot one. After this gets out, I reckon we'll have to carry our own lighting plant along with us for night work, like they do in the movies."

He was piloting Mrs. McFee down the corridor while thus discoursing, in the wake of the candle. Now, at the head of the stairs, he nodded to a patrolman stationed there, and the three were permitted to descend.

The raiding party had by this time found other candles and brought a few electric torches into play, by whose meager illumination the business of winnowing out the goats from the sheep was proceeding in the rooms which had been reserved for dancing. But of this Lanyard and Folly McFee caught only the barest of glimpses in passing; for Crane was obviously in haste to discharge his friendly duty and be rid of them, and passed them with all possible expedition through the house. But at the front door he held them for a moment.

"There's more or less of a mob outside," he stated; "but I guess you won't have much trouble finding a taxi. That is, unless Mrs. McFee came in her own car . . ." But it appeared that Folly hadn't. "Then I guess it's good night, folks! Only, I'd like one word with you first, Lanyard, if Mrs. McFee won't mind . . ."

Drawing Lanyard aside, Crane dropped his voice: "Still with the B. S. S.? Doing anything special over here?"

"No—in fact, nothing. Leave of absence."

"I see. Where are you stopping?" Crane noted the address on the back of an envelope. "I'll look you up as soon's I get time. Like to have a chin about this and that."

"Do, my friend, and don't delay too long."

Passed by Crane through the police lines but pursued by jeers and catcalls of the crowd which had collected, Lanyard and Folly hurried round the corner into Sixth Avenue, and there by good fortune picked up a cab almost at once. This they would hardly have needed but for the drizzle, which had set in again; Folly McFee, it appeared, lived in the lower Fifties, just east of Park Avenue. Learning which, Lanyard hushed a sigh of content; the shorter the drive, the better. This latter part of his evening exhilarated him not at all, and though the woman at his side was charming enough in her fashion, nothing would please him more than to see the last of her and be free to trot home to his dreams of Eve. In fact, he found himself surprisingly sleepy, considering the hour which, according to a street clock on Fifth Avenue, still lacked a few minutes of two—so swift had been the transaction of events since his meeting with Liane Delorme.

A plaintive sigh from the other corner of the seat recalled him.

"You are tired, madame?" he inquired of the small figure huddled in that magnificent panoply of fur.

Passing lights fitfully revealed a petulant face to match Folly's tone: "More disgusted than tired. I'm so awfully grateful, and you've been such a perfect brick to me, Mr. Lanyard, it makes me sick to have you think me a little fool."

"But I assure you, I do not think anything of the sort."

"You forget what you said back there in the Clique Club about it's being a fad of mine to live up to my name."

"That would be unforgivable were it open to the construction you put on it, madame. What I said was——"

"I know perfectly well what you said, at least what you meant: that I ought to have known better than to be there at all. But I don't see why."

"I should like very much to tell you, if I might without seeming to presume . . ."

"But I want you to tell me, Mr. Lanyard; I don't want to do things that make people think it's a fad of mine——"

"Surely you will be generous enough to forget those stupid words. Otherwise I shall never forgive myself."

"I will . . . on one condition." A suggestion of the impish spirit of an hour ago revived in Folly's smile. "And that is, that you explain what you meant—right away."

"But it's so late, madame; and we are already at your home."

The cab was in fact halting in front of one of those demure bijou residences into which modern architectural ingenuity has, in the more fashionable quarters of New York, remodeled so many of the brownstone and brick abominations of decades dead and gone.

"Late?" Folly McFee expostulated, opening wide eyes. "Why, it's only two—the shank of the evening! Plenty of time to come in and have a drink and a cigarette and tell me how to save myself from the pitfalls of life in a great city."

And Lanyard, helping the woman to alight, with a bow and a smile covered yet another sigh of sentimental desolation. There was no refusal possible without rudeness . . .

By the time he had paid off the taxi Folly had used a latchkey and was unfastening the throat of her wrap in the little entrance hall.

"Do leave your coat and hat here, Mr. Lanyard—and make believe you're not bored to tears with the prospect of spending half an hour alone with a pretty woman who thinks you're rather nice."

"You do me injustice," he returned gravely. "This pensive silence which you misconstrue is solely due to wonder what your family will think . . ."

"The Saints be praised!" cried Folly McFee, rolling up devout eyes, "I haven't a suspicion of family, more than a maiden aunt who insists on living with me for the looks of the thing. But if it's information you're fishing for, it's only fair to tell you I'm a lone, lorn widdy woman, and have been for years. So you needn't be hoping for a jealous husband to pop in unexpectedly and protect you from my wiles."

She danced to the back of the hall, bidding him follow with a beckoning head and a bewitching smile.

The room was a study and lounge in which easy chairs faced the embers of an open fire and windows heavily draped contributed to a cozy and informal atmosphere.

Here, measurably less bored than he thought he ought to be, Lanyard accepted a cigarette and a highball compounded with such Scotch as he had not tasted since leaving England, and made himself comfortable on one side of the fireplace while on the other Folly curled herself up interestingly with her feet beneath her.

"And now," she announced with a speciously naïve look, "I'm waiting to be told why I'm aptly nicknamed."

Smiling, Lanyard put his glass aside. "Perhaps one reason is because you recklessly invite into your home at ungodly hours a man about whom you know nothing whatever."

"I know enough from the way you've behaved tonight. Besides, anything I want to know about you I can find out from Liane any time I care to ask." Folly made a provoking face. "You'll have to do better than that!"

Lanyard shrugged. "I see there's no fobbing you off . . . Is it permitted to be plain-spoken?"

"Please. Even if it hurts, I'm sure I'll find it refreshing . . ." With malice Folly amended: "Coming from a man." She pursued with all the gravity of a sagacious infant: "You know, Mr. Lanyard, it's all tosh, this effort you men are forever making to persuade the world you're the straightforward sex. Maybe you are among yourselves, but with women——!"

Her eyes called Heaven to witness to the subtlety of masculine methods with women.

"I agree entirely, madame. But do you claim more for your own sex?"

"Oh, there's never any doubt about a woman's mind! She may not always say what she means—sometimes she doesn't just know how—but one always knows what she means."

"One always knows she means business . . ."

"Precisely." Folly giggled joyously. "You know, Mr. Lanyard, you're too delightful. I'm afraid you're a dangerous man."

Lanyard bowed his appreciation of this flattery. "You begin to believe, perhaps, you may have been a trifle injudicious in asking me in . . ."

The young woman agitated a dissenting head till its bobbed brassy tresses fluffed out like an aureole.

"Not the least bit!" she declared. "You could be dangerous and not half try; but so long as you persist in being a gentleman, why should I fear? Here am I using all my girlish arts to make you flirt—and all you can think of is how quickly you can read me the lecture I need and escape. Ain't that the truth?" She relished in elfin mischief Lanyard's momentary loss of countenance, then abruptly made a prim mouth and sat with modest eyes downcast to folded hands. "Well," she sighed, "go on . . ."

"No," Lanyard demurred; "I don't think I shall, if you don't mind. I begin to see my mistake; you can be trusted very well to take care of yourself."

"But if I insist? It isn't good manners to start something without finishing it."

"A man might better rush down a steep place into the sea than take a dare to advise any woman . . . But evidently I may as well resign myself to being thrown out instead of taking my leave in orderly fashion."

"Anything, so long as you get away sometime soon!" Folly lisped, without looking up: "I understand!"

"To begin with, then: You are an extremely attractive young woman."

"Yes, I know. But is this part of the lecture? or have I at last succeeded in rousing you?"

But Lanyard wouldn't be diverted. "And apparently," he persisted, "too well supplied with money to know a real care."

"Simple sloughs of the wretched stuff," Folly admitted frankly. "That sable coat you wore tonight can't have cost less than twenty thousand dollars."

"How little men know! It cost thirty."



"I could see the lights going full blast," Crane told Lanyard, "so I just naturally walked in and found you a total loss."

"The jewels you're wearing would ransom a profiteer's wife . . ."

"Why not? I'm a profiteer's widow."

"Those emeralds alone must be worth a hundred thousand . . ."

"You do know emeralds, don't you, Mr. Lanyard?"

"Altogether, taken as you stand, you'd probably assay a quarter of a million. Yet you complacently riot about town and without a moment's hesitation trust yourself in resorts like the Clique Club, rendezvous of the rarest set of rogues New York can boast—and your host its self-confessed proprietor!"

"Oh! everybody knows Morphy's the King of the Bootleggers; but nobody except revenue officials considers a bootlegger a criminal nowadays."

"Possibly not. Still, I fancy, society is less kindly disposed toward professional blackmailers, notorious demi-mondaines and jewel thieves of international ill fame."

"Mr. Lanyard! you don't mean to say——" Folly McFee sat up and made shocked eyes.

"I am one whose lot it has been to see a vast deal of this world, madame. I give you my word I recognized representatives of all those classes at the Clique tonight."

The woman illustrated a little thrill of delicious dread. "Of course, as to blackmailers, I've nothing to fear——"

"Pardon—but can you be sure? In the absence of any fair excuse for bleeding their victims, blackmailers have been known to manufacture evidence. And it's always, with them, the open season for high-spirited young women of fortune with a taste for entertaining indiscretions."

The violet eyes widened and darkened. "Mr. Lanyard! you don't mean—you don't think——"

"Tell me this, Mrs. McFee: How did you make the acquaintance of Mr. Morphew?"

"Why, through Madame Delorme——"

"And Liane?"

"Mally introduced us."

"And Mr. Mallison?"

"Oh, I don't know! I really don't remember where I met Mally. Somewhere at a dance. He's the perfectest dancer in town."

"They are, as a rule."

"'They'?"

"Permit one more impertinent question: Does Mr. Mallison make love to you?"

"Why, of course! It's the only conversation he has."

"And you encourage him?"

"Now, it's no use your trying to make me believe Mally's a blackmailer. He hasn't got enough brains—or anything else."

"Perhaps not. But others have, with whom he herds. For example, Mr. Morphew."

"Morphy!" Folly laughed the notion to scorn. "The King of the Bootleggers makes too much money—he doesn't need to levy blackmail."

"It may be merely a hobby of his," Lanyard submitted reasonably; "or perhaps he's keeping his hand in in order to have a good trade to fall back on if ever anything happens to upset the Eighteenth Amendment."

"You aren't serious, Mr. Lanyard?"

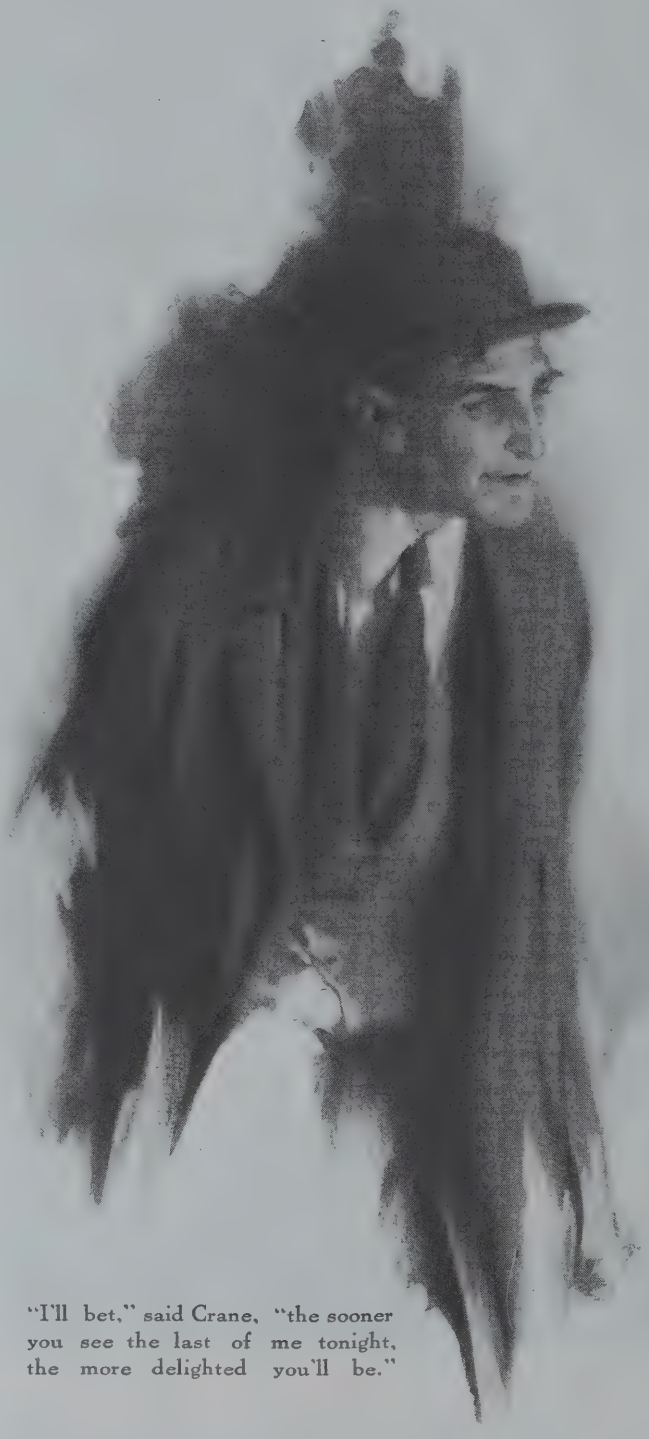
"Madame—I *know*."

"How can you?"

"Your American courts permit a witness to refuse to answer leading questions on the ground that his testimony might tend to incriminate or degrade."

"You mean Morphy's trying to blackmail you? What a wicked life you must have led."

"I don't deny that; but rest assured, I admit it only to convince you I am not guessing. You will do well, believe me, madame, to avoid hereafter Mr. Morphew and all his crew."



"I'll bet," said Crane, "the sooner you see the last of me tonight, the more delighted you'll be."

"Mally and Peter Pagan and Liane Delorme? And they've been such fun! What's the matter with Liane?"

"Madame Delorme," Lanyard said slowly and with meaning, "I have known many years. Her friendship I value highly. I should be very sad to do anything to deserve her enmity."

"You *are* provoking!" Folly declared. "Forever tantalizing one with hints. I presume you mean me to understand she's the 'notorious demi-mondaine' you had in mind."

"Has Liane told you nothing about herself?"

"Oh, heaps! but——"

"Then I beg you to excuse me from saying anything that might, possibly through my ignorance of the true facts, conflict with her confidences."

"Beast!" said Folly McFee with feeling, and made a face of pique at him. "I suppose it's no use trying to pump you about that international jewel thief you mentioned."

"None whatever, madame."

"Of course you mean the Lone Wolf."

"But why that one?"

"Peter Pagan was talking about him at the Ritz tonight—told us there was a rumor the Lone Wolf had convalesced from his reformation and was operating again, right here in New York."

"I have no doubt," Lanyard agreed with entire tranquillity, "there is such a rumor . . . And now that I have duly functioned in my paternal rôle, my dear young woman"—he rose—"now I have told you all I know——"

"Anybody that believes that!"

"I fancy you will be relieved if I bid you good night."

"I think you're perfectly damn horrid," said Folly McFee, rising and extending her hand. "First you spoil my evening, then you run away!"

"You will forgive me one spoiled evening, I know, if anything I may have said preserves to you the beauty of your tomorrows."

"I won't forgive you for running away from me," the young woman promised darkly, holding fast to his hand and unleashing 80 c. p. eyes to do their most devastating work. "You can be rather a dear when you choose; but I don't think it's a bit fair of you to rob me of four friends and not replace them with one!"

"But I trust very truly ——" Lanyard began.

A peremptory buzz of the door bell interrupted.

CHAPTER V

FOLLY McFEE whipped her hand away with a jerk; her round eyes consulted Lanyard's; in that furtive tone which we seem instinctively to adopt in times of apprehension, irrespective of the possibility of being overheard—"What can that mean," she demanded—"at this hour of morning? Who can it be?"

"One or more of our fancy friends, undoubtedly," Lanyard replied with comforting absence of agitation, "calling to inquire if you got safely home—with, I'll wager, some transparent excuse for having left you to shift for yourself during the raid."

"But," the woman expostulated with a frown, "I don't want to see them . . . And all the servants are in bed . . ."

"Then I'm afraid there's no way out of it." Lanyard moved toward the hall door as the bell sounded another and even more imperative stridulation. "Let me——"

"No," Folly decided, darting ahead, "I'll let them in. But I do wish I didn't have to."

"Then remember," Lanyard enjoined, "better not give them any reason to suspect I have warned you . . ."

"I understand." She paused an instant, nodding back to him. "I'll do my best. But promise me one thing: you won't leave me alone with them."

He promised, a gay flirt of that fair head thanked him, Folly vanished. And in another moment Lanyard heard her give little cries of elation whose ring was as true as one could wish: "Liane! Peter! How sweet of you both!" And the listener gave a nod of thoughtful approbation.

The dry accents of Mr. Pagan replied: "I told Liane you were all right, but she wouldn't hear of going home without stopping to make sure . . ."

"Oh, I'm all right, of course! Mr. Lanyard brought me home. Thanks to him we didn't have the least trouble. But do come in, both of you, and tell him how *you* got out of it."

Liane was heard to consent, stipulating, however, that they would stop only a moment; and the three entered the study to find Lanyard at a wide window in the rear wall, thoughtfully peering out through its tear-blinded black panes.

"Ah! ah! my friend," Liane saluted him in lively imitation of the tone one might employ to a child caught in mild mischief; and wagged a forefinger of reproof. "What are you up to there?"

"Trying to make out whether or not it's raining again," Lanyard explained serenely, dropping the sumptuous draperies his hands parted.

"You might have waited to ask us."

"Judging by the state of mind you and Monsieur Pagan were betraying when I saw you last," Lanyard retorted, "it seemed fair to doubt whether you'd pay much attention to a drop or two of rain." He comprehended Pagan in a lightly mocking bow. "You might tell us—we've been no end mystified——"

"I know," Mr. Pagan interrupted brightly. "You want the answer to that historical riddle: Where was Morphew when the lights went out?"

"Not where he was, monsieur, but where he went—and not alone—and with such amazing expedition."

"We didn't know what to think," Folly declared. "You vanished from that room like tumblers in a pantomime!"

"It was very simple," Pagan elucidated glibly. "Everybody seemed to be making for the roof, so we followed the crowd."

"Presuming, of course," Liane amended, "you would, as well."

"You see," commented Lanyard, nodding to Folly, "how simply some things may be explained!" And thereby earned and enjoyed a resentful look from Pagan. "And did you actually get away across the roofs?"

"Unhappily, no. Those wretched police were up there too," said Liane with disgust. "So we had to go back and line up with the rest and give our names and addresses."

"Monsieur Morphew too?" Lanyard's tone was skeptical. "And that so charming Monsieur Mallison?"

"All of us," Pagan snapped in a strange fit of bad temper. "That's what delayed us so."

"Frankly, monsieur, you surprise me!"

"How so?"

"Why, if I were in Monsieur Morphew's shoes——"

"You'd rattle," Pagan asserted.

"What a literal mind you have, my friend! Well! but if I were, like that good soul, proprietor of an institution so open to police attentions, I would be at pains to provide myself with more than one secret avenue of escape—when the lights go out."

"You've got to make allowances for Morph," Pagan stated blandly. "He hasn't had your early advantages."

At this juncture, apparently possessed by the belief that some sharp distraction was indicated if open hostilities were to be averted, Liane pounced upon Lanyard's barely tasted highball.



"Why waste time trying to deceive you?" Lanyard answered.

"What do I see? And this hour I have been dying of thirst!" She gulped with gusto, making eyes at Lanyard over the rim of the glass. "Yours, my friend? Never mind—Folly will fetch you another."

"Do with a drink myself," Pagan volunteered. "No—don't you budge, Mrs. McFee—I know the way."

He ducked briskly out into the hall and was presently heard in the dining room making melody with glasses and siphons and ice.

Having drained her glass, Liane set it aside, crossed to Lanyard and petted his cheek with the authentic professional touch. "You mustn't mind Peter, *mon coco*," she cooed affectionately in French. "He presumes, perhaps, but then he's a privileged type."

"Mind him?" Lanyard questioned in a tone that implied he found the thought weird. "Vermin, my dear Liane, were ever my pet aversion. If you set any value on this insect, be good enough to keep him out from under my feet."

"Every time you do that," Folly (*Continued on page 104*)



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BERTON BRALEY

Who writes short stories in humorous verse that are equally appreciated by Broadway and Main Street

By BERTON BRALEY

When Good Fellows Get Together

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

"I'm going to Europe," said Silas T. Green,
"Where one can be free, if you get what I mean;
Where people aren't meek as a passell of rabbits
And don't let the laws fix their personal habits.
For here's my position,
I view Prohibition
As nothing but Puritan flibberty-gibberty.
I'm going where Volstead Laws cease to annoy,
And where I can plainly and calmly enjoy
A generous measure of Personal Liberty!"

Thus spake Silas Green. And his comrades agreed
That Silas had uttered a mouthful, indeed.
They said, "Why, this country's been put on the blink
By bigots who won't let a gentleman drink,
While bootleggers thrive selling terrible stuff;





You can't get away from here quickly enough.
Drink hearty, old scout,
As you travel about;
You're a lucky old bird and a fortunate cuss,
So now and then toss off a highball for us."

[2]

Thus Silas departed
In fashion light-hearted,
And landing in London he sought the Savoy,
And there, in the bar, started in to enjoy
The freedom he wished. Silas Green was no stew,
He put away maybe a highball or two,
Then sat at his table and sized up the crowd.
He heard conversation exceedingly loud
And, seeking its source,
He noticed, perforce,
A number of men whom he'd met with before
In days when our country had barrooms galore.
They'd grown a lot flabbier,
Pastier, shakier,
Their clothes were much shabbier,
Hands a bit quakier,
But otherwise they were the same bunch of stews,
The same gang of barflies that sopped up the booze
In days when John Barleycorn still held his reign,
Those bright, happy days that the Wets would regain!

A few of them recognized Silas T. Green
And dragged him among them and called him "Old Bean,"
And pawed him all over in fashion symbolic
Of undying friendship, and showed alcoholic
And sloppy affection. So Silas bought Scotch
And helped them get drunker—then pulled out his watch
And mumbled "appointment" and got out of there.
"Give me air!" muttered Silas. "Good Lord, gimme air!"

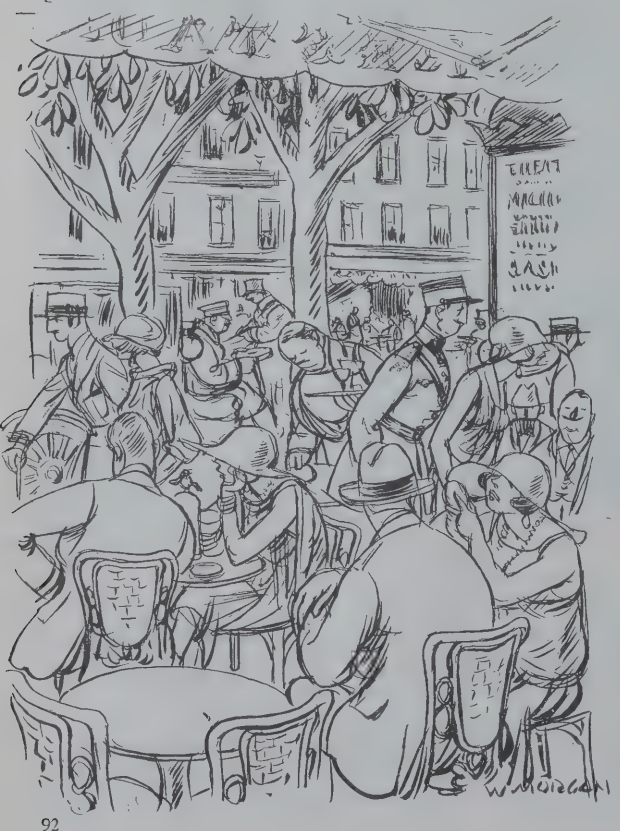
He walked and he walked till he reached the east side
Where most of the poor folks of London abide;
Wherever he passed
The bars ran, full blast,
And horrible hags
In filth and in rags
Came reeling and wavering out in the night,



While men, faces haggard
With alcohol, staggered
Along in the gutter—a gay, merry sight.
And Silas T. Green
With grave thoughtful mien
Climbed up on a bus and went back to the Strand.
He thought to himself, "From the sights I have scanned,
I know that tomorrow the courts will be full
Of sons and of daughters of hearty John Bull,
Arrested for drunkenness, bestial and sodden;
And there will be children, starved, stunted, down-trodden,
And men who have beaten and battered their wives
—Still, Personal Liberty clearly survives!
I'll have to admit that this isn't so pleasant,
I've seen quite enough of old London, at present;
I'll take a run over to Paris, I think,
The French are a people Who Know How To Drink!"

[3]

So Silas crossed over
The channel from Dover



(It's kind of the English to furnish that rhyme)
And all in good time
He landed in Paris, the blithe and the gay,
"Where everyone drinks in a moderate way,"
Or so people said.
And Silas had read
What a temperate folk were the people of France,
The land of light wines and of lighter romance.
At first he was charmed and delighted to find
The thousands who sipped a light wine while they dined,
Or loafed over cordials of every variety
In praiseworthy comfort and perfect sobriety.
"How cozy and pleasant, how simply delectable!
These people make drinking a pleasure respectable."
Our hero declared. "Here's a form of diversion
On which the most bigoted can't cast aspersion;
Yes, these are the people whom tourists describe
As thoroughly knowing the way to imbibe."

So Silas T. Green
Felt pleased and serene
With that part of Paris which, so far, he'd seen.
But like every tourist,
Yes, even the purest,
He wanted to witness the Life of Montmartre
Supposedly gayest of spots on the chart.
And so he set out where the bright lights were winking
In many a famous and brilliant café,
To see how the French, with their Moderate Drinking,
Performed when they chanced to be specially gay.
He did all the joints
At the various points
His friends recommended, and found, with dismay,
A crowd which progressively
Drank most excessively,
And though drunken foreigners predominated,
The natives, too, proved to be inebriated.
And under the clamor,
The jazz and the glamour
Which costly surroundings attempted to throw,
Beneath all the show
Of perfumes and jewels and servile suavity,
Silas T. Green sensed the ancient depravity,
The union of drink with commercialized vice,
Which, Silas conceded, was not very nice!

We need not detail
Exactly the trail
That Silas Green followed through Paris that night,
Except to expound
That Silas T. found
The French people often get pie-eyed, all right.

For cognac is potent, and little cafés
Are everywhere anyone happens to gaze,
And "Well," remarked Silas T. Green, "it's the bunk
When people say Frenchmen don't ever get drunk!"

[4]

Still, Silas went on with his quest very grittily,
Visited Germany, ran down to Italy,
Seeking with fervor that much discussed land,
Or nation, or race, which might quite understand
The Right Way to Drink. But wherever he went
He never found people entirely content
With merely enough
Of John Barleycorn's stuff—
Too Much pleased them better; he frequently viewed
The Latin or Teuton undoubtedly stewed,
There always were places where patrons were busy
In making themselves very cheerfully dizzy,
And others who'd sunk in
A deep stupor drunken.
So, though he'd heard travelers sagely affirm many
Times that they Knew How to Drink there in Germany,
Or heard that Italians were known as a tribe,
That understood just the Right Way to Imbibe,
He found on a closer, more accurate view
Wherever there's Drink there is drunkenness too!

So Silas sailed home
O'er the salt ocean foam
And it's worthy of note that the bar of the ship
Never saw Silas Green during all of his trip,
And it's also a fact quite beyond all dispute
That most of the others drank vichy, en route.

[5]

Oh the grin on the mien
Of Silas T. Green
When the Statue of Liberty gleamed in the skies!
"Oh Lady," he cried, "you're a sight for sore eyes!
You're the right kind of Liberty, Lady, for me,
For I've had enough of the kind that's abroad;
That Personal Liberty proved but to be
A jade and a wanton, a boozy old fraud.
My gosh, *you* look stately and pure and serene,
I take off my hat!" observed Silas T. Green.

That night in the club when his friends gathered round,
He said to them "Boys, I have much to expound,
But if you imagine I'll knock Prohibition
And praise Europe's moist alcoholic condition
You've got a new guess—for I've changed my position!
I guess I'd forgotten,"
Remarked Silas T.,
"How thoroughly rotten
A gin mill can be;
I failed to remember how, once on a time,
The corner saloon brought corruption and crime,



And all I recalled were the pleasanter things,
The warm friendly feeling that alcohol brings,
The glow of elation
A cocktail supplies,
The comfy sensation
A gin rickey buys;
I swore and I grumbled because these were lost,
But I had forgotten how much they can cost
In manhood that's shattered,
In womanhood soiled,
In evils wide scattered,
In domiciles spoiled;
All these I'd forgotten, but Europe recalled
These facts to my mind with a shock that appalled.
Yes, bootlegging's bad enough, it is a curse,
But I'll tell the world that the barrooms are worse.
At first it was fun, without breaking the law,
To drink what I wanted, whenever I chose,
But after a while, well, the things that I saw
That trail alcohol any place that it goes,
They stuck in my craw,
And they just made me sick—
And so, boys, I beat it for home, mighty quick.
I learned—it's a fact which a man cannot blink—
There isn't a nation that Knows How to Drink!
I went over Wet, but I'm back here a Dry,
For after the sights that offended my eye
This Personal Liberty bunk doesn't go,
I watched it abroad and believe me, I know!

"A visit to Europe, I'll hand you my hunch,
Would make Prohibitionists out of this bunch.
To Andrew J. Volstead I make my salaam—
You think that I'm preaching? You bet that I am!"



By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

The Perkinses' Career



Illustrations

ONLY a few people knew that Mrs. William Pennington had gone so far as to file a petition for divorce against her husband. Those few people thought that she withdrew the petition because of ambition. For of course a divorce action, following William Pennington's nomination for the governorship, would have absolutely killed his chances of election.

But you can't fool servants. Your family, your friends, your acquaintances: these you may deceive as to your domestic felicity. But the cook, the butler, the housemaids, the chauffeur —they *know*.

The Penningtons are indisputably happy. And if it be asked how, having made a botch of it the first time, the Penningtons made a success of it the second, this is the answer: one obligation creates another, and the fulfilling of one's duty may sometimes bring reward.

In September, 1882, the Jane Louise sailed from Bucksport, Maine, for the Behring Sea. From the docks and banks people waved good by. The curtained windows of some houses told of women brave enough to stand a three years' separation from their husbands, but not so courageous that they could expose their tear-stained cheeks to the sympathetic gaze of their neighbors. Across the river, from the ramparts of the old fort that commanded the reaches of the stream, Frank Perkins watched the Jane Louise sail down to the sea.

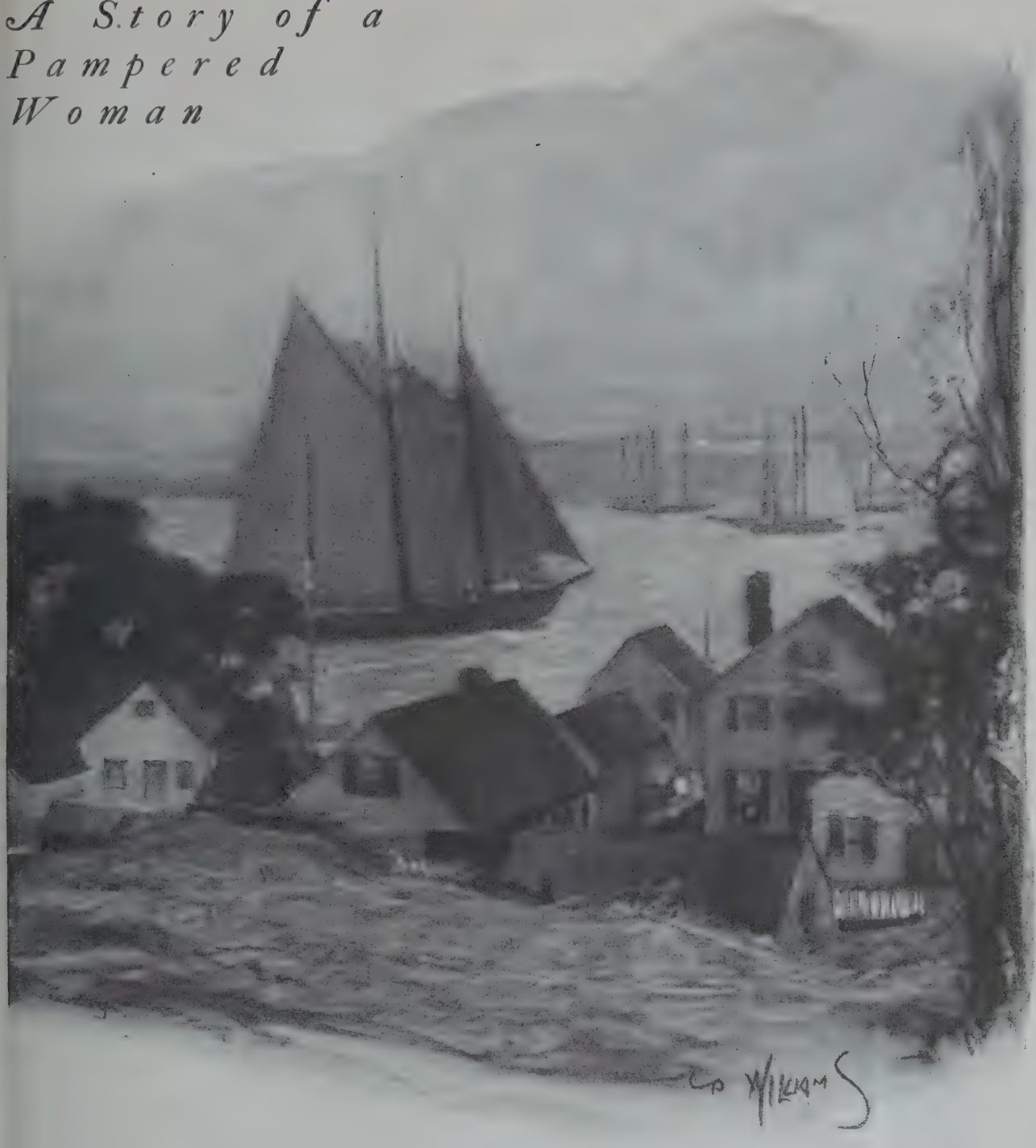
A smarter craft had never left Bucksport. The tide was with her, and with all her canvas set the schooner heeled before a land breeze that, by its piney odor, must have swept across Moosehead and the woods between.

A beautiful sight; a gallant sight; a sight that thrilled—and almost broke—the heart.

For until last week Frank Perkins had expected to sail on the Jane Louise. Like most of Bucksport's adventurous youth, he followed the sea. He knew the Banks. He knew the far ports of China. He had been on the Shenandoah when she raced the Roanoke around the Horn. He knew the Western Ocean and the distant Marquesas; Good Hope and Hatteras were familiar, even friendly names to him.

His father had died with "Albemarle" Cushing; his uncle had manned one of the guns that whipped the Alabama; his grandfather had served with Decatur; and it was a proud family

A Story of a Pampered Woman



by C. D. Williams

legend that when the Bon Homme Richard lowered away a longboat to carry Paul Jones to his landing on the British coast, a Perkins had pulled an oar.

In the veins of the boy who through misty eyes gazed at the gallant Jane Louise were at least four generations of seafaring blood. His career thus far had proved his heritage, for at nineteen he could have been second officer of the schooner that now scudded down the wide reaches of the Penobscot.

Captain Ira Hooper had pleaded with him only yesterday to rescind his decision not to go on the whaling cruise to the Northern Pacific.

"'Taint fair to yourself, Frank," said the Captain. "You're only nineteen. We'll be back before your twenty-second birthday. Your share ought to run close to seven thousand dollars, if we have any luck. That'd set you up for life, my boy."

Young Perkins shook his head. "I know, Cap'n," he said. "I figured that all out, but I've been figurin' something else, too. A man owes something to his wife."

"That's jest it," argued the Captain. "You ain't married yet. Wait till you come back. Loretta is the right stock; she'll wait fer ye."

The young man smiled. "I ain't worryin' none about Loretta not waitin'," he replied. "But—where's she going to wait?"

"Ain't she all right with her aunt?" demanded the Captain.

Perkins shook his head. "She ain't rightly her aunt, only by marriage, and Loretta ain't any too welcome. But don't get the idea that Loretta's been carryin' on or anything like that. She *wants* me to sail with you, Cap'n, but I figure it ain't fair. I know how it is with sailors, and how it is with their wives. They don't get to see each other sometimes for years. That'd *kill* Loretta."

Captain Hooper stared at the youth. He didn't argue any more. When a young man thinks that his absence will kill his prospective bride, he is past all argument. The Captain understood; he had felt that way himself some twenty-five years ago.

And so the Jane Louise sailed away . . . But the mist had gone from young Perkins's eyes before the towering foremast had disappeared behind a bluff of the river. For he was genuinely and completely in love with Loretta Blaisdell. Small, blonde

and winsome, she carried with her an air of delicacy that did not indicate weakness of body, but rather spoke of refinement of soul. She had come from Massachusetts upon the death of her parents only a year ago. Perkins, returning from a voyage to the Banks, had met her and been swept off his feet. She was only seventeen, yet neither of them, in that time and community, was thought too young for marriage.

During the lovely summer months they had gone rowing upon the river, driven as far as Bangor behind the fast mare that was the pride of Perkins's heart, picnicked on the islands, walked along the grassy lanes in the twilight; they had done all those simple things which young folks are wont to do. Not until Loretta's lips had willingly met his own did young Perkins give any serious thought to the future. Then it came over him suddenly that he could not bear to leave Loretta, that she could not bear to have him go.

He had given little care to the future. He was sturdy and capable. His advancement had been rapid, due to the fact that he had spent much time in the study of navigation. Save for his years, he was capable of taking a ship from Maine to Hongkong and back again. He had always assumed that he would follow the sea until he was old enough to retire and build for himself one of those magnificent tree-shaded homes on Main Street to which all sailors seem to turn.

At first he had looked forward to the day, not so very far away, when he would be skipper of a big ship and would take Loretta with him in the captain's cabin to the far ports of the sea.

But before that time could come there must be separation. Captain Hooper's offer to take him whaling to the Behring Sea, to be gone three years, was a magnificent offer, and his heart leaped in gratitude when the Captain made it. A moment later he realized that he could not accept. He knew that it would not be fair to Loretta. Although she was the sturdy daughter of a sturdy strain, there was something in her eyes that seemed to warn him that she lived more exquisitely in her nerves, in her brain, in her heart, than the other girls he knew. There was something in the way she looked at him that told him, unsophisticated and unsoiled though he was, that when she had completely surrendered herself to him she could not live without her conqueror. And his clean boy's heart ached even at the thought of leaving her. Not that he was not of a man's stature in his soul as well as his body. He could endure separation, because it was man's part to do his work even though it took him away.

But Loretta . . . He gave up the sea which he loved, because he loved Loretta more.

In October they were married. Frank knew quite a lot about carpentry. In his few years at sea he had been frugal. He was able to purchase a third interest in a wheelwright's business. Popular, industrious, "able," in a modest way he prospered. Three years after their marriage a son was born.

They christened him Frank, and although the age of steam had come and the age of the sail was going, Perkins stayed up late the night of the christening talking to his wife about the great ship that Frank, Junior, would some day skipper. The adoring Loretta's eyes were wet as she listened. She knew how dear had been his career to her husband, and the fact that he never whimpered made her love him the more. Yet Perkins had no regrets. Loretta was more charming as a wife than she had been as a sweetheart; she was more adorable as a mother than she had been as a wife.

Then, in 1888, an amazing offer was made to Frank Perkins. A former shipmate had emigrated to the Argentine. A great many years older than Frank, he had seen the possibilities of the South American country. A letter came from him, telling of the fortune in cattle and lands that in ten years he had amassed. In American money he was worth at least three hundred thousand dollars. What he needed, however, according to his letter, was a man in whose ability and integrity he could trust. Frank Perkins was the man. He would give him a salary of three thousand dollars a year to start, a house for himself and his little family, transportation to the ranch and a very definite promise of a partnership within five years.

But the offer must be accepted immediately, and the Perkinses must sail at once. For the rancher must leave on a trip to Europe within two months. If Perkins, to whom he made the first offer, could not accept, he must give the chance to another man.

Loretta and Frank stayed up until dawn, reading and rereading the letter. The salary offered was fully twice what Frank was making as a wheelwright. The future was far beyond anything he could hope for in Bucksport. And there was no need of their separating. The rancher knew of their marriage, of the existence of little Frank. All the old spirit of adventure was aroused in Perkins. Together he and Loretta wrote the letter of acceptance. He even, in his excitement, put on his hat and coat and heavy rubber boots to venture out into the darkness and drop the letter in the post office at once. That is how delighted and thrilled they were.

But during the hours of the night while they had talked, a blizzard, that historic storm still known as the blizzard of 'eighty-eight, had begun. As Perkins opened the front door, a smothering whirl of snow enveloped them. It took all his strength to close the door. He turned back to Loretta, smiling whimsically.

"I guess," he told her, "this letter can wait till morning."

"I think it can, Frank," she replied.

But in the morning a matter more vital than the letter made him forget all about it. For little Frank had the croup. The home remedies that Loretta applied did not seem to avail against the progress of the disease. The roads were almost impassable, yet Frank, equipped with a huge shovel, broke a path from their house, well out upon the outskirts of Bucksport, to the main road, and fought his way through the storm to the home of Doctor Taylor, whom he brought back with him. Not even a sleigh that tipped over twice could deter the doctor from his errand of aid.

But in the wake of the great blizzard came a disease that people said had its inception in far-off Russia; they called it "la grippe," and after the attack of croup had subsided little Frank yielded to the new plague. The letter to the Argentine was forgotten, while day and night they battled for the youngster's life. And then the fight became more desperate, for the plague from Russia gave way to pneumonia.

Six weeks they waged the unequal battle. It was a week after the pathetic little funeral that Loretta, putting away Frank's heavy winter coat, now that May was almost here, found the letter addressed to the Argentine. She sighed as she tore it up. It was too late to mail it now.

The wheelwright shop continued to give a living to the Perkinses. But Frank was one of those souls who are born for big things and who, if they miss their destiny, cannot achieve greatly in the little things. The sea; the plains of the Argentine: in either of these he would have been successful. Not that he was unsuccessful in Bucksport, but his success was measured modestly. He was respected and liked, and a good workman. But he was no petty trader. Where another man would have carried a line of carriage supplies and harness, Perkins could not. His partner had died and he had used all his savings to buy the business from the widow. But when he owned the whole business, it brought him in little more than a third had brought him.

It was the trader's day, and he was no trader. To do things on a big scale; to raise things in a large way: this was his rôle, yet he was not, it seemed, destined to fill it.

In 'ninety-two Beryl was born. Loretta named her. She insisted that the baby was entitled to a name that somehow suggested romance. She was not fair like her mother, but dark, with olive skin and black hair. Her eyes lost their infantile blueness earlier than with most children's and had a queer greenish tint that reminded Loretta of the aquamarines that formed the necklace that Frank had given her on their wedding. The eyes seemed to change color in the light as does a beryl, and so her mother named her.

But the strain of their first-born had taken toll of Loretta's health, and the new baby was forced also to pay the price of those weeks of alternating hope and despair and final bitter anguish. From her birth Beryl was "delicate."

There was an exotic air about the child. The delicacy of her mother's mind and soul was translated to the daughter in terms of the flesh. For there was nothing of the fragile in the temperament of Beryl. Although the Perkinses did not know it, her dominant trait was a pertinacious selfishness. It was not, however, noticeable even to those outside her family. For from babyhood she was so beautiful in a wild gypsy sort of way, and so filled with fascinations, that it was the natural thing, it seemed, for her to command and the rest of the world to obey.

The Perkinses proudly marveled at her. Where other children were shy and ill at ease in the presence of "company," Beryl, as an infant, was supremely self-possessed. She had none of the little embarrassments of childhood. And yet there was about her none of the forwardness of the average precocious child. She simply seemed to take everything as her due; and she took a great deal.

For in her fourth year, recovering slowly from some infantile malady, her mother took her to the White Mountains. Such a

urney was an unheard-of expense. All told, it cost her ther in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars. That m of money was exactly the amount needed to purchase r the shop some new machinery on which the wheelwright's e had been eagerly fixed for several months.

Until the fourteenth year the delicacy of Beryl's health pelled similar expenses that, while they did not impoverish r father, prevented him from applying the money to his siness.

In her fifteenth year Beryl, who until now had been ther undersized, although exquisitely formed, shot up into tall, awkward, gawky-seeming girl. Even her features emed to have grown out of proportion. With this sudden owth came a languidness that not even her previous licacy of health had ever suggested, and that seemed to minate her active spirits. The suggestion of the family ctor that a Maine winter might prove too severe for his ughter alarmed Perkins. Beryl spent the next eight nths at a boarding school in Philadelphia.

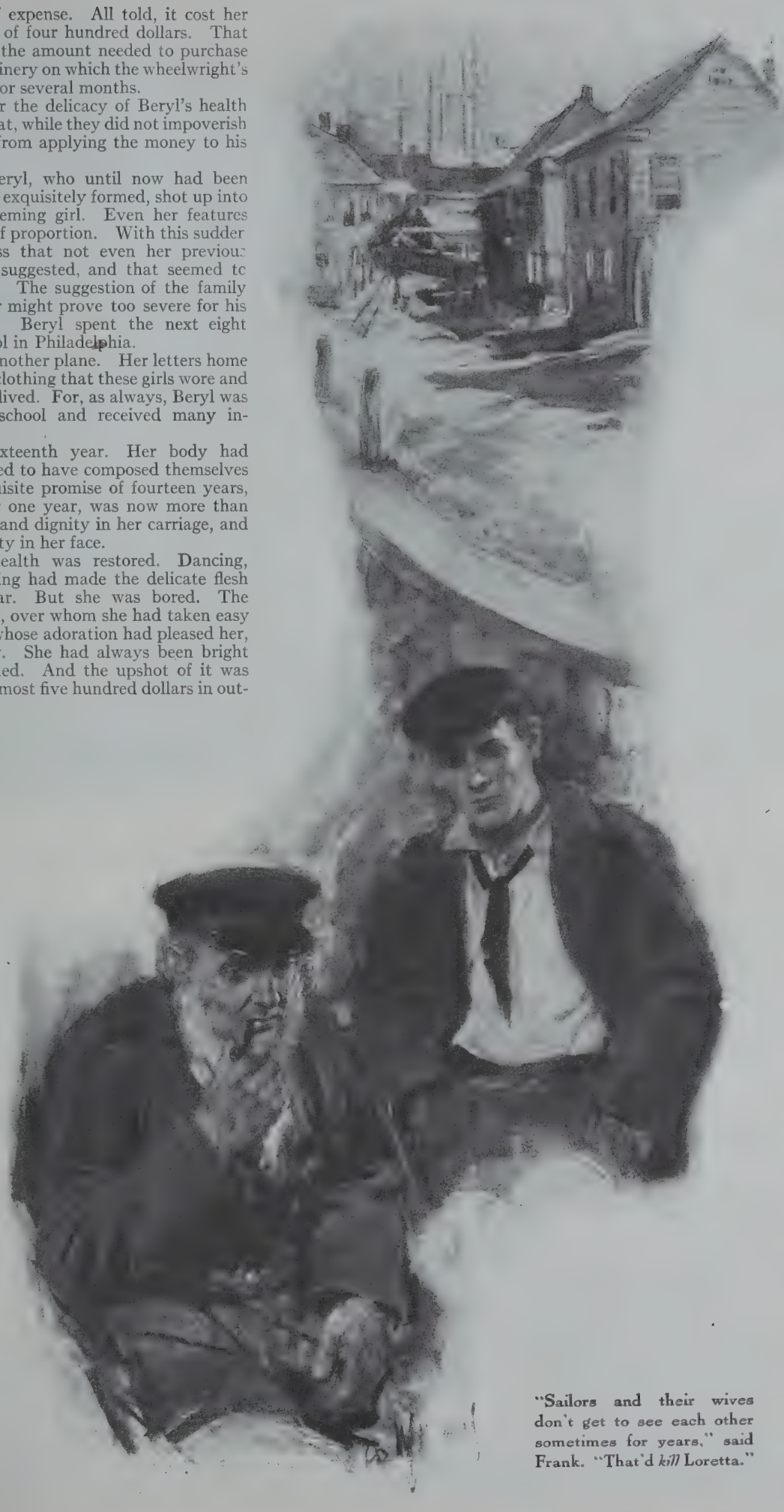
Here she met girls from another plane. Her letters home re filled with tales of the clothing that these girls wore and the homes in which they lived. For, as always, Beryl was pular in the boarding school and received many in- ations.

She returned in her sixteenth year. Her body had nded; her features seemed to have composed themselves o agreement. The exquisite promise of fourteen years, ich had been denied for one year, was now more than filled. There was grace and dignity in her carriage, and ere was a wonderful beauty in her face.

But best of all, her health was restored. Dancing, sket ball, tennis and riding had made the delicate flesh come hard and muscular. But she was bored. The ys and girls of Bucksport, over whom she had taken easy dership in the past and whose adoration had pleased her, red her insufferably now. She had always been bright d merry. Now she sulked. And the upshot of it was t Frank Perkins spent almost five hundred dollars in out- ing Beryl for a weeks' stay with hool friends of 's in the Adiron- ks.

It was not with- t something of a nch that Perkins ted with this ney. He and retta talked it r well into the ht; but Beryl was th apple of their es; she could do no ong; vaguely her rents dreamed at dreams for her. Ad while there was n trace of snobbery in their souls, they re thrilled when Beryl sent them a nvspaper clipping in which a society tor mentioned her a one of the guests o he Landon house pty in the Adiron- dks.

Beryl went back t school in the fall. Although her health seemed absolutely ared, there was n even argument about her going ay, despite the enses. She spent h winters at the sl ool and the major p t of her vacations v ting friends until h eighteenth year,



"Sailors and their wives don't get to see each other sometimes for years," said Frank. "That'd *kill* Loretta."

when she graduated. Then she came home.

She had not mentioned, in any of her recent letters, her plans for the summer. Nor did she, during the first week at home, refer at all to any matters outside of the homely things of Bucksport. But at the end of the week, at the supper table, she exploded the bomb.

"Daddy," she said, "I want to go to Europe."

Perkins wiped coffee from his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he guffawed loudly.

"You don't say, Beryl! Say, I want to go to Europe, too. Maybe one of your rich friends will take us all." He looked at his wife. "How about it, Loretta?"

But Loretta had seen the steely glare in her daughter's eyes. Those eyes seemed able to change from hardest green to softest blue. But now they were their greenest and hardest. Loretta smiled deprecatingly.

"It would be nice, Frank," she said.

Something in the quaver of her voice informed her husband that here was no wild jest, but absolute seriousness. He stared at his daughter, and suddenly felt uncomfortable, as he always did when Beryl's eyes were green.

"Well, Beryl," he said uncertainly, "I've always heard Europe was a fine place. I ain't ever been there, though I've been pretty nigh everywhere else."



"'Scuse me, Beryl," said Perkins. "It's your own business. Whatever you do, Loretta

Silence descended upon the three. Beryl stared at her plate, eating mechanically. Between father and mother passed timorous, questioning glances. The atmosphere became filled with strain, and finally Perkins spoke.

"What's the idea, Beryl?" he asked her.

His daughter looked at him. Her eyes were hot. "Is there anything strange in my wishing to go to Europe?" she demanded angrily. "Nearly all the girls in my class have been there."

"I know," said her father, "but they got more money than I have."

"Money!" exclaimed Beryl contemptuously. "It won't cost any more—hardly any more—to keep me in Europe three years than it would to keep me in school."

Perkins stared at her. "But you're through school, Beryl. We hadn't calc'lated on keeping you anywhere but with us until Mr. Right came along and——" His smile faded before her fiery contempt.

"Do you think 'Mr. Right,' as you call him, will be found among the yokels of this town?" she asked.

Her mother lifted her faded blue eyes. In a pathetic way, Loretta Perkins was still pretty. Perhaps the delicacy of her nature lent beauty to her face that was lined with worry, to her body that had become angular through almost thirty years of performing household tasks. To Frank Perkins she was still the arch young thing of his boyhood. Even to strangers she could never be completely commonplace. Now her blue eyes were alight with rebuke.

"I married a Bucksport boy, Beryl," she said.

For a moment the daughter's face was stormy; then suddenly it twitched in penitential grief. "I didn't mean it," she cried. "Not that way. Daddy is just the finest—he isn't a yokel, he couldn't be." She pushed back her chair and rose from the table, standing erect before them. Her shoulders were thrown back and her hands outstretched appealingly. "You think I want to go to Europe to play. I want to go there to work."

In the corner of the room was a piano. For the Perkins's home was so modest that dining room and parlor were one. Beryl walked to the piano. She sat down before it. Her fingers touched the keys; her head was thrown back. From her lips came words that were foreign, their meaning indistinguishable to her mother and father, but the fire and passion and beauty of the voice that uttered them told their own story.

The Perkinses had a phonograph. They had heard great singers in their humble home. They heard one now. When she had finished, her mother and father were staring at each other, holding their breath. Beryl wheeled on the piano stool. She laughed triumphantly.

"Do you understand what I mean?" she asked.

Her father's breath whistled through his lips. "Why, Beryl, why didn't you ever tell us?"

"I never knew it until last month," she answered.

"But you don't have to study or work," said her mother.

The girl laughed tolerantly. "I'm awful, daddy and mother. I can't do a single thing. But I have the foundation of a voice. A great voice, if you'll only let me go abroad to work—it will cost money, I know it. But do you know what opera singers earn? It'll be a loan, daddy; I'll be earning hundreds of dollars a week in a few years. I'll give it all back and more too."

Perkins arose and walked toward his daughter. "Don't you never talk about giving money to your mother nor me," he said gently. "All we got is yours, Beryl."

So Beryl Perkins went abroad. Not without misgivings did her parents watch the Mediterranean liner sail away from its dock in East Boston. She was young and beautiful, and capricious. And they were parents, middle-aged, creators of an offspring who seemed destined to adorn other planes. Yet they



and me are with you." Suddenly Beryl saw herself as she had never been visible to her own eyes before.

forced back their tears. Their great love and their great pride in her forbade them to let her know how deeply they would miss her. Nor did she even suspect that the raising of a thousand dollars in cash was not easily accomplished; that certain securities which frugality had enabled them to purchase were sacrificed at a loss. Beryl sailed away; she did not know these things. And if she had known them, she would have looked upon them as sacrifices rightly performed for her.

She was a person to whom self-expression was as necessary as breathing or eating. It was not enough to pour out her soul in song. She must pour it out in letters. Her parents attributed her frequent lengthy accounts of her doings to her love for them. But they were really due to her desire to find an outlet for her emotions.

Yet she did love them dearly, although she did not know it yet. Children never know how much they love their parents until, usually, it is too late to show it.

Her success was certain from the start. She had a glorious soprano that amazed Signor Battelli the first time she sang for him at his studio in Milan. He was a wrinkled old Italian, and he knew many things beside the technic of singing. He knew the art of acting. So he knew immediately that here was a pupil who would be one of those rare personages in opera, a prima donna who would be a great actress as well as singer.

He kept Beryl with him for two years, learning the great rôles. In the third year he got her an engagement in a fifth rate opera in a small Italian city. There she learned to feel her audience. Battelli got her a part early in 1914 at Monte Carlo. An American impressario heard her. He engaged her for the following season to sing minor rôles in New York.

Just before the war broke out she returned to America. An expert publicity man had filled the newspapers with accounts of her beauty, her charm, her marvelous singing and histrionic ability. Her parents met her in New York and were overwhelmed at her reception by the great of the artistic world. Alone with them at last, she smiled. She had been making increasingly heavy demands upon them for money.

"I've just about put you two poor dears in the poorhouse, haven't I?" she asked.

They were in her bedroom in a fashionable hotel, and her father was conscious of his ill-fitting clothes. "That's all right, Beryl," he said.

"It isn't all right," she told him. "My contract calls for three hundred dollars a week, beginning in October, and I'll begin paying you back then. Meanwhile I'll need a couple of thousand dollars to see me through."

"It'll be pretty hard to raise, Beryl," said Perkins uneasily.

"Oh, but I must have it!" she told him. "I'll pay you back, father."

"It ain't that," he said. "Though of course your expenses have been pretty steep, and while it makes me sick to think of *lending* money to my daughter, I have to think of your mother, too," he sighed. "I'll get the money, Beryl."

But the trip back to Bucksport was clouded by the shadow of finance. The war had begun while Beryl was coming home, and money was hard to raise just now. Perkins found it necessary to mortgage the little home in Bucksport to raise the two thousand dollars that Beryl needed.

And on the eve of her Metropolitan début, Beryl married William Pennington. And the papers that carried the announcement of her sudden marriage to the eminent and extremely wealthy attorney also told of her cancellation of her contract and her definite abandonment of her career.

A famous opera coach, to whom Beryl had been recommended by Battelli, gave a dinner in her apartment in the Metropolitan Opera Building to her new pupil. Among the guests, carefully selected from the high lights of the (*Continued on page 124*)



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MONTAGUE GLASS

Creator of Potash and Perlmutter and contributor to the world's humor and good fellowship

Stories That Have Made Me Laugh

By MONTAGUE GLASS

FISHBEIN & BLINTZ, the well known pants manufacturers, were playing a game of golf at the Swamp Ridge Country Club in Westchester County the other day. At the first tee Fishbein drove into the rough while Blintz landed on the fairway. For more than five minutes he watched Fishbein make futile attempts to dislodge his ball and at last he was successful.

"*Nu*, Fishbein," Blintz inquired. "How many did you do *that* in?"

"Three," Fishbein replied laconically.

"Three!" Blintz exclaimed. "Why, you miserable crook, I seen you hitting at that ball fifty or sixty times. I don't know *how* many it was—even a *hundred* maybe."

"When was this?" Fishbein asked innocently.

"When you was in the rough just now," Blintz said.

"Oh! *That* time!" Fishbein cried. "*That* was when I was killing a snake."

JULIUS also told a story about the Eden Musee which up to ten years ago was still standing on the north side of Twenty-third Street near Sixth Avenue, New York. As further guarantee of the story's maturity, it has to do with a crystal maze, a form of amusement almost as extinct as ping-pong. It seems that a visitor from out of town had spent over half an hour trying to find his way out of the crystal maze, which, as its name implies, is a labyrinth of mirrors, and at last he sank down quite exhausted on the floor.



"By gorry!" he said, looking around him at about a hundred different reflections of himself, "if I only knew which one of yez was me, I'd break your neck for ever getting me into this place, so I would."

ONCE more the Scotch are advertising their own thrift. This one was taken from the columns of the Glasgow Herald. Why, the conundrum runs, have the Scotch such an excellent sense of humor?

Answer: Because it's a gift.

A HANSOM cab has at last been placed in the South Kensington Museum to be exhibited beside such obsolete vehicles as the glass coach and the sedan chair. With its disappearance have vanished all the old stories about (a) the cabman who received the exact fare from a stout old lady and asked her to keep out of sight of the horse so that the poor animal shouldn't see what a tremendous load he had been carrying for ninepence; (b) the one about the bottom of the cab falling out and the fare running inside of it all the way from Charing Cross to Euston and then remarking upon his arrival that but for the honor of the thing, he might just as well have walked; and (c) the story of the nervous old lady and the reassuring cabby.

"Does your horse shy at motors?" she asked before stepping into the cab.

"Lor' love ye, lady," the cabman said as he removed the feed bag from his ancient steed, "'e didn't even shy at *railways* when they first came in."



A GENTLEMAN living in Shelburne, Vermont, recently made quite a large sum of money out of the operation of the Volstead Act, and yet he is in no way connected with its enforcement either as bootlegger, officer or otherwise. He was driving his automobile along the State highway not far from the Canadian border when he ran out of gas. It was late at night and he was many miles from the nearest filling station. As he stood pondering the matter a large motor truck approached and he immediately ran into the middle of the road and waved both arms frantically. The driver applied his brakes and brought the truck to a sudden stop, not without difficulty, however, for the truck was heavily loaded with boxes and barrels. Quicker than it takes to tell it, the truck driver jumped down from his seat, handed an envelope to the motorist, hopped back again, and releasing his brakes, was out of sight before the motorist could even say, "What's this?"



A moment later the motorist opened the envelope. It contained a hundred dollar bill.

EVERYBODY knows the story—and I'm not going to tell it again—of the three Scotsmen who happened to take shelter from the rain in a church just when the collection was occurring and one of them pretended to faint while the other two carried him out.

The one I *am* going to tell, however, refers to the bartender and his friend who went to church one Sunday—and in spite of Mr. Anderson, I know more than one bartender who used to go to church.

This particular bartender thought he was putting a silver quarter in the plate and found just as church let out that he had put in a five dollar gold piece.

"Well, all you have to do is to go round and see the priest," his friend said. "He's a broad-minded man and he'll be glad to give it you back."

"No, no," the bartender replied. "I gave it to the Lord, to hell with it."

THE proprietor of a drug store in Port Jervis says that he was recently approached by a foreman in the Erie shops, named Tuomey.

"My house is that overrun by moths," Tuomey announced, "that my Sunday clothes looks like a porous plaster. What will I do to get rid of them?"

"Try moth balls," the druggist said. "That'll kill 'em."

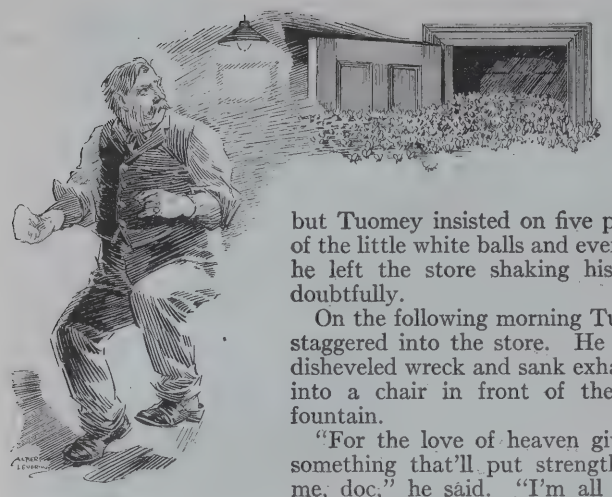
He weighed out a pound package of the little tar camphor balls while Tuomey watched him.

"Will them little things kill them?" Tuomey asked.

"Why certainly," the druggist said.

"But not that many of them won't," Tuomey declared. "You'd better be giving me five times as much."

The druggist said that the pound package would be ample for the purpose,



but Tuomey insisted on five pounds of the little white balls and even then he left the store shaking his head doubtfully.

On the following morning Tuomey staggered into the store. He was a disheveled wreck and sank exhausted into a chair in front of the soda fountain.

"For the love of heaven give me something that'll put strength into me, doc," he said. "I'm all in. I didn't get a wink of sleep yesterday."

"Why, what's the matter?" the druggist asked.

"It's them dom little balls you sold me," Tuomey said. "Sure I pegged away at the moths all night and I didn't hit a cursed wan of them."

THERE was much discussion in an English city recently as to whether the public houses should be allowed to remain open until eleven o'clock instead of half-past ten. One of the town councilors emphatically opposed the change.

"Wot I says is," he announced in the council chamber, "that if a man ain't drunk by 'alf-past ten, he ain't trying."



THE following incident probably occurred in that restaurant which, according to Julius Tannen the monologist, was of such high standing that only the best quality of turnips was used for the horseradish.

A customer was asked by the waiter what dessert he would like, and he replied upon consulting the bill of fare, "Stewed peaches."

After an interval of several minutes the waiter returned from the kitchen without the order.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said to the customer, "but the stewed peaches are pears today, and *they've* turned."

PINNING a story on to a famous personage of history is a dangerous thing to do. If you say that a certain event happened to Sophocles, somebody is sure to write you that as a matter of fact it was an incident in the life of George M. Cohan. I am told by John Alonzo Williams, the illustrator, that the following story dates back to Napoleonic times. However, it sounds more like our own times in the Argonne sector.

A draft of raw British troops was dispatched to Belgium prior to the Battle of Waterloo. They were fresh from the plough and looked it.

"I don't know how these fellows are going to affect the enemy," Wellington is reported to have said, "but they certainly scare *me*."

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER, the well known novelist, said that a lady to whom he is related by marriage became much interested in Twilight Sleep. She even bought a book about it and found it to be so instructive that she felt obliged to enlighten a lot of other ladies on the porch of a summer hotel. The other ladies knew nothing whatever of Twilight Sleep and the longer the subject was explained to them by Max Foster's relation, the less they seemed to understand it.

"In fact," Max said, "they didn't get her at all, because every time she referred to Twilight Sleep she called it Daylight Saving."

ACCORDING to an old number of L'Assiette au Beurre one Paris crook meets another on the rue d'Odessa and says in the course of the conversation:

"I understand you were in the Magasin du Louvre the other day when all the lights went out."

"It was not the Magasin du Louvre," the other crook replies, "it was another big department store."

"Was it quite dark?" the first crook asks.

"You couldn't see your hand before your face," the second answers.

"And did you get anything?" the first inquires.

"Unfortunately not," the second says. "You see, at the time the lights went out I was in the piano department."

WILLIE COLLIER, the actor, once made an Australian tour, and when he was asked upon his return what sort of a town he found Sidney, New South Wales, to be, he said it was like traveling ten thousand miles and arriving in Newark, New Jersey.

Anyone who has seen or read about "The Music Box Revue" in which Mr. Collier last appeared can well imagine that Mr. Collier's services as a comedian are in great demand by the New York managers.

Mr. Collier was therefore somewhat surprised when he was offered an engagement by a New York manager who pays notoriously poor salaries.

"Will you come with me next season, Willie?" the manager asked.

"Why certainly, old man," Collier said. "Where are you going?"

AN IRISHMAN newly arrived in the country was being taken for a walk by his brother. It was around Thanksgiving time and the grocery store windows were decorated with cranberries.

"What are them things?" the immigrant asked.

"They're cranberries," the brother replied.

"Are they good to eat?" the immigrant inquired.

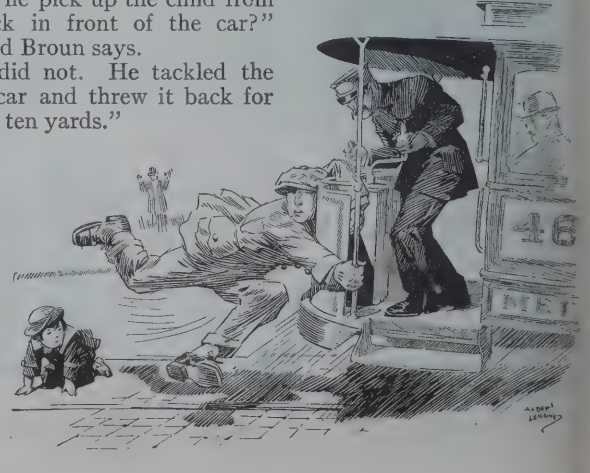
"Are they good to eat!" his brother exclaimed. "Why, when them cranberries are stewed, they make better apple sauce than prunes."

"CURLY CORLISS" is the title of a book published last year. Its hero is captain of the Yale football team, and while walking down the main street of New Haven one day he sees a little crippled newsboy on crutches right in the path of an oncoming trolley car. Before the poor little chap can get clear of the trolley track he slips on the icy pavement and is about to be crushed under the front wheels, when Curly Corliss dashes from the sidewalk. He seizes the newsboy in his arms and jumps to safety with only a split second to spare.

Heywood Broun, the critic of the New York World, in reviewing this book said that a similar incident occurred when he was an undergraduate at Harvard. The conditions were almost identical except that it was a much larger type of interurban trolley. It was also coming a little faster than it did in New Haven, and there was a small baby that fell right in front of the approaching car, when who should come along—not the captain of the Harvard team, but the substitute end of the second eleven.

"Did he pick up the child from the track in front of the car?" Heywood Broun says.

"He did not. He tackled the trolley car and threw it back for a loss of ten yards."







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And every single can contains
Our business reputation.



Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Lone Wolf Returns

(*Continued from page 89*)

grumbled in English, "you make me sick to think of all the youth I wasted studying what I fondly thought was French!"

Liane turned with a murmur of self-reproach.

"Forgive me, my pretty. Michael and I knew each other so long ago in that dear Paris of before the war, it goes against nature to converse with him in any tongue but French . . . Ah! my old one," she lamented to Lanyard. "Those old days! will we ever know their like again?"

Mistrustful of her drift, Lanyard replied briefly, "God forbid!"

Timely to catch the sense of these latter lines, Pagan returned, his countenance of a clown radiant with good nature restored by the fragrance of the four eight-inch glasses on the tray beneath his nose.

"The dilute laughter of the peasants of Scotland," he announced, presenting the tray to Folly and Liane, "guaranteed to cure every heartache born of pining for a past that, if the truth were known, probably wasn't half so pleasant as the present —Prohibition and everything!" He presented the tray to Lanyard in turn, then, determined at all costs to win the center of the stage, struck an absurd declamatory attitude. "To tonight and tomorrow," he toasted,—"to hell with yesterday! Why waste good time mourning that which is immortal, anyway? All of yesterday that mattered we carry with us, imperishably enshrined in our hearts. After all, what is the present more than the past plus? What man was yesterday, he is today, with something added. Eh, Mr. Lanyard?"

"Or subtracted."

"I disagree"—Pagan made him a formal salute—"with all due respect. Man adds daily to the sum of his experiences, which sum he is; but he can never subtract from that sum one iota of what he has been. The peasant who becomes a financier remains at heart a peasant still."

"A pretty thought," Liane interpolated with earnest interest. "But, to a woman, somewhat unsettling, is it not?"

"To continue: Give the financier who was a peasant respite from his cares, and whither turns his heart? Back to the stage of his young days; if he takes a vacation, he spends it in overalls."

"And yours, one presumes, are devoted to making records for the phonograph?"

"Don't interrupt, Liane . . . Or take, say, a criminal who has abandoned his misguided ways and become a respected member of the community. How will he relax? Eh, Mr. Lanyard?"

"I will not presume to instruct monsieur on a point concerning which he is undoubtedly better informed than I."

Liane exploded a "*Ho!*" of pure joy, and Pagan shot Lanyard an envenomed glance which he was swift to mask with his well worn smirk. "To be frank," he admitted freely, dropping into a conversational tone, "I had the Lone Wolf in mind. They tell me the fellow is here, in New York, now, and up to his old games again. I confess the thought rides my imagination, the puzzle of it. By all accounts he went straight for years. How, then, came he to backslide? Were the claims of the past too strong? or the demands of the present? Does he thieve today deliberately for gain? or involuntarily at the dictates of some subtle and deathless instinct?"

"But monsieur has so many entertaining theories, surely he will produce one to cover this hypothetical instance."

"I don't know. Nature is too strong for us, she laughs at all our efforts to revise her. We may repress and inhibit our native instincts as much as we will, but in the end, as a rule, they have their way. The Psychical Research Society reported not long ago the case of a man in whom the influence of instincts developed in early professional life were so strong that, buried though his criminal past was under a dozen years of law-abiding life, he reverted to old practices from time to time without knowing what he did; that is to say, in spells of amnesia, during which his first personality, the natural man, broke through the veneer of the secondary or artificial personality with which he had so painstakingly overlaid it. A safe-breaker and jewel thief like this Lone Wolf. Interesting if this were another such case."

"Interesting indeed, monsieur, if conceivable."

"But think a minute, and I believe you'll admit it's readily conceivable. Imagine such a man, with wits and senses all habituated by years of rigorous training to serve his predatory nature. Because he's trying to live an honest life today doesn't mean that those old, ingrained habits have necessarily ceased to function. To the contrary, I imagine, they are always at work. As he goes to and fro and meets men and women who invite him into their homes—in their ignorance of his former identity, of course—inevitably, I maintain, such a man will always be observing and appraising and formulating plans of attack—subconsciously, perhaps, but still and for all that making use of the faculties he trained in other days. I can believe he never visits a home of any consequence without taking away with him a comprehensive scheme for burglarizing it. As you or I might, Mr. Lanyard, if either of us had the education of the Lone Wolf, say in respect of this very house . . . And then some night, when he's least dreaming of anything of the sort, the old Adam reasserts itself, without or with his will and cognizance——"

Perhaps a little frightened by the gleam in Lanyard's eyes and the tension of his lips, Liane bounced up vivaciously.

"Peter!" she cried, "you make me tired, you talk so much. Once you get started you never know when to stop. But now you will stop, I insist that you stop and take me home. It is nearly three, and I am weary to the marrow of my bones."

Lanyard contrived with fair enough grace to decline Pagan's magnanimous offer of a lift in his car; but by the time he found himself on Fifth Avenue again he was half sorry he had. There were no taxicabs cruising for fares at that hour—at least all he spied were tearing along with flags reversed; and his head was at one and the same time buzzing with fumes of whisky and thick with that drowsiness of which he had first become sensible in the cab with Folly McFee. Singularly enough, that cloud had lifted during his stop in her home, whereas since leaving it, ever since he had drawn his first breath of the dank, chill air of the streets, his wits had been like slugs fumbling blindly in a bed of cotton wool. Now his feet as well were beginning to feel leaden.

Hard to understand how one could have been so affected by the scanty ration of alcohol one had consumed that evening—a solitary glass of champagne at the Clique, a single Scotch and soda two hours later. It might be, of course, that Pagan had mixed too stiff a highball . . .

Odd to find oneself resuming one's homeward walk at almost the very point where that rencontre with Liane had interrupted it. Still more odd, how that affair had resulted; in three brief hours everything had come true that one had foretold in seeking to dissuade Eve from the idea of marriage . . .

In a surge of grim rage Lanyard pledged Morphew and Pagan ample grounds for repentance should they show any disposition to persist in tampering with his concerns.

Then he found occasion to execrate the weather, too, perceiving that it had been only holding off until, as now, it had him at its mercy. Now all at once it ceased to tease and settled down to rain in earnest.

And still no taxis . . .

Lanyard turned up his overcoat collar and dug both hands into its pockets, clipping his stick under an arm and plodding heavily through the shining puddles, with every labored step growing more conscious of bodily oppression and the lethargy that ruled his mind, feeling more abused in some vague how and aggrieved.

In the many hued lights of the street the back-spatter of raindrops drilling on the sidewalk churned in rainbow iridescence, a froth of phantom jewels, enchanting, evanescent . . .

Strange that one should never have remarked this effect ere now . . . Stranger still how blindly man is wont to move through the world, benighted to its wonders . . . As now when, lifting dazzled eyes, Lanyard beheld himself a lonely wayfarer in a lane of jewels set in jet and gold . . .

Jewels that outrivaled even those the Sultan of Loot had paraded, and Liane, and that other woman . . . pretty little thing so well named . . . What the deuce was her name? Folly? Folly McFee!

Idiotic to mislay so soon a distinctive name like that . . .

Wading in jewels. Up to one's knees. As Liane waded in them, and Folly, and the Sultan of Loot . . . Between them these three must have had on display that night stones that would fetch four or five hundred thousand . . . flaunting them in the face of a pauper!

A pauper? Well, little better! Penniless, or next door to it. A few more days of running around with Eve . . . who must never guess . . . and he would be stoney. Not pinched for money—broke. The reward of virtue . . .

Lanyard laughed aloud, an ugly laugh.

Pagan hadn't been far wrong. Impertinent clown! Not far wrong, at that . . . Anything but easy to forget the cunning one once had gloried in, to remain forever deaf and dumb to the insidious prompting



Many successful housekeepers always order Fels-Naptha Soap in the convenient ten-bar carton.

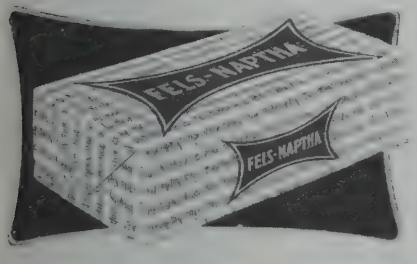
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Fels-Naptha is a true "friend" to women who live in rooms or apartments. With even cool or lukewarm water it is amazing how Fels-Naptha helps them with the little washes of handkerchiefs, silk stockings, and lingerie between laundry days. Quickly makes them clean and sanitary.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

Wouldn't you welcome *one* soap that does the work of several?

Because Fels-Naptha Soap has the cleaning ability of splendid soap and the cleaning ability of real naptha, combined in one sanitary golden bar, it is wonderfully efficient all over the house.

Fels-Naptha washes sheets and shirts and sheerest waists *hygienically* clean with speed, thoroughness, and safety. For dishwashing it is amazing how Fels-Naptha dissolves the grease, and leaves the dishes streakless and glistening. And for scrubbing floors and cleaning painted woodwork, it routs dirt so thoroughly that germs starve for lack of nourishment.

Fels-Naptha does *all* soap-and-water cleaning better because it is more than soap. It is more than naptha. It is *splendid* soap and *real* naptha so blended that you get the benefit of these two great cleaners in one compact, economical bar—two cleaners each gentle, yet efficient in action.

Fels-Naptha's double-cleansing lightens your work, saves you time, and will cut down your yearly soap bill.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today. Make your home radiant with *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

PROVE Fels-Naptha's labor-saving ability. Send 2¢ in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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of instincts which, as long as the sun shone, seemed to have been utterly stamped out and exterminated, but which, when clouds massed and the wind bared its teeth, had an accursed habit of proving they had been but rebelliously quiescent . . .

Curious, how close to the line that mountebank had hewn in his guesswork at the psychology of the outlaw reclaimed.

There lingered still a picture instantaneously printed upon the sensitive film of consciousness in that moment when Lanyard had stood peering out of the rear window at Folly McFee's: a view of the roof of a one story extension running back from the window, a flat roof decked over to serve as a terrace in warm weather, with, beyond it, thanks to an excavation being dug for a new building on the north side of the block, nothing between the house and the next street but a board fence enclosing the kitchen yard. An open invitation to any who might fancy the jewels of Folly McFee; jewels that, shrewdly marketed, would put a provident man beyond reach of want for the rest of his days . . .

Lanyard growled an oath and gave himself an angry shake. What the devil had got into him tonight that he should consent for a single instant to indulge such a train of thought?

Not that there was danger of *his* being tempted . . . He gave a thick chuckle of scorn . . . Nevertheless it was annoying to find oneself unable to forget that the temptation was there.

All the fault of that reptile with viperous tongue and machine-made leer, what's-his-name . . . What *was* his name? Fagin? No—Pagan. Loathsome creature . . .

What an ass one had been to swallow his insolence simply because there were women present, to let such an illogical consideration restrain one from yielding to natural, primitive impulse and, with every provocation, throttling the beast, wringing his scrawny neck . . .

In amaze Lanyard emerged from a seizure of sodden insanity to find himself at halt in front of the Waldorf, standing quite still in the driving rain and glaring at his hands, which were extended with tensed fingers compressing the windpipe of an imaginary victim.

What was he doing? He made an effort to pull himself together, and cast right and left, shame-faced to think that he might have been seen. But there was not another soul in sight on the whole undulant length of the Avenue. Only a taxi shot past, and its driver hooted . . .

He seemed to have mislaid his stick. After a moment of myopic searching he gave it up, pocketed his hands and lunged on . . . Not far to go now; but one made indifferent progress because of the fog. Of course it was fog! What else could make the lights so dim? Like a London fog, a London particular. And getting thicker every minute, blotting out the lights.

In a sudden saffron blaze Lanyard identified the common aspect of the small suite of rooms which he rented furnished. He was in the sitting room, wrestling with his overcoat. Soaked through and dripping, the accursed thing seemed possessed of a devil of perversity which resisted all his efforts to shed it. He gave an infuriated wriggle, heard something rip, and discovered, in some surprise, that he was rid of it. Then with indignation he saw that the door stood open to the public hall, a staring oblong of black in the lighted walls. Lurching to this, Lanyard flung it shut with a thunderous slam.

The problem of escaping from the intimate embrace of his clothing next engaged his intelligence. His one dress coat was something he couldn't afford to tear off his back. Yet he darkly foresaw difficulties. After a while of pondering, a spirit of low cunning prompted him to try to deceive the thing by making believe he didn't care whether it came off or not . . . And astonishingly it appeared that this strategem had been successful—he was holding the garment in his hands. With the harsh, unfeeling laugh of a conqueror he cast it from him and shaped a course for his bedchamber. And barely in time; that London fog had stolen in after him somehow, probably through the door he had carelessly left open, Heaven knew how long . . . At its old tricks, dimming down the lights till one could hardly see. Rapidly, too. He succeeded in beating the darkness to his bed, but with nothing to spare; as he sat on its edge, fumbling with his shoes, night overwhelmed the world with a stunning crash . . .

CHAPTER VI

A SPLITTING headache roused Lanyard out of the void; that, with an unfeeling hand shaking his shoulder and a voice dinning his name into his ears.

When he tried to remonstrate his other shoulder was captured by another vise-like grasp, and he was raised to a sitting position on the side of the bed. There, bending forward and clasping his head with both hands lest it rend itself in twain, he regained a measure of lucidity.

Broad daylight was flooding the room. On his throbbing eardrums a voice jarred, hideously cheerful.

"Well—how're you feeling now?"

Without understanding Lanyard blinked into the grinning countenance of Crane.

"Pretty rocky, I'll tell the World, the Tribune and the Herald! Next time you'll know better than to take liberties with lawless liquor—or I miss my guess. Got anything in the place that's good for a wrecked dome?"

Unwisely Lanyard sought to reply with a shake of the head in question. His moans were heart-rending. When he got them under control he heard Crane say: "Well, son! it's a good thing to have a true friend on the job when you're feeling like this. You set there and take it easy while I run down to the drug store and fetch you a pick-me-up."

Crane's footsteps receded through the sitting room and died out beyond a door which was closed with thoughtful care. Pricked by pride, Lanyard put forth a tremendous effort of will and stood up.

Not till then did he realize that he was fully clothed but for his shoes and the dress coat which he had a muggy memory of having discarded in the adjoining room.

When Crane reentered without knocking, Lanyard was splashing in the bathroom. Some minutes later he came out wrapped in a dressing gown and bearing some resemblance to his normal, self-respecting self. Crane was waiting with a tall and foaming glass. A draught long and acrid but grateful. The flavor of aromatic spirits of ammonia replacing that of aloes in his mouth, Lanyard was able to express his thanks with a smile less wan than might have been expected.

"I think you called yourself a true friend," he said. "That was true talk. Never in my life have I needed one more." Subsiding into a chair, he waved a feeble hand toward another. "Sit down and tell me to what I owe this act of mercy . . ."

"Well, if you want to know, I guess you owe it mainly to forgetting to lock your door when you crashed in last night." Crane sat down and favored Lanyard with a quizzical stare, caressing lean jaws with bony fingers. "I knocked till I was tired, then tried the door, feeling pretty sure you were at home because I could see by the transom you had all the lights going full blast. So I just naturally walked in and found you practically a total loss. You were cold sober when I saw you at two o'clock, but you sure did manage to collect a skinful between then and the time you turned in, whenever that was."

"To the best of my knowledge, not much after three."

"Blessed if I see how you managed it. Mind telling? I don't like to seem nosey, but this record you're claiming for the standing broad jag in one hour flat has got me guessing. Didn't know you went in much for that sort of thing."

"No more do I," Lanyard protested. "That is to say, I never did before and never will again, Heaven helping me to avoid further entanglements with temperance drinks."

"That what you call 'em?"

"I mean, the sort of drinks one's friends serve in these Prohibition times. I hesitate to ask you to believe that the ruin you see before you was wrought by one small glass of champagne at the Clique last night, followed by a single Scotch and soda at Mrs. McFee's."

"From the funny things I've seen bootliquor do in the last few months," Crane replied, "some of 'em not so darned funny, at that, I'm ready to believe anything you want to blame on it. What bothers me now is you getting such stuff at Mrs. Folliott McFee's. That little lady is well enough fixed to keep her cellar stocked with the best. However," he reconsidered, "I guess she must've got it from her friend Morphew. She's been training considerably with him and his gang of late; and I wouldn't put it past that bird to poison his best friend for a few dollars."

"We see Mr. Morphew with the same eyes, you and I."

Lanyard wanted very much to question Crane for information concerning Mr. Hugh Morphew, but felt much too listless just then. Another time would do as well, when his mental processes had somewhat recuperated.

"So you were at Mrs. McFee's last night, were you?"

"Naturally I had to see her home," Lanyard replied. "She asked me in to have that drink; and a little later the Delorme woman dropped in with a hyena who calls himself Pagan—dare say you know who I mean"—Crane nodded—"to make sure Mrs. McFee had come to no harm. You see, we were all guests of Morphew's at the Clique when you raided the place. But I presume that's no news . . ."

"You're wrong, then. Morphew and his lot got away clean. We couldn't find hair nor hide of him or any of the parties you've



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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

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named. They must have beaten it by some secret passage while the lights were on the blink."

Liane and Pagan, then, had lied about being turned back from the roof. Not that it mattered . . .

"How'd you get on with the pretty McFee?" Crane was pursuing with an interest too elaborately casual.

"Well enough, thanks. She seems a nice little thing if a thought flighty."

"Flighty's the word. I gather you haven't known her long."

"Only met her last night, a few minutes before the raid."

"Nice place she's got . . ."

"Nice enough," Lanyard assented languidly.

"Get much of a show to look around while you were there?"

Lanyard opened his eyes. "You're not asking these questions for conversation's sake."

"You're dead right I'm not," Crane drawled, stroking his jaws. "Guess I may as well break it to you. Mrs. McFee reported this morning her house had been broken into last night, sometime between three o'clock and daylight, her safe opened—little tin box she keeps in her boodwah—and the pick of her jewels looted."

"So!" said Lanyard, "it's to that I owe this honor!"

"You've had such a lot of experience in that line I thought maybe you wouldn't mind giving me a few tips . . ."

Lanyard lounged back in his chair again, smiling tolerantly.

"Why trifle with the truth to spare my feelings?"

"Well!" Crane conceded uncomfortably, "I don't mind telling you, the job had all the earmarks of one of the Lone Wolf's."

"Indeed?"

"The bird that opened that box did it painlessly, like you always used to, going on all I've heard—just talked to the works till the safe lay down and rolled over with all four paws in the air. Of course he didn't leave any finger marks. He got in by way of an extension in the back of the house; there's a French window opens on to it from the study. He didn't even need to jimmy that, though Mrs. McFee and the servants can't explain how it come to be open. In fact the butler swears he latched it himself before he went to bed. Looks like somebody must have fixed it . . ."

"Somebody who, like your obedient servant, had plenty of opportunity."

"You got the idea."

"In short," said Lanyard, "what you are delicately trying to convey is that you'd be obliged if I'd come along quietly."

"No," Crane surprisingly answered; "nothing like that."

"No?" Lanyard persisted, in an unbelieving stare.

"No . . . I'll admit I looked you up here with a divided mind. I couldn't somehow believe it of you. On the other hand, I've been fooled by a lot of human nature in my time. But you put in an alibi, even before you came to, sound enough to satisfy me. Maybe I'm wrong about you, Lanyard, maybe you're as crooked as a revenue inspector; but nothing will ever make me believe you pulled that job and then pickled yourself to celebrate, or that the Lone Wolf ever went home after cracking a safe and crawled into the hay leaving the door unlocked. Not only that, but just to make sure, in a perfectly friendly way, I frisked your pockets and searched these rooms high and low before I woke you up. You've got a good right to be sore, if it hits you that way; but I figured it was my duty as a friend as well as an officer of the law."

"On the contrary," Lanyard assured him sincerely, "I am appreciative and grateful, glad to be cleared in your sight, even more glad to be cleared in my own."

"In your own?" Crane repeated in perplexity. "What do you think you mean by that?"

"I'm glad I do not have to wonder if possibly I did this thing in my sleep, so to speak."

"Quit your kidding!" Crane got up with a laugh. "I've got to be getting along now; oughtn't to have lost as much time as I have."

"I shall miss your soothing presence. But I am sure you understand that there are times, and this is one of them, when one would rather be alone."

"You said it."

"You will pardon my not rising to see you to the door?"

"Stay right where you are. I'll drop in again, sometime this evening maybe, to see how you are."

"Do. There are many things I want to consult you about when I feel better able."

"Well, if anything gets in my way and I don't show up like I said"—Crane fished out a card from a worn wallet and placed it on the marble mantelpiece of the old-fashioned fireplace—"there's my name and number. Give me a ring any time you feel like it and I'll blow you to a dinner, with maybe something on the side whose kick isn't quite as deadly as a Georgia mule's."

For upwards of an hour after the detective had taken himself off Lanyard lingered on in the easy chair, listlessly reviewing his memories of the previous night, memories comfortingly clear-cut up to a certain stage . . .

After all, he were an ingrate to complain; surely he had no excuse for considering himself in disgrace with fortune, who had come thus far through this conjuncture retaining the confidence of Crane, but best of all his own!

He counted himself happy indeed—for all the malaise from which he still suffered and which only time and heroic measures in the way of exercise would do away with altogether—that Crane's investigation, while he lay senseless, had resolved every question that might otherwise have perturbed his secret mind. It was grateful to be spared the torment that, but for this exoneration, must have been his; the fear that he might himself, without his knowledge, have proved there was support in fact for the theory of criminal psychology which Pagan had advanced, the theory that it was well without the bounds of possibility for a man in his plight, in sore financial straits and subconsciously tempted beyond his strength, to commit a theft while in a phase of auto-hypnosis coupled with amnesia, a condition comparable to somnambulism . . .

Otherwise his affairs, as Lanyard saw them, had come suddenly to a precarious pass.

In spite of the fact that he knew his intelligence would need some time to recover its accustomed competence, he entertained no slightest doubt but that he would be tomorrow, as he was today, convinced that the abstraction of the McFee jewels had been merely the first move in a campaign shrewdly planned to bring him to Morphew's terms.

His defiance of that one had not been tardy of result; the enemy had not only accepted his declaration of war, he had committed the first overt act.

Lanyard's temper hardened. If it was war Morphew wanted, he should have his fill . . .

But if it was to be war, this was no time to waste in inaction; the enemy was already in the field and taking the offensive, while he lay resting.

Rising, Lanyard bestirred himself to set his house in order.

When he had shaved and dressed and dosed himself with stabilizing draughts of black coffee, he began to collect the clothes he had worn overnight, all of which would require the attentions of a valet before they would be again presentable. Rain had defaced the gloss of his topper beyond repair but by the hatter's iron. His trousers were damp and wrinkled bags of black stuff splashed to the knees with mud.

Over these stains Lanyard frowned. Impossible to understand how he had managed to come by the worst of them, even taking into account the condition in which he had traversed Fifth Avenue during the storm. The marks of that thin black ooze which accumulates on asphaltum explained themselves. But there were others inexplicable, and on his patent leather boots as well—smears and cakes of ochre mud which he could hardly have accumulated without wandering into broken ground such as was not to be found on Fifth Avenue at any point within the bounds of his besotted promenade.

But he distinctly recollected noticing an excavation behind the residence of Folly McFee . . .

With a worried shake of his head that cost him several stabs of anguish, Lanyard folded and laid aside the trousers and returned to the sitting room to get his dress coat.

As he took this up something in one of the coat-tail pockets struck against a leg of the center table with a muffled but clashing thump.

By his own account Crane had already rummaged the pockets of the garment but conceivably the coat-tail pockets he had over looked, who was better acquainted with dress clothes of American tailoring from which such conveniences are commonly omitted. Lanyard's clothes, however, had been built in London; and to the British tailor coat-tail pockets are as a article of faith.

An exploring hand brought forth a little packet knotted in a handkerchief out of his own.

Lanyard surmised its contents before he had succeeded in loosing the knots.

With a sense of sickness he stood staring down at the stolen jewels of Folly McFee

An amazing adventure awaits you in the next instalment—April COSMOPOLITAN



As a protect.on against March winds the right cream is an absolute necess.ty

A cream that protects against wind and cold

Everyone knows the coarse, dry texture that is spoken of as "weather-beaten." That is the result of constant and continued exposure.

But even a single day's exposure can cause chapping that is actually painful. Wind whips the moisture out of an unprotected skin—cold roughens it. To prevent these dangers, a cream is needed that will shield the skin. The cream made by a special formula for this purpose is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream.

Try a little of this particular cream side by side with any cold cream and see the marked difference. The cold cream is oily—the Pond's Vanishing Cream has not a drop of oil in it. Instead it is made from another ingredient famous for its softening and soothing qualities and which the skin can absorb instantly. This cream keeps the skin's natural moisture in, and so protects it from the drying effects of wind and cold. No matter how cold and windy it is, your skin will keep its natural transparency and softness if you always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out.

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No one cream can completely care for your skin. To give your skin the thorough cleansing that keeps it fresh and supple a cream made with oil is needed.

The cream with *just the right amount* of oil to reach deep into the pores and remove every trace of dirt and impurity without overloading the skin is Pond's *Cold* Cream. Smooth it into the skin of the face and neck every night before retiring.

Both these creams are so fine in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything to promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

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He smokes a meerschaum pipe fifty years old

Packed with Edgeworth he thinks no other pipe can compare with it

We have run on the case of three generations of pipe smokers preferring the meerschaum pipe to all other pipes. Not only that, but all three generations smoked the same meerschaum pipe (in turn, may we be allowed to add).

For further details we refer directly to the present owner of the ancient pipe.

"Dear Sirs," he wrote us, "I have a meerschaum pipe originally purchased and smoked by my grandfather. When he died, he willed it to my father, who smoked it continually throughout his lifetime.



"When the pipe came to me, I was a little dubious about accepting the family responsibility of keeping up the tradition. I tried several brands of tobacco in the pipe and they all made me sick. Then someone suggested Edgeworth.

"From that day to this I have smoked no other tobacco—no other pipe.

"Give me the old family meerschaum and a little blue can of Edgeworth and I can get all the enjoyment out of smoking there is any time of day or night.

"Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but that's the way I feel about pipe smoking. And that's the way I intend to feel as long as you continue to make Edgeworth."

Well, we can reassure our correspondent on that point, for we intend to go on making Edgeworth just as long as there are smokers who would give up smoking if they couldn't get Edgeworth.

And we intend to go on making friends for Edgeworth by sending out more free samples.

So if you haven't tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address and we will immediately forward to you generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, it will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly if you should like it.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

The Luck That Failed

(Continued from page 59)

and picked up a job 'picture-punchin'. I learned things about the cattle business off from some of them—those—directors that nobody else knows."

"You're a motion picture actor?" Carmelita asked half apprehensively. The yellow newspapers had unjustly made bugaboos out of the members of the film world and women and children instinctively feared them.

"No, ma'am, not a actor. Never was a actor. I was one of the crowd that comes ridin' in during the last five hundred feet, shootin' off guns and saving the heroine from a fate worse than death. Sometimes I was a plain puncher, sometimes a Northwest Mounted Policeman or a United States Cavalryman. Once I was a knight in armor ridin' a motorcycle and lately I've been several kinds of Arabs sheikin' across the desert. Right now my connection with the industry has been severed for several weeks."

"Discharged?"

"No, ma'am. I quit. Left 'em cold, I did, and I hear that none of the film producers has made a cent since I stepped out. My uncle that I used to work for—he was a cattleman—up and died. There were so many heirs that when his property was divided none of us got much—my share was only about a thousand dollars. A man that's got a thousand dollars is too rich to keep on workin' and too poor to do anything else. I been aimin' to get a ranch of my own one of these days and raise mosquitoes or somethin' there's always a demand for but I'd need four or five thousand even to make the first payment. So I took my thousand and come down here to get a little action for it."

"You've been playing the races?" Carmelita was getting her first contact with an adventurer, a man who risked everything on a chance. Her reaction was part admiration and part fear.

"Yes, ma'am, I played the races and one thing and another. Struck a lucky streak, too. Anything I bet on seems to win. They call me Fool-for-luck Faraday—my name is really Dan Faraday, ma'am."

"And you've bought your ranch?" To Carmelita it was like a fairy tale and she was hastening on to the happy ending.

"No, ma'am, leastwise not yet. I won a lot more jack than I needed for the property I had my eye on at first and I said to myself, why not crowd my luck right to the extreme limit and get a real place about the size of one or two counties? But I'll have all I need by the end of this week and then I'm going to lay off even if I'm still winning. After that you'll find me over yonder"—he waved—"somewhere back of them—those—mountains."

They came to the border. The United States customs officer perfunctorily inquired if they had any weapons and the Mexican ditto sold them a ticket to Central America for fifteen cents.

Everybody in Mexico seemed to know Dan Faraday. A crowd of hangers-on at the track collected as soon as he parked his car. But they stood at a respectful distance.

"There's the Casino and Sunset Inn on your right," Carmelita's guide pointed out. "If you'd like anything to drink——"

"I don't drink, but if you——"

"I don't either, ma'am, not during business hours especially. Come on, then, let's see what's on for the first race."

They followed the crowd, which was considerable. It was one of the big days at Tia Juana and the stands were already nearly full of sincere devotees of the sport of kings. Carmelita was surprised to see a great many middle-aged and even old women there unescorted and intensely interested in a study of the racing charts. A band played indifferently.

Faraday bought two programs and handed one to Carmelita. They took seats up high near the roof.

Something of the crowd excitement began to tingle in Carmelita's veins. Pulses were moving at a faster tempo inside the gate than they were outside. There was electricity in the air, there was noise, movement, color, alertness.

Carmelita allowed her eyes to fall on her program.

"How odd!" she exclaimed.

"What's that?" demanded Dan Faraday, aroused from a study of his own chart.

"Here's a horse with my name." She pointed to the entry. "Isn't that a coincidence?"

"Coincidence? It's a tip from heaven," Dan declared solemnly. "Gee, that's a pretty name! It's in the fifth race, too, where I usually make my killing. We'll have to hire a truck to take home our winnings tonight. And nobody ever heard of Carmelita before. She's a dark entry and we ought to get all the best of it in the betting odds."

Carmelita demurred at first but Dan finally pursuaded her to make a small bet on the horse he suggested for the first race. He gave her twenty dollars and showed her how to buy tickets at the Pari-Mutuel machine established for the convenience of ladies right in the grandstand. He excused himself for a few minutes while he went to the paddock and placed a bet on the same horse for himself.

Almost as soon as he returned the horses came out and the first race got away. It was awfully short. Carmelita had only just begun to get unbearably excited when it was over.

"Come, cash your tickets," directed Dan, leading the way.

"Did we win?"

"We did."

The cashier gave Carmelita thirty-eight dollars in exchange for her memorandum check. It seemed incredible that twenty dollars could have grown so fast. Carmelita wondered how much Dan had won. She guessed it was much more. She tried to give her winnings to him but he refused.

"No, ma'am, it's yours. You'll have a lot more before the afternoon is over. I staked you, that's all."

Under Dan's direction Carmelita bet her entire roll on his choice for the second race. She won again. The man seemed to have an uncanny accuracy in forecasting what the animals on the track would do. He did not appear to have any particular system either. But by the time the fifth race came along Carmelita had over four hundred dollars in her purse. She was in favor of stopping right there.

"No, nothing like that," Dan insisted. "Why, ma'am, all the rest has just been

"Home, Sweet Home"

IN a dreamy old Long Island town—
stands a quaint cottage that has weathered the storms of nearly three centuries—the boyhood home of John Howard Payne.

Above the worn millstone step, the shining knocker on the door tells the story of the old house. On it are engraved the immortal words: "Home, Sweet Home."



The world's most famous song was written by John Howard Payne in a burst of homesickness for this—his boyhood home

No word except "Mother" grips the heart as does the word "Home", and the stranger in a strange land finds no real happiness until he makes that land his home—until he is a citizen of the country in which he lives.

There are twenty-four million homes in America—

With the exception of the comparatively few belonging to the native Indian, every American home is the home of foreign born or the descendants of the foreign born.

There are 14,000,000 Foreign Born—

now living in the United States, half of whom have not made this country Home. And by every boat, this number is being added to.

Canada's great chain of United Provinces—

has received, in the past twenty years, more than three million immigrants. With her wonderful resources, Canada is attracting yearly a greater number of immigrants.

To help her new comers acquire the standards and the ideals of her noble national ancestry, the hope of the Dominion like that of the United States, is to make her residents, citizens—to make them at Home.

A Clarion Call to Action!

Here's the red-blooded, stirring story of how *one* Pennsylvania town in *one* week by the white magic of friendship enriched the community a thousandfold by making its aliens citizens.

Every Resident a Citizen—

was the battle cry, and every man and woman went in heart and soul to make everybody a Homebody.

The town had a population of 32,000. One third was foreign born or born of foreign parentage. 2,500 were aliens. A week was set aside in which to invite this alien 2,500 into partnership, without thought of partisanship. Enthusiasm took the town by storm. "What are *you* doing to help *your* neighbor become a citizen?" was the question asked from poster, pamphlet and newspaper.

Never was there Such a Getting Together—

except during the Great War. The mayor, county commissioner, postmaster, judges, newspaper publishers knew no party save the alien parties they wanted to help. The Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, and the pastors of thirty-one churches worked with one faith. The Rotary Club, Manufacturers' Association, and Real Estate Board were joined by the officers of fourteen Italian and Polish Societies in the One-for-all-and-All-for-One big purpose.

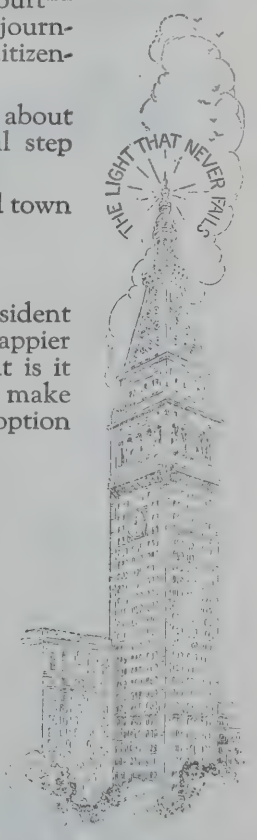
Not only were the advantages of citizenship explained and the advantages of helping to make a richer, better town, but every one desiring to become a citizen had a *neighbor* to go with him to court—to a court that knew no hour of adjournment, so long as an applicant for citizenship was to be heard.

As a result of the week's campaign about 1,000 of the 2,500 took the initial step towards full citizenship.

What this town did, every city and town can do.

What about your town?

What is it doing to make every resident a citizen—a better neighbor and a happier and more prosperous one? What is it doing to help the foreign born to make the *Land* and town of his adoption "Home, Sweet Home?"



The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has 20 million policy holders in the United States and Canada—one-sixth of the entire population. The twenty millions speak 25 different languages—thousands of them do not speak English—thousands of them are foreign born and not as yet citizens. Thousands whose families are still in Europe have no real homes on this side of the water.

In order to help its immigrant policy holders to become citizens, and to advise them about their *immigrant* relatives in Europe or on their way here, the Metropolitan maintains a bureau called the Immigrant Service and Citizenship Bureau.

If policy holders have relatives coming from Europe, they tell their Metropolitan agent—they don't have to leave their jobs to go to the port of entry—Metropolitan will greet the relatives and give what information may be needed.

Many grateful letters are received from reunited families—in numbers of cases the relatives have been saved painful anxiety and needless expense.

In the Pennsylvania town that campaigned to make every Resident a Citizen, the work was organized and led by the Metropolitan Immigrant Service and Citizenship Bureau. The Metropolitan offers the services of this Bureau to any town desiring to conduct a citizenship campaign.

The Company gives at all times definite information as to citizenship. Its booklets on how to become a citizen are written in plain, simple English. They may also be had in Italian, Polish, Yiddish, Hungarian and Bohemian.

The full story of the Every Resident a Citizen campaign is in pamphlet form and will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY — NEW YORK



When dripping hands meet Thirsty Fibre

OWN YOUR OWN TOWEL-OUTFIT
Consisting of
Plate-glass mirror
Nickel-plated towel rack
150 ScotTissue Towels
All for $5
($6.50 in Canada)
See it at your dealer's.

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

—they are instantly, thoroughly and *safely* dried. Millions of thirsty fibres, in every ScotTissue Towel, leap to their task of draining dry every drop of moisture, leaving the skin luxuriously clean and safely dry.

ScotTissue Towels are preferred in modern offices for their efficiency, economy and safety. They provide a clean, fresh, never-before-used towel to each person every time.

Buy ScotTissue Towels from your stationer, druggist or department store—40c for carton of 150—(50c in Canada). Less by the case of 3750 towels. Or, we will send (prepaid) the towels or $5 outfit, upon receipt of price.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels
for "Clean Hands in Business" © 1923 S. P. Co.

a preliminary to this one race. This is what we came out for. I'll stick your coin down for you this time because that big a bet might ruin the odds for us on the machines. We can do better with a regular book."

"You aren't going to stake it all?" asked Carmelita reluctantly.

"I advise it. The odds are going to be big and it's the chance of a lifetime."

"But suppose she loses."

"Girl, she can't. That name means a winner on land or sea. No horse named Carmelita would dare lose with you in the grandstand."

"All right."

He was gone with the money. When he came back he told her:

"I got twelve to one on your bet which I put down first. They closed up a little thinking I had some inside dope so I couldn't do so well on my own."

"Here they come." Carmelita had learned to recognize the paddock call that heralded the entrance of the horses to the track. Dan looked them over.

"The runt there is Carmelita. The jockey's got red trimmings on white. He'll be easy to watch."

"Oh, Lord, they're off!" Carmelita had dreaded to see them start. It would be such a short time now until it would be over and perhaps that money would be all gone. It was too much to pay per second for excitement.

Their horse, the runt, didn't get away so very well. She stumbled just at the start and lost the pole. Still, she was with the bunch and only about half a length behind.

"Oh you Carmelita!" Dan was saying and the girl echoed him only more prayerfully. She had never had any large sum of money before and the thought of losing it made her ill. "Come on, Carmelita!"

Very few in the grandstand were yelling the same thing. Carmelita had not many friends.

"Give her the gas," advised Dan, shouting orders to the jockey. "Let her out, you damn fool."

"Come on, Carmelita!" prayed the girl, clasping both hands around her escort's arm in a frenzy of excitement. "Oh, she's dropping behind!"

"Not much. Maybe he's saving her for something."

"Atta boy, Surfboat!" shouted the grandstand as the favorite pulled ahead.

"Come on, Carmelita!" cried the minority—very much the minority—hoarsely. (No use saving throat and lungs now.)

"A little speed there, girl. Allah give her legs."

"Please, Lord, trip that first horse."

Something did happen. Nobody knew what just then, but later it was discovered that one of Surfboat's reins broke in the jockey's hands and before he could slacken the pressure on the other one he had pulled his head to one side and guided him to the outside of the track.

The following bunch jammed in to fill the place at the pole and a slight confusion resulted. By the time they were straightened away again at the three-quarter a red cap had swung out around and was running even on the final straightaway. So was Surfboat by that time, his jockey having dropped the other rein and, hanging on to the mane, allowing the animal to take his own course.

IT STARTS PROMPTLY
IN THE COLDEST WEATHER

The behavior of Dodge Brothers Motor Car on zero days is a fair example of its fitness the year round.

You turn the switch, step on the button, and the motor starts—without undue noise or delay.

The reasons are readily understood:

The coordination of the power plant is well nigh flawless. The slightest impulse sets it in motion.

The battery—6-cells, 12-volts—is unusually large.

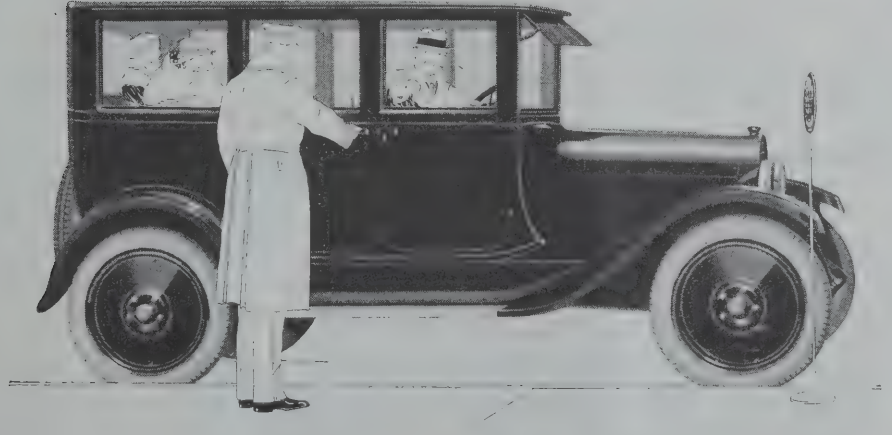
A high-vacuum carburetor so thoroughly vaporizes the gasoline that it ignites instantly under the spark.

The electrical system is remarkably efficient and cuts to a minimum the usual voltage loss between battery and starter.

Finally, the starter, itself—an admirable example of its kind—is directly united with the engine by a chain drive which is always in mesh—a fact having much to do with the promptness and quietness of its action.

DODGE BROTHERS

The price of the Type-A Sedan is $1440 f.o.b. Detroit





The Bell System's transcontinental telephone line crossing Nevada

Highways of Speech

Necessity made the United States a nation of pioneers. Development came to us only by conquering the wilderness. For a hundred and fifty years we have been clearing farms and rearing communities where desolation was—bridging rivers and making roads—reaching out, step by step, to civilize three million square miles of country. One of the results has been the scattering of families in many places—the separation of parents and children, of brother and brother, by great distances.

To-day, millions of us live and make our success in places far from those where we were born, and even those of us who have remained in one place have relatives and friends who are scattered in other parts.

Again, business and industry have done what families have done—they have spread to many places and made connections in still other places.

Obviously, this has promoted a national community of every-day interest which characterizes no other nation in the world. It has given the people of the whole country the same kind, if not the same degree, of interest in one another as the people of a single city have. It has made necessary facilities of national communication which keep us in touch with the whole country and not just our own part of it.

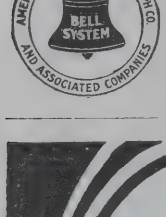
The only telephone service which can fully serve the needs of the nation is one which brings all of the people within sound of one another's voices.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



Sheet Music 15c

Ask for Century Edition

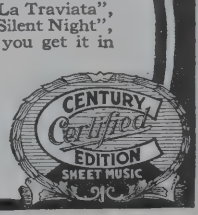
WHEN you buy music, tell the dealer what selection you want and be sure you say "in the Century Edition please." That means you will pay only 15c! That's the Century price—half what you usually pay. And you can't buy better sheet music at any price!

Century Sheet Music is beautifully printed on the best of paper—and certified to be correct as the masters wrote it. When you want "La Traviata", "Love's Response", "Return of Spring", "Starlight Waltz", "Silent Night", "William Tell", "Overture", or any of the others, be sure you get it in the Century Edition. Patronize the Century Dealer—remember he is making a small profit so he can sell you Century Sheet Music for only 15c.

Complete catalog of over 2200 classical and popular standard compositions free on request.

Ask your dealer to show you Martin's "Rudiments for the Piano", Jahn's "Rudiments for the Violin", and Martin's "Scales and Chords". Used by all modern teachers.

Century Music Publishing Co., 247 W. 40th St., N.Y.



Surfboat and Carmelita pulled a fracti
of a length ahead of the bunch.

"Come on, Surfboat!"

"Come on, Carmelita!" her namesa
implored. "You got to win. You got
win."

Carmelita shut her eyes. It was t
much to stand.

A sudden silence fell over the gra
stand. Carmelita looked up.

The race was over. The horses w
turning around.

"Carmelita lost?" she asked of the m
whose arm she would have pinched
except that it was very muscular and ha

"No, Carmelita won."

"Then why is everybody so glum?"

"Because they bet on Surfboat. Y
and I are among the very few who are
going to tear up their tickets."

While he was gone Carmelita tried
figure up how much she had won but
couldn't remember what odds she h
obtained or how much money had be
bet in the first place. Her mind was j
one throbbing mass of glorious exciteme

Dan came back finally. He had bo
hands in his coat pockets and when
arrived at where she was sitting he sa
"Spread your knees" and drew out of
right coat pocket a handful of bills a
about two pounds of silver, which
dropped into her lap.

"That's yours," he declared, "and her
mine." He extracted from his left poc
a sheaf of bills which he transferred to
inner one. "We're all through for the da

"Thank heaven!" murmured Carmeli
"I don't think I could stand any m
excitement."

"Let's go."

"But there are more races."

"I know but it ain't safe to stay af
you've decided to quit. Anything w
bet on now we'd lose and to watch a ho
race you haven't any money on ain't
exciting as a game of Old Maid. W
step over to the Inn for tea and then
back to town after the gang is out of t
way."

Tea at the Sunset Inn was a good id
It sort of let down the tension from
excitement which was threatening to bu
Carmelita up. It was quiet at first
before they had been served the ca
customers began to come in from the tra
and the jazz orchestra got busy. So
the Spanish cigarette girl (from Iow
In her bolero and earrings she shed atm
phere all over the place.

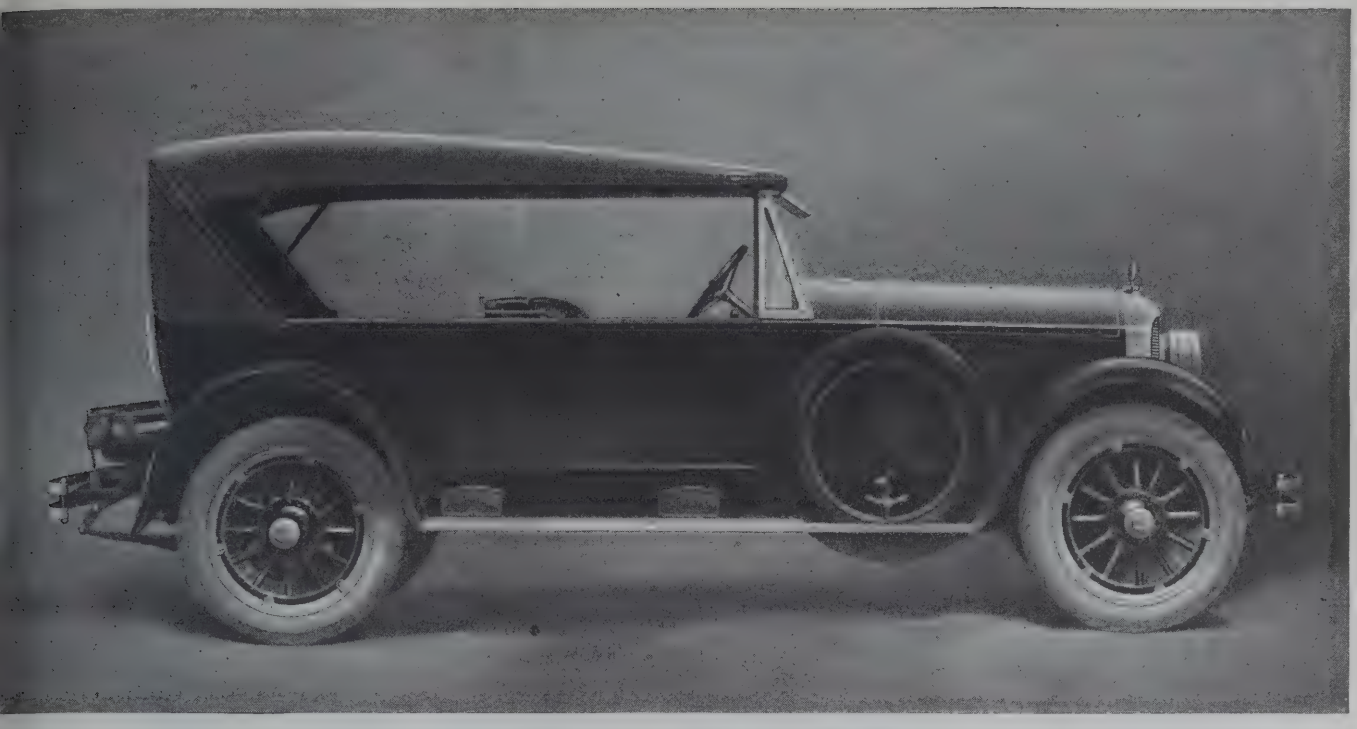
"I can dance a little if you'd be willin
Dan suggested when half a dozen coup
had blossomed out on the floor.

Sure, Carmelita was willing. She h
been hoping for it, in fact. This was
day of days. She had even been secre
wondering if she would not accept a co
tail if he offered it. He did not.

But no stimulant was necessary for t
young people as pleasurably exhilara
as they were, pleased with life, with e
other and with the fate which had gi
them that day.

Besides, they were both natural b
dancers. Dan had been training for so
time with the Hollywood fox-trotters
Carmelita was the champion follower
the world—what she didn't know
picked up instantly.

"Bebe Daniels taught me that ste
Dan admitted when she admired a p
ticularly smooth trick, "and this here



Our Ideal Paige—Your Ideal Car

IF your ideal car is one of dignified beauty, the newly refined lines of the Paige will charm you. If your ideal of beauty means also richness of detail and substantial construction, the new Paige bodies will satisfy you.

For Paige Ideal bodies are now doubly braced, extra stout. Double strips of patent leather keep metal from touching metal, or wood. This idea of Europe's foremost body builders insures a forever squeak-proof, rattle-proof car.

The richness of the new Paige bodies is sensed by hand and eye. Not a piece of imitation leather in the open cars. Superbly loomed velours in the enclosed types. All instruments beneath a single glass panel in a walnut dash. French tonneau hand and robe rails. Walnut steering wheel—position adjustable to the driver's convenience.

Undoubtedly your ideal car is a Paige in performance. Like its predecessor, this Paige 6-70 will prove America's unchallenged champion in speed, hill-climbing and acceleration. Likewise our Ideal Paige goes beyond even your ideals in easy handling.

The new clutch, with six springs instead of one and a light-weight driven member, gives smooth, easy engagement. The new transmission gives finger-touch gear shifting with a bare 3-inch movement. And it is almost as quiet in first and second speeds as in high.

A new degree of endurance—of long life at reduced upkeep—has been given our Ideal Paige by scores of chassis improvements. The finest practicable workmanship by precision tools and gauges, is standard throughout. A new automatic take-up for the chain driven auxiliary shafts does away with need for adjustment.

Since 1909 the same officers, directors and engineers have been working together on the development of our Ideal Paige. Now the success of our Jewett increases our volume and reduces our overhead so that we can fully realize our finest ambitions at a reasonable price.

So Paige now definitely takes its place as one of America's finest cars—frankly offered as the best of which we are capable.

PAIGE

(223)

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

is something I got from watchin' Gloria Swanson."

Probably he lied but it didn't matter.

It was dark when they drove home, dark and almost tropically warm. Dan poked along at ox-team speed.

"I'm not hurryin' none because, girl, I never had such a good time in my life and I'm tryin' to spin out these minutes as long as possible so I'll have more to remember for all the rest of my life."

He was so nice and the opposite of fresh that Carmelita slipped her hand under his arm and hugged it to her a little.

"It's one of the best times I've ever had, too," she said.

He did not do the wrong thing then, either. His hand stayed right on the wheel although he was driving on a straightaway. Only by the swift tightening of the muscles of his arm did Carmelita know that he had the impulse to put it around her.

"Put me down here at the side drive to the hotel," she requested when they finally arrived. "I don't want to go in through the front entrance."

He stopped the car and she got out.

"Many thanks for a glorious day."

She held out her hand. He didn't seem to have anything to say but just held it dumbly, almost desperately.

He cleared his throat. "Could you go out to the track again tomorrow?"

Carmelita laughed to herself. Tomorrow she would be fighting herself all day long not to lose her temper over the twins and Mary Louise—especially Mary Louise. What a contrast to the events of today!

"No, Dan, I couldn't go out to the track again."

"Never!"

"I'm afraid not."

"I was afraid of that, too. Something told me I'd better look at you a lot this afternoon. But I haven't done it much because it hurts. I suppose your folks wouldn't think I amounted to much, would they?"

Carmelita laughed—out loud this time. "No, Dan, that isn't the reason."

"You're engaged—or married?"

"Neither."

"Then, Carmelita, I'm coming back for you."

Carmelita had a momentary panic. Suppose he should come and find that she was only a nursemaid making the most of her day off!

"You mustn't, Dan."

"I must," he insisted stubbornly.

"Perhaps, sometime," she parleyed, "but not soon. There are reasons."

"Not tomorrow?"

"No, positively not tomorrow. Not for a week anyway. Promise me you won't even come over to the hotel for at least a week."

"I don't see why——" he began.

"Will you promise and go if I kiss you good by now?"

"Yes," he assented eagerly. Mankind is always being trapped by the offer of the bird in the hand.

It was a bargain.

Also it was a wonderful good by kiss.

Carmelita's recollection of it afterward was that his mouth was some way clean and sweet—very boyish.

III

THE round of daily duties took up with a vengeance the next day. The children, pretty much ruined by the relaxation of what little discipline Carmelita was allowed to impose, were young fiends.

Perhaps it was just as well that she had a lot of troubles; it distracted her mind from the distaste she felt for her uniform of service, kept her from being spoiled herself by the recollection of the relaxation of self-discipline. It was pretty hard to solace oneself with Mary Louise for the loss of the companionship of a six foot, brown haired, grinning masculine dynamo. There was nothing in the society of the twins to compensate for the look of adoration which she had yesterday so frequently surprised in the youthful gray eyes of her one-day cavalier.

It was a little easier to get through the second day. Perhaps the reason was that she was already planning how she would get off to meet him the following week. It was madness, of course, to continue the masquerade but she just had to. They were both so young and youth doesn't last forever.

The week passed. He had given no sign but Carmelita rather thought he would come to the hotel on the day week after their first meeting. She had tacitly implied that he might. So she arranged, with the slightly peevish consent of her mistress, to have one of the other nursemaids look after the youngsters, and dolled up in "the dress." She had others but nothing else so nice. Besides, a man wouldn't think anything of its being the same one.

She walked loiteringly in front of the hotel. There were many, many cars parked there, but not Dan's. Not yet. She waited half an hour sensitively conscious that she must be attracting attention.

She was still there when Mr. Scott-Murphy came down the hotel steps. He noticed her, not at first as an employee but merely as a beautiful girl. Mr. Scott-Murphy had a slightly roving eye.

"Why, it's Carmelita!" He recognized her at last with a jolt. "I never dreamed that you were so good looking. My dear girl, walk down the avenue a ways and I'll pick you up somewhere out of sight of the hotel and we'll go for a ride."

"I have an engagement," Carmelita lied. "I'm waiting for someone now."

"Some other time, then. Oh yes! here's a letter that came for you with the noon mail. I slipped it in my pocket and forgot to send it to your room."

He handed her the envelope and went on, well satisfied at having discovered a treasure in his own establishment.

The handwriting on the envelope meant nothing to Carmelita. She had never seen it before and opened the letter wonderingly.

My dear Carmelita:

I've been a fool for luck all right and I've played the fool with it, too.

I got to thinking over what you said about our not meeting again and I realized that you were right. I'm not anywhere near in your class, in money, culture, anything.

I thought I could get the money all right. Maybe I imagined you would let me meet your folks if I had a pretty good sized bank roll. Anyway I went out to get it. I began doubling my bets at the track.

The day after you and I were out there I lost the first bet of any considerable size since I began playing the ponies. I made the next one bigger and lost that, too. There's no use going into details. I shot the bank roll. Instead of having half a million as I planned to bring you, I'm down to six bits. Yep, they got my car, too, and most of my fancy clothes.

So you can see why I ain't coming to call on you like I said I was going to. I've lost the one thing I had to recommend me—my luck.

Instead of seeing you, which would break my heart now that you're eighty thousand miles further away from me than you were that day even, I'm starting back to the motion picture lot on Paint, my pony. He'll help me to get a job because he's a good actor. He's got one new trick I ain't going to tell 'em about, either. That's swimming out in the ocean.

I ain't going to say anything foolish because I don't know how. They say a clever girl can always tell when a man's in love with her anyway whether he says anything or not. I reckon you're that kind of a girl.

As I have quit gambling for good it will probably be quite awhile now before I make my pile. When I do I'm going to find you even if it's only to congratulate another man who loves you, too. The way I sling that word "love" around you'd think I was a cake-eater or something. I guess I wouldn't dare if I thought I'd have to face you while you read it or very soon after.

I wish you a whole lot of happiness.

And will until I die. Yours,

Dan

IV

STEAM outstrips sails; the telegraph distances the courier and the automobile passes the horse.

The motor stage from San Diego to Los Angeles went by a lone horseman on the steep grade that leads to the Torrey Pines the other side of La Jolla. A little beyond the top of the hill the driver stopped to let a lady passenger alight. It seemed rather an unusual place for a woman to wish to be left alone, especially as there was no house in sight; still, she insisted and did not demand a rebate on her fare, which was paid to Los Angeles so nobody attempted to dissuade her.

The bus proceeded on its thirty-five mile an hour way and the late passenger began walking back in the direction from which she had come.

Soon she encountered the man on horseback. The man did not see her because he was not looking up or ahead at all. The horse was ambling along at his own discretion, which did not prompt him to any display of speed. The rider was either very dejected or else he was absolutely absorbed in the consideration of some problem that taxed every ounce of his mental powers.

He would have passed the pedestrian except that she hailed him.

"Hey, mister!"

The horse sat back on his haunches, so abruptly was he pulled up.

The rider did not say anything. He just allowed a draft to play on his tonsils by leaving his mouth open.

She spurred him to speech. "I just wanted to ask the way to Hotel de Coronado."

He was off the horse in an instant. "Carmelita!" he said in the tones of a prisoner greeting the bearer of a reprieve and then recollecting himself continued "Didn't you get my note, ma'am?"



Firm in his belief that the locomotive was practical and would prove of inestimable service to man, George Stephenson sought an open competition at which other engineers might receive equal opportunity to exhibit their inventions. His notable success with "The Rocket" at Rainhill, England, in October, 1829, was the more creditable for Stephenson's unselfish attitude and fair-mindedness.

The Courage of Conviction



STEPHENSON, the untutored but far-sighted mine-worker, triumphed over adversity and found greatness through service because he was possessed of the courage of his convictions.

Faith in the ultimate accomplishment, strengthened by uncompromising standards, must invariably precede every great achievement.

It was the realization of the possibilities of pneumatic tires and the confidence of final success that produced the present day cord tire.

In the performance of Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords, the Firestone organization sees the rewards of over twenty years of incessant effort toward better tire quality. Millions today are receiving mileage from Firestone Cords that seemed beyond the realm of possibility.

Belief in the standard of Most Miles per Dollar has brought acceptance of that standard from an ever-widening following.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone



The Snap of Health!

Kellogg's whole-wheat KRUMBLES should be served at least once each day on every home table! Because, KRUMBLES build health, making red blood, bone and tissue in a wonderful nature-way. And, because KRUMBLES, with their content of mineral salts and other life-sustaining elements, offset the denatured, bleached foods.

KRUMBLES are delicious—with the full-flavor of whole wheat for the first time in food history! They delight every one—you never tasted more appetizing cereal! And KRUMBLES are ready to serve—they do not have to be prepared.

Children thrive on Kellogg's KRUMBLES, growing strong and robust. Every mouthful spells health and mental and physical exuberance! KRUMBLES are ideal, strength-making food for the workers. KRUMBLES are wonderful for the aged. All grocers.

Whole wheat ready to eat

Kellogg's

KRUMBLES

The only whole-wheat food with a delicious flavor!



The Music Pals of the Nation

New friends, new pleasures, new and interesting experiences, invitations galore—dinners, dances, week-end parties, outings,—are some of the good things playing a Gibson brings into your life.

Gibson *Instruments*

are easily learned in spare time without previous knowledge of music. A few weeks of pleasant, interesting study and you'll be able to play. And there's no other joy in life quite equal to hearing music you make on your own instruments.

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"Of course I got it. That's why I'm here. I figured that you couldn't have ridden very far and I caught the first bus out going north. We just passed you a moment ago and I got out to talk to you."

"It's mighty kind of you, ma'am, to come to say good by. I thought you wouldn't have any use for me when you found out I was a busted four-flusher, a tin-horn sport, or else I would have come over to the hotel to make my excuses—no, I guess I wouldn't either because it makes it harder trying not to think of you now that I know you're a lot more wonderful even than I remembered."

Carmelita seemed to ponder that statement a moment. She had an answer in kind ready but she thought better of it. Instead she said: "I didn't come just to say good by. I came to bring you this."

She offered a strip of paper which he took wonderingly.

"Why, it's a certified check!"

"Yes. I stopped in town long enough to draw it out of the bank. That's what we won the other day at the track. Now that you're all through gambling I want you to take it back—it's yours really, you know—and make the first payment on that ranch you were telling me about."

Dan absorbed this gradually. "Ma'am," he finally decided, "that's plumb generous of you even if I can't take it."

"Oh but you must!" wailed Carmelita helplessly. "I came all the way out here after you just to bring it so that you could start all over out on a ranch where you'd be so happy and everything."

Dan shook his head. "Thanks again, but I wouldn't be happy on a ranch any more. I've changed a lot since I saw you. I've got hifalutin' ideas now. I ain't never going to quit tryin' till I corral a lot of jack and can travel with the swells that you know. I know I can't probably win you but I'm goin' to die tryin'."

Carmelita laughed but it was not a very amused laugh because the object of her mirth was herself and the irony of fate which had shown her the path to happiness only to close the gate in her face.

"I can cure you of any unhappiness about me," she said finally. "You won't be interested in me at all when I tell you who I am. Then you can take your money and go find that place you spoke of back of the mountains."

"How are you going to cure me by telling me that?" demanded Dan. "Who are you and what's that got to do with it?"

"I'm only a nursemaid working for a wealthy family staying at Coronado. This dress was given me by the lady who employs me and the day you saw me was my day off. So there! Your imagination was fired by this dress, which really is very nice, and by the idea that I was some society débutante or something. In my everyday clothes you would never notice me. Now will you take the money?" She held out the check which he had returned to her.

He did not answer but just looked at her. Finally he shook his head.

"Please, Dan, take it! Don't make my sacrifice all come to nothing. It has been a sacrifice to disillusion you. I would much rather have stayed on that pedestal where you placed me and dreamed about that wonderful day and the nice things you said and did than to strip off all the gilt and tinsel and stand before you just

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plain ordinary me. I did it because—because——"

"Because why?"

"I don't know why."

"Was it because you loved me?" Dan had suddenly become the aggressor, and dropping Paint's bridle he led Carmelita off from the road. "Was it?"

"That has nothing to do with it. Dan Faraday, why are you being so rough with me?"

Dan grinned. "I ain't afraid of you any more, thank heaven! That's why I'm sorry you don't care for me because I'm going to teach you how it's done and if you don't learn rapidly I shall have to punish you severely. Hold out your hand!"

She did. He kissed it.

"Hold up your lips."

"Not here, Dan. Besides—— Oh all right! Do it again, you big bully."

The next Frank R. Adams story has the speed and excitement of an automobile race—plus the Adams charm. You will find it in April Cosmopolitan.

Argument

(*Continued from page 64*)

managed to evade the knife and keep on boring—onward and upward—until it had driven the dog mad and killed him? Why did Mescal wear a silver cross round his neck right out in plain view?

Mescal was older than Joe, darker, bigger, more silent. There was something very strong and masterful and winning about him. If he had given Joe an order Joe would have obeyed without thinking.

In two years he had not seen Mescal but once—way back at the beginning of the first year. But he had probably thought about him thirty-five or forty times and wondered what had become of him.

Then one morning a big cloud of dust climbed up over the rim of the world, and all through the forenoon drew closer and closer, and of course grew bigger and bigger.

Some intuition or sixth sense or second sight told Joe that he was going to see Mescal again and he was glad.

Noon passed and Joe calculated that if Mescal were going to pay him a visit and get back to his own sheep by nightfall he ought very soon to emerge from his cloud of dust. But Mescal did not emerge. Instead the cloud itself came on and on, at the pace of feeding sheep, and grew bigger and bigger.

Joe's sheep of their own accord grazed toward it. And about five o'clock when the wind had gone down the two dusts mingled, and the two grazing flocks began an incessant baaing.

Then in the open space between the two flocks gray Bolo and Mescal's black wolf dog smelled of each other and renewed their ancient friendship, and presently Mescal himself climbed down from the seat of his gypsy wagon, and carrying himself like an emperor strode through the sheep to where Joe stood waiting for him.

They did not shake hands or exchange any word of greeting. Mescal simply said: "I am sick of herding alone. Let's join flocks."

And Joe, though he was flattered beyond measure and had something the feeling of a man for whom a wonderful dream has come true, was able to answer simply and at once, and in a voice which betrayed no emotion whatever.

He said: "All right. Let's."

III

For some time after that neither of them spoke again. It was getting late, and making camp and preparing supper called for action rather than words.

Inwardly Joe had a feeling of buoyancy and elation. That long period of acute stoically borne loneliness following his wife's death had come to an end. He was to have companionship again and again it would be companionship unspoiled by too much talk.

Each went quietly and skillfully about the preparation of his own supper. Both finished and were ready to eat at the same time. The arrangement to sit side by side during the subsequent emptying of the steaming mess tins and coffee pots was made without words. Supper finished and the dogs fed, the two sheep herders began to roll and smoke cigarettes. A half-hour passed pleasantly. Just before bedtime Mescal spoke:

"The last time I go to the city, I bring back a young girl from the Casa Verde. She pretty good girl and pretty soon we get married. Pretty soon she have a dear baby and die. After that I get to feeling pretty lonely and so I come to you and we join flocks."

He rolled and smoked another cigarette. Then he rose to his full height, stretched himself and yawned. Then he said "Good night, Joe," and walked slowly out of the firelight toward his dark wagon.

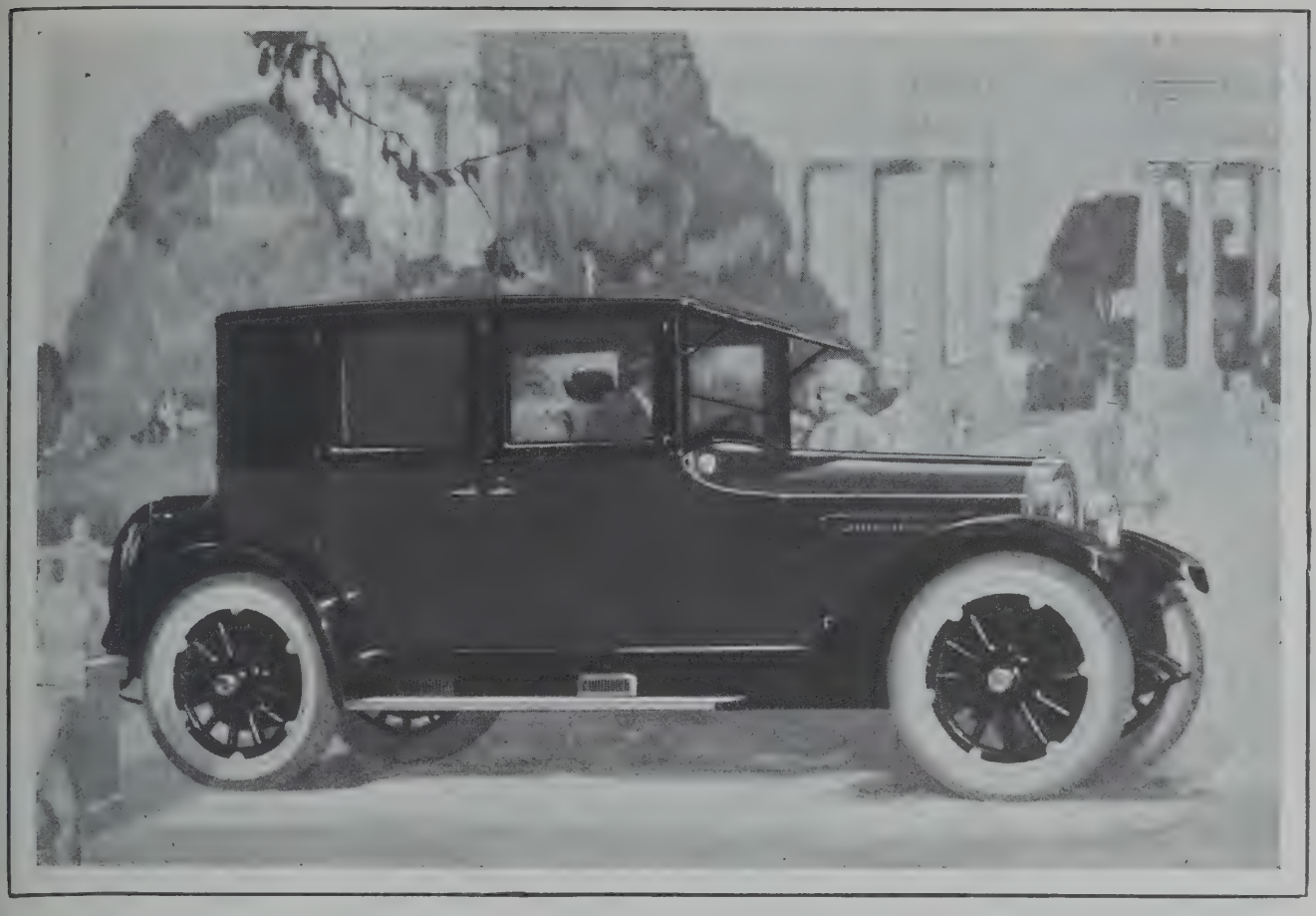
Joe was touched and flattered by Mescal's confidences. You don't tell the whole intimate story of your life to a man just for the fun of the thing, but because you like him and trust him. He felt a warm liking for Mescal and he felt sorry for him, too. Having himself lost a reasonably satisfactory wife he was in a position to feel sorry for him. He wondered if Mescal had buried his wife and child in the sheep country with a heap of stones to mark their grave and to keep the coyotes from meddling with them.

By noon the next day this speculation amounted to an eager curiosity which after twenty-four hours of silence, found expression in words. They had finished their second silent supper together and were rolling and smoking cigarettes.

Joe said: "I piled up lots of stones to remember my wife by."

And Mescal answered, but only after a long silence: "It's no trouble for me to remember my wife. She was a pretty good girl, and she didn't talk much."

To that Joe could only nod his head and look appreciative. He himself disliked talk and it was pleasant to know that



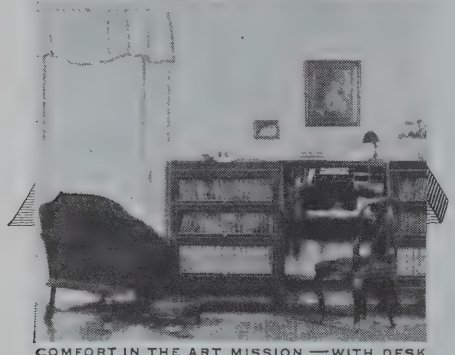
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Mescal had the same feeling about it. Still—once in a great while—a little talk was almost necessary. With so many sheep nibbling all around the clock it would soon be necessary to change pastures. And pastures could hardly be changed without a little discussion.

But they were.

One morning just before breakfast Mescal said: "Here the sheep range too far. So after breakfast we'll drive them west. There is a good valley beyond the scarred mountains."

The valley to the west would not have been Joe's first choice if he had been left to himself. But Mescal had spoken with such an air of finality that it seemed foolish to object. The society of Mescal was growing very precious to Joe, and he would not have offended him for the world.

So they moved west in a terrible cloud of dust. Sometimes they rode in their wagons. Sometimes they walked. They ate their meals together in a comfortable, restful, social silence.

Joe could think of no better way of life. He was happy. His admiration for Mescal grew. Mescal knew sheep. There was no doubt about that. He knew more about them and what they needed and when they needed it than Joe, wise as he was, would ever know. And he had the look too of one who knows well many more things. He would look at a thing, it might be the moon or a star or a stone at his feet, with an expression of immense tolerance and understanding. At such times he looked as if he could have spoken volumes. But he seldom spoke at all.

One day they crossed a fresh trail made by a band of wild cattle. Sheep herders dislike cattle almost as much as cowboys dislike sheep. Each feels that the work of the other is low and unworthy of a man. The dislike is so strong that a sheep herder never speaks of a cow as a cow or a bull as a bull or a number of them together as cattle. He calls them "animals."

Thus when Joe and Mescal came to the trail made by the ruminants this contemptuous word fell from them both at the same time. "Animals," they said.

And then felt a strengthening of their partnership and of the ties offensive and defensive which bound them together. Then Mescal repeated the word, and added: "There's getting to be too many damned animals."

The afternoon passed, camp was made and supper eaten. Bedtime came, and it seemed that the subject of "animals" was still disturbing Mescal's equanimity. He rose and stretched himself and yawned with great deliberation. Then he fingered the silver cross which hung about his neck in plain view and said: "God made all things to serve and feed man—even animals."

Joe remained for a little time by the fire thinking over what Mescal had said. A mosquito lighted on the back of Joe's hand, dipped his syphon delicately into the leather here and there until he had located a vein, sucked his belly full of red blood, withdrew his syphon, shook himself and flew heavily away.

Joe went to bed thinking about the mosquito. And the first thoughts that he had the next morning were about the mosquito. Thoughts about mosquitoes and conjectures concerning them kept occurring to him throughout the day. But it was not until after supper that he voiced his conclusions. "God," he said, "must have made animals and men to feed mosquitoes."

It was not until he had spoken that he realized that his belief was a contradiction of the more usual and less questioning philosophy expressed by Mescal on the previous evening. And he was sorry that he had spoken. For it didn't matter much which of them was right, if either, and the man with conventional ready-made beliefs is always more offended by doubt and scoffing than the man who bases his theories on observation and logic.

Mescal gave Joe one short, cold, contemptuous stare, but said nothing. Words, indeed, would have been wasted. The look itself was altogether sufficient without any accentuation. Thereafter Mescal sat for a little while with a darkened face and knitted eyebrows. Then petulantly tossing the chewed remains of a cigarette into the dying fire, he rose, shook himself and started off to bed.

He had the air and manner of a man who in the face of tremendous provocation has managed—for the greatest good of the greatest number—to hold his tongue and to keep his temper.

Joe then and there made up his mind that he would never offend Mescal again. He would be very careful what he said and when he said it. He would be particularly careful never to touch on religion or anything connected with it. And thereafter as a man watches a dangerous snake so Joe watched his tongue.

For a number of days they herded the sheep to the westward, and it was as if nothing disagreeable had ever occurred between them. And the companionship, mostly silent, became ever dearer and more necessary to Joe. He had sinned. He knew that. But he felt that his crime of speech had been overlooked and that he had been forgiven. He was almost perfectly happy.

One night they camped on the side of a mountain and saw the sun go down in glory beyond a vast forest of chaparral. Then in the failing light, and perhaps a mile away, certain little tree tops of the chaparral began to shake and sway and it seemed certain that some living creature had become entangled and was struggling to extricate itself.

To see better the two men rose to their feet. For Mescal a mere glance then seemed sufficient.

"It's an animal," he said, and turned away. Joe's jaw loosened and a look of wonder came into his eyes. He almost spoke.

He looked from Mescal back to the far-off agitation in the chaparral, and from the agitation back to Mescal.

Then his mouth opened wide. He raised his right knee high from the ground and brought his right hand silently down to meet it. Evidently his sense of humor had sent him into a sudden paroxysmic pantomime of laughter.

Several times that night, when Mescal wasn't looking, Joe went through his pantomime: opened his mouth wide, raised his right knee high and brought down his right hand to meet it. Something had tickled his risibilities almost beyond endurance.

Unfortunately for Joe he was not going to be able to keep the joke for himself. It slipped away from the firm hold that he had upon it and escaped from him



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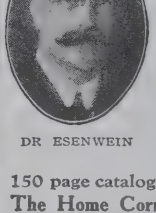
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altogether. This happened the very next night at supper, when, the meal nearly ended, some imp of the perverse, which all day had been teasing for a momentary use of his tongue, secured possession of it. Joe spoke. He spoke without meaning to speak and without being able to keep himself from speaking.

"That wasn't an *animal* we saw last night," he said. "It was a *bear*."

And having spoken he wished that he had been born dumb like the wife he had loved and buried. A look of the deepest contrition and misery came into his eyes. He looked a little as a beaten fighter looks when he knows that he is about to receive the finishing blow.

Mescal stared at him with a brief and cold hostility. Then he rose, and with a contemptuous lift of the shoulders stalked off to bed.

They had just made that camp, but Mescal's actions and preparations on the morning following showed clearly that he had made up his mind to leave it. Before the sun had risen he and his big black wolf dog were hard at work separating their sheep from Joe's and Bolo's.

Joe was in a great agony of mind.

"Where are you going, Mescal?" he asked.

"Away," Mescal answered coldly.

There was one more human and even pitiful question that had to be asked.

"Why, Mescal?"

"Because," said Mescal curtly, "there is too much damned *argument* around here."

As soon as it seemed fair to his employers and to the sheep, Joe moved his herd to that part of the sheep country where his wife slept under the cairn of stones. He stayed as long as it seemed fair.

The grave was company for him—not too much company, like some men have but enough.

For one of Mr. Morris's most delightful love stories, see COSMOPOLITAN *for April, on sale March tenth.*

The Perkinses' Career

(Continued from page 99)

financial and artistic world, was Pennington. He was then a man of thirty-five. Despite his inherited wealth, he had made a career for himself. He had been an assistant district attorney, had served a term at Albany and had earned the respect of his colleagues in his profession by a volume on corporation law. He was an amateur athlete of sorts and had been on the advisory committee that directed the sailing of one international cup race. A rather serious man, his rare smile indicated a boyishness of spirit that was repressed by shyness. For, despite his inherited position and his achievement, he was naturally of a retiring nature.

But diffidence deserted him at first sight of Beryl. Her beauty, her exotic charm, her bubbling disposition conquered him at once. Those who thought they knew him would have said that Pennington's courtship would be a matter of years of slow and gradual approach. Instead, he literally threw himself at the feet of Beryl. She was fascinated, as much by his name and position as by the man himself. His money was no minor attraction.

There was no formal engagement. Pennington made it clear that he was unalterably opposed to his wife's appearing professionally, and this was a barrier at first. For Beryl had dreamed of her career too much to surrender it at the first request. But she had a canny brain. Battelli's enthusiasm about her had had only one provision; that was her health. She seemed strong and robust, and apparently thrived under the hard and vigorous course of training through which he put her. But there were times when her eyes seemed lusterless, when her movements seemed to have that languor that had come upon her in her fifteenth year. Battelli had told her that if she always took the most meticulous care of her health there was no reason why it should ever break down; why she should not have at least twenty successful years.

But Beryl frequently wondered as to her ability to sacrifice herself so unremittingly upon the altar of success. It was this wonderment, this doubt, that caused her finally to accept Pennington. Of course she believed herself to be in love with him. Nevertheless, that selfishness which seemed inherent in her was the compelling reason for her abandonment of opera.

Once decided, she was as ardent as Pennington. To his suggestion that they just be married and let formality go hang, she readily acceded. Their marriage in early October was a nine days' sensation. Then Mrs. William Pennington, returning from her honeymoon, took up her position as chatelaine of the Park Avenue home of her husband, and stepped as gracefully into metropolitan society as though she had been born to it.

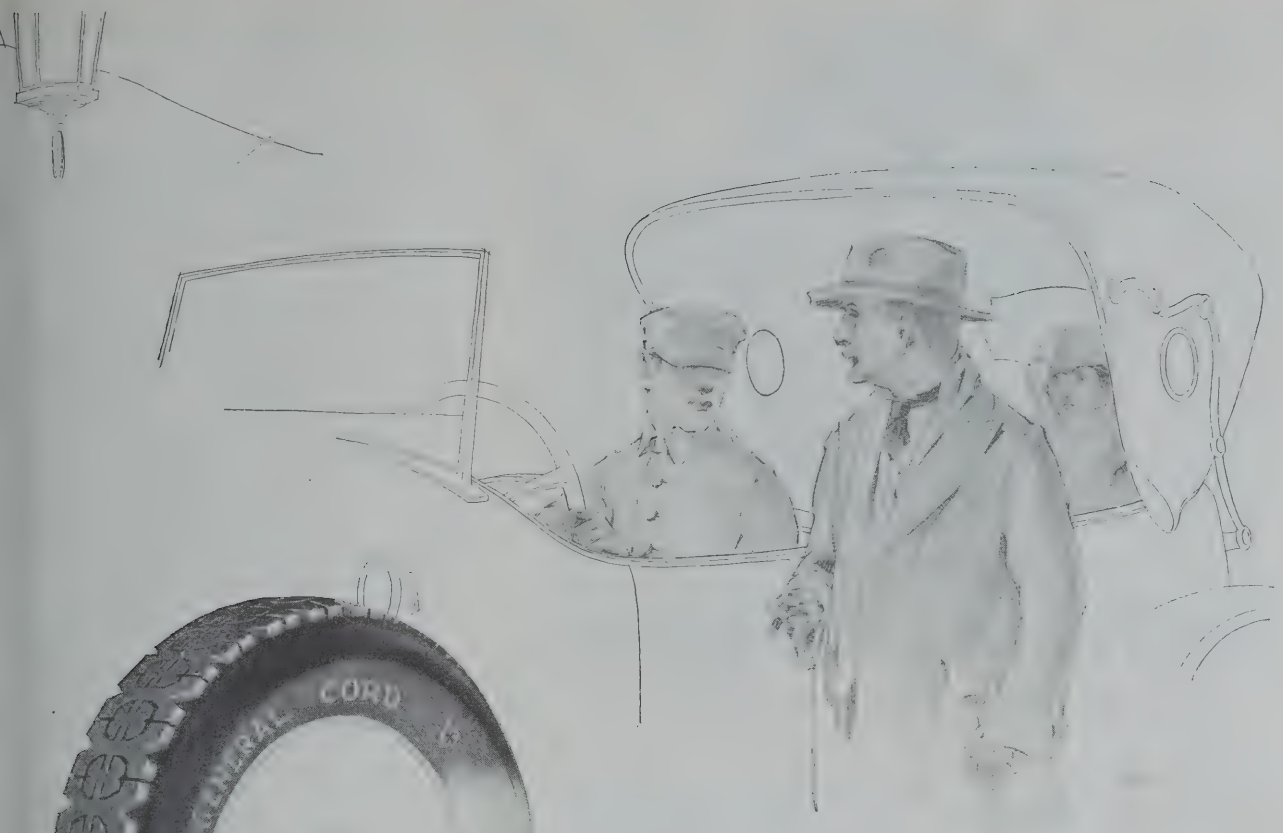
Her father and mother spent Christmas with the Penningtons. They had not the slightest feeling of censure because she had abandoned her career. As a matter of fact, both Loretta and Frank highly approved of Beryl's marriage. Marriage to them was much more important than singing. They were not too greatly impressed with Pennington's money or position. Neither of them had either, but they had had love. They were impressed with Pennington's deep devotion to his wife, and were happy because Beryl returned it in the same measure.

There were many presents hanging from the tree in the Pennington library on Christmas morning. Among them was an envelope addressed to Frank Perkins. He opened it and withdrew a check for ten thousand dollars. He looked at the signature, "Beryl Pennington." Over his face spread a flush. He turned to his daughter. At the moment Loretta and Pennington were not in the room.

"That's mighty nice of you, Beryl," he said. He took her face between his calloused palms and kissed her. Then he gently pressed the check into her hand. "I can't take money from my own daughter."

Beryl stared at him. "Why not?" she asked. "Didn't I always say that I'd pay you back?"

"If you'd worked in the opery, Beryl, and wanted to pay me back, I ain't sayin'





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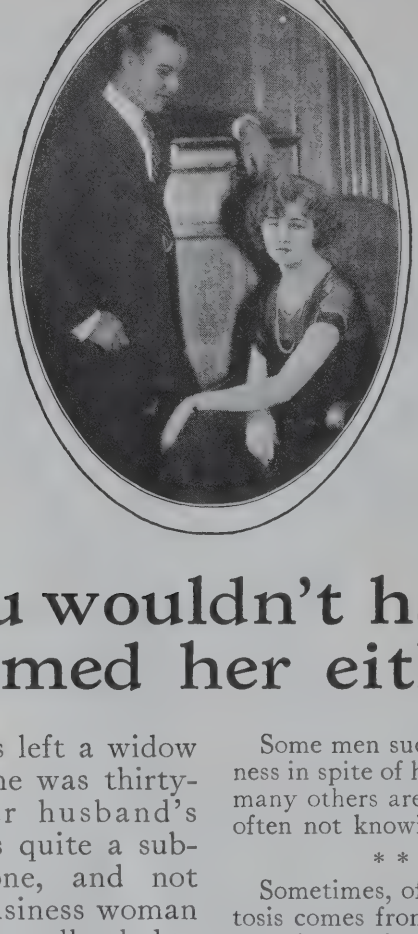
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Various complications of the estate required her to be in this attorney's office quite often; there were many details to dispose of from time to time.

Then suddenly, for some reason or other, she announced to her friends that this attorney was no longer handling her affairs. He was a rising young man in his profession, and enjoyed an excellent standing. The abrupt change in her dealings to the office of a much less known lawyer puzzled every one, and there was really quite a lot of talk about it. No one could understand why.

Some men succeed in business in spite of halitosis. But many others are held back—often not knowing why.

* * *

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

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but what I'd taken it. But a girl's parents ain't got no right to be collectin' debts from her husband."

"But you *must* take it," Beryl protested.

Her father shook his head. "I guess Loretta and me can worry along all right, Beryl," he said gently. "You got married so quick we didn't get a wedding present. You let the little we've done for you stand as part of that present. Loretta and I will do a little shopping before we leave and get the rest of it."

There was no use in further argument. Beryl knew that New England pride that was part of her father. She knew that she would never be able to alleviate with money what she considered the harsh and barren lot of her parents.

Insensibly she drifted away from her parents, to whom indeed she had never been close. It was true that once a year she paid a duty visit to Bucksport, and it was equally true that each winter she invited her parents to visit her. But after the third winter of her marriage her parents no longer came to New York. Loretta's health was failing, and the railroad journey was too tiresome. But they kept in constant communication through the mails. Beryl was still the ready letter writer of her girlhood, and she thrilled her parents with accounts of her social triumphs.

Also, they knew from the papers of her work during the war. She headed committees; she took part in drives; she sang for the soldiers. In every way she proved herself patriotic and self-sacrificing. And if she kept a scrapbook containing the newspaper clippings of her patriotic activities, who could blame her?

Her parents were proud of her; they colored and stammered when her name was mentioned. It seemed to them that they were she, that the glories that came to her were not vicariously theirs, but actually so. She was the glorious fruit of their ambitions.

They never suspected that, after the first three years, happiness left the Pennington home. It is useless to place the blame. Like the majority of unhappy marriages, the fault must be almost equally distributed. This was no case where the sins of one were so blatant that sympathy went out immediately to the other. While Beryl was busy with her war activities, her husband was equally engaged. He received a commission in the army, and while he never went to France, he nevertheless served his country well.

But the long absences engendered a certain constraint. On his brief furloughs Pennington would find his wife so filled with engagements that she had little time to see him. Constraint developed into coldness, and coldness led finally to the similitude of aversion.

For after the war Pennington began to devote himself more assiduously to public life. He cared little for society. As for Beryl, she lived for society. Her husband's political ambitions she began to think vulgar. When he was elected speaker of the Assembly she refused to live in Albany. Because he was easy-going with her, because always he subordinated his own comfort to her pleasure, she thought him weak of character; she did not believe that he would ever achieve any lasting distinction as a man of affairs. And so, finally, bored with him, annoyed because he preferred to spend a summer

working on plans for the rehabilitation of men who had lost their all during the war rather than visit the scarred battlefields of Europe, she decided to divorce him.

She had the Pennington name; she knew that he would, of course, settle an ample fortune upon her. And so she went to him and told him of her desire. If Pennington was shocked, shaken to the very soul of him, he nevertheless was a gentleman first, last and all the time. He would not force himself or his code upon anyone else, not even his wife. She offered to go to Reno, but he smilingly shook his head. Nevada divorces had an ugly name; he would permit her to divorce him in New York. And so Beryl's lawyers engaged the necessary detectives and the evidence was procured. The petition for divorce was filed, the summons served on Pennington, and Beryl went to Bucksport to wait until the suit should be called.

Her parents were overjoyed to see her. She had not been there for twelve months, and their gratitude for her presence was almost pathetic. At supper that evening she fetched tobacco and matches for her father's pipe; she stooped over and retrieved a dozen times the napkin which slipped from her mother's lap. For rheumatism had come to her parents now; almost sixty Maine winters were taking their toll.

"You ought to have a servant, mother," she said as she waved Loretta away from the kitchen. "I'll wash these dishes tonight, but tomorrow morning I'll get a maid."

She felt unwontedly virtuous as she dried the dishes; in all her life she could never remember having assisted her mother at these homely household tasks. With her virtue came shame. For suddenly they seemed old; their very joy at seeing her seemed to speak of deprivation. She had never felt so tenderly toward them as when she joined them in the shabby living room.

"Been readin' lots about you this year, Beryl," said her father.

"And William is doing a lot of good work, ain't he?" said Loretta proudly.

Beryl's eyes were very green. "William enjoys life in his own way," she said Then, even as she had suddenly told them of her desire to go to Europe, she exploded another bomb. "I've sued him for divorce," she announced.

Her mother's knitting needles fell to her lap; her father's pipe dropped to the floor, and the live coals burned into the carpet.

"What for?" demanded Perkins.

Beryl shrugged. "There's only one cause in New York," she said.

Unsteadily her father rose to his feet. "I've met your husband; he ain't that kind," he declared.

"It doesn't matter whether he is or not," said Beryl, "so long as a jury decides that he is."

"Why?" demanded her father.

"We don't enjoy each other any more," said Beryl.

Her father's lips were suddenly grim; his eyes were hard. He stared at her. His voice when he spoke was harsh.

"There's a lot of things in life that ain't enjoyable," he said. "It ain't been exactly a pleasure to me to see Loretta bending over the sink, swingin' a broom, scalding herself at the stove. If it hadn't been for —things—Loretta would have had a

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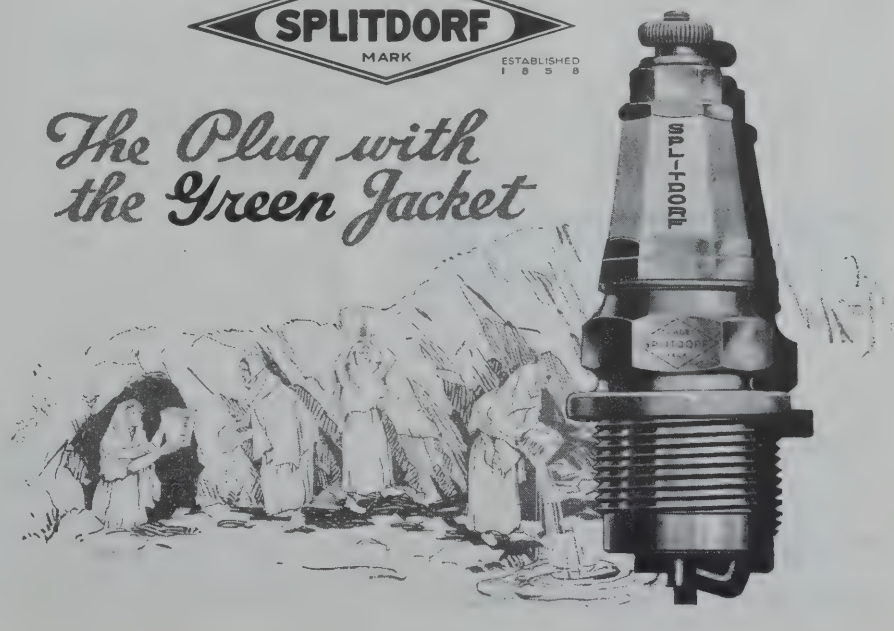
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servant long ago; she'd have had a nicer house, better clothes, and traveled."

It was an unwontedly long speech for Frank Perkins to make. Usually he spoke in monosyllables; the sea had made him taciturn as a boy. But he stopped short and walked toward his daughter.

"'Scuse me, Beryl," he said. "It's your own business. Whatever you do, Loretta and me are with you."

And as if to uphold his assertion, Loretta rose from her chair and walked with widespread arms toward her daughter. But Beryl stepped back until, leaning against the old piano, she faced them.

"Father, what were those—things? Was I one of them?" she asked.

He made no answer. Instead, his arms went around the mother whose embrace she had avoided. She saw their two gray heads approach each other. She saw the quivering of their shoulders that told of the tears they fought to hide, and a great truth seemed to come to her to enlighten her soul. She saw herself as she had never been visible to her own eyes before. She saw herself as a taker, not a giver, and suddenly it came to her that taking loses its savor unless one seasons it with the salt of giving. For her these twain had denied themselves the things that make life less unendurable. That one perfect flower may grow, the other blossoms are cut away. Had she been worth this pruning, this sacrifice? Suddenly she knew that no one is worthy of another's sacrifice, who makes no sacrifice herself.

She walked to the telephone and asked for the telegraph office. She dictated to her lawyers a telegram that contained the two words, "Discontinue proceedings."

Her parents heard and were staring at her as she hung up the receiver.

"Beryl," said her father, "you mustn't mind us, you must do what's right."

"I'm going to," she answered.

It was late the following evening when Beryl rang the doorbell of the Pennington home on Park Avenue. Up in his study, William Pennington heard the bell. The servants were all out, the house was half dismantled of its furniture. On the table before him was an opened letter, signed by six of the most prominent men in the political party to which he belonged, offering him their support in the coming primaries; assuring him of his nomination and election. Beside it lay a letter in which he declined the proffered governorship, in which he put aside forever his political ambitions. For a divorce scandal made those ambitions hopeless. He was reaching for the pen when the bell sounded. He went downstairs and opened the door.

His jaw dropped. Simply, she reached out her arms and pulled his head down to hers. "I've come home," she told him.

Upstairs in his study she walked, mistress of this house, and of this man, and of this man's life, to the desk where lay the opened letters. She picked them up and read them as a full partner might. Scornfully she tore in two his note of declination. She looked archly over her shoulder at him.

"After Albany, Washington," she said.

Amazed, Pennington stared. "Do you know what this means, Beryl?" he asked.

"It means that I've come to my senses," she told him. "It means that—I've never tried. In all my life, things have been given to me and I've taken. I've never given and I've never tried to give. Yesterday I saw my mother and my father and I understood why they are bent and old because of sacrifice for me. I am here today, asking you to forgive me, to take me back to this wonderful home. If it were not for them I'd be a drudge somewhere. My father gave up a career for his children. Mother and he have lived only for me. When I told them that I was divorcing you, their hearts nearly broke, for it was the end of their career."

"Of *their* career?"

"I'm their career," said Beryl, "and it shall not be a failure."

"You've come back to me rather than hurt them?" His voice was harsh.

She shook her head. "On the train last night and today I thought that was the reason," she told him. "And then it came to me that I have never tried for anything. Everything has always been given to me. My education, my years abroad, my chance in opera—you."

"I don't know what you mean," he said.

"You gave me your love. I did nothing to earn it; I took it as my due, not understanding that payment must be made for everything, and that love can be bought only with love. I am my parents' career. To them, my success means that they have not failed. Divorce means failure to them."

"And rather than have them fail, you've come back?" he asked. His voice was still harsh.

"Rather than fail myself," she told him. "For the first time in my life I've thought of someone else; I've *tried*." Into her eyes came a light that turned them to softest blue. Over her cheeks swept a wave of color. Her hands went unsteadily toward her husband.

"It wasn't hard," she said.

Why Is Your Man Leaving You?

(*Continued from page 75*)

to express his views upon this subject his conscious mind would cause him indignantly to deny what I am saying. But when he began to think quietly he would agree that it is true. And if only woman had logic enough to understand this—that is, that man is acting from long force of instinct in his casual sense of honor towards her, and not from conscious intention—she would feel less bitterness when she finds him lying to her, which she is almost certain to do sooner or later.

The only way to alter this distressing idiosyncrasy in man in the future is for all the mothers in each generation to inculcate a different point of view into their little sons' subconscious minds, and then in about four generations man's instinct about honor to woman will have altered and he will act towards her on the same principle as he does towards his fellow men. But that would bring the millennium—and it is, I fear, a long way off. So we had better get back to the subject of this article, the moment of revolt which comes to every married man.

Broadly speaking, it occurs when first he begins to realize that the woman i

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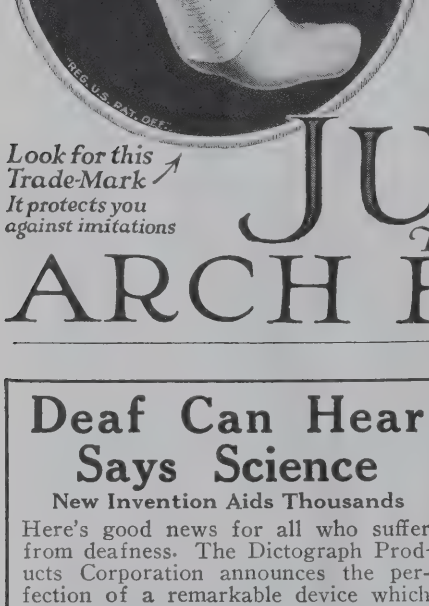
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impinging upon his personality or his freedom of action. Numbers of women are very stupid and begin to nag at a quite early stage; or they take up an attitude that they know best what is good for a man: how much he ought to eat or to drink; how many cigarettes he ought to smoke; what flannels he should put on on cold days; what he ought to do with his leisure time, etc., etc. And while the man is in love he will put up with this and even take it as a proof of affection, but gradually it gives him a feeling of suffocation, and he begins to revolt. Then he ceases to be *in love.* Of all things a man likes to feel that he is free.

Then some women belittle their partners before others, they order them about; and if the man has any spirit he resents this instantly. Every time a woman arouses a feeling of resentment in a man, she has shortened his term of being in love with her, and she is bringing nearer his moment of revolt.

I suppose it would be about one case in a million when the man is docile always. And man gets a sense of revolt when domestic ties seem to be strangling him, interfering with every pleasure or sport he wants to indulge in. He sometimes ceases to be just, then, or to remember that the poor woman is probably also being harried. How a man behaves to her, and how long he goes on loving her, depends entirely upon the character of the woman, her magnetism, her will and her tact. But as very few women have all these three things developed in them, eighty percent may expect to see their husbands showing a sense of revolt sooner or later.

Clever women avoid ever giving the man cause to feel his chains. On the contrary, they make him feel that he is absolutely free, only that he must *use* his wits to *retain* them.

But many women are just foolish, loving creatures, never thinking that any of their actions can cause reaction, and really bent on nothing so strongly as expressing themselves. Sometimes that self is a doormat; sometimes it is an over-developed "mother-sense"; sometimes it wants to show devotion in season and out of season. Always what *it* wants—not what the man would prefer. Men revolt when women want to make them happy *in their way*, not the men's way. In fact, men revolt the moment they *realize* that they are bound.

Now a wise woman begins to ask *herself* questions when she first senses this—she does not ask *the man* questions. She asks herself what has she done, or implied, which has caused her husband to feel that he has thongs. And if she knows anything about the natures of men she will then use her wits to make him *feel* differently, not reproach him for feeling what he does. Because if she does he will do one of two things: Either he will deny that he feels any sense of revolt, while he is arranging to enjoy a little freedom on the quiet, or he will show his irritation and start a quarrel, and that will be the beginning of the end of love.

A woman can hold a man's *actions* because of his sense of duty—but no woman on earth can hold a man's *emotion* towards her unless she arouses his inclination.

Marriage is a frightful responsibility however you look at it, and to make a success of it neither should cause the other to feel a "moment of revolt."



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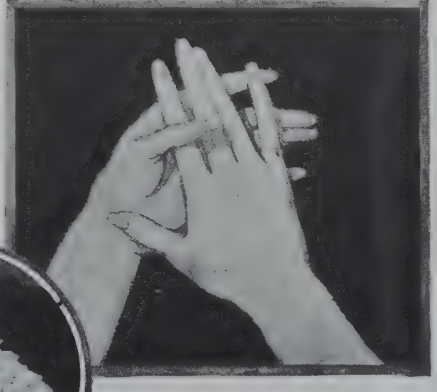
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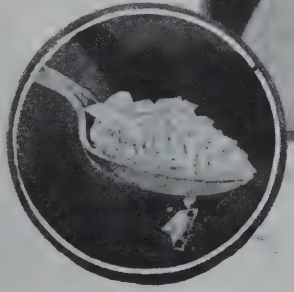
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The Desert Healer

(Continued from page 54)

"You know," she whispered with quivering lips. "You saw—the morning after the Governor's ball. I can't speak of it. It hurts me."

For a moment he held her close, his eyes blazing as once before she had seen them blaze; then he rose abruptly and striding across the room flung back the closed entrance flap and stood in the open doorway staring out into the night.

She twisted on the divan to watch him, wondering what chain of thought her words had set in motion. But he gave no explanation of his hasty movement and after a time he came back slowly, his face inscrutable as she had ever known it, and squatted Arab fashion on a pile of cushions near her. Lighting a cigarette, for a while he talked fitfully, his brief remarks punctuated by lengthy silences she did not know how to break. And as the evening wore on he grew more and more distrait until finally he ceased to speak at all, sitting motionless with his eyes fixed on the rug, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

She knew that it was late. The tom-toms and pipes that earlier in the evening had resounded from the men's quarters had long since died away. She was conscious of a silence that could almost be felt, she found herself straining her ears to catch some sound.

When at last he stirred and rose with swift noiselessness to his feet she was lying so still that he thought she was asleep. Hungrily he gazed at the woman he had taken for his own till the warm sweet nearness of her, the faint intoxicating perfume of her fragrant hair and his own desperate need combining shattered the last remnant of his self-control and he swept her up into his arms, straining her to his heaving chest, raining kisses on her lips, her eyes, her palpitating throat till, panting and exhausted with the force of his embrace, her head fell back against his shoulder and he carried her white lipped and trembling towards the inner room. But as he reached the screening curtains that barred his impetuous way he came to a sudden halt. Yearningly he stared into her frightened eyes; then with a gasping sob he slid her slowly to her feet and pushed her gently through the silken hangings.

"Go—for God's sake go!" he muttered, and wrenched the curtain into place.

Not yet! What the world would not believe, was possible to him who loved her. Until he was sure beyond all doubt that she could never be legally free to marry him he would hold her unscathed. And merciful God, how long would that be? He was pledged to Sanois and he had sworn to take her with him. Was he strong enough to withstand the temptation of long months spent in close proximity? He did not know. He only knew that tonight his strength was gone and that he dared not stay beside her. The calm radiance of the starlit sky, the deep stillness of the night mocked him as he fled from the tent. A night of mystical beauty, redolent with the subtle odors of the east, languorous and heavy scented—a night for love.

The blood was beating in his ears and his brain was on fire as he stumbled through the shadowy darkness of the little valley, striving to subdue the longing that possessed him, striving to banish the torturing thought of her nearness. Blind to the road he was taking, he saw only the sweet pale face that had flushed to the touch of his burning kisses, saw only the tempting beauty of her slender loveliness. Was she asleep, as he prayed with all his soul she might be—or was she too awake, longing for him as he was longing for her, suffering as he was suffering? Just now she had trembled in his arms and he had seen the fear that leaped to her flickering eyes, but she had made no effort to repulse him, had made no plea for release. Instead she had clung to him. And it seemed to him that he could still feel the touch of her fingers ice-cold and shaking against his, still feel the rapid beating of her heart. He flung out his hands with a bitter cry and dropped like a log, burying his head in his arms.

Hour after hour he lay motionless on the soft warm sand, too passion-swept to sleep, till at last the raging fever that consumed him abated and he knew that, for the time being, his victory over himself was complete.

But there was no peace in his mind. There was another decision that had to be made before the stars faded and the sun rose on a new day—a decision he knew in his heart was already determined. By acceding to the frenzied appeal of the woman he loved, he had done a thing unpardonable. That did not trouble him. He did not regret it, he would never regret it. Her happiness was the only thing that weighed with him. Last night her need had been his sole consideration. But tonight his thoughts were centered on the husband from whom he had taken her. He would never give her up—but he would steal no man's wife in secret. He was going back to Algiers—going back to face the man he had wronged. And what would be the outcome of that interview? No matter what Geradine had done—she was his wife.

What would Geradine do?

Carew rose deliberately to his feet with a harsh, mirthless laugh. He knew what he would do himself if the position were reversed, what he would unhesitatingly have done twelve years ago if the opportunity had been given him. And if Geradine shot him like a dog, as he deserved to be shot, what would become of the girl who trusted to him? To stay—and forfeit his own self-respect. To go—knowing that he might never return. Heavens above, what a choice! But there was no other way thinkable. His mind was fixed, and the rest lay with Geradine. Would the cur who had stooped to strike a woman fight to regain possession of her, fight to avenge his honor? If he only would—by God, if he only would! The breath hissed through Carew's set teeth and his strong hands clenched in fierce anticipation as his mind leaped forward to the coming meeting.

With a strange smile he swung on his heel and strode back to the sleeping camp.

But as he neared the tent his swift pace lessened and his somber eyes were dull with pain as he passed under the lance-propped awning into the empty living room. How could he leave her to wait alone until he came again—or did not come! His stern lips quivered as he parted the curtains and felt his way to the long low couch.

His tentative whisper was answered by a stifled sob, and out of the darkness two soft bare arms came tremblingly to close about his neck and draw his head down to the pillow that was wet with her tears. Shaken by her distress his resolution almost failed. But he crushed the momentary weakness that came over him, and with characteristic directness told her plainly the course he had decided.

A cry of terror burst from her. "You can't go—you can't, you can't. Oh, Gervas, stay with me, don't leave me! If you go you'll never come back and I——" She shuddered and her frenzied voice sank to an agonized whisper. "He'll kill you. *Gervas, he'll kill you!*"

"Pray God I don't kill him," he retorted grimly. "I've got to go, dear. It's the only thing I can do." And unable to bear the sound of her weeping he turned away.

With a wail of anguish she leaped to her feet, striving with all her strength to hold him. "Gervas, Gervas, don't leave me like that—tell me you love me, tell me you'll come back to me——"

For a long moment his lips clung to hers; then he laid her on the bed. "You know I love you, Marny," he answered. "It is because I love you that I am going back."

There was a note of intense sadness in his voice that made her bury her face in the pillow to stifle the sobs that were fast growing beyond control, but there was also in it a ring of finality that made further pleading impossible.

When she raised her head again she was alone and she started up, trembling with dread, listening till her ears ached that she might hear the last sound of his voice. But there was only silence in the adjoining room, and driven by an irresistible impulse she fled through the communicating curtains. The loose entrance flap was only partially closed, and screened by the looped back draperies she waited, scarcely breathing, straining her eyes through the gloom, praying that she might see him once more. When he came it was only a momentary glimpse, a fleeting impression of two shadowy horsemen who flashed past the tent to vanish in the darkness beyond.

Sobbingly she stumbled back to the inner room, flinging herself in a passion of tears on the bed where she had wept throughout the lonely hours of the night. She did not question his action; it was enough for her that he had done what he thought best. And there was no bitterness in her grief. Selfless, she did not think of herself. It was only of him she was thinking, only for him she was agonizing. The brutal strength she knew by terrible experience the savage unbridled nature she had learned so thoroughly—what would Geradine do? Tortured by horrible imaginings mad with fear, she writhed in mental anguish until, exhausted, she fell asleep.

It was midday before she woke. The room was filled with light, hot with the vertical rays of the sun blazing down on the roof of the tent. Slipping from the bed she stood for a moment holding her throbbing head between her hands, then moved languidly towards the dressing table. At the farther end of the room she



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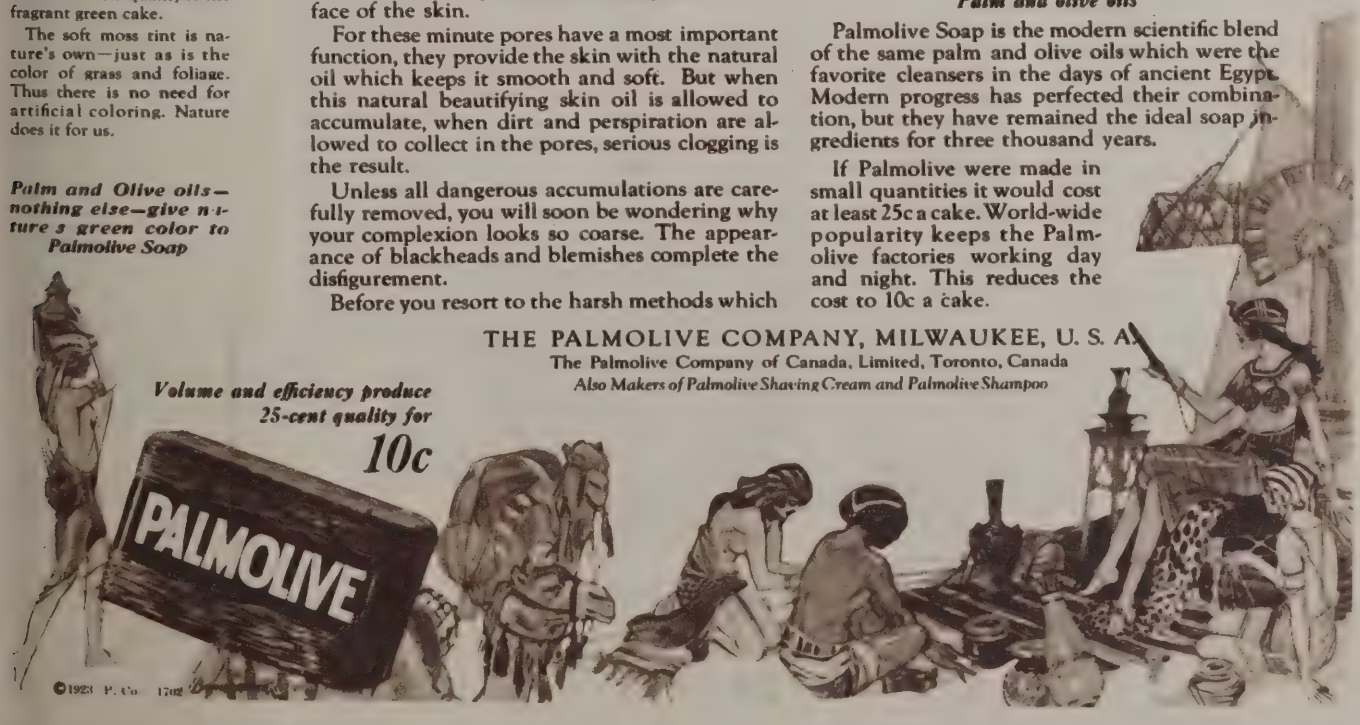
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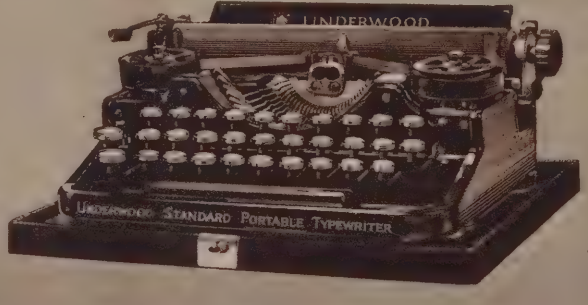
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found a little bathroom, Spartan-like in its appointments but containing all that was needful, and half an hour later, bathed and refreshed, she went listlessly into the living room.

As she came through the curtains Hosein, who was squatting on his heels by the doorway, rose to his feet with a deep salaam. His presence gave her a curious feeling of reassurance. She knew without being told that Carew must have left her in his keeping, knew also that Hosein must be perfectly aware of the reason for his master's absence; and his calm demeanor and untroubled expression seemed insensibly to soothe her own agitation of mind. But when the meal which appeared with almost magical quickness was finished, when Hosein had gone and she was alone once more, the temporary courage that had come to her faded as new doubts and fears crowded in upon her more overwhelmingly than before.

Cold and shivering, tortured with suspense, unconscious of the passing hours, she huddled on the divan, hoping, despairing, until all her senses seemed merged into one dominant perception as she lay listening, listening for the thud of galloping hoofs.

In the end it was no actual sound that roused her but an intuition, an indefinite something penetrating to her brain that sent her flying to the open doorway.

How long she stood there she never knew. One thought only held her motionless, one question that her pallid lips repeated monotonously. Which—which?

And then, quite suddenly, she *knew*—knew even before the three swift horses swept into sight from behind the angle of jutting rock that framed the entrance to the little valley. Why were there three?

Only one attendant had gone with him.

And the horseman who rode so closely behind him was no Arab. Her heart seemed to miss a beat as she recognized the slim little figure whose crouching seat in the saddle was so familiar to her. Oh God, why was Tanner with him?

But she had no time for reflection. She saw the foam-flecked black horse, savage and intractable still in spite of the punishing ride, race to the very entrance of the tent; saw his rider drag him, screaming and fighting, to a standstill. Then as Carew leaped to the ground an overmastering panic seized her and she shrank back.

He came through the doorway slowly and took her into his arms without a word. His face was gray with dust and fatigue and there was a strangeness in his manner that forced utterance from her.

"Geradine——" The fearful whisper was barely audible, but he heard it and his arms tightened round her.

"Dead!" he said tensely.

Her face went ghastly and a terrible shudder passed through her.

"Not you, oh Gervas—not you?" she breathed imploringly.

His tired eyes looked into hers with infinite tenderness, infinite understanding.

"No, thank God, it was not I!" he said quietly. "Malec killed him. They killed each other. Tanner found them when he went back to the house early the next morning. The other servants had cleared out—the place was empty. I can't tell you any more, dear. It's too—beastly."

She was leaning weakly against him, her face hidden in his robes, shivering from head to foot. And as he broke off abruptly she shuddered closer to him.

"Was it my fault—was it *our* fault?" she gasped with a ring of horror in her voice.

"No," he answered, almost violently, "it was his own fault. He brought it on himself. But he's dead, poor devil, and God knows I haven't the right to judge him."

He held her silently for a moment; then the strained rigidity of his features relaxed and a great gladness dawned in his eyes as he stooped his tall head to the soft curls lying on his breast.

"Marny," he whispered impellently. "Marny—my wife!" And with a little cry that was love and trust and joy unutterable she lifted her tear-wet face and yielded her lips to his.

THE END

The Younger Mr. Burrage

(*Continued from page 73*)

she smiled on him and let him dance with her twice in one evening. Once she even let him take her to a dance himself.

Philip Fairbain danced earnestly but well. That night as he circled among the others with his arm round Noreen in the silver sunset thing that was her gown, he was completely happy. He liked the sheen of her coppery hair under the lights, the upward curl of her lashes. He liked the soft color of her cheeks, and the almost transparent delicacy of skin that belongs sometimes to people of her coloring. He liked in fact everything about Noreen Gordon. But because he was Philip Fairbain Burrage he did not tell her so.

Instead he tried rather awkwardly to talk of other things. "I hear Dick Dunning planned the decorations," he said. "He's quite artistic, isn't he?"

"I guess so," said Noreen. "He was in my landscape design class. He proposed to me last night," she added inconsequently.

"Oh!" said Philip.

He did not know what else to say; he thought that Noreen was telling him of her engagement. But Noreen was not.

"I was furious," she was saying instead. "Why, I don't suppose that Dick gets more than thirty dollars a week and probably never will. Isn't it absurd?"

"Awfully absurd," Philip agreed with her.

He did not speak again during the rest of their dance.

And the next day Noreen played all round him on the golf links with Mr. Hopkinson Bowers, and hardly saw him. It was rumored that their engagement was soon to be announced and Philip was very miserable.

The next day also Philip Fairbain asked his father for a raise. He stood in front of the desk in the mahogany and leather office and looked at Mr. G. H. Burrage as if G. H. Burrage had the ball and he wanted it.

"H'm," said Mr. Burrage. "Maybe I'll pay you more when I sell the Nichols estate for two hundred thousand dollars. And maybe," he added, "I'll pay you more when you show a little more pep with your sales.

Philip mentioned that he had sold the Clough property during the past week.

"H'm," said Mr. Burrage. "Yes. Old Condon's been waiting to get his hands on to that land for two years. What'd you think I gave you that assignment for? Gave it to you because it was easy—that's why. Knew no fool could miss it."

And that was the end of the interview.

After that Philip did not see Noreen Gordon for more than two weeks. When he did it was at another dance—one of the early fall series at the Linwood Country Club. Noreen was there with Hopkinson Bowers; it was rumored that they would announce their engagement the following week.

Noreen Gordon was always beautiful, always the life and center of every party, but on that night she surpassed even her own beautiful and animated self. Perhaps it was her dress—a thing of dusky browns and golds, like the color of an October day when there is a purple haze across the woods—a dress that hinted at the colors in her hair. Perhaps it was a kind of suppressed excitement about her; a richer color in her cheeks. Philip, watching her, suspected that this time the report of her engagement was well founded.

She gave him one dance, but they did not dance together. Instead they wandered out and stood under the famous Craigie elm halfway down the hill on which the clubhouse stood. The moon was under clouds all silvered at the edges by light from the inside.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" said Noreen softly.

"Yes," said Philip.

He was not looking at the moon, however, but at Noreen Gordon.

Suddenly he seized her hands and drew her a step towards him. He did not do it roughly, but he did it somehow as if he expected her to come.

Noreen laughed a little, but she did not slip away from him.

And then as suddenly as he had caught them up, Philip let her hands drop again.

"I want to ask you something," he said. "Are you going to marry him?"

"Who?"

"Him," said Philip. "Hopkinson Bowers."

Noreen looked away from Philip down the hill. "I—don't know," she said. "How can I tell?"

"Has he asked you?" said Philip.

Noreen laughed a little. "That doesn't prove much," she told him. "Lots of people do—you'd be surprised."

"I haven't," said Philip solemnly. "And I'm not going to. You don't need to worry. I'll promise never to ask you to marry me. I——"

"Thank you," Noreen cut him short. "That's very reassuring."

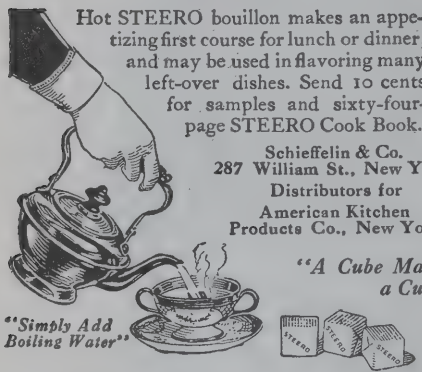
She moved a little away from him in the direction of the clubhouse. Then she changed the subject.

"See that cunning little cloud," she said. "The one with the silver ruffle."

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They walked back together up the hill. Philip was thinking that thirty dollars a week probably would not buy Noreen's gloves. As for Noreen's thoughts, Noreen herself could not have told you what they were.

After that night, again Philip did not see Noreen for a long time. It was beginning to be increasingly borne in on Philip that under the circumstances the less he saw of Noreen Gordon the better it would be. Every night he read the social notes for news of her engagement.

III

So FAR as his own interests were concerned, Mr. Burrage could not have been summoned out of town at a more inconvenient season. For after infinite angling he had at last persuaded Mr. Judkins, the Best-of-All Soap manufacturer, to inspect the Nichols estate with a view to purchase. He had also several estates which he meant to show Mr. Judkins immediately after Mr. Judkins had refused to have anything to do with the Nichols property, but he wanted to begin with that. Mr. Burrage had been beginning with the Nichols estate for years. And he wanted to show it himself because he knew perfectly well that when the Nichols place was sold, he, G. H. Burrage, would be the one to sell it.

All these things being considered, therefore, Mr. Burrage swore roundly at the telegram that called him to New York. But he went. He had to go. He had barely time to catch the ten-ten train.

Partly because his favorite salesmen were out for the morning, partly because he thought his message was one which any bellboy might deliver, Mr. Burrage rushed in for a moment to the cubicle where Philip Fairbain sat on a high stool and made out his reports.

"Got to go off to New York," he shouted in the tone of one putting the blame where it belongs. "Rush business. Back tomorrow. Now look here, Phil. Old Judkins is coming this morning to look over the Nichols place—be here any minute. Put him off. Get rid of him. Tell him I'm sick; tell him I've gone to a funeral; tell him I've been offered the mint for one of my estates. Tell him anything, but put him off. Don't take him out there yourself. Tell him I'll get in touch with him as soon as I get back."

"Yes, sir," said Philip.

The instructions were alarming, but Mr. Burrage's son was not accustomed to question Mr. Burrage's commands. No one was.

Mr. Burrage rushed off again. Then he stuck his head back for a moment through the door.

"Say, look here, Phil," he said. "You got that straight, didn't you? Whatever you do don't try to sell the Nichols place yourself."

"Yes, sir," said Philip.

He moved about in front of his high stool to conceal the fact that Plute was getting up to see what the rumpus was.

Mr. Judkins arrived at ten-fifteen, when Mr. Burrage was five minutes on the way from Boston to New York. Mr. Judkins was a sharp little man with a picked nose and picked eyes. His linen, which he had laundered every day in Best-of-All White Laundry Soap, was immaculate, but he had a tendency to checked suits. Mr. Judkins was a self-made man. His personal opinion was that he had made not only himself, but his wife, the Best-of-All Soap Manufacturing Company with all its employees, and a considerable part of Greater Boston.

Much of Mr. Judkins's money he had made by keeping it. He was rather commonly known as Old Tightwad Judkins, and he had the reputation of prying all the buffaloes off his nickels to make fur robes out of.

On this particular morning he walked into the reception office at the G. H. Burrage Real Estate Company with the air of a person who knew where every last one of his herd of buffaloes was.

Behind him walked Mrs. Judkins. Mrs. Judkins was a large lady with a soft fat face and soft fat hands. You could tell at a sniff that she used Best-of-All Scented Toilet Soap every morning. She did not share her husband's tightwad reputation.

"Good morning," said Mr. Judkins. "Where's the boss?"

Philip pushed his hand back through his shock of light hair and set out a chair for the lady and another chair for Mr. Judkins which Mr. Judkins did not choose to see.

"He's—out," said Philip. "I'm Mr. Burrage's son. He—asked me to represent him. He—asked me to tell you that he couldn't see you today. He—asked me to tell you that he'd communicate with you by Wednesday."

"He asked you a mouthful, didn't he?" said Mr. Judkins.

"Yes," said Philip.

Mr. Judkins took another look all round the room.

"Um," said he, "where is he?"

Philip swallowed hard.

"He's—sick," he said.

He said it with the frank, straightforward manner of a man in a new lamb's wool coat meeting a neighbor who has been losing sheep.

"Where is he really?" inquired the inexorable Mr. Judkins.

For an instant Philip floundered. Then he resolved on a desperate course of action.

"Well—the fact is," he said, "that my father isn't sick at all. He's away. He was called away suddenly on rush business just before you came. He mentioned getting a big offer for one of the estates in his hands. He had to look after that before he could see you."

Philip was going on famously, reassured by the amount of truth in what he was saying. But Mr. Judkins picked him up sharply on his last words.

"You say he wanted to look after that before he saw me?" he asked.

"He had to," Philip assured him.

Mr. Judkins puckered up his eyes as if he had just made out some object on a distant horizon. "Had to, did he?" he said. "What for?"

"I can't say," said Philip.

"Won't, you mean."

"I—I didn't ask him," said Philip.

Mr. Judkins puckered up his eyes again. He decided that young Burrage had been better trained than he had at first supposed, but that he was a simple soul who would presently tell him everything. Abruptly he changed his manner of attack.

"Well," he said, "we might as well go



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along out and take a look at this Nichols estate anyway."

"I'm afraid we can't do that," Philip objected.

He was very miserable and rather red. He saw plainly that Mr. Judkins was going to say "why not?" again, and he didn't like it.

Mr. Judkins said it.

"I can't take you," said Philip. "I haven't the authority."

"Authority!" bawled Mr. Judkins as loud as he could with a not very bawling kind of voice. "What's a real estate office for? Do you usually have to get permission to sell anything?"

"Well, no," Philip admitted. "You see this is rather a special case. My father—well, to be quite frank, my father told me not to show you this property while he was away."

"Um," said Mr. Judkins.

Then he sat down in the other chair and squinted up his eyes and winked at Mrs. Judkins.

"If you wait till your father gets back Wednesday," he said, "I may not want to do any business."

"I can't help it," said Philip. He was desperate.

Mr. Judkins was a little taken aback by Philip's uncompromising attitude. But he had several other ways to try. He tried them each in turn. In turn he found that Philip could not be wheedled, or bullied, or bribed, or intimidated. But at last he had an inspiration.

"Well," he said, "I guess you and I can't do any business. I'll get one of the other men in the office to take me up."

He had him there. Philip thought fast and decided that if anyone was going to show the Nichols property it might as well be he. And so they went.

In the elevator Mr. Judkins had a chance to whisper to his wife.

"He's had some big offer on that place," he told her, "and wants to put the Q. T. on our trade. Prob'ly some of the swell neighbors want to get their friends in up there. I don't expect to buy, but I won't be joshed out of looking at it."

Mrs. Judkins patted the ruffles on her lace blouse and nodded.

Philip Fairbain drove the Judkinses in complete silence to the Nichols estate. In silence he whirled them up the drive through rows of strange vegetation, and under the porte-cochère. In silence he alighted and held the door open for Mrs. Judkins. Mrs. Judkins climbed down heavily, and the three went up to the door. Plute also climbed down from his step and followed, his pepper and salt nose close to Philip's heels.

"It's a dog," Philip explained, forestalling the usual question as he saw Mr. Judkins looking at Plute. Then he unlocked the door and threw it open. "This is the house," he added.

He lapsed into silence again—into rather sulky silence—and marched before them through the echoing rooms over the patchwork floor.

The Judkinses trailed after him, pointing at this or that, and stopping now and then to punch the woodwork or to whisper over the arabesques at the tops of the windows.

Mrs. Judkins said that it was a real roomy house.

Mr. Judkins shook his head and said that it was too darned big and that he couldn't afford it. All the same he didn't like the way this whippersnapper agent acted.

"Say, look here," he said when at last they happened to catch up for a time with the hasty Philip Fairbain. "Didn't you ever show a house before? Give us a line on some of this stuff."

"Yes," said Philip.

Then he pointed to the fireplace. There was deep scorn in his voice.

"Black Venetian marble," he stated. "Hand carved. Gondola."

He pointed again.

"Crystal," he said. "Glass enough there to make a string of beads for everyone in Boston."

Mr. and Mrs. Judkins nodded at each other.

"He's got the stuff all right," Mr. Judkins whispered, "if he's just a mind to show it. Too darned high priced, though."

"It's a crime," said Philip, and waved his hand inclusively at the whole house.

Mr. Judkins caught him up.

"What's a crime?" he asked.

"It's a crime to put a house like this on the market," Philip said.

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Judkins. "Mean young Nichols ought to keep it in the family?"

That particular point Philip had not thought of, but he thought of it now.

"I suppose he ought to," he said soberly. "After all it was his father who built it."

In Philip's mind condemnation could go no further.

Mrs. Judkins lingered to examine the hand carvings while Mr. Judkins told her that that kind of stuff ran up the price of a place like thunder and for her not to set her heart on it. Then they all went out.

"Front door," said Philip, opening it. "Brass knocker. Lion couchant. Brick terrace." He went down the two brick steps. "French parterre," he added.

"What?" asked Mrs. Judkins.

"French parterre," Philip repeated. "Geometrical flower beds. Topiary work. Sun dial. Granite bird bath. My gosh!"

Mrs. Judkins gasped at the very number of the French parterre's attractions. She plucked Mr. Judkins by the sleeve.

"Handsome, isn't it?" she said.

"Too expensive," he answered. "I wouldn't buy it unless I could get it for a song."

But Philip was going on. "Sunken Italian garden," he was announcing. "Graveled paths. Spraying fountain."

He turned the water on and the fountain sprayed, to the delight of Mrs. Judkins and the disapproval of her less extravagant husband.

Then he pointed from Diana to the noble buck and from the noble buck to the twin cupids fitting their arrows to their bows.

"Kind of a hunting scene," he said reminiscently.

"So it is," said Mrs. Judkins.

Then she went and tickled the cupids' marble toes. She said that she thought they were just too sweet for anything.

They walked on again. Then suddenly as they rounded a corner on the other side of the spraying fountain they came upon something not usually included in an exhibition of the Nichols estate. On a camp chair, with an easel stuck up before her and the sun bright on her bare head, sat Noreen Gordon. She wore a brown linen artist's smock over her dress, and she was dabbling with water color at what was obviously a picture of a sunken Italian garden with a French parterre in the distance. Noreen flushed a little when she saw Philip.

"Why, Phil Burrage!" she said quickly. "How do you do! I hope you don't mind my painting here. I'm finishing that sketch I started."

"Oh, no!" said Philip, and for the life of him could say no more. He was suddenly intoxicated by the mere presence of Noreen, dazzled by the brightness of her hair and the strange lights in her eyes.

He tried to move away with his party, but Mrs. Judkins forestalled him. She trotted up and peeked over Noreen's shoulder. "Oh, Herbert!" she called. "Look here! This is an artist and she's painting a picture of this garden. It is this garden, isn't it, dearie?"

Noreen nodded, too convulsed with laughter to trust her voice.

"It's a real good likeness," Mrs. Judkins went on. "I don't wonder you want to paint this place. It's handsome, isn't it?"

"I don't think," said Noreen gravely, "that there is another like it anywhere in the world."

Mr. and Mrs. Judkins exchanged glances. So too did Noreen and Philip. Philip saw that Noreen thought he was trying to make a sale, and that she was trying to help him. At the realization he was inflamed by a sudden uncontrolable desire to sell the Nichols estate, whatever might be the consequences, to Old Tightwad Judkins

For five minutes Philip Fairbain worked hard to sell the Nichols place. He worked as he had never worked before; he worked as he had not worked even on the Clough property, or the Sea Breeze bungalow lots, or the Muggins apartment house. He spoke with conviction of the splendid location, of the beautiful view from the cupola, of the durability of the house construction and the really unusual way in which the grounds were laid out. Then he looked straight at Mr. and Mrs. Judkins and smiled his slow smile.

"I honestly think," he said, "that you'd find it what you want."

Mr. and Mrs. Judkins nudged each other.

"We think so too," said Mrs. Judkins.

Mr. Judkins nudged Mrs. Judkins again—hard. This time it was in rebuke instead of in agreement. He was accustomed to say that women had no sense about business. He was alarmed at his wife's break.

Philip was even more alarmed as the whole significance of what he had done crashed down upon him. He had been brought up to the letter of the law and the fear of his father, and he knew that if Mr. Burrage said that he didn't want his son to try to sell the Nichols estate that what he meant was that he didn't want his son to try to sell the Nichols estate.

"Still," said Philip, "the place has a good many disadvantages. I really shouldn't advise you to take it."

Mr. Judkins puckered up his eyes again in the manner of one who sees something on the horizon.

"What's your price on this?" he asked abruptly.

Philip was horrified. He gasped. He



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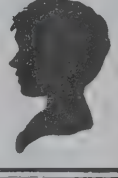
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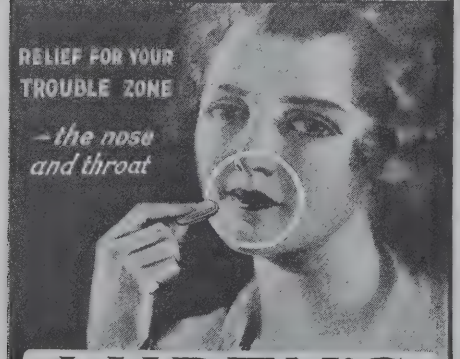
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stammered. He took off his hat and thrust his hand back through his hair.

"I'm not making any price on it," he said.

"How's a hundred thousand?" asked Mr. Judkins.

Old Tightwad Judkins had never before out and out offered a hundred thousand dollars for anything in the world. To him it represented the apex of thoughtless extravagance. He and Mrs. Judkins whispered together.

To Philip there came clearly the way to stop further negotiations. He remembered what his father had said about selling the property for two hundred thousand dollars. He chose a figure which he thought conclusive.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand," he said. "Take it or leave it."

Mr. Judkins turned actually and thoroughly pale. He made a noise in his throat as if he were being strangled.

"I won't pay it," he piped.

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Philip. "It isn't worth it."

He began to walk toward the house. Mr. Judkins trotted after him.

"I'll give you a hundred and fifty thousand," he said.

"I won't discuss it," said Philip. "You'd better wait until Wednesday and make your offer to my father."

Mr. Judkins had had this bluff tried on him a great many times. But when he looked at Philip Fairbain he could see that it was not a bluff at all. The knowledge completely unmanned him.

Mr. and Mrs. Judkins pursued Philip down the graveled path and whispered as they went. The thought was clear in both their minds that if they waited until Wednesday they wouldn't have a chance.

Mr. Judkins choked once or twice over the words. Then he raised his voice.

"All right," he said. "Two hundred and fifty thousand. I'll take you."

Mrs. Judkins patted his arm approvingly.

Philip stopped. The geometrical figures of the French parterre danced giddily before his eyes. Once before he had felt like that—during his sophomore year when the ball had hit him on the head.

"We'll go right down to the office and draw up the papers," the terrible Mr. Judkins went on.

"We'd better wait——" Philip began.

"We won't wait at all," said Mr. Judkins. "You made me an offer and I took it. Now we'll go and fix it right up. We won't do any waiting at all. If you don't want to drive, I will."

Philip felt that in this game Mr. Herbert Tightwad Judkins was giving all the signals.

He hoped vaguely that the mid-Victorian Nichols house would collapse on them as they passed, but it continued to stand offensively erect.

He hoped that the car would be wrecked on the way back to town, but they were not even held up by traffic.

He hoped that the lawyer would be out, but he was in.

He hoped that Mr. Judkins would have a stroke of paralysis as he picked up the pen, but he did not. He signed with an extra flourish after the *s* on the line that the lawyer pointed out to him.

And then when the name was blotted and he knew that it committed Mr. Judkins to the payment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the Nichols estate, Philip Fairbain was suddenly—unreasonably—elated.

IV

MR. G. H. BURRAGE returned the next afternoon and came to the office to catch up the odds and ends before dinner.

Philip went in to him at once before he should be sent for. His elation had passed. He did not look forward to the meeting with his father, but he stood up very straight on the wrong side of the mahogany desk and looked at him steadily out of blue eyes. He said briefly what he had come to say.

"While you were gone," he said, "I sold the Nichols estate to Mr. Judkins for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The papers have been passed."

He made only one statement in his own defense.

"I didn't really *try* to sell it," he added, "much."

For what seemed a long time Mr. G. H. Burrage stared back at Philip Fairbain in silence. There was, after all, something not unlike in the directness of their gaze.

At last Mr. Burrage spoke.

"My gosh!" he said. "I wonder what you could do if you tried!"

Then he got up and shook his son Philip by the hand. There was nothing small about G. H. Burrage. He said that it was plain that he had underestimated Phil's ability, and that if Phil would drop in the next forenoon he would have the partnership papers ready.

Five minutes later Philip had Noreen Gordon on the telephone. He spoke, for Philip, rather fast, but steadily and with enormous earnestness.

"Hello," he said, "Noreen. I called to tell you that I'm going to take back that promise about never asking you to marry me. Noreen—are you going to be in at twelve minutes of five?"

There was a longish pause. When Noreen's voice came it sounded very faint and far away. Perhaps the line was bad Then: "Yes," said Noreen Gordon.

We are sorry H. C. Witwer's "Sherlock's Home" was perforce omitted this month; but you will enjoy it the more in an early issue of COSMOPOLITAN

Blindman's Buff

(*Continued from page 39*)

time back in—where is your town—back in Lorain?"

"Oh, my God!" Bruce ejaculated disgustedly. "I wish you could see one of their parties!"

Poppy walked on in silence, throug streets of old redstone houses, upon whos steps men and women were sitting in th breathless twilight.

"Sometimes it seems to me that—tha

Why he wanted to know her

THERE was no special reason for his coming to this dance, and then, in the brightly gleaming lights he saw her! Slender, dainty, radiant, she stood out from among all others like a softly flushing rose.

She was turned slightly from him when his eyes first found her, and he watched eagerly for a chance to see more clearly.

Suddenly, as if his gaze had drawn her, she raised her graceful head and looked at him. Was it possible that anything could be so sweet?

The faintly glowing color of her round cheek, melting into the cream of throat and shoulder. The pure whiteness of the low, broad brow, the coral of curving lips—she was like a delicate miniature on ivory.

For a breathless second he watched her, then hastened to his hostess. "Who is she?" he whispered, drawing his friend quickly toward her.



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How Youth Can Spoil Youth

By Mme. Jeannette

Today I sat opposite a young girl in the street car. She had charming, piquant features and a wealth of dark brown hair —but, oh, her complexion!

The skin about her neck and her temples was sallow and dark, while on her face she had powder and rouge of the shades that should be used only by the fairest blonde.

How I did long to sit beside her and say, "My dear, did you look in the mirror before you came out? Don't you know that it is really tragic to spoil your pretty face as you have done today?"

For that is just the point. The proper, the correct way to use rouge and powder is the studying of your own particular type, and the deft accentuating of the color nature gave you.

Just take this girl, for example. Her complexion, from what I could see, where she had neglected to powder, must have been naturally dark.

But a good vanishing cream, such as Pompeian Day Cream, carefully used over face and neck would have softened and prepared the skin for the powder and rouge to blend naturally. They would not have stopped abruptly in the irregular lines shown on this girl's face.

Then the powder. She should have had the rich, creamy Rachel Beauty Powder that Pompeian has prepared for this dark type. And for rouge, Pompeian Bloom, the dark shade made especially for brunettes.

Here was a girl whose features were really lovely and who could very easily have been called a beauty—if she had used a little thought. There is no great knowledge or skill needed to make the best of oneself. Practical common sense in choosing good, pure creams and powders that are the correct shades, and a little care in the way they are used is all that is required.

—:—

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Lip stick, too, plays an important part in improving the appearance. If the shape of your mouth is good, follow its curves with the lip stick. If the lines are not good, draw the lip stick from the inner side of the lips to the outer edge, and blend with the finger tips. Pompeian Lip Stick is absolutely pure, prevents chapping, and its shade is delightfully natural.

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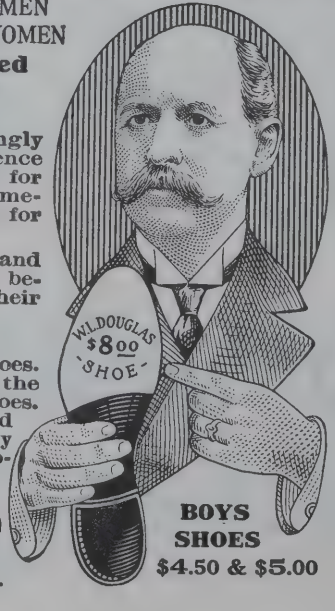
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our sort of happiness is the pretense,' Poppy said, her face downcast. "All those Western girls paying so eagerly for men's meals, jabbering about Bohemianism and independence and genius—all that half baked socialist talk—things like Estella, today!"

"Estella knew what she was up against!" Bruce said gruffly in a pause. "She and Butch never made any bluff about it."

"No, but he's forty-four and she was eighteen," Poppy offered. "And Floss—I went to see her in the hospital yesterday. I don't know——"

"That sort of thing happens everywhere," Bruce countered awkwardly.

"Yes, I know," she said quickly and thickly. "But—of course the poor little scrap died, and Floss will be back in a few weeks, sitting on a table and banging her mandolin," Poppy resumed, with some little difficulty. "But—I didn't know. There's a baby in our apartment—such a busy, important looking little thing, in a little washed-out flannel jacket, always picking crumbs off his tray and looking at you so wisely—— It—it seems such a waste! And then when you see Harris, big and comfortable, drinking and laughing and shouting out to all the girls—I don't know——"

He glanced at her in consternation; she was crying.

They had been together ever since luncheon; now it was after five o'clock and both were tired. Bruce felt vexed at her, he resented this suddenly lachrymose and analytical mood that had been forced upon his own genial sense of delight in the best of all possible worlds.

"Buck up," he said unsympathetically. "Let's go up to Myrtle's and have dinner."

Poppy looked at him seriously; they had halted, on the Avenue, in the current of homegoing men and women. Poppy's mood was accentuated by the consciousness of somewhat disheveled hair, a somewhat flushed face, a general weariness.

"Bruce," she said suddenly, "they're spoiling you! You talk nowadays as you never did before. You listen to everything they say. You think—you think—I can't bear you to do it!"

"Do what?" he asked angrily.

She raised her eyes, looked at him distressedly, lowered them again. "You know what I mean!" she said, her heart thundering. They were really quarreling!

"I know you're like all women!" he told her resentfully. "Conventional and reactionary—that's what *you* are!"

"Why, I introduced you to most of them!" Poppy said hotly, stung.

"Yes, and now they're not good enough for you! Now you not only want to knock them yourself, but you think they can hurt me. You know I'm no baby, Poppy," Bruce said, carried along on a rush of words. "I'm not the little Horatio Alger webfoot that you have to protect and instruct! By God, I say that these women are as good as you are——"

"Bruce!" She was white.

"Well, they're *your* friends!" he said loudly and indignantly.

"Bruce—if you *please*—on the street——"

"That's right, make a scene and then get mad at me because I get mad!" sullenly, out of a pause, said the entity that had, entirely to his own surprise, taken possession of Bruce.

Poppy looked at him aghast, her face olorless, her half opened lips dry.

"Oh, it's no use!" she said in a frightened hisper, not to him. "Oh, *dear*——"

The little forlorn inadequate word, reathed out in her anxious bewildered oice, and accompanied with one glimpse f her troubled eyes, was destined to live Bruce's memory for many a day.

For when she had said it he saw that the ears were coming, and she must have felt hem. She put her head in the air, gulped nd turned on her heel. Unable to move, is angry color and his angry mood ebbing ogether, Bruce saw her get into an mnibus. "I don't care!" he said, panting.

She was gone. He walked irresolutely or half a block, turned for no reason and alked back.

Far up the Avenue, in the opal spring wilight, was a jumble of motors and omniuses; the traffic lights flashed, the crowd owed forward like released water.

"I don't care!" Bruce said, his hands in is pockets. He stood still, his jaw set, is unseeing eyes fixed upon the base of lamp-post.

II

Poppy did not recover even a partial onsciousness of what was going on about er for fully five minutes.

"*There!*" she kept saying to herself. Now we've quarreled. I can't help it. We've quarreled. *There!*"

Her breath came short, she looked at er neighbor on the narrow seat blindly. *There!*" she said, panting.

The subway. The corner. Her own oorway, with two children of eight and en, who kissed her, playing there.

Poppy entered a commonplace apartent, with awninged windows over the treet, dark bedrooms, where she removed er hat, powdered her nose, said "I can't elp it!" again seven or eight times, and, t the back, with a glimpse of river view, clean, disorderly, homelike kitchen; here a big woman with gray hair and pectacles was placidly preparing a meal.

Poppy flung her youth, her beauty, her eartbreak into this woman's welcoming rms with a thoroughness and an enthusism indicative of only one relationship in he world.

"Mother, it's so good to have you home gain!" said Poppy with her kiss, her maner perfectly normal, but her voice still hick. "Are you a darling—are you an ld angel—are you just a gorgeous old aint, or what?"

"No, I'm not," said Mrs. Potter, readusting her glasses, serenely accustomed o her child's extravagances. "I declare 've begun to think I'm a very bad mother o you," she added as Poppy sat down at he kitchen table and began to gnaw upon cindery crust of gingerbread. "That's ust the sample I put into the oven to see my batter was firm enough," the older oman interpolated hastily. "Don't eat —don't spoil your good supper! You oor child, you, I've been going over your loset and bureau, and I think it was just bout time I came back!" she resumed. There wasn't an hour, day or night, that didn't think of you. But I do believe hat it saved your stepfather's life, and I on't think his own daughters—we saw hem in Chicago, I wrote you that?—are ny dearer to him than you are. It did

Would you wear Pajamas at a dance?



Of course not. No girl, no matter how daring, would dream of disregarding social good form like that. No girl, no matter how offhand, would think of insulting her hostess so flagrantly.

You wouldn't. But don't you often use a writing paper that is just as much out of place, just as inappropriate, as pajamas at a dance?

Many a girl never realizes that her letter paper is her social dress *when she is not there.*

She never suspects, when she thanks Claire's handsome new cousin for his flowers, that her robin's-egg-blue envelope made him say,

"*That for me? I thought it was something for the cook.*"

She never guessed, when she said to herself, "Oh, it's only Geraldine! I can scribble to her on anything," that Geraldine would leave the untidy note on the library table, where her frank brother, observing it, inquired:

"*Going in for settlement work, Jerry?*"

She never knew! But I know. I have seen so many girls judged wrongly by their letter paper. They know better, but they do not know as I do that using the correct letter paper is one of the surest ways of proving your right to the social opportunities that come to you.

You might even carry off the pajamas by sheer personality, but *you* aren't there when your carelessly selected writing paper is being judged. People think you don't know or that you don't care, and one thought is just as bad for you as the other.

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Caroline De Lancey

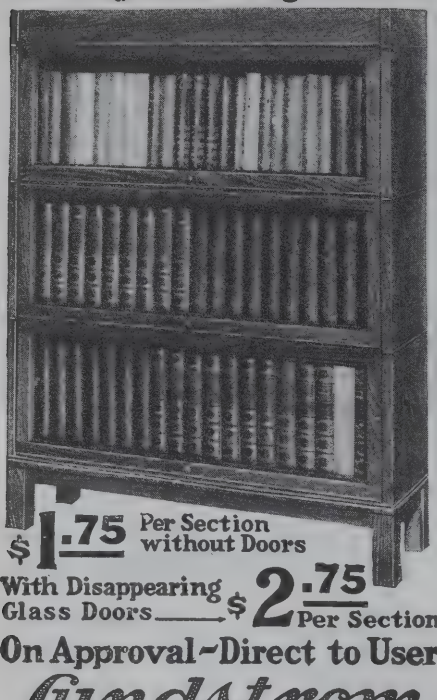
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us all good—the children, too. Over and over again he'd say, 'We can thank Poppy for this trip!' "

"Cry about it, Hannah!" Poppy suggested affectionately.

"Well, I can't help it!" her mother returned, smiling with wet eyes.

"I had a grand time," Poppy said slowly. "I set the alarm, and made my bed while the coffee boiled, and put out the milk bottle, and twice on Sunday I had parties—I had Mrs. Adams and the kids over to an ice cream party last Sunday——"

"But your Aunt Maggie came in every day or two?" Mrs. Potter asked.

"Well, darling," Poppy said, "I didn't tell you last night because you were just home, but the truth is that Aunt Maggie went to be with Mabel, in Wilkes-Barre, the day you left."

"Good grief!" said Mrs. Potter. "Who looked out for you, then?"

"I looked out for myself," Poppy said. "Darling, I'm twenty-three, and I've been to approximately two thousand movies. I was not—led astray—in the five weeks of my mother's absence."

"Well, Mary—Mary—Mary!" her mother said lovingly and softly. And she held out her arms to her, and Poppy—who had indeed been christened Mary in the Church of Saint Gregory the Lesser—went gladly into them, and clung there, and laughed a little and cried a little without exactly knowing why. "You looked a little peaked to me last night—and your father saw it, too!" said the older woman then. "It must have been very lonely for you."

"I went down to the Village quite a lot!" Mary confessed, back at the table now. "Don't worry—I was home in bed and reading every night at ten."

"Butter that pan for me—but you do look sort of tired, lovey," her mother said, unalarmed. "Is it the new job?"

"No-o. I like it much better. It's not writing, but it has to do with a magazine, and that suits me!"

"And did they make much fuss over your leaving, at the old place?"

"Well—I wanted to tell you about that, mother. I didn't tell them I was going, I just—walked out." Mrs. Potter looked up from her oven.

"I have a reason," Mary said, answering her look. "I—I've had a funny experience since you left, mother," she said, suddenly flushed. "I am—you won't believe this—but—I love—somebody."

The older woman, impressed in spite of herself by the girl's halting words, the wet lashes and forced smile, stood looking at her in surprise.

"Well, you've done that before," she said in a troubled tone. "There was Bob—and that White boy—and that tall, slim feller——"

"Yes, but this is different!" Poppy said gravely. "This man—is my man," she added, her voice thickening. And suddenly she put her head down upon the table and burst out crying.

"Tell mother," Mrs. Potter could say, after an interval.

"Well," said Poppy, gulping, drying her eyes and regaining her self-control, "I felt differently about him the moment I saw him. No, not the moment—but almost immediately——"

"Who introduced you?"

"Nobody did. He was sitting next to me—you know how things are down in those little places, mother. We just got talking. He's new here. He was all worked up about everything, of course, believed everything everybody said—he told me that this one was a great writer and the other a personal friend of Lenin; it was all real to him. Carter Poole had him in tow—you can imagine! I began stringing him myself——" Poppy said thoughtfully. "You have to, mother."

"How do you mean you have to?" Mrs. Potter asked, with distaste.

"Oh, mother, everybody does!" her daughter assured her. "I would have made an immediate hit—wouldn't I?—if I had said that my stepfather was a linotyper and that we lived in the Bronx and that he and my mother and the kids had gone to visit his married daughters in Chicago. No, I told him I was a Bohemian actor's daughter—and that I had been married——"

"Mary Alice Madison—with your poor dead father as good and as hard working a man as ever lived," ejaculated her mother. "What on earth possessed you? He didn't believe a word of it!"

"Indeed he did. Why, mother, do you suppose that all those people are sitting about in those places telling each other the truth?" Mary demanded pathetically. "Everyone knows *that*."

"They're ashamed of their decent parents," Mrs. Potter said.

"No, it's not that. But the whole thing is so artificial—so fantastic——"

"There was a time when you wouldn't go anywhere else, but I thought you were cured," her mother said disapprovingly.

Mary knotted her hands before her.

"I am now," she said somberly.

"Well, tell me about this man," her mother asked a little anxiously.

"Oh, Bruce! Well, he's big, and he has a brown sort of face, and he's desperately in earnest about everything. And he wears a tweed suit——" The thought of the tweed suit suffocated her; she stopped.

"And he has a—well, a terribly nice, decent way of ordering your meals, and—I don't know——" she presently resumed, and stopped again.

"And does he like you, dear?"

"Oh, yes, he likes me!"

"Better than any of the other girls?"

Mary had a sharp pang of jealousy and fear. So big, so kind, so tender and simple and honest—she had left him in their hands tonight!

"Oh, yes, I think so, mother!"

"He's—you're not engaged?"

"Not—formally!" A great despair shook her. They had quarreled—they had parted—nothing was definite——

"Has he kissed you, Mary?"

Mary looked up quickly, smiled at the kind, dear, worried face, the anxious eyes behind the spectacles. Her whole being thrilled at the memory of a night—night before last—at the Cardigans'. The big, hard arms, the touch of the hard chin against her own, the enchanting faint odor of tweeds and shaving soap——

The scarlet color flooded her face. "No, ma'am," she said.

You shouldn't have let him, dear," said her mother mildly.

"I love him," Mary said softly.

"Is he coming to see you here?"

"He doesn't know where I live."

"But why not, dear?"

"Well, with you and Aunt Maggie away——"

"Yes, that's true. That's true. But he could get it at the office."

"They don't know where I live at the office—they never have known."

"He's married, is he?" asked Mrs. Potter, at a loss.

"Oh, mother, no! He's just a small-town boy—he's going to be famous, I think. Everything about him is nice and clean—he told me about his only love affair, the village rich girl—he never even touched her hand. She married the village big man's son, and Bruce has done nothing but yearn and idealize her until he—met me."

"But of course he loves you, dear!"

"That," said Mary, her young face stern, "is what I want to find out! They've got him—down there, Poole and the rest. They'll ruin him if they can—I've seen them ruin men like him before. He thinks they're all gods—they laugh at home life, at decent books, at people who work honestly eight hours a day. The decent people—the real writers and artists—get away from them and marry and have children and houses in New Jersey or Long Island, and chicken on Sunday——"

"Why, Mary, I declare it's refreshing to hear you talk like this!" her mother said.

"I thought of—Kate's baby," Mary said suddenly. "I've had crushes before, of course. But when I think of Bruce I think of more than just—excitement. I think about butchers' bills, and having a woman in to clean on Thursdays, and being sick, with a baby on my arm——"

She stopped, but her mother did not speak. Mrs. Potter was a plain woman, cheerful, fat, insensitive on some counts. But she knew that this hour was holy, and sheer reverence kept her still.

"We've quarreled," Mary said suddenly, desolately. "Mother, I think it'll kill me!"

She got to her feet and went blindly out of the room, and her mother did not follow.

After that, those who loved her saw a new Mary. She worked hard, she came home early, she was always available when her mother, her stepfather or her small half-brother and sister needed her.

She grew thinner, quieter as the warm spring rains fell and fell and fell over the city, and as the trees in Central Park put on their tentative dots; their damp, unfolding fingers; their panoply of green.

If certain street corners, certain seats on the lumbering omnibuses, certain shaded tables in certain restaurants shook her heart with a violent pain almost nauseating in its intensity, she told nobody.

Beautiful, young, bitterly lonely, she dressed for the new work every day, put on the plain taffeta dress with the wide collar, pressed the wide shady hat over her bright spraying hair. Mary's mother wanted her to get a new hat, but she delayed it. Bruce had seen this one——

She clung, as only a woman who loves can cling, to the little calendar of their days together. It was only nineteen days after all since that afternoon that had so unexpectedly proved their last—it was only twenty-three days——

She would look at her telephone. In three seconds she could hear that dear, astonished voice: "Poppy!"

"Give him a ring!" her mother urged more than once, worried by the girl's loss of color, appetite and spirits. "Perhaps



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the poor boy has been searching the city for you—perhaps he's not had a happy minute since you quarreled——"

"No," Mary would answer, frowning. "This is a test. I want to make sure!"

"But how could he ever find you, no matter how anxious he is, deary! Be reasonable with the poor man——"

Mary would not be reasonable. She could not. She was suffering unreasonably, the whole world was one agonizing hunger for just a look at him, just the touch of his hand again, and to capitulate meant to lose all her boundaries at once, to feel all walls crashing forever.

Reasonable? Was it reasonable to wait every day for the postman who could not possibly have a letter from him, to shut one's eyes with a sensation of actual faintness just because brokers named Bruce, Williams and Company happened to advertise bonds in the morning paper? There was nothing reasonable about it, and Mary knew it, even as Shakespeare and Dante and Heloise knew it before her.

This went on for nineteen—twenty-three—twenty-seven days. Then came the terrible morning when Mary said to herself, heartsick: "It's a month today!"

Her mother, her stepfather, Jim and Maxine had plans today; they were going to Aunt Maggie's. But Mary had no plans. She was at the end of her endurance, she told herself that she would have to telephone Bruce, flesh and blood could stand it no longer.

Determined, and almost dizzy with the joy of the mere thought, she put on her new dotted Swiss, pink with crimson dots, and pushed her riotous hair into a net. She stood in the darkened bedroom studying with unavoidable exhilaration the effect of all this, when her mother, bustling about with last preparations for departure, came in. Mary's cheeks, her blue eyes, were aglow, her mouth rippled into smiles.

"Mother, do I look nice?"

"I've never seen you look better. You're going to phone him?"

"Mother, I have to!"

"Well," said her mother, "the way you've been going on I think you ought to! There's the bell," she said in an undertone. "You go! If it's anything to delay us the children will be wild! Good grief, whatever *is* it!" added Mrs. Potter in terror a moment later, as the sounds of what are only describable as shrieks came from the entrance hall. "Mary—God save us all!" she stammered, hurrying out.

Mary, pink gown, pink cheeks, tears and laughter, was in the large tweed arms of a large man. The man, her mother saw, was crying too, and kissing her.

"My God," he was saying in a low, hard voice, more as a prayer than an ejaculation, "my God, I've found you—I've found you! My little girl—I was going away—I was going back home—oh, my God! I thought I'd lost you. My darling—my darling——"

"I knew you'd come—I knew you'd come!" sobbed Mary. "Oh, Bruce—this is mother——"

"Well, Bruce, I'm glad you've come, and I hope you'll take her off and talk some sense into her!" Mrs. Potter said in her downright, motherly way, studying the ecstatic pair through her glasses. "She's been nearer mad than sane for I don't know how long! We're going up to my sister Maggie's for the day, at White Plains——"

"Give me a few hours of her and I'll bring her up there," Bruce said, still holding Mary tight, but with a big free hand to grip that of Mary's mother. "I want to meet the family—I'm never going to let go of her again—I can only warn you of that!"

"But however did you find her?" Mrs. Potter asked, roused to sudden recollection.

"Oh, that's part of it, mother!" Mary herself answered, tears on her April face. "That's why I was waiting for him! He's the son of an old friend of yours—Mrs. Bruce, mother, who was Ada Ransome, of Lorain, Ohio! He's got a letter of introduction to you——"

Coming: A new story by Fannie Hurst in COSMOPOLITAN *for April at all news stands March tenth*

Otherwise Sweet William

(*Continued from page 31*)

helmets; the hope of being an exempter or a lady oxiliary—in nearly every bosom there, splendid ambition had, in that electric quarter-hour, been aroused.

Before the mass meeting adjourned, committees in ways and means and on plan and scope had been named. It seems almost needless to add that upon both committees the honored name of Barbee appeared and that he was the unanimous choice of his fellow members for the chairmanship of the more important one.

Promptly then did he proceed to justify his election to the post of executive responsibility. His example stirred the efficient; it stimulated the laggards. Why, the man spawned thoughts as the roe-shad spawns her roe—not singly but in clumps. For the debit page of the ledger it might have been entered up that authority and power and the deference of the multitude enhanced, if such a thing be possible, his air of arrogance. With conscious self-sufficiency he ran over the top and spilled down the sides. But has not the same thing been true of Napoleon and Cromwell and many another leader of causes?

It took a Napoleon to shape the common enthusiasm into a definite channel; this genius did it. Talking about the Plunkett Hill's All-Colored Volunteer Fire Fighters' Brigade was one thing; having visions of it as an accomplished reality was part of that thing; but providing the financial framework for it was another. To the Professor the credit must in justice go for the notion of the great home talent benefit entertainment—a notion which caught the popular fancy as a flame catches tow.

There would be given a grand benefit performance where every worthy local amateur might have full chance to shine; a dance afterwards on the cleared stage; refreshments for all at a price, these last to be provided by the Ladies' Oxiliary—and the entire proceeds, less bare expenses, to be devoted to leasing suitable quarters for the Brigade and equipping it with the

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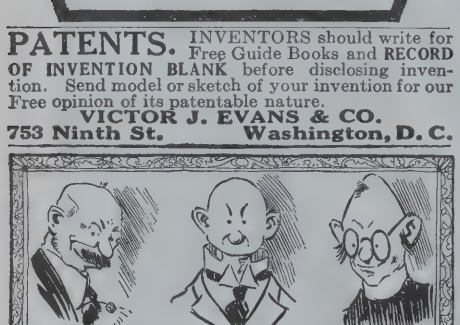
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necessary apparatus. No part of the fund would be needed for the purchase of uniforms. Dozens of prospective fire-fighting gallants already had sent in their personal measurements, accompanied by cash remittances, and thus early various white residents had been startled by the sight, on Sunday afternoons in the colored quarters, of dark pedestrians who wore heavy metal helmets and brass-mounted belts and the reddest of red shirts adorned frontwise with the pearliest of all possible buttons. Some of these apparitions jauntily carried pickaxes, also privately purchased; it was a sort of dress rehearsal, satisfying to the principals and giving added vivacity to the weekly promenade.

Such pleasant preludes were as so much free advertising for the approaching benefit; not that it needed the advance publicity. The date drawing nearer, the affair grew in scope of its own momentum. Three weeks before its natal night it became apparent that Colored Odd Fellows' Hall could never hold the audience; the main committee met and, in one splendid sweeping gesture, leased the Franklin Street Opera House. Professor Barbee put through this ambitious deal.

Only a man of parts could have crowded into his days the duties which he assumed. He drafted the program, he selected the cast for the playlet which would precede the olio of single appearances, he drilled the cast in their lines—which he had written—and he taught them their stage business. He passed supreme and final judgment. Finally he found time to compose, especially for the occasion, what he spoke of as a characteristic and descriptive overture march.

But none save the members of his orchestra—and they all pledged to secrecy—was permitted to have knowledge of the nature of this offering. They practiced it behind locked doors; to friends they hinted at novelties in theme and treatment which would make the grand opening number the outstanding feature, really, of the whole eventful evening.

Nearly all the white folks ate cold suppers or warmed-over ones on the big night; else they cooked their own suppers. Long before dusk the customary goddesses and chieftainesses of the kitchens of the Quality had vanished.

Was it a big night? Was it the biggest of all conceivable nights? The *ayes* have it, unanimously. The doors of the Franklin Street Opera House opened at seven forty-five. The audience began assembling shortly after half-past six, drawn thither by a delicious fever of restlessness.

It was fine to see the multitude assembling, finer still to be seen there in one's most gallus and most gala raiment. For once, at least, the colored population would not be cribbed off in the uppermost balcony which ordinarily was reached by a side way and, even had there been no greater lure, surely this alone were worth coming early and beforehand for. The side door was closed now. All might march in by the wide front entrances; any, having the price, might appear for this night in dress circle or parquet or stage box. And did! It subtly marked the change in the ordinary regulations governing the theater that by eight o'clock every chair on the sloped main floor was occupied; but the top gallery was as empty as an empty grave. Who would deign to sit in his old place aloft when he might reveal himself downstair

At the front of the house no white fur tionary showed himself. Green Wilg sold tickets through the box office windo Amasi Steger, in his red shirt and l glazed belt, took them up at the doo The ushers were recruited from this yea graduating class of Magnolia Colored Hi School; back of the scenes the stage han were members of what might be called t younger Colored Owl Lunchwagon set dashing blades of the night life grou young men-about-town, taking on this j for the novelty of it and the joy of havi an anonymous part in the benefit.

There was visible but one white fa which was a broad red face belonging Officer Brack Mount of the city constab lary. By police ordinance a represent tive of the uniformed force must be prese at any public performance in any pub place of entertainment; Brack Mou who measured forty-nine inches around t chest and was as strong as Holy Wri prize bull of Bashan had drawn the deta He inclined his mighty bulk against t rear wall, his hands in his pockets, l slouch hat on the back of his head, while dark tidal wave burst through the pe sluiceway of the door jambs and we flooding and cascading down the slant of t floor to inundate each inch of seating spa

There might be a milling to and fro a a heartening excitement at the front the house, and there was. There might a delectable anticipatory flutter behi the lowered curtains where performe in make-up got in everybody's way a stumbled over the stage properties and g up again and were altogether happy; whe also, the two leading ladies—there we two of them—stood quite apparently ease and in seeming amity, swapping co pliments upon the effectiveness of ea other's costumes. If the straw-ton Ophelia Stubblefield had the advantage complexion over her sister actress—t latter's prevalent tint being a clear col rado maduro—it was not to be denied th there was something compelling abo Melissa Grider. Beyond question she d fill out those cerise fleshings of hers.

Racketing confusion might prevail o there; secret gnawing jealousies might he be masked. But in the mien and mann of Professor Wild Bill Barbee whe promptly at eight-ten, he entered t orchestra pit, coming through the tra from beneath the stage, there was no su gestion of a febrile pulse, no sign of ner ousness. He came, as befitting a ca tain, at the head of his special comman the Barbee Orchestra. He was exact and sharply on time as announced on t printed program—not one half-secon ahead of it, nor one quarter-second lat but precisely on the clock's tick. He bo himself as should one bear himself who h been the guiding spirit in a large unde taking now substantially accomplishe and who is a champion unchallenged any department of his various supremacie

Responding to a clamorous welcome, h took his bow, first alone, then beckone his squad forward to take another bo with him. The lesser men seated then selves, adjusting their music racks, finge ing their various instruments. He stoo erect and for a dramatic half-minute l looked into the mounting faces whi beamed upon him, row on row, and he sa more fine ivory than the average elepha

nter finds in a good season in Equatorial rica. He saw something else most warm- to the heart of an *artiste*—admiration, preciation, all the sweet essences that distilled from popular idolatry; all se rich proteids and filling butter fats the milk of human adulation. He ost could feel himself taking on flesh; y almost could see him taking it on.

"Ting!"

He rapped with his little black baton on the rail in front of him, threw his head k and stiffened into a wide-aimed pos- e, and, on the signal, the salutatory ains of his original composition, which s to keynote the evening's entertain- nt, fell upon all those attentive ears.

t introduced itself quietly, the special rture. There was, at starting, a soft hering of bows on the strings of violins l a harmonious sound which, were it a ible thing, might have been described shimmery. Into this there crosscut an rruption of trills and chirps. It was trap-drummer, executing upon a small rbling device the sounds which in all hestras whatsoever are regarded as rectly imitative of the notes of any or all our native songbirds. Quickly then, tempo changed; loud interpolations ceeded, these also the doings, mainly, the busy trap-drummer. As a sharp h shrill passage occurred, with the colo strains predominating, the drum- r clanged a gong sharply three times; n, after a little pause, three times more. A moment later he was clattering two onut shells against the rim of his snare m; next he was uttering siren notes a short reed instrument shaped rather he form of a sweet potato; next sliding ny dried peas back and forth in a swiftly nipulated tin cannister; next was drop- g all else and catching up cymbal and s drum stick to add brazen clamor and l rumbling roar to the ensemble as his ows suddenly soared out of their shivery l quivery comminglings into a blaring, ashing, crashing discord purposely and lodically contrived.

To those who played and to him who ayed above their bent forms directing m, the intent and the picture of all this s clear enough. To them it was typical l topical, appropriate and highly illus- tive. In term of music, it was a chapter m the life of a volunteer fire fighter:

First the ethereal evening filling the opy community with its peace and qui- de; the glimmer of the moonlight upon stilled bosom of the old bayou, the enade of that winged minstrel of the uthern night, the mocking bird; then, ddenly, the alarm bell ringing out upon silent air—the harness dropping in ce upon the backs of the prancing horses—the reverberating thunder of ir shod and eager hooves when they ged out and across the sidewalk—the ating whistled warning from the throat the engine's steam escape pipe as the nting red monster sped toward the dangered spot—the hiss of the water rtling through the hose, spraying out l forth in a solid column, leaping up m the aimed tip of the nozzle like a silver mitar to slash its way into the red heart the devouring flames—the tinkle of ndow glass breaking in the terrific heat— e downward sweep and deafening smash tumbling walls—the distress, the fright, running to and fro; and then, for a

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MAKING *useful, inexpensive things with LePage's is easier and quicker than sewing—a surprise to all who try it.*

To make cretonne wastebasket

THE cardboard for this wastebasket cost 5 cents; the cretonne 30 and the braid 25. You can easily make one.

Cut six pieces of cardboard 4½x14 inches, with quarter oval cut out of two corners. Cover whole of one side of each with LePage's and place side by side, close together, on wrong side of cretonne 18 x 32 inches, allowing 2 inches of cretonne top and bottom and 5 inches at one end. Smooth carefully.

Fold in and LePage cretonne top and bottom, slashing around quarter ovals. Join first and last pieces of cardboard by LePaging the extra 5 inches of cretonne over the first section, cutting it off to match figure in cretonne. LePage plain material inside for lining, first turning its edge under all around and LePaging a narrow hem.

For bottom use heavy cardboard. LePage small blocks of wood under it to sides of basket for support. LePage band of upholstery braid around outside for decoration.

To cover flower pot with cretonne

FIRST wrap paper tight around pot. Let ends overlap and LePage together. Cut around top and bottom of pot, leaving cuff around pot but not fastened to it. Slit vertically, use as pattern.

From pattern cut out cardboard leaving 1 inch extra at one end; lap over and LePage to other end. Cut out cretonne, leaving ½ inch top and bottom and 2 inches at end. Coat entire outside surface of cardboard with LePage's and draw cretonne smoothly over it. Where cretonne overlaps, cut neatly around the design and LePage. Fold over the extra ½ inch top and bottom and LePage to inside.

For lining, cut enamel cloth a little smaller than pattern; LePage smoothly to entire inside surface. To cover saucer, spread coat of LePage's on outside surface and glue cretonne all around top edge first, drawing it smooth and close over sides and underneath in pleats. LePage upholstery braid around top of pot and saucer.

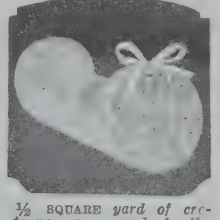
To make a doll's cradle

Take a round cardboard oatmeal or salt box. Remove paper wrapper. Cut box in half lengthwise, leaving cover and bottom for headboard and footboard. LePage the cover on. Cut circles of cretonne to fit inside headboard and footboard. Coat each with LePage's and put smoothly in place.

Take strip of cretonne wide as cradle is long, and long enough to fit outside and inside. Coat cradle outside and inside with LePage's and fit cretonne over it, slashing where body and rim meet. Cut cretonne for outside of headboard and footboard ¼ inch larger all around; LePage in place; slash edges and LePage over rim. LePage bias strips of cretonne inside and outside of rims, first LePaging narrow hem in them. LePage bow of ribbon on headboard.



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climax to this phase of the composition, the outcry of the frenzied populace.

The concluding measure would deal interpretably with the rescue of the imperiled ones, with the extinguishment of the flames, with the triumphant return of the brave fire laddies to their station; then, once more, the moonlight, the calm of night, and for finale, the farewell sleepy note of the mocking bird repeated thrice and slowly, plaintively, dying away into sweet nothingness.

Creators often are like that—often are prone to assume that their symbolism will be as clear to those before whom it is expressed as it is clear to the mind of its originators. Certainly Professor Wild Bill Barbee was like that. So, too, were the members of his orchestra; their leader's confidence had been to them an example and a patterned model.

So now, midway of their rendition of this, his masterpiece, and immediately succeeding the manufacture by them of the crescendo effect of falling masonry, they paused. It was the cue for him to inject the most graphic touch of all his designed realism. He swung about, facing the sea of faces that rose before him and beyond him, and he stretched his jaws to full gape and at the top of his voice delivered himself of three words, to wit, as follows:

"Fire! *Fire!!* FIRE!!!"

The third word, though, the one here spelled out in capitals in an effort to express the intensity with which the Professor voiced it, was never finished. Really, he got only about this much of it out:

"FI——!!!"

His mouth, open to its widest diameter, froze in a round congealed orifice of stupefaction, and the last two letters froze with it. One instant he had been blaring his outcry into the sea of faces aforesaid. In the next, stunned and confounded, he stared at a tossing ocean of backs—backs of heads, backs of necks, backs of convulsive, weaving, kicking legs, backs of backs and of yet more backs.

Who, fitly and amply, can describe a panic in a crowded hall—the stark, primitive emotions of the huddled pack, the trampling underfoot of the weaker ones, the screams, the rending of garments, the mad strugglings, the shucking-off of the flimsy fabric of a vaunted civilization and the instantaneous reversion to elementals and to the caveman's cardinal instinct for self-preservation? Who, I ask you, properly can describe that? I know I can't. I shan't try. I shall be content with trying to tell, not how one panic rose and spread, but how this one was checked.

Until now, the narrative has had a single central figure. From now on, for a briefened space, it must have a second. The main rôle herewith transfers temporarily to Officer Brack Mount, he who was fashioned on the lines of the Scriptural bullock. He made a competent successor. Why he, the sole Caucasian present, should more clearly have translated the imagery of the Barbeeian overture than any other there is one of the mysteries, for he ordinarily was rather a plodding thinker and musically was by no means so apt to catch shading and cloaked rhythmic meanings as some of his Afric neighbors should have been. But about his behavior when the first dazed quick scrambling had merged into the rush for the outdoors, there was nothing enigmatic. Anybody with half an eye could have told exactly what intent was in this large white man's mind.

To its last frenzied unit that audience, in a solid groundswell, rolled toward the one remembered exit. It sought for safety and would find disaster. The jamming in the aisles might yield only minor casualties, but once let the fugitives begin blindly stumbling down the stairs, once let them start tripping over one another on the steps, piling and writhing and crushing together in a suffocating mass, and there would be a vastly different tale to tell.

Right in the face of the foremost of the fleeing crowd the broad double doors were slammed to, and against these doors, with a back to them, Brack Mount interposed a mountain of brawn. His fist flailed against the chin of the first onrushing figure to come in arm's reach of him. It fell to the lot of Logan Dismukes to be vicarious sacrifice. I'll say he fell.

Logan formed the bottommost layer of a structure magically reared. Brack Mount struck again and found a second mark in Babe Givens, and the said Babe, who was long and limber, folded up like a carpenter's rule and lay down to peaceful dreams on top of Logan Dismukes. Brack struck again, again, once, twice, thrice again, and the ring of stunned forms on the floor at his feet was growing. He couldn't miss. He didn't. Regardless of age, sex or size the big white man caught them, right swing or left hook, as they flew into range, and added them to his collection. It was rough surgery but he had a most desperate case on his hands.

Before the menace of the towering, pitiless figure that blocked the way, the front wave of the flight wavered, then gave back slightly, blocking the retreat of the press behind; and in that blessed second of grace the voice of Brack Mount came out of his commodious chest in a roar that dominated the mounting babel of screams and cries and groans as a fog whistle cuts through the mewings of the sea gulls when a storm is on:

"Hold on, you fools, there ain't any fire! There ain't any danger!"

Somehow his sincerity held all of them, or nearly all, as his fistwork already detained the damaged makings of a dozen. Somehow, even in that unreasoning time, they knew him for a savior and not an enemy, blocking the lone path of escape. That is to say, most did. Some few didn't. Ginger Dismukes didn't, for one. For ever so long after he revived he just couldn't be convinced that any white man who had his best interests at heart would have hit him that hard.

Brack Mount was prompt to reinforce his argument, the crowd swinging and heaving in irresolution:

"Course there ain't any fire! Don't you-all get the idea?—that crazy nigger down yonder—that one that runs your string band for you—he only just yelled 'Fire!' to make his music sound more natural. Why, don't you get it yet?—he was imitatin' a fire department with his fiddles and whistles and things. Just makin' believe —the derned idiot!"

His words made converts manifold. Scores, stalled in their tracks, stared at him over the intervening heads, still no more than half convinced. Others, who believed thoroughly, twisted about in press of bodies that confined them looked toward the orchestra pit. what they saw there was proof confir tory. A hum of anger like the hummin hornets—with some shaky bursts laughter in it—began to override abating chorus of fright.

Sist' Callie Meriwether, who was re any time to meet her weight in wildcat prime selected No. 1 red winter wildc at that—broke free of the jam.

"So tha's de way 'tis, is it?" she shriek "Skeerin' de giblets out of me fur nut an' gittin' my bes' clothes all tore off Lemme at 'im—tha's all—lemme at 'i

As passionately she headed back d the center aisle, Sister Meriwether too deep breath and amplified her threat:

"Lemme git my two hands on 'im on —I aims to turn 'im ever' way they is loose!"

She charged, and she charged not al She but voiced the sentiments and intent of nine hundred others, more or She but led the hunt. They followed f Their hats were smashed, their holi gear was damaged, their dignity had b beleaguered and upset. Their ever had been spoiled, their toes most cru had been trodden on, their jostled bo were bruised and sore. It looked as tho Officer Mount would have to take another life-saving job—an individual this time—whereas heretofore toni he'd been strictly a wholesaler.

A brave man may fear no single ene but who is there among us that can w stand the spontaneous and therefore the more whole-hearted hostility of entire race? The Professor saw tempery Aunt Callie coming. He Uncle Juny Tallers coming—old Ju the blue-gummed man, whose bite sure death—and old Juny's lips w skinned back in a snarl of rage and blue gums showed. He saw a great h coming down upon him and he heard w they promised him. He had not got b yet his powers of coherent speech which previously stated, quit him half through that fatal ill advised third w but the prospect of immediate destruct by mob violence restored bodily activ to his palsied person. Before him, between the paralyzed legs of two of associates, yawned the opening of passageway leading from the orchestra under the stage and on out through stage door. He went in it like a fly squirrel in a knot hole.

Some two weeks later a white gentlem was asking Æsop Loving what had bec of that tall dark brown fellow na Barbee. The white gentleman said hadn't seen him lately about town an had been wondering.

"'Ain't nobody seen him lately, s said Æsop, smiling happily, "an' reason they ain't is 'cause he's went f 'mongst us. Seems lak he must 'a' tired of flinchin' ever' time anybody y out 'Fire!' behind his back on the st w'ich wuz toler'ble frequent. He sutt was right tamed down an' pitiful loo to'des the last. I reckin' also mebb got tired of hearin' the new name w they'd taken to callin' 'im by. He ma been Wild Bill w'en he hit this town bu wuz Sweet William w'en he went aw

"The Eminent Dr. Deeves," by Irvin Cobb, announced for this issue, will appear in April.



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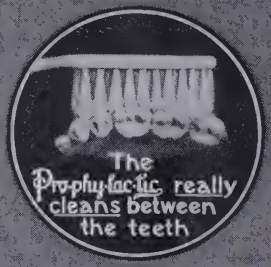
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Semper Fidelis

(Continued from page 45)

"Hello, there's another panther track—no, by Jupiter, there are two of them. An old lady with two yearling cubs. Great snakes! I hope they're all females! That would be ninety dollars bounty from the State, sixty from the Diamond Bar Cattle Company and at least twenty dollars for the pelts. Here's where I land a Christmas present for Martha!"

He pressed eagerly on. Once he paused, listening. Far down the hogsback he heard, very faintly, a short, sharp, apprehensive bark. Timmy, doubtless. "Little lobster," Dan soliloquized and pressed on swiftly. For a quarter of a mile he followed the trail, momentarily expecting to catch a glimpse of the three panthers squatting around the carcass of the deer. He was disappointed, however.

"Dragging it home," Dan thought. "Well, if I don't get a shot at them before dark I'll find their den and come back after them tomorrow with the hounds. Hello, they've left the timber and gone down over that broken country . . . they hole up in one of the caves in that limestone wash."

He ran at top speed along the trail and as he ran he heard again, far behind him, the eager bark of a dog. Dan was running downhill now and the grade was growing more and more precipitous. The snow had piled in huge drifts on that side of the hill and the sun had warmed it; Dan's feet sank deeper and deeper. The gory trail led straight ahead.

Dan paused. Ahead of him the slope of the hill pitched abruptly downward at an angle of about sixty-five degrees. Forty feet in front of him three panthers stood with their backs to him, the carcass of the deer lying on the snow between them. As Dan had suspected from the tracks they were an old female and two yearling cubs.

"Don't like these end-on shots," Dan murmured, and raised his carbine to his shoulder. Then he whistled. Instantly all three cats half turned and Dan *knew* he just couldn't help placing a bullet back of the old lady's left shoulder.

To his amazement and chagrin the firing pin fell on thin air or a defective cartridge. He jerked back the bolt and slammed it home again, his glance still on his quarry—and then something struck him in the middle of the back and knocked him forward on his face. It was a snow avalanche. He started to slide downhill with incredible swiftness, straight toward the trio of panthers, who, seeing him coming, abandoned their kill and fled before him.

Their speed, however, was not greater than that of the avalanche of snow upon the crest of which Dan Pelly rode; almost instantly it engulfed them and hunter and hunted, rolling over and over, suddenly shot out into space and landed with more or less shock in the bottom of what Dan realized must be a deep ravine. He was not hurt, however, and he still clung to his rifle; in a few seconds he had fought his way clear of the few feet of snow in which he was buried. Up he came, like a ground hog to have a look at the weather, and his first thought was:

"Where are those doggone panther?"

Almost instantly he saw them. They were three very badly frightened cats—likewise they were very angry and that they held Dan Pelly accountable for their fright, their undignified tumble and the loss of their supper, Dan had not the slightest doubt, for all three stood in a row on the snow about thirty feet from him, growling low, throaty growls, flashing huge, businesslike teeth, and slowly switching their tails from side to side.

"Gosh!" Dan Pelly thought, "they mean business. They'll jump me for less than a stale cookey." He took aim at Mother Panther's broad forehead—and again the firing pin fell harmlessly. As if at command, all three cats squatted and glared at him; then the old lioness crept forward a few feet on her belly and Dan backed hurriedly away, pumping his gun swiftly.

It was empty. "Oh, Martha, Martha, why can't you respect my one simple wish, my sole inflexible rule?" Dan muttered. He was so angry he yearned with a great yearning to sit down in the snow and blubber like some great lubberly boy. Instead he compromised by swearing what is technically known as a blue streak. He hadn't been so angry in thirty years.

"You damned fools," he yelled at the panthers, "I can't shoot you, so why don't you beat it?" He backed away some more and Mother Panther, reading this move as a sign of weakness and indecision, crept after him. Goose flesh ran up Dan Pelly's spine.

Dan looked about him, found a stone as large as a baseball lying on top of the snow, and hurled it at the old panther. It struck her fairly on the nose and she screamed with rage and amazement; followed by her progeny, she turned to retreat and leave Dan Pelly in possession of the field.

And then to Dan Pelly came a realization that started his heart to thumping furiously. His unwelcome neighbors could *not* retreat. They had all fallen into a huge "pot hole" at the head of a ravine through which, except in freezing weather, a little stream had run for untold centuries. At the head of this ravine, where the slope of the hill pitched so precipitately, Dan remembered that ordinarily there was a waterfall some eighty feet high. The water, mixed with gravel and occasional stones, and falling from that height, had gradually eroded in the sandstone formation below a pot hole about fifty feet in diameter.

From the crest of the waterfall—now frozen solid—the hill sloped abruptly east, so that the walls of this hole were some sixty feet perpendicularly at the upper end but decreasing gradually to about forty feet at the lower end. As a usual thing this pot hole contained a pool the surface of which when the stream was flowing normally reached about halfway to the top of the lower wall and trickled out through a six inch fissure in the sandstone—a fissure which gradually widened into a little gully that divided the floor of the cañon below.

Despite the fact that the avalanche, piling in on top of the frozen pool, had half filled the pot hole with snow, the problem of escaping from this natural prison was not an easy one, although Dan realized that given his time he could climb out of it via this fissure, albeit as he contemplated the prospect of three panthers clawing at his trouser seat while doing it, he was filled with misgivings.

Meanwhile the panthers padded around their half of this natural cage, striving to climb the almost perpendicular wall and falling back ignominiously on their haunches each time they tried. Dan knew they could not escape from that pot hole; they were still his panthers, and it behooved him to climb out, hasten home for some cartridges, return and dispatch them.

He essayed to claw his way up the lower wall by using the inequalities of the formation on each side of the six inch fissure. He was up six feet when a ledge upon which he had been clinging with one toe broke and precipitated him back into the snow on the floor of the pot hole. Again and again he tried it, but each time he failed and fell back into the snow. Each time he fell, the panthers growled and spat, facing about on him as if to repel an attack.

"Dog my cats," murmured Dan, "this is no business. A mountain lion is the greatest coward on earth—maybe! Hence the old saying: Brave as a lion. But I know panther well enough to realize that the more frightened they become the braver they get. An animal always charges because it is frightened. These panthers are hungry, they've been robbed of a meal, they've been rolled end over end in a little snow avalanche and dropped into a cage with their enemy. Pretty soon they're going to realize they can't get out that way and they'll take a notion to try to get out this way. Then I'll have to slide by them somehow and as we pass each other the old lady's going to maul me out of respect for her cubs. I'll have to start cutting toe holds in this sandstone crevice with my pocket knife and get out of here P. D. Q. If I'm to get out alive."

Far above him, on the hilltop over which he had come, a dog barked.

"That wasn't Timmy," Dan Pelly thought. Sounds like Toby, but it can't be. And yet—I ought to know Toby's voice. It can't be——"

He backed against the north wall of the pot hole in order to gain a clear view over the crest of the southern wall and up the hillside down which he had been swept. On the skyline, sharply outlined against the snow, stood an extra large Airedale terrier, with a dash of red at his breast; and as Dan Pelly gazed the dog started slowly and weakly down the hill, following the trail he and the cats had lately taken. From time to time the dog barked, but there was an anxious, whimpering timbre in that bark—a sort of "Wait for me boys I'm coming" note—and then Dan Pelly knew that the impossible had happened.

Clonmel Knight, alias Toby, was afield again—for the last time. He would be in at the death—his own and Dan Pelly's—unless—unless——

What was that red thing at his collar? Dan thrilled. A bandanna handkerchief! Martha had sent him! He was bringing cartridges! *That was it!* He was bringing the cartridges!

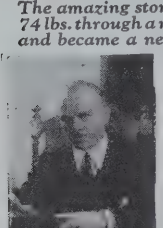
Dan's joyous whoop echoed up the pot hole and reverberated against the surrounding hills. "Oh, you Toby! Come on, boy! Here I am, Toby. Come, Toby, come on, boy! Hot trail, Toby!"



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Mrs. Horchler is only one of Wallace's many cases of wonderful reduction. More than 200,000 people in all will tell you that Wallace's is the method that *works*—just as surely as heat or cold works on the thermometer!

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Wallace can take off *your* surplus weight just as he took off Mrs. Horchler's. He can take off the necessary number of pounds, whatever it be—20—50—70—or 80. He can make your figure normal in weight and dimensions. And he won't ask you to starve yourself or tax yourself with book reading or any other irksome rigamarole. His method is a simple and easy one because it goes hand in hand with Nature. What Wallace gives you to do *takes care* of the food you eat. It causes the food to make only blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left to make fat.

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Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29 yrs Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 yrs Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 yrs Lbs.	Age 50 and Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

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Just try Wallace's method for a week! That's all he asks. You'll see results in a week that will once and for all settle the question of how to reduce.



Send No Money

Not a cent! Just mail the coupon and get Wallace's first Reducing record (in a plain container) free for 5 days' trial in your home. Put Wallace's method to the test. Note your reduction in 5 days. Let the scales tell you. If you are not more than delighted and amazed with your reduction and the ease with which it was made, just return the record at Wallace's expense and you won't owe him a cent for anything. Fill out and mail the coupon and be prepared for a wonderful surprise.

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He glanced toward the panthers. They had abandoned their futile efforts to climb the walls of their prison and now, the old female realized that the affairs of herself and family had reached an impasse. She knew dogs! To her, poor, feeble, staggering Toby and his dauntless war cry spelled death. However, all was not yet lost. It might not be too late to escape after all—via that crack in the east wall; and between her and possible liberty stood nothing more formidable than a man who showed no disposition to molest her—who showed, indeed, a most unmanly desire to escape. And the creature uttered cries! He appeared more distraught than she! She would chance it, for the sake of her cubs.

Dan saw her crouch low to the ground and noted her fixed, blazing glance bent searchingly upon him. Slowly she advanced, a few inches at a time. She would bluff him out of the way if she could, but if he would not be bluffed——

A dozen yards from the brink of the pot hole Dan saw Toby stagger, turn a complete circle, and flop on his side. Was this to be the finish? Would Toby, done in with victory in sight, give up the ghost where Dan could not reach the precious cartridges, or would he make one more effort? If he would only start rolling he was bound to arrive, dead or alive. But no, he lay there, utterly spent, and with a shriek Dan gathered a handful of snow, pressed it into a ball and hurled it at the advancing death. The old female shrank back and considered the situation a moment, seeing which Dan threw snow with both hands, made a short dash at her, still shouting, and flung his hat at her.

Here was a situation Mother Panther had not counted on. She could smell Toby—a light breeze, blowing from the south, brought her the unmistakable scent; but—he was not coming closer, and his barking had ceased. What did this mean? And what meant this sudden furious advance on the part of the natural enemy she had already, against her better judgment, commenced to hold cheap! She retreated to the other end of the pot hole with her cubs to consider the situation, but she still growled and swung her tail.

In the slush that remained in the track of the avalanche Toby still lay motionless. He had come to the end of the trail. For some mysterious reason the footprints of his beloved Dan had disappeared, likewise the footprints and scent of the hereditary enemy. Toby was puzzled and broken-hearted. Dan Pelly and the panther had been swept out of his ken.

Down in the pot hole Dan retreated to the crack in the wall again and feverishly commenced digging toe holds with his pocket knife; seeing which, the mother panther crouched flat again and regarded him speculatively. The whole situation was a most suspicious one and she was loath to start an assault until quite certain she could win. The dog was not advancing and he no longer barked. She would think it over.

Up on the hillside Toby stirred in the chilly snow slush. He was gasping, a-tremble all over, and he wanted very much to lie there and die quietly. But the will to live, to struggle on, to fight on, is never absent in an Airedale, and Toby was resolved to cast about in a couple of wide circles and see if he could not pick the trail up again. He stirred and whimpered and willed that his crazy hind quarters might obey him, but they refused, for at last the short circuit had been completed and Toby would never walk again. But he might crawl. His front legs would still obey that adamant will to follow on and ever onward, for somewhere out front there things were happening, Dan needed him and he must come. He barked encouragement to the unseen master and faced forward.

Hark! What was that? Toby's old ears were erected. In his poor puzzled brain a faint voice beat ceaselessly: "Toby, Toby boy! Come on, Toby, Toby! Toby!" Toby wasn't certain that he heard, but he barked a reply—and then there came to him a sound which even his old dull auditory nerves were not proof against—the shrill, piercing whistle of a man calling his dog from afar.

Toby's answering bark was almost a sob. He was catching up! Dan had seen him, was inviting him to the fray—at last! In his pocket Dan had found the powerful "warble" whistle which he used when training dogs for the field trials, and he was blowing it like mad, while the she panther, puzzled and somewhat repulsed by this inexplicable noise, retreated still farther.

"Coming, Dan!" Toby barked, and down the slush trail of the snow slide he slithered, his dead hind quarters dragging behind him. Inch by inch, foot by foot he came, whimpering, barking, crying—and presently he reached the brink of the pot hole and saw his master. Dan waved his hand in encouragement and without a moment's hesitation Toby crawled over the edge of the pot hole and tumbled down—into Dan Pelly's waiting arms!

Dan laid him on the snow and with a slash of his knife ripped the bandanna from his neck and found the cartridges. But the arrival of Toby had thrown the old lioness into a panic, and as Dan jammed the last cartridge into the magazine and stood erect, she charged. As she left the ground on her first leap Dan fired, but failed to stop her; almost before he knew it her heavy body struck him full on the breast.

Involuntarily he had thrown up his rifle to guard his face and as he went over backward with the big cat on top he heard the teeth of the lioness crunch into the stock of the gun. And then Dan Pelly shrieked—a single word:

"Toby!"

The sleek flank of the lioness was within six inches of Toby's muzzle, where he lay in the snow at Dan's feet—the pungent odor of cat assailed his old nose for the last time. With a growl he summoned his little remaining strength and all of his courage to the aid of his stricken master. He rose on his good front legs and hurled himself forward; his long jaw closed over the cat's flank and the few snags of teeth he still possessed sank to the gums in her flesh.

With a roar of rage, the old lioness, who had just managed to free her mouth of the stock of Dan's rifle—for on the instant that she bit blindly at it Dan had thrust it farther into her mouth with his free hand—whirled to meet this new assault, and for a couple of seconds Toby and the panther sprawled together across Dan Pelly's legs, with Toby hanging on resolutely and the big cat twisting her body to reach him.

She succeeded! She bit him and crunched in his loins. But what did Toby care for that? He did not even know he had been bitten, for had he not died in his

rear end five minutes before? Nothing now mattered save the front end of him—the business end—and that still lived and was all Airedale! Toby continued to chew silently, so with a snarl of rage the lioness commenced whirling like a pin wheel in an effort to shake Toby off.

Ah, if Toby had only been the dog he used to be! If only the big, ripping chisels of teeth he used to have had still been his! They would have met in that panther's flank and she might whirl and be damned to her! But alas! Toby was very old and half dead, with the other half dying; his teeth were few and short and the strength was gone from that long and powerful jaw. At the second whirl he was catapulted off into space, rolling over and over in the snow; before he had finished rolling the old lioness and both cubs were on him—and Dan Pelly was momentarily free with a loaded rifle beside him.

Toby died fighting, in absolute silence in so far as he was concerned. One of the cubs mouthed him just back of the shoulders—and that hurt, but Toby did not whimper. He died with the cub's foreleg in his mouth, and as his canine soul —granting, as Dan Pelly believed, that all good hunting dogs have souls—mounted to the Happy Hunting Grounds where Johnny waited, Dan Pelly, scratched, bruised and somewhat dazed, rested his back against the east wall of the pot hole and placed his shots where they would do the most good.

An hour later he had his toe holds dug up each side of the crevice and was ready to go home, but before he started he sorted what was left of Clonmel Knight, called Toby, out of the bloody snow, bound the rapidly stiffening legs together with the ruin of the bandanna handkerchief, swung the old hero around his neck as he was wont to carry deer and climbed laboriously out of that gory amphitheater. On the morrow, his scratches attended to, he would return for the pelts, but for the present he needed all of his strength to carry a dead forty-five pound dog four miles and arrive home before Martha should begin to worry.

Shortly after dark he staggered in, a welter of blood and rags, and stood in the middle of the kitchen, weaving a little on his old legs and gazing upon Martha with extreme severity.

"Martha," he said very distinctly, "the next time you fuss with my rifle I'll be tee-totally doggoned if I don't let you hear from me something scandalous!"

"Oh, Dan," she cried tremulously, "are you badly hurt?"

"No," he replied, "not very, but I've been mighty badly scared. I been playin' the part o' Daniel in the lions' den. Got three of 'em—one male an' two females. When I had 'em cornered and discovered I'd been carrying an empty rifle, Martha, I was that angry I swore I'd keep every cent of the bounty for myself, but after Toby arrived with the cartridges I commenced feeling a little better disposed toward you, so I reckon you get the bounty just the same."

"So Toby got there?" Martha queried, and sat down weakly.

"Yes, the going was hard on him, but he made the grade and was in at the death. At the finish he was granted a privilege he had always desired, but which I had always denied, because I knew it meant death to him if he ever tried it. He died with a taste of live panther in his mouth,

Thousands of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," and other famous stories and articles, many of which appeared in Cosmopolitan

THOUSANDS of people can make money writing stories and photoplays *and don't know it.* This may seem to be a startling assertion, but it is *absolutely true.* Most anyone can *tell* a story. Why can't most anyone *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

The time will come when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of scenario, magazine, and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them. And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you haven't the gift. Many people are afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your Imagination. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it, the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing could be further from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they *really learn to write* from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't *I* learn to write." *Who says you can't?*

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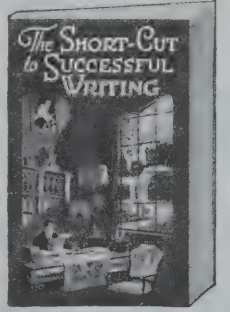


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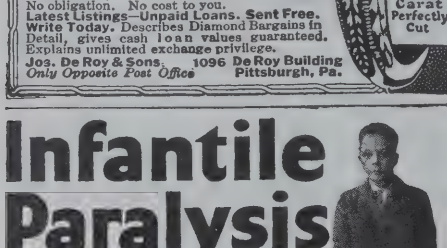
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and he did it to save me. The old pup's gone, Martha. He was Clonmel Knight at the finish and died gloriously on the field of honor. I brought most of him home. It's lying in state in the woodshed."

He drew himself a dipper of cold water, which he drank with averted face.

Presently he queried in a husky, strained voice: "Martha, what's that mot—motto—of the—Mar—ine Corps?"

"First to fight," replied Martha, remembering the wartime recruiting literature of that gallant little corps.

"That isn't it, Martha. The Munson boy had it on the—insignia—in his—cap when he—came home from—the war. It's Latin."

"I understand, Dan. We'll carve it on Toby's tombstone. *Semper fidelis*, Dan. It means 'Always faithful.'"

Dan nodded and commenced to weep. He couldn't help it. He always paid his favorite dogs the tribute of a tear when they passed on, for Dan Pelly was a hopeless sentimentalist, as, indeed, are all who bear true faith and allegiance to the Little God of the Open Spaces. And moreover, Clonmel Knight, called Toby, had been Johnny's dog.

COSMOPOLITAN readers will be delighted to know that P. G. Wodehouse, of "Bertie and Jeeves" fame, begins a series of new stories next month

The Poisoner

(*Continued from page 81*)

a cobwebbed bottle of rare wine on the shelf of a New York grocer. Altogether a carefree, happy-go-lucky sort of person—a delightful companion, but one from whom you might shy as a son-in-law.

Bridget O'Connell, the ancient janitress who made his bed, hung up his scattered garments and cooked that movable feast he called his breakfast, adored the creaking boards of his studio because he trod upon them.

"One o' thim glorious Kildares!" he was to her always. "I'll not disturb him, the poor lamb!" she would say to herself after frantic calls for her lodger on the telephone "And him so tired! The darlin'!"

She believed him to be the greatest sculptor of all time. Had he not made her the cutest little pig—a very spalpeen!—out of clay?

A strange friendship, that between this Irish will-o'-the-wisp and the exact, lethargic Nordic who did nothing upon impulse, had looked up his expectation of life upon the mortality tables and systematically invested his money at three and a half percent.

Kyran let himself in with his latchkey, bounded up the three flights to his studio and dragged out of its corner a modeling table on which was a mass of clay covered with a damp cloth. He had planned to do a daring allegorical bust of a pilot aviator, head lowered and eyes peering earthward, to be called "The Eagle." That was all over now.

"Tomorrow morning!" he declared. "I'll put the whole spirit of the Cinquecento into it! Then perhaps——"

He rearranged the cloth upon the clay, trod out his cigarette and entered his bedroom. Upon his bureau stood the photograph of a young girl, her hair done in the manner of a portrait by Parmigiano. An antique Florentine frame intensified the illusion that the photograph was that of a painting in some gallery. The face, which was in profile, was inexperienced, docile and trustful, but singularly sweet and alluring.

Kildare seized the picture in his hands and pressed it to his cheeks and lips, kissing it again and again.

"Margaret!" he said. "O Margaret!"

III

OSWALD CARVAL, having attained the age at which, ten years before, he had decided to marry, and after a methodical study of the relative desirability of the younger women of his acquaintance, had selected Margaret Welford as the object of his affections, if such they could be called. Various factors had entered into this result. In order, they were: first, that she was an only child of wealthy parents of prominent social position; second, that she was retiring in disposition, devoted to her parents, innocent minded and sufficiently immature to be easily controlled; third, her beauty, while of the gentle and fragile sort, appealed to him. She was dark and slight, with warm, transparent coloring and sensitive, mobile features.

He had figured it all out, even before he had ever been invited to the house of her parents, who were well known to be highly conventional, rather strait-laced people. Contrasted with the frivolity of the younger generation, his stability, commonsense and maturity were bound to appeal to them—a man among boys. He had cultivated a wide social acquaintance in New York, and he came to them well sponsored at a moment when Mr. and Mrs. Welford had become pretty well disgusted with the antics of juvenile society, and fearful lest their Margaret might fall in love with one of these fox-trotting, flask-carrying, philandering young hoodlums.

As he had foreseen, they welcomed him—almost with open arms. He played his game, however, with studied restraint. His must appear to be the sober, well considered devotion of an older man who hesitated to ask one who was still almost a child to be his wife. He courted her with respect and discrimination, trying to create in her a dependence upon him for masculine attention and companionship and the countless services that a man of affairs can render to any woman. He knew that there was nothing about his carefully clad, somewhat beefy personality to arouse romantic ardor. If he were patient her friendship would gradually change to affection, and finally to love. His must be the part of the amiable, steady old coach horse—the Major Dobbin—ready to renounce the adored one if another more fitted for her than he should take her fancy.

He made excellent progress. He became a constant visitor at the Welfords'—soon regarded as an old and trusted friend

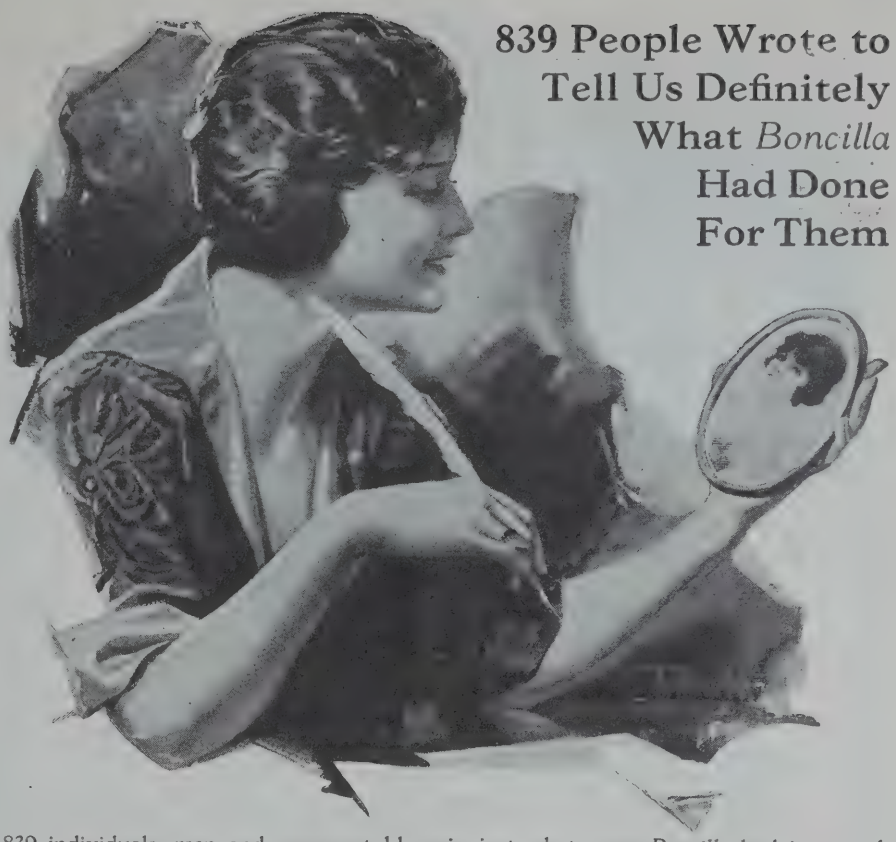
Yet, knowing the delicacy of the situation, he avoided anything by which his name could be coupled with Margaret's before the time to make his declaration was ripe.

Then unexpectedly Margaret Welford met Kyran Kildare at a Greenwich Village studio, and fell most unreasonably in love with him. His very irresponsibility fascinated her. She had never felt towards anybody as she did towards this passionate, volatile young man who never did anything like anybody else. He filled her with a delicious terror, opening to her a thousand hidden doors leading into gardens of gay flowers filled with the melody of birds and the murmur of fountains. Her father and his friend Mr. Carval talked only of facts and figures. With each of them a dollar was a hundred cents. But with Kyran a dollar was something to toss to a beggar, to play at quoits or reflect a sunbeam with. In apprehension she watched him smoke cigarette after cigarette; and once she thought she smelled something like whisky when he was near-by. But she would have extinguished every one of the cigarettes on the flesh of her own fair arm rather than have him go away. His nearness was such an ecstasy! His absence such a poignant sorrow!

Carval saw that unless something were done and done soon his chances would be gone. Luck was momentarily against him, yet he was in a peculiarly advantageous position. He had not as yet given a hint of his own intentions. He was in no sense a rival. Margaret regarded him as a wise and disinterested friend, a sort of "uncle"; her father and mother as a trusted family advisor. They were distressed, frightened, at what they regarded as their daughter's infatuation for this young Bohemian from Washington Mews. To their conventional minds he might as well have been an actor. What more natural than that in their perplexity they should appeal to Carval for counsel?—particularly as Kildare was an acquaintance of his.

Carval professed at first to think their fears premature if not groundless. After all, he said, Kildare, while unsuccessful and irresponsible, was a good enough fellow. It was just a passing fancy probably—and if left to run its course would burn itself out. This did not satisfy them. They did not approve of Kildare, and they intended to break up the affair at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile they besought Carval to find out whatever he could about this undesirable suitor. This he agreed to do; advising them, however, against any immediate or open opposition. It might only fan the flame.

This was the state of affairs when Kildare had shown him the ring. The conversation between them suggested something to Carval. Kildare devoted himself furiously to his bust of Cellini for the next two weeks, denying himself food and sleep and all intercourse with his friends. With his customary carelessness he neglected to communicate with Margaret during this period or explain his absence to her in any way; and Mr. and Mrs. Welford seized the opportunity to disclose to their daughter their distaste for the young sculptor's attentions. Margaret was deeply distressed. Brought up in a strict, almost Puritanical religious atmosphere, the idea of marrying against her parents' wishes seemed hardly



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447 said that it removed pimples and blackheads.
105 said that it removed their wrinkles and gave the facial muscles a youthful firmness.
47 said it removed the oil from their skin.
119 said it closed the pores.
213 said it gave them color.
45 said it gave them that vigorous feeling.
8 said it took away that sallow look of the skin.
17 said it removed tan — sunburn — and bleached their freckles.

These letters are direct evidence that *Boncilla* Beautifier Clasmic Face Packs do everything we claim for them. Every letter breathes sincerity and enthusiasm.

Boncilla is Guaranteed to do These Six Definite Things for the Face or Your Money Will be Refunded:

1 Clears the complexion and gives it color.
2. Cleanses and closes enlarged pores.
3. Removes blackheads and pimples, and eliminates excess oiliness of the skin.
4. Lifts out the lines.
5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues.
6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

Boncilla Beauty Is Deeper Than Skin Deep

Boncilla Beautifier is a smooth, grayish clasmic pack that is simply spread over the face and allowed to dry. It goes to the very depth of the pores, cleansing them thoroughly and bringing your natural beauty to light. While it is drying you can feel its soothing, rejuvenating action; you can see its remarkable results after one application. Feel, See, Know *Boncilla*.

Three Complete Facial Packs Only 50c

The *Boncilla* Pack o' Beauty is a remarkable value. It contains enough *Boncilla* Beautifier, *Boncilla* Cold Cream, *Boncilla* Vanishing Cream, and *Boncilla* Face Powder for three to four complete facial packs. It costs only 50c and is a splendid way to find out for yourself just what *Boncilla* will do for you. The coupon below may be used by those who do not find it convenient to get to the store.



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WE will forfeit $10,000.00 if it can be proved that any sealing wax ever destroyed a single hair root.

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For Analax is as pleasant tasting as any candied fruit. At the same time it is a delightful, effective and cleansing laxative. Sold by all druggists. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Est. 1833.

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Nothing Acts Like **ANALAX**

conceivable. Theyhad given her no reasons for their antipathy to the young sculptor save that he was not the type of man they would like to see her marry. She insisted in justice both to him and to her on something more definite.

It was at this juncture that Carval informed Margaret's father that he had something of importance to tell him. He had, he stated, made a careful investigation of Kildare's mode of life, with the result that in one sense he felt that the latter had been done an injustice. His unaccountable disappearances were not, he was satisfied, due to drunkenness. Kildare did not, so far as he could ascertain, drink to excess. On the other hand, however, his investigations had resulted in the discovery—and here he spoke with manifest reluctance—that Kildare had another and far more serious habit—he was addicted to the use of drugs. Carval had, he assured Mr. Welford, been loath to come to such a conclusion, but all doubt had at length been removed from his mind when one evening after dinner Kildare had openly asked him to procure some for him. In view of this, many things difficult of explanation before were now fully understandable—Kildare's irritability, explosions of temper, fits of depression, vagueness, forgetfulness, lack of appetite—a thousand indications. Mr. Welford thanked Carval from his heart.

Margaret was duly informed of the damning facts. She had always been told, and believed, that the use of drugs utterly destroyed the will power and undermined the moral sense. She knew that the last thing an addict will admit is that he has ever taken drugs in any form. Carval had cleverly availed himself of the defenseless position in which one falsely accused of using drugs finds himself. He cannot admit it, as it is not true; if he denies it, no one will believe him.

Only one step did Margaret Welford take before effacing Kyran Kildare from her life. She herself put to Carval the direct question whether Kildare had ever asked him for drugs. With deep regret the chemist answered in the affirmative.

The following week the Welfords sailed for Europe, where Carval soon joined them. The heartbroken girl herself found him so sympathetic and considerate that she could not doubt his affection. Three months later she told him that, while her life could hold but one romance, she would be his wife, if he understood and wished her on those terms. They were married in December from her parents' house on Fifth Avenue and immediately took steamer for Jamaica on their honeymoon. Kyran Kildare had never seemed so gay and charming as at Margaret Welford's wedding.

IV

"It's so hot I think I'll take a stroll on the hurricane deck," said Margaret Carval to her husband as they sat side by side in their steamer chairs amidst the long line of somnolent passengers. The Royal Mail Steamer Barracouda was still two days out of New York on their return trip.

"All right," he grunted, without looking up from his book.

Two weeks before he would have arisen and offered to accompany her. But much had happened in those two weeks. Her former trust in him had given place to fear

His implacability had congealed her. To her surprise she had found him unyielding as ice, relentless as a machine. No element of consideration for others entered into his calculations. His cold "Well, what of it?" made her wish to scream. It was this ruthlessness that had at first offended, presently antagonized and in the end filled her with aversion. He got his rights at all costs, insisting upon a complete acknowledgment of his correctness in every case, so that she soon formed the habit of agreement.

After all, she had promised to honor and obey. If she could not love him, could she not at least carry out the balance of the bargain? She told herself that to loathe a man to whom she had been married for less than three weeks, simply because she was disappointed in what she had imagined him to be, was hardly fair to him. He was—she still believed or at least tried to make herself believe—in spite of his lack of warmth, a man of high principles, a doer of justice, who would be generous whenever his reason approved the cause. Surely she could honor such a man—such a "strong" man.

Yet, however much she tried to reassure herself, she knew that she had made a terrible mistake. His mere presence set her on edge. His touch revolted her. The terrible thing was that he failed so utterly to see the effect which he produced upon her. Even if he had, she perceived that it would have made no difference in his attitude towards her—were they not man and wife? She shrank from the contemplation of a lifetime spent in physical and moral contact with him. But as yet she had never doubted his integrity. He was at least honest. But was this all that marriage meant? She looked at his heavy form contemptuously. He would lie there immobile until the gong rang for luncheon.

Relieved that he had not taken the opportunity to prove to her that it was not hot, she climbed up to the hurricane deck. A group of young people were playing shuffleboard. One young fellow with rather long black locks reminded her of Kyran Kildare. He had the same way of tossing back his head.

She pressed her hand to her heart. Kyran! She had dreamed of him only last night—a terrible dream, in which she had seen him stretching out his arms to her and knew that he was in some danger. He had called to her wildly—"Margaret! Margaret!" The sound of his voice had been in her ears when she awoke and heard, above the creaking of the ship's woodwork, her husband's snoring in the berth below. How gay, how tender Kyran had always been! She turned hurriedly away.

The radio man was coming down the steps of his little house with a sheaf of messages in his hand. Should she send Kyran a message just for fun? She could send one to her mother and to a few other friends at the same time. Her husband need not know anything about it. But the thought of deceiving him was repugnant to her. The bugle blew as she was standing there, and she started down the companionway to rejoin him before going in to luncheon. A group of passengers were gathered about the radio bulletin board, and she paused there for a moment.

Among the death notices was one of Kyran Kildare the day before—"suddenly, of heart failure."



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No Excuse Now

For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

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Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

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Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

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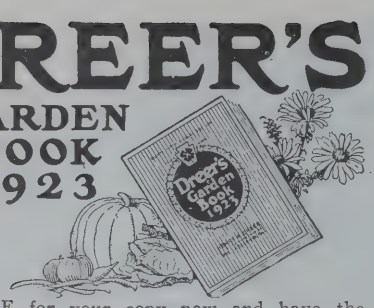
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Giddy, she sank down on one of the cushioned seats. Her dream! She had always felt that there was some subtle form of communication between him and her. Had he killed himself? She saw black forms moving in front of her, heard the bugle call repeated, but was too weak and sick to stir. Her world was rent in twain and she was prostrate in the bottom of the abyss. She was conscious of her husband's presence beside her, but she did not look up. She could not bring herself to speak of Kyran to him.

"Hello!" he said, and there seemed to be almost a note of annoyance in his voice. "Here's a radio for you. I opened it because I thought it might be something important." He held it out to her. "Don't you want to see it? Well, Kildare's dead!"

She did not reply.

"It's a great shock, of course," he went on. "Died in his studio of heart failure. Too bad!" He appeared to be flourishing the yellow thing in her face. "Don't you want to see it?"

She shook her head mutely. O Kyran! Kyran!

Carval sat down beside her. She recoiled from him.

"He's left a will making you his executrix and leaving you all his property," he said, dropping his voice. "I guess there's precious little of it. This wire is from his lawyers. I don't like it, but there's nothing that can be done about it—out here at any rate. You needn't qualify unless you want to." His cold eyes scrutinized her face. "I think that part of it was bad taste. No use dragging you into his affairs. Only makes talk. However—— Want some luncheon?"

V

DURING the next forty hours Carval referred several times to what he termed Kildare's bad taste in making Margaret his executrix. His reaction to the loss of his friend seemed to be one of irritation rather than of sorrow. Margaret kept to her stateroom, but her husband did not hesitate to broach the subject when he joined her at bedtime. His callousness seemed to her brutal. She now perceived the depth of her passion for Kildare, and she began to abominate Carval with an equal intensity.

Why did he show so little interest in his friend's fate? It was almost as if he took a secret satisfaction in it. Suppose—suppose he had always disliked Kyran! Was it possible that he had said things about him that were not true? She now recognized between Kildare and herself a sacred spiritual tie. Whatever happened, she determined to do precisely what Kyran had wished.

The Barracouda docked late Sunday evening, and the Carvals spent the night at a hotel, as her husband wished Margaret to view her new home for the first time by daylight. Business obliged him to go immediately downtown the following morning, leaving Margaret to call upon her parents without him. They were shocked at her appearance. At her request her father accompanied her to the offices of Kildare's attorneys, where she learned that letters testamentary had been issued to her. The will, it appeared, had been drawn and executed less than a week before.

A horrible suspicion stole over Margaret's mind. Alone she drove to Washington Square to take upon herself those duti which now seemed so sacred to he Bridget O'Connell received her at the doo and conducted her upstairs to the studio The old woman appeared to be too over come with grief to talk, and having pulle aside the curtain from the big window went away leaving the visitor to herself.

Margaret had never been in Kildare' studio before, and she approached th inspection of its contents with an attitud of reverence. It was here that her lover—the lover whose memory she now held s much dearer than her husband—ha worked and dreamed; dreamed of her, a the photograph on his bureau testified.

She had been told that she must make a inventory of his effects, but there seeme to be so little as to make it hardly wort while. With blurred eyes she enumerate the pieces of furniture, the few pictures an objects of art upon the walls and tables and then threw herself into a wicker chai near the fireplace before entering the be room. An intense desire to know th more immediate circumstances of his deat possessed her. The lawyers had showe her a copy of the death certificate, i which the doctor had alleged the cause t be heart failure. Heart failure seeme out of character with a personality s vibrant as Kildare's.

Then for the first time she noticed in a corner a large covered object—evidentl the last piece of work upon which he ha been engaged. She was about to remov the cloth when she heard a noise at th door. The old woman, having mastere her grief, had returned. From her Mar garet learned the manner of Kildare' death.

"'Twas in the morning about te o'clock," said she, "when I came as usual t see if he was awake, that I noticed a smel of candles. 'He forgot to blow them out—the lamb!' says I to myself. Then I pull open the curtain and turns around an sees him lying there on the floor dead with a broken tumbler beside him. An on the table was his ring—the beautifu ring his uncle sent him from Italy—wit half the white powder gone out of it.,

"'Arrah!' says I, 'Sure and he's afte killin' himself for love of her! But no on shall ever know it!' says I. So I sweep up the pieces of glass and I hides the rin in a cardboard box and when the docto comes there's nothing there at all at al So he feels the poor lad's wrist and look him over and says that he died of hear failure. Thanks to Mary! So that's th truth of it. He killed himself for love o you, he did, poor, dear lamb. No hand somer or better lad in the city, and hi workin' early and late, and never a nigh away in all the five years he lodged here Never a night out an' I can swear it, fo I waked him every mornin'!"

Margaret listened with closed eye Somehow she had known all along tha Kyran had not died of heart failure. Sh was hearing what she already knew. Sh hardly listened to the old woman's eulog

Suddenly it registered. What was sh saying? "Never away?" "Always work?" If anyone knew Kyran's habi surely it was this faithful old soul wh had looked after him like a mothe Margaret laid her hand on Mrs. O'Co nell's wrinkled one.

"Swear to tell me the truth!" she sa Swear it by the Mother of God and l

the love you bore for Kyran Kildare! Was he at any time, so far as you know or even suspect, guilty of taking drugs?"

Bridget O'Connell's decrepit body stiffened indignantly.

"Who says that?" she cried in wrath. "Who's the foul liar dares to stain the name of that dear dead lad with such a falsehood? Who would know but me, Bridget O'Connell, that cared for him every day these five years, winter and summer? Drugs? Never a taste of one on his innocent lips! A wee drop of the craytur, perhaps, but not so you'd notice it. And who is there doesn't now and again? But drugs! Never!" Her voice shook. There was no question as to her sincerity.

Together the two women finished the task of listing Kildare's effects. She moved heavily, struggling against an overwhelming horror that seemed to hover above her like some huge black bird with outspread wings. Surely, if Kyran could procure the poison with which to kill himself, he had no need to ask Carval for drugs! But where had he got such deadly poison? Poisons of that sort were infinitely more difficult to obtain than drugs. Only a few persons were licensed to have them.

She felt as though she were being smothered. "Carval gave it to him!" "Carval gave it to him!" were the words formed by her lips.

The vague object on the covered modeling table seemed to protrude itself from the shadow. She had refrained from examining this uncompleted work, feeling herself unable to bear the sight of the so recent marks of those dear hands. Less than a hundred hours had passed since he had laid the cloth over the damp clay and pushed the model into the corner where now it stood. Going to the easel she carefully raised the cloth from the clay.

It was the half-figure of a man in mediæval costume, working with hammer and chisel upon a ring. The man's gaze was concentrated upon his task, but there was a sinister expression on his face, as if he were planning some evil deed, which even then he could see successfully accomplished. Stepping to the other side of the pedestal, she examined it again. She had never before seen a face of such malignant cruelty, except—Carval's. It was he!

VI

Margaret Carval spent the rest of the day trying to adjust herself to her new surroundings. Her husband had left his house as it was, save that he had cut through the partition between his own room and the upstairs library and converted the latter into a bedroom for her. Everything about this house to which she had been brought to live by this man whom she now hated, offended and outraged her taste, just as he did. It had every comfort, even every luxury; but it was cold, utterly without personality, without heart or soul of its own. She was unused to Japanese servants, and the soundless movements of the expressionless yellow man who waited upon her at luncheon filled her with an undefined dread. All the afternoon as she walked through the rooms she had an uneasy sense of being watched from behind doors and portières.

Her husband returned late. She could hardly bring herself to look at him.

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Use It—then forget you ever had

Gray Hair!



My restorer brings back the perfect, original color and this color is permanent. There are no streakings or discolorations, no freakish "dyed" look to betray your secret, either in bright sunlight or strong artificial light.

This perfect natural color won't wash off or rub off and is not affected by perspiration, sea bathing, or marcelling. The wonderful results obtained let you forget that your hair was ever gray.

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(Signed) B. H. BADANES, Manager.

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I perfected my hair color restorer many years ago to bring back the original color to my own hair. Millions have used it and so will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Recently my laboratories have perfected another important product — consisting of a new preparatory powder which puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration.

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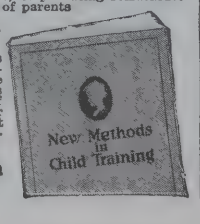
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Through her closed lids she seemed to feel his eyes fixed on her face, and to see his lips curved in a cynical triumphant leer. In silence they sat on either side of the huge carved ebony table, throughout an interminable meal, of which her husband ate heavily.

As for the girl herself, she tasted nothing, being obsessed by the same sense of physical oppression that had followed her now for three days. Yet nothing had happened which, by any law of logic or reason, should normally have affected her attitude towards her husband. She watched him consuming a huge helping of bread pudding. Was this unimaginative fat man capable of the malignant treachery of which she suspected him? The Japanese passed the finger bowls and stood waiting respectfully to pull back her chair. Was her life to be like this? She caught her husband's eye.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked. "You don't seem very fit."

"I have had a trying day," she replied.

He looked away from her. "Take a pony of brandy. It will pick you up." She shook her head. "Well, come into the drawing room. I always have coffee there."

The butler pulled aside the portière for her to pass, and then hurried after to turn on the electric lamps. By evening light the place seemed to her even more abhorrent than by day. Carval pulled up a chair for her and sat down on a pink upholstered sofa opposite the mantel.

"Well," he said, "I, for one, am glad to be back. Home for me!"

The Japanese had returned with the coffee, but Margaret asked for a glass of water. Carval emptied his cup and lighted a cigarette—awkwardly it seemed to her. They sat silent, conscious of something impending. Then Carval said nervously:

"Well, out with it! I can see something's the matter. Is it the house?"

They were seated exactly as Kildare and he had sat the last time the sculptor had dined there, the lamp partly between.

"No," she answered.

"What is it, then?" He gave an embarrassed laugh. "This suspense is too terrible!"

It fell flat, and there was something horrible to her in his attempted jocoseness. He knew that she had planned to go to Kildare's apartment. Why did he avoid mentioning it?

"I went to Kyran's studio this morning," she said meaningly, with her eyes fixed on his face. "He did not die of heart failure. He committed suicide."

It seemed to her that he reddened faintly. After a few moments he said:

"Indeed? How?"

"By taking poison."

"But the doctor—— He couldn't make a mistake like that!"

"We all know that they do make mistakes," she replied. "This one probably took heart failure more or less for granted. There was no reason to suspect poison. Every trace of it had been removed by the janitress."

"Nonsense!" retorted Carval. "A man can't poison himself and fool the doctors like that!" He got up and stood with his back to the gas log. "How do you know all this, anyhow?"

"Mrs. O'Connell told me. She"—her voice quivered—"she found him lying on the floor and near-by a shattered glass. There was a ring on the table beside him It had some white powder in it."

"A ring?" he said, after a pause, and hi voice sounded flat.

"Yes."

"Well, why should anyone suppose tha it held—poison?"

Something in her face suggested tha she knew more than she had disclosed Unconsciously he took out his handker chief and mopped his forehead. H realized that his question was a foolish one. What else could anyone suppose under such circumstances? She did no reply directly.

"You told me once that Kyran asked you for drugs. Was that true?"

"Why, Margaret!" he protested, stil holding the handkerchief in his palm. "O course! Do you think I would lie to you?"

Margaret arose.

"Did Kyran ever ask you for poison?"

He stared at her, his lips barely parted The fist closed on the handkerchief.

"Why—ye-es, once," he admitted hesi tatingly.

Her hands were shaking now as sh fumbled with the clasp of her bag, and he voice had risen to an unnatural pitch.

"Look at this ring!" She thrust it a him hysterically. "Did you ever see i before?"

"I did!" His voice was steadier now as if he had decided upon a course.

"Did Kyran show it to you?"

"Yes—in this very room. Right where you are standing."

"Do you see the powde caked in the bottom of that hollow?"

"I do!" He was smiling now. "Why such a tragedy queen? Don't get hysterica over nothing. I can tell you all abou that. Kildare was dining with me one night, showed me the ring, and asked m to give him some potassium cyanide t put in it. He had been talking abou suicide and a lot of other rot. You know how queer he could be sometimes. H said the ring would be a talisman and i worn in its original condition on his hand would give him some mystic power. H made such a fuss about it that finally, jus to shut him off, I pretended to fall in witl his plan."

"You say he had been talking abou suicide?"

He nodded. Suddenly he turned color

"My God, Margaret! You can' think——"

"Did you give him the potassium cyanide?"

"Of course not!"

"What did you give him?"

Her voice was an accusing scream.

"A couple of pinches of powdered sugar."

His face was livid, and with one han he had clutched the mantel.

"Margaret! You can't——" he stam mered. "My God! Do you think me murderer?"

"Then why did it kill him?"

He ran his fingers across his forehead.

"I don't know! I don't know!" h muttered as if to himself. "Just commo sugar! I always have a jar of it out there He asked for poison, and I gave him th sugar for a joke."

"But you told him it was potassium cyanide?"

He nodded, speechless.

"And you tell me now it was sugar!

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She laughed wildly. "Do you expect me to believe you? When you admit you lied to him in the first place—and when he died after taking it!"

Carval raised his hand.

"Wait a minute! He thought he was taking potassium cyanide. I told him a single drop on the end of a dog's tongue would kill it instantly—that there was enough in the ring to kill a thousand men. He believed it. He expected to die instantly it touched his lips—and he did—of heart failure."

"How imaginative!" Her voice was scornful.

"People do die that way!" he cried. "Indeed they do! The heart is a delicate mechanism. Kildare was a very sensitive and emotional person. He might easily—— Margaret! You're my wife! You must believe me! You can't think I'd do a thing like that. It would be murder! I swear I gave him nothing but sugar—common white powdered table sugar. Absolutely harmless!" He picked up the ring and tried to laugh. "Why, it's a joke! Look here!"

He seized the half empty glass from which she had been drinking and emptied the remainder of the powder into it.

"There!" he exclaimed. "If I wasn't telling you the truth do you think I'd dare do this?"

With a smirk he lifted the glass and drained it.

For an instant he stood there gazing triumphantly at her. Then a look of horror spread over his face. His eyes leaped from the glass in his hand to the ring, and back again to her.

"You——" he cried, dropping the glass and clutching at his throat with both his hands. Then he pitched sideways to the floor.

We are glad to announce for an early issue a delightful new story by Fannie Heaslip Lee

The Hope of Happiness

(*Continued from page 25*)

out of pity, thinks I'm half-witted and right, at that!"

"Of course you'd have to marry a girl who'd make allowance for your mental infirmities," said Storrs. "Getting on in your profession, I suppose?"

"Hell, no! I chucked that. There are too many really capable electrical experts and after Maybelle's father had tried me for six months in the grocery and I failed to show any talent for distributing the well known Verbena Brand of canned stuff he set me up in the automobile business. Shameful to relate, I really make money. I handle the Plantagenet—one of the worst cars on the market. You know it was a mistake—my feeling that I was called to be another Edison or Marconi. I was really cut out for the literary life—another sad case of a mute inglorious Milton, as per all school readers. I exercise my talents now designing ads and come-on letters as a lure to customers for the Plantagenet. Would you ride with kings? The Plantagenet is the car that takes you out and brings you back. That's my latest slogan;



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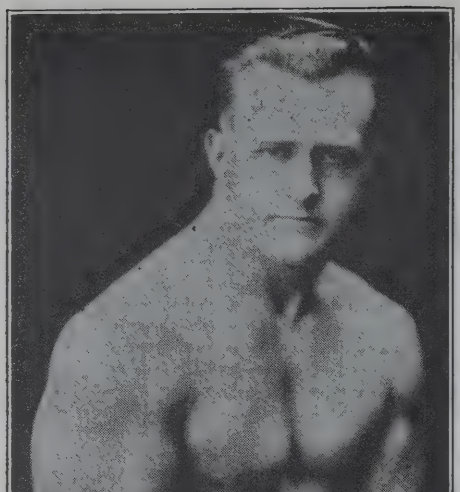
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as he is to-day

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Can You Do These Things?

Lift 200 or more overhead with one arm;
Bend and break a horse shoe;
Tear two decks of playing cards;
Bend spikes;
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Can you do any of them? I can and many of my pupils can. It is remarkable the things a man really can do if he will make up his mind to be strong. Any man. It is natural for the human body to be strong. It is unnatural to be weak. I have taken men who were ridiculed because of their frail make-up and developed them into the strongest men of their locality.

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These are days that call for speed. It once took four weeks to cross the ocean—now it takes less than one. In olden days it took years to develop a strong, healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days. Yes, make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 30 days I guarantee to increase your biceps one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two full inches. But I don't quit there. I don't stop till you're a finished athlete—a real strong man. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arms and legs of a Hercules. I will put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body. But with it comes the strong, powerful lungs which enrich the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will have the spring to your step and the flash to your eyes. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

A Doctor Who Takes His Own Medicine

Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this is not true. I have seen men working in the mills who literally killed themselves with exercise. They ruined their heart or other vital organs, ruptured themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed. I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many tests and experiments, I discovered the secret of progressive exercising. I have increased my own arm over 6½ inches, my neck 3 inches and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. The highest authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well-proportioned body and the abundance of health which go with it? If so spend a pleasant half hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

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you'll find it glaring at you all over the landscape!"

"Oh, what a fall, my countryman!"

"Not at all. You know I always had a knack of making phrases. It's a gift, my boy. I suppose you're here to figure on a new state house or perhaps a hospital for lame cats. I know nearly everybody in town so if I can be of use to you just warble."

"My aim isn't so high," said Bruce, who remembered Henderson as somewhat eccentric but the kindest of souls. His manner of talking was no indication of his true character. Henderson had been a good student, who made a fine record with amazing ease, and as an uncle somewhere who paid for his schooling provided for him generously, Henderson had always been generous in sharing his pleasures with his fellows. Bruce's heart warmed to Henderson; already the town seemed less strange, and he at once disclosed his intention of establishing himself in the city, though without in the least surprising the imperturbable Henderson.

"Welcome!" he exclaimed with his mouth full of toast. "You shall be our Michelangelo, our Sir Christopher Wren!"

"I really want to get into a good office, and I'm not expecting to be taken right into the firm," said Storrs soberly. "It will take me a year or two to get acquainted and then I'd like to set up for myself."

"Certainly a worthy ambition, Bruce. It's a good thing I'm here on the ground to give you the true dope as to the people that count in this teeming village. The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and there's danger of getting pinched between the old hard-boiled bunch and the birds of gayer plumage who flew in when no one was looking and insist on twittering sweetly on our tallest trees. Let me be your social censor; no one better fitted. I'm the only scion of one of our earliest and noblest families. My grandfather's bank busted in 'seventy-three with a loud crash and I had an uncle who was convicted of embezzling public funds. He hid in Patagonia and died there in sinful splendor at a ripe old age. Talk about the aristocracy—I'm it! I derive a certain prestige among what you might call the paralytic group from the fact that my ancestors were mixed up in all the financial calamities that ever befell this town.

"But it's the crowd that are the spenders—build the lordly palaces and treat the Eighteenth Amendment with the contempt it so richly deserves—that you want to train with. Our best man in domestic architecture is Freeman—he's a Tech man, about seven years ahead of our class. He has a weakness for sun parlors with antique Italian fountains that are made for him special by a pottery right here in town. You're sure to like Freeman; he's a whist fiend but otherwise he's a decent chap. His wife and Maybelle are chums and we play around together a good deal."

While listening to Henderson's rambling talk Bruce had been turning over the pages of a memorandum book. He asked about several architects whose names he had noted. Henderson described them succinctly, praising or deriding them for reasons which struck Bruce as not necessarily final as to their merits.

"I don't expect to land a job the first day," said Bruce. "I may have to go through the list before I find what I want.

"Oh, Freeman will take you on!" replied Henderson easily. "But he never does anything important without consulting his wife—one of his eccentricities. My own system is to go ahead and tell Maybelle afterwards, being careful of course to conceal my mistakes. Let's get out and plant our feet firmly upon the city."

He dismissed as wholly unnecessary and foolish Bruce's intimation that it would be better for him to begin looking at once for a business opening. Freeman would find everything, Henderson declared; there was no manner of use in bothering with other architects. He led the way to his car and drove to the Plantagenet salesroom and garage.

A young woman whom he introduced as Miss Ordway apparently ran the whole establishment; Henderson said that she did. He sat down at his desk and signed, without reading, a pile of letters which she had written the day before talking to her meantime, not of business but of a novel he had given her to read. Her attempts to interest him in the fact that one of his salesmen wanted his assistance in rounding up a certain difficult customer were provocative only of scornful comments, but when she handed him a memorandum of an appointment with the prospect at ten o'clock the next morning he meekly thrust the paper into his pocket and said all right; he'd see what he could do. Miss Ordway was already busy with other matters; she seemed to make due allowance for her employer's peculiarities.

"This girl's mighty firm with me," he said in a tone perfectly audible to Miss Ordway. "A cruel tyrant; but she really does get some work out of me."

He sat on the edge of his desk as he talked over the extension telephone. Bruce was aware that he was talking to Mrs. Freeman, and it was evident from his tone that he had not exaggerated his intimacy with the architect and his wife.

"Maybelle's pushing the pill somewhere and won't be back for a week. This being Friday I'd like to be invited to your shanty for the week-end . . . Ah! That's nice of you. And may I bring a little friend . . . Oh, a man of course! And list, Dale, he's an architect—a Tech grad and everything pretty, and I want Bill to take him on—see? Nice boy and perishing for a job. You fix it for me—that's the girl! . . . Oh! my friend isn't fussy; we'll both sleep on the grass . . . What? Yes; I'll bring some poison; my pet bootlegger broke through the entanglements yesterday.

"All set," he remarked as he hung up the receiver. "Mighty nice girl, Dale."

II

HENDERSON spent the morning exhibiting the city's industries and wound up at the University Club for luncheon.

"Now I'll show you where the big frogs of our little puddle live," he said as they started off again.

In his racy description of the owners of the houses they passed, their ancestry, the skeletons in their closets, their wealth and how it was attained, Henderson shone effulgently. Bruce, marveling that one head could carry so much local history, was almost equally astonished by the sins and foibles of the citizens as Henderson pictured them.

"Great Scott! Are there no perfectly normal people in this town?" he demanded.

"A few, maybe," Henderson replied, lifting his hand from the wheel to stroke his chin. "But they're not what you'd call conspicuous."

Pausing before a handsome colonial house, the presence of an elderly gentleman on the veranda, calmly perusing a newspaper, inspired Henderson to a typical excursion in biography.

"Here we have Bill Fielding, one of the most delightful old scoundrels in town. Observe his pants—sleeps in 'em to avoid the fatigue of disrobing. To keep off evil spirits he wears the first nickel he ever earned on a string around his neck. He's the smoothest tax-dodger in America. His wife starved to death and his three children moved to California to get as far away from the old skunk as possible. Why does he live in a house like that? Bless your simple soul, he took it on a mortgage and camps in two rooms while he waits for a buyer."

"If you've got many such birds I'd better try another town," laughed Bruce as Henderson started the car.

"Oh, don't worry! He's the last of his school. Now we're approaching a different proposition—one that baffles even my acute analytical powers."

He drew up before a handsome Georgian house that stood lengthwise to the street in a broad lot in which a dozen towering forest trees had been preserved when the land was subdivided. There were no frivolous lines in this residence, Bruce noted, surveying it with a professional eye; it was beyond criticism in its fidelity to type. The many windows were protected by awnings of deep orange and the window ledges were adorned with boxes of flowers. The general effect was one of perfect order and uniformity. Bruce, with his interest in houses as an expression of the character of their owners whetted by Henderson's slangy lectures before other establishments, turned expectantly to his friend.

"Wind up the machine and put on the record! That's a sound piece of architecture anyhow and I can see that you are dying to turn out the skeletons."

"Painful as it is for me to confess it, the truth is that in this case I can only present a few bald facts and leave you to make your own deductions." Henderson lighted a fresh cigarette and drew a deep draught of smoke into his lungs. "Franklin Mills," he said, and crossed his legs. "Mills is around fifty, maybe a shade more. The family always had money and this bird's father never lost a cent in his life. Now Frank's rich—nothing spectacular but recognized as a rich man. His pop left him well fixed and Frank's piled up considerable mazuma on his own hook. Does this interest you?"

"You always interest me, Bud; please proceed."

"Well, you might call Franklin Mills the original man who couldn't lose. No active business now, but he controls a couple of banks and a trust company without figuring in the picture at all and he set his son up in a storage battery plant. Nice chap, by the way, young Mills; pleasant little cuss. Franklin Mills isn't one of the up-from-the-office-boy type nor the familiar variety of pushing business man; velvet glove stuff. Do you follow me? Only human touch I've



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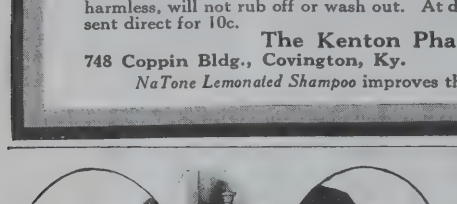
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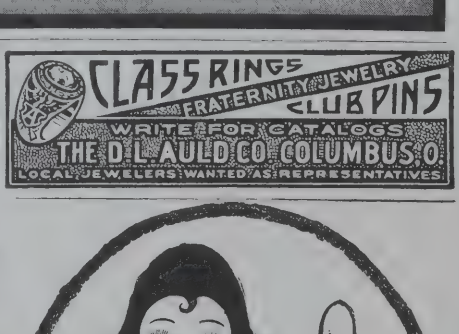
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discovered in this house is the billia room, and Mills is a shark at the spo I've poked the ivories with him now a then just for the fun of watching him pla His style of playing is a sort of clue to h character—cool, deliberate, never miss One thing, though, I've never been ab to figure out; once in a while he makes wild shot, unnecessarily and with mali aforethought, as though to spite himse If you'd tell Franklin Mills he'd lost h last cent he wouldn't blink an eye b before you got out of the room he'd ha a scheme for making it all over again."

"A business genius," commented Bruc who had missed no word of Henderson sketch. "I can't say your snapshot's ve alluring."

"Oh, I may be wrong! If you'd a anybody else about him you'd hear th he's a leading citizen and a cultivat gentleman, which he is! While of our city back-number or paralytic group, he's f from being ready for the mortician. O sees him around socially now and then—o occasions when our real nobility shake t moth balls from their dress suits. A that's characteristic; he has the pride, y might say, of his long connection with t town. If it's necessary for somebody bunk a distinguished visitor Frank Mi opens his door—not that he's keen to g his name in the village sheet but he lik for the town to make a good impression

"There are other children, perhaps? house like that rather suggests a b family," Bruce remarked.

"There's Leila, the daughter. The must have been a naughty little devil some of the Mills or Shepherd tribe aw back yonder, for that girl certainly is lively little filly. Shep, who is named f his mother's people, never browsed in t wild oat fields but Leila makes up for Bounced from seven boarding schools holds the champeen record there. H mother passed hence when Leila was abo fourteen and various aunts took a hand bringing the kid up, but all they got f their trouble was nervous prostratio Frank's crazy about her—old stuff doting father bullied by adorab daughter."

"I think I get the picture," remark Bruce soberly as his thoughts caught u and played upon this summary of th history of Franklin Mills.

Glancing back at the house as Henders drove away, he was aware of the irony his very presence in the town, sent the by the whim of a dying woman to be pr pared to aid a man who in no imaginab circumstances could ever require any he it might be in his power to give. H mother had said that she had kept son track of Mills's life; she could never hav realized that he was so secure from an possibility of need. As Bruce thought it, Henderson had not limned an attracti portrait. Only Mills's devotion to th daughter, whom Henderson had describe in terms that did not conceal his ow admiration for the girl, brightened th picture.

"What can such a man do with his tim in a town like this?" asked Bruce medit tively. "No active business, you say

"Well," Henderson replied, "I've see him on the golf links—usually alone with the club professional. Frank's no one of these ha-ha boys who get togeth after the game with a few good sports an

sneak a bottle of unlawful Scotch from the locker. Travels a bit; several times a year he beats it somewhere with Leila. Shep's wife bores him, I think; and Shep's not exciting; too damned nice. From all I can see Leila's her pop's single big bet. Some say he's diffident; others hold that he's merely a selfish proposition. He's missed a number of chances to marry again—some of the most dashing widows in our tall corn cities have made a play for him; but he follows G. Washington's advice and keeps clear of entangling alliances."

"Interesting personality," said Bruce carelessly. But Mills had fixed himself in his mind—he had even fashioned a physical embodiment for the traits Henderson had described. On the whole Bruce's dominant feeling was one of relief and satisfaction. Franklin Mills was as remote from him as though they were creatures of different planets, separated by vast abysses of time and space.

III

In spite of Henderson's sweeping declaration that he needn't waste time calling on architects, that Freeman would take care of him, Bruce visited the offices of the other men on his list. Several of these were out of town; the others received him amiably; one of them promised him some work a little later, but was rather vague about it. When he returned to the hotel at noon he found Henderson waiting.

"Next time mind your Uncle Dudley. Bill Freeman's the bird for you. You just leave every little thing to me. Now what else is troubling you?"

"Well, I want a place to live; not too expensive but a few of the minor comforts."

Two hours later Bruce was signing the lease on a small bachelor apartment that Henderson had found for him with, apparently, no effort. He had also persuaded some people who lived across the street to give the young architect breakfast and provide a colored woman to keep his place in order.

Henderson's acquaintance with his fellow citizens appeared to be unlimited. He took Bruce to the State House to call on the Governor—brought that official from a conference from which he emerged good naturedly to shake hands and hear a new story. At noon on Saturday Henderson drove Bruce to the Freemans', where he calmly exercised all the rights of proprietorship. The house, of the English cottage type, was on the river in a five acre tract in a new addition. A real estate operator had given Freeman the site with the stipulation that he build himself a home to establish a social and artistic standard for the neighborhood.

"Don't be afraid of these people," remarked Henderson reassuringly. "Take your cue from me and act as though you had a deed for the house in your pocket. Bill's a dreamy sort of cuss, but Dale's a human dynamo. She looks fierce but responds to kind treatment."

Bruce never knew when Henderson was serious, and when a diminutive young lady ran downstairs whistling he assumed that he was about to be introduced to the daughter of the house.

"Dale, this is old Bruce Storrs, one of the meanest men out of jail. I know you'll hate each other; that's why I brought him. At the first sign of any flirtation between





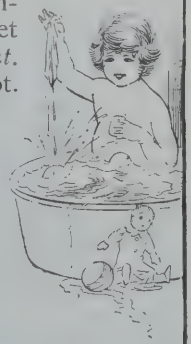
The Message Every Morning Brings

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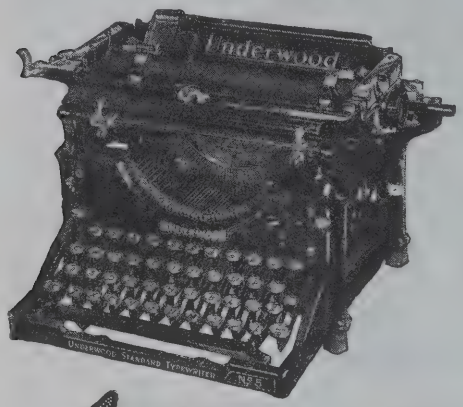




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Every Underwood we sell is rebuilt just like new. It is dismantled right to the very bottom, and remanufactured to make it just like a new typewriter, with new enamel, new nickel, new platen, new key rings, new type; a complete, perfect typewriter, with two-color ribbon, back spacer, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, key shift lock, etc. Impossible to tell it from a brand new Underwood, either in appearance, durability or quality of work.

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CITY_____ STATE_____

you two I'll run you both through the meat chopper and take a high dive into the adjacent stream."

Mrs. Freeman was absurdly small and slight and the short skirt of her simple linen dress and her bobbed hair exaggerated her diminutive stature. Having gathered from Henderson an idea that Mrs. Freeman was an assertive masculine person, Bruce was taken aback as the little woman smiled up at him and shook hands.

"It really isn't my fault that I broke in," he protested. "It was this awful Henderson person who told me you'd be heart-broken if I didn't come."

"I should have been! He'd have come alone and bored me to death. How is every little thing, Bud?"

"Soaring!" mumbled Henderson, who had chosen a book from the rack on the table and, sprawling on a couch, become immediately absorbed in it.

"That's the way Bud shows his noble breeding," remarked Mrs. Freeman, "but he is an easy guest to entertain. I suppose you're used to him?"

"Oh, we lived together for a couple of years! Nothing he does astonishes me."

"Then I needn't apologize for him. Bud's an acquired taste but once you know him he's highly diverting."

"When I began rooming with him in Boston I thought he was half-witted but finally decided he was at least three-quarters sane."

"One thing's certain; he's mastered the art of not being bored, which is some acomplishment!" said Mrs. Freeman, as Henderson rose suddenly and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, whence proceeded presently a sound as of cracking ice.

Mrs. Freeman had something of Henderson's air of taking things for granted and she talked to Bruce quite as though he were an old friend. She spoke amusingly of the embarrassments of housekeeping in the new quarter; they were pioneers, she said, and as servants refused to bury themselves so far from the bright lights she did most of her own housework, which was lots of fun when you had everything electric to play with. There was an old colored man who did chores and helped in the kitchen.

"You've never lived here? Bud gave me that idea but you never know when he's telling the truth."

"I never saw the town before; but I hope to stay."

"It's up to us to make you want to stay," she said graciously.

She had settled herself in the largest chair in the room, sitting on one foot like a child. She was thirty perhaps, but her face had not lost its girlish roundness. She smoked a cigarette as she talked, one arm thrown back of her head. She tactfully led Bruce to talk of himself and when he spoke of his year-long tramp her eyes narrowed as she gave him a more careful inspection.

"That sounds like a jolly lark. I want to know more about it, but we must wait for Bill. It's the sort of thing he'd adore doing."

Freeman appeared a moment later. He had been cleaning up after a morning's work in the garden. He was thirty-five, short and burly with a thick shock of unruly chestnut hair over which he passed his hand frequently, smoothing it only to ruffle it again. He greeted Bruce cordially and began talking volubly in short, jerk sentences of the Tech and men he assume Bruce might have known there. He pr duced pipe and tobacco from the pocke of his white flannel trousers and smok fitfully.

Henderson reappeared wearing an apr and bearing a tray with a cocktail shak and four glasses.

"Don't flinch, Bill," he said, "it's n gin; you pay for the oranges. I say, Da I told Tuck to peel some potatoes. A you wanted those chops for lunch, didn you? There's nothing else in the iceb and I told Tuck to put 'em on."

"He'll probably ruin them," said M Freeman. "Excuse me, Mr. Storrs; y and Bill talk while I get some work out Bud."

It was some time before Bruce got accu tomed to Freeman's oddities. He w constantly moving about with a quic catlike step; or if he sat down his han were never quiet. But he talked we proved himself a good listener, and e pressed approval by slapping his knee wh Bruce made some remark that squar with his own views. He was pleased in frank, boyish way when Bruce prais some of his houses which Henderson h pointed out.

"Yes; clients didn't bother me; I h my own way in those cases. I've got son plans under way now that I want to sho you. Dale said you were thinking starting in here. Well, I need some he right away. My assistant is leaving me going to Seattle. Suppose you drop Monday. We might be able to fix u something."

IV

THERE was tennis in the afternoon a in the evening visitors began to drop in chiefly young married people of the Fre mans' circle. Some of these were of we to-do families and others, Henderson e plained to Bruce, were not rich but "right He wished Bruce to understand that was in a community where money didn matter if you were "right," "rightnes implying a capacity for good fellowshi broad tolerance and a sense of humo The talk was lively and pitched in th chaffing key which is only possible amo people who are intimately acquainte This was Dale Freeman's salon, Henders explained. Any Saturday evening y were likely to meet people who had som thing worth while to offer.

He drew Bruce from one group to a other, praising him or abusing him wi equal extravagance. He assured ever one that it was a great honor to meet man destined, as he declared Bruce to b to cut a big figure in the future of the tow He never backed a dead one, he remind them. Bruce was the dearest friend had in the world, and, he would rueful add, probably the only one.

A number of the guests had gone wh late in the evening the depleted compan was reinforced by the arrival of Shephe Mills and his wife.

"Shep and the Shepherdess!" Henders cheerfully announced.

Mrs. Mills extended her hand with gracious smile as Bruce was presente She was tall and fair and moved with sinuous sort of grace. She spoke lazily a low, murmurous tone little broken inflections. Bruce noted that she w

dressed rather more smartly than the other women present. It seemed to him that the atmosphere of the room changed perceptibly on her appearance; or it might have been merely that everyone paused a minute to inspect her or to hear what she had to say. Bruce surmised from the self-conscious look in her handsome gray eyes as she crossed the room that she enjoyed being the center of attention.

"Shep just would spend the day motoring to some queer place," she was saying, "where a lot of people were killed by the Indians ages ago. Most depressing Ruined the day for me! He's going to set up a monument or something to mark the painful affair."

"Shep just will be serious; there's no escaping that!" remarked one of the young women.

Shepherd Mills glanced about, a smile wavering on his face. He was evidently inured to the jibes of his friends; but for an instant there was an appealing, hurt look in his eyes.

"You too, Jessie!" he exclaimed; but his attempt to take the remark lightly was not wholly convincing.

He greeted Bruce in the quick, eager fashion of a diffident person anxious to appear cordial but not sure that his good intentions will be understood, and suggested that they sit down. He was not so tall as his wife; and his face was long and rather delicate. His slight reddish mustache seemed out of place on his lip; it did not quite succeed in giving him a masculine air. His speech was marked by odd, abrupt pauses, as though he were trying to hide a stammer; or it might have been that he was merely waiting to note the effect of what he was saying upon the hearer. He drew out a case and offered Bruce a cigarette, lighted one himself.

There was to be a tennis tournament at the country club the coming week and he mentioned this tentatively and was embarrassed to find that Bruce knew nothing about it.

"Oh, I'm always forgetting that everyone doesn't live here!" he laughed apologetically. "A little weakness of the provincial mind! I suppose we're horribly provincial out here. Do we strike you that way, Mr. Storrs?"

One might have surmised from his tone that he was used to having his serious questions ignored or answered flippantly but hoped that the stranger would meet him on his own ground.

"Oh, there isn't any such thing as provincialism any more, is there?" asked Bruce amiably. "I haven't sniffed anything of the sort in your city; you seem very metropolitan. The fact is I'm a good deal of a hick myself!"

Mills laughed with more fervor than the remark justified. Evidently satisfied of the intelligence and good nature of the Freemans' guest he suggested that they sit down and began to discuss the effect upon industry of a pending coal strike.

His hand went frequently to his mustache as he talked and the leg that he swung over his knee waggled nervously. He plunged into discussion of labor, mentioning foreign market conditions and citing figures from trade journals showing the losses to both capital and labor caused by the frequent disturbances in the industrial world. Bruce, having tramped through one of the coal fields where a strike was in

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When Pyorrhea comes, the teeth loosen, and drop out or must be extracted. Pus-pockets form at the roots and poison spreads throughout the system.

Comparatively few persons are immune. Statistics show that four out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, are subject to this sinister disease.

Heed Nature's Warning

At the first sign of Pyorrhea, Nature gives her danger signal—tender gums which bleed easily when the teeth are brushed.

Fortunate is he who heeds that friendly warning; his teeth may be spared, while he who neglects that admonition may pay the extreme penalty.

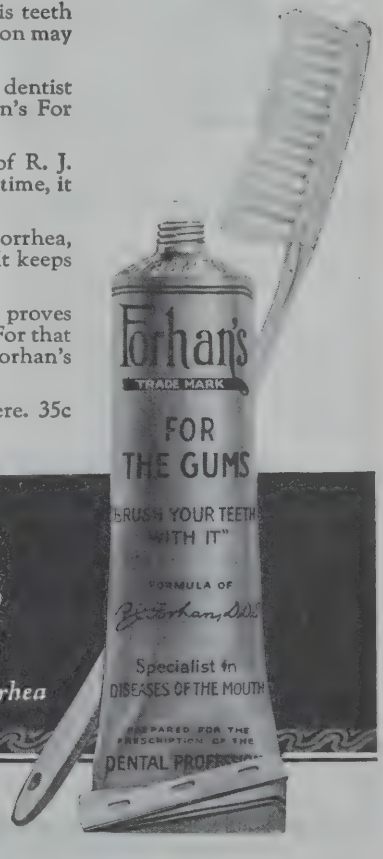
At the first sign of tender, bleeding gums, go to your dentist for teeth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the Gums at once.

Forhan's For the Gums is the scientific formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. If used consistently and used in time, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course.

In addition to its efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea, Forhan's For the Gums is an excellent dentifrice. It keeps teeth white and clean and gums firm and healthy.

Remember, statistics are all against you. Science proves that four out of every five are doomed after forty. For that reason it is good health insurance to start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums is sold by druggists everywhere. 35c and 60c in tubes.

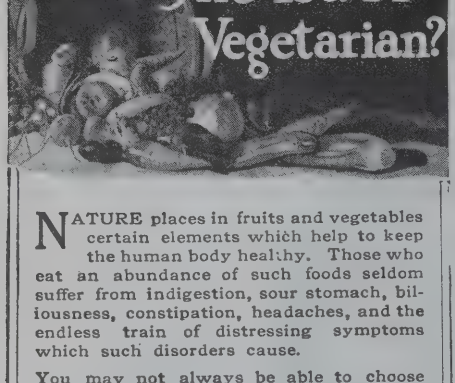


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FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
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NATURE places in fruits and vegetables certain elements which help to keep the human body healthy. Those who eat an abundance of such foods seldom suffer from indigestion, sour stomach, biliousness, constipation, headaches, and the endless train of distressing symptoms which such disorders cause.

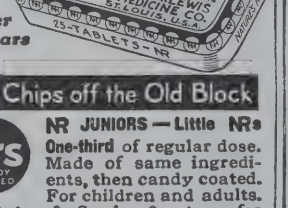
You may not always be able to choose your diet carefully or to avail yourself of the benefits of a scientifically-selected variety of foods, but you can give your system the benefit of the same vegetable laxative properties contained in vegetable foods.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is made entirely of concentrated vegetable ingredients which are therapeutically the same as Nature furnishes in the most healthful of foods. That is why millions of persons use this pure, mild, natural aid to health in preference to anything else.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) *does more than a laxative.* It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new.

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Used for over 30 years



NR JUNIORS Jrs CANDY COATED

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS — Little NRs One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.

Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. C St. Louis, Mo.

"WHY didn't someone think of it before?" Happy women users are asking this question about

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Banish coughing, sore throat, hoarseness—relieve catarrhal and asthmatic conditions. Not candy but a cough remedy. At druggists.

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progress, described the conditions as he had observed them. Mills expressed the greatest interest; the frown deepened on his face as he listened.

"That's bad; things shouldn't be that way," he said. "The truth of the matter is that we haven't mastered the handling of business. It's stupendous; we've outgrown the old methods. We forget the vast territories we have to handle and the numbers of men it's necessary to keep in touch with. When my grandfather Mills first started in business here he had fifty men working for him and he knew them all—knew their families, circumstances, everything. Now I have six hundred in my plant and don't know fifty of them! But I'd like to know them all; I feel that it's my duty to know them."

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently when Henderson's sharp little laugh at the other end of the room broke in discordantly upon Bruce's sympathetic reply to this.

"Bud, how silly you are!" they heard Mrs. Mills saying. "But I don't know what we'd do without you. You do cheer things up a bit now and then!"

Mrs. Freeman effected a redistribution of the guests that brought Mrs. Mills and Bruce together.

"Shep, you mustn't monopolize Mr. Storrs. Give Connie a chance. Mr. Storrs is an ideal subject for you, Connie. Take him out on the terrace and put him through all your degrees." And then to Bruce: "Mrs. Mills is not only our leading vamp but a terrible highbrow—reads all the queer stuff!"

Shepherd Mills was not wholly successful in concealing his displeasure in thus being deprived of Bruce's company. And noting this Bruce put out his hand, saying:

"That's a deep subject; we shall have to tackle it again. Please don't forget that we've left it in the air and give me another chance."

"My husband really wants so much to save the human race," remarked Mrs. Mills as she stepped out on the tiled flooring of a broad terrace where there were rugs and comfortable places to sit. There was moonlight and the great phalanx of stars marched across the clear heavens; below flowed the river. She seated herself on a couch, suffered him to adjust a pillow at her back and indicated that he was to sit beside her.

"I'm really done up by our all-day motor trip but my husband insisted on dropping in here. The Freemans are a great resource to all of us. You're always likely to find someone new and interesting here. Dale Freeman has a genius for picking up just the right sort of people and she's generous about letting her friends know them. Are you and the Freemans old friends?"

"Oh, not at all! Henderson's my only friend here. He vouched for me to the Freemans."

"Oh, Bud! He's such a delightful rascal. You don't mind my calling him that? I shouldn't if I weren't so fond of him. He's absolutely necessary to our social existence. We'd stagnate without him."

"Bud was always a master hand at stirring things up. His methods are a little peculiar at times but he does get results."

"There's no question but that he's a warm admirer of yours."

"That's because he's forgotten about me! He hadn't seen me for five years."

"I think possibly I can understand that one wouldn't exactly forget you, Mr. Storrs."

She let the words fall carelessly as though to minimize their daring in case they were not wholly acceptable to her auditor. The point was not lost upon him. He was not without his experience in the gentle art of flirtation, and her technic was familiar. There was always, however, the possibility of variations in the ancient game, and he hoped that Mrs. Shepherd Mills was blessed with originality.

"There's a good deal of me to forget; I'm six feet two!" he said leadingly.

"Well, of course I wasn't referring altogether to your size," she said with her murmurous little laugh. "I adore big men and I suppose that's why I married a small one. Isn't it deliciously funny how contrary we are when it comes to the important affairs of our lives! I suppose it's just because we're poor weak humans. We haven't the courage of our prejudices."

"I'd never thought of that," Bruce replied. "But it is an interesting idea. I suppose we're none of us free agents. It's not in the great design of things that we shall walk a chalk line. If we all did it would probably be a very stupid world."

"I'm glad you feel that way about it. For a long time half the world tried to make conformists of the other half; nowadays not more than a third are trying to keep the rest on the chalk line—and that third's skidding! People think me dreadfully heretical about everthing. But—I'm not, really! Tell me you don't think me terribly wild and untamed."

"I think," said Bruce, feeling that here was a cue he mustn't miss, "I think you are very charming. If it's your ideas that make you so I certainly refuse to quarrel with them."

"How beautifully you came up on that! Something tells me that I'm not going to be disappointed in you. We must see you at our house. I haven't quite Dale's knack of attracting people"—she paused a moment upon this note of humility—"but I try to bring a few worth while people together. I've educated a few men to drop in for tea on Thursdays with usually a few of my pals among the young matrons and a girl or two. If you feel moved——"

"I hope you're not trifling with me," said Bruce "for I shall certainly come."

Henderson appeared presently with a dark hint that Shepherd was peeved by their long absence and that the company was breaking up.

"Connie never plays all her cards the first time, Bruce; you must give her another chance."

"Oh, Mr. Storrs has promised me a thousand chances!" said Mrs. Mills.

V

SUNDAY evening the Freemans were called unexpectedly into town and Bruce and Henderson were left to amuse themselves. Henderson immediately lost himself in a book and Bruce, a little homesick for the old freedom of the road, set out for a walk. A footpath that followed the river invited him and he lounged along his spirit responding to the beauty of the

night, his mind intent upon the future. The cordiality of the Freemans and their circle had impressed him with the friendliness of the community. It would take time to establish himself in his profession but he had confidence in his power to achieve; the lust for work was already strong in him. He was satisfied that he had done wisely in obeying his mother's mandate; he would never have been happy if he had ignored it.

He speculated a good deal about young Mills. The gentleness and forbearance with which he suffered the raillery of his intimates, his anxiety to be accounted a good fellow, his serious interest in matters of real importance—in all these things there was something touching and appealing. It was difficult to correlate Shepherd with his wife, but perhaps their dissimilarities were only superficial. Bruce appraised Connie Mills as rather shallow, fond of admiration, given to harmless poses in which her friends evidently encouraged and indulged her. She practiced her little coquetries with an openness that was in itself a safeguard.

It was bewildering, but it had come about so naturally that there seemed nothing extraordinary in the fact that he was already acquainted with members of Franklin Mills's family.

Bruce paused now and then where the path drew in close to the river to look down at the moonlit water through the fringe of trees and shrubbery. A boy and girl floated by in a canoe, the girl singing as she thrummed a ukulele, and his eyes followed them a little wistfully. Farther on the dull put-put-put of a motorboat broke the silence. The sound ceased abruptly, followed instantly by a colloquy between the occupants.

"Damn this fool thing!" ejaculated a feminine voice. "We've stuck!"

"I had noticed it!" said another girl's voice good naturedly. "But such is the life of the sailor. I wouldn't just choose this for an all-night camp!"

"Don't be so sweet about it, Millicent! I'd like to sink this boat."

"It isn't Polly's fault. She's already half buried in the sand," laughed the other.

Storrs scrambled down to the water's edge and peered out upon the river. A small power boat had grounded on a sand bar in the middle of the stream. Its occupants were two young women in bathing suits. But for their voices he would have taken them for boys. One was tinkering with the engine while the other was trying to push off the boat with an oar which sank ineffectually in the sand. In their attempts to float their craft the young women had not seen Storrs who, satisfied that they were in no danger, was rather amused by their plight. They were presumably from one of the near-by villas and their bathing suits implied familiarity with the water. He could hear them quite distinctly at times; then their voices became inaudible as they continued to confer as to the best means of extricating themselves from their predicament. The girl at the engine talked excitedly with an occasional profane outburst; her companion was disposed to accept the situation philosophically.

"We can easily swim out, so don't get so excited, Leila," said the girl with the oar. "And do stop swearing; voices travel a long way over the water."

She Had No More Idea

That She Could Write a Photoplay Than You May Have

—*yet she sold her first one to Thos. H. Ince*

ELIZABETH THACHER'S experience is not extraordinary.

It is not beyond possibility for you to become a successful playwright, as she did, for the motion picture industry—the fifth largest in the world—is seeking new writers everywhere. There is a great dearth of good screen stories and a nation-wide search for more trained writers is now in force.

Elizabeth Thacher, just a Montana housewife at the time, thought she could write a better story for the screen than many she had seen in the little town of Corvallis, and one day she simply sat down and sent us a coupon from one of our announcements, as you may do after reading this one.

She had never written anything for publication. She hadn't the least idea what she had to do to learn. She didn't know even if she had a chance. She was merely curious about it.

Within a few months after enrollment for the Palmer Course and Service—which she studied during spare time at home—she wrote a photoplay.

Much to her amazement and the surprise of her friends, Thos. H. Ince, the famous producer, purchased it. (We act as a clearing house for the sale of stories, as well as trainers of those who wish to learn to write.)

Mrs. Thacher was amazed because she never really thought of herself as *actually a writer* of photoplays, although she did have those flashes of suggestion that she could improve some films. Also she thought producers did not want scenarios by anyone except those who had "made a name for themselves."

She didn't know the truth about the moving picture industry, which is simply this:

There is no other industry that has grown so fast and consequently is so lacking in *trained people* to help carry it on.

Twenty million people, it is estimated, see moving pictures every day in this country. Thousands of theatres are necessary to accommodate so many, and they must change their programs at least once and more often two and three times, each week.

It requires a great many writers to supply so many photoplays.

Writers of fiction are unable to "turn themselves into scenarists" as easily as you might expect, for there is an entirely new technique necessary in the creation of motion picture stories. What you write doesn't *appear on the screen*, so even those who "have no style in writing and never could write a short story or a book" frequently can write the most successful photoplays. In fact, most of the



Elizabeth Thacher

highest paid men and women scenarists in the industry today came from other than the literary field.

And as nearly every producer would tell you, few famous books and short stories are suitable for photoplay production.

So in motion pictures there is probably the biggest field and the widest opportunity for new writing talent ever offered to so-called "novices"—ordinary people in all walks of life—housewives, office men, department store workers, doctors, lawyers and others who would like to do something creative in a different way.

Recently a California school teacher, a New York society matron, a Pennsylvania newspaper man, an underpaid office man in Utah and many others have developed under our guidance the powers which we helped them to discover.

Practically all these new writers of today have developed with the industry as must also *hundreds of new writers now unknown.*

The Palmer Course and Service for the training of writers of photoplays is different from other kinds of correspondence courses in that you get the *actual practice* of the profession *as you learn.* You learn by actually writing scenarios that you can sell—either through our story sales department or to our own productions—if they are possessed of merit that makes them desirable, of course.

As you write scenarios while studying this course, a staff of experts supplies personal and detailed criticism of your stories, to help you make them salable.

If they attain that quality, and when they do, we will, if you wish, offer them to the big producers through the Palmer Sales Department, which keeps in daily touch with the entire industry in Hollywood and knows its needs and wants.

Or we ourselves will purchase them for our own production if they meet our standards—for we are offering a new opportunity to all writers now. Read it elsewhere in this announcement.

We offer, furthermore, an unique test to all who feel that they would like to know if they have any chance of developing into a successful photoplay-wright.

It is the Palmer Creative Test, which indicates the presence or lack of *creative imagination* in the one who wants to try.

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"I don't care who hears me," said the other, though in a lower tone.

She gave the engine a spin, starting the motor, but the power was unequal to the task of freeing the boat. With an exclamation of disgust she turned off the switch and the futile threshing of the propeller ceased.

"Let's swim ashore and send back for Polly," said the girl addressed as Millicent.

"I see myself swimming out!" the other retorted. "I'm not going to leave Polly here for some pirate to steal."

"Nobody's going to steal her. This isn't the ocean, you know."

"Well, no fool boat's going to get the best of me. Where's that flask? I'm freezing!"

"You don't need any more of that! Please give it to me!"

She made the demand a little sharply and her companion resented her tone, bitterly protesting that it was her flask and that she would do as she pleased with it. But her companion snatched it away.

"You had too much before we came out. I oughtn't to have let you come!"

"I hope you are enjoying yourself," said the other petulantly. "I don't see any fun in this!"

"Hello, there!" called Bruce, waving his arms to attract their attention. "Can I be of help?"

Startled by his voice they did not reply immediately but he heard them conferring as to this unlooked-for hail from the bank.

"Oh, I'm perfectly harmless!" he cried reassuringly. "I was just passing and heard your engine. If there's a boat near by I can pull you off; or I'll swim out and lift your boat off if you say so."

"Better get a boat," said the voice he had identified with the name of Millicent. "There's a boathouse just a little farther up, on your side. You'll find a skiff and a canoe. We'll be awfully glad to have your help. Thank you ever so much!"

"Don't forget to come back," cried Leila.

"Certainly not!" laughed Bruce and sprang up the bank.

He found the boathouse without trouble, chose the skiff as easier to manage, and rowed back. In the moonlight he saw Millicent standing up in the launch watching him and as he approached she flashed an electric torch along the side of the boat that he might see the nature of their difficulty.

"I think we'd better get out," she said.

"No; stay right there till I see what I can do. I think I can push you off. All steady now!"

The launch moved a little at his first attempt to dislodge it and a second strong shove sent it into the channel.

"Now start your engine!"

The girl in the middle of the boat muttered something he didn't catch.

"Leila, can you start the engine?" demanded Millicent. "I think—I think I'll have to row back," she said when Leila made no response. "My friend isn't feeling well."

"I'll tow you—that's easy," said Bruce, noting that her companion apparently was no longer interested in the proceedings. "Please throw me your rope!"

He caught the rope and fastened it to the stern of the skiff and called out that he was ready.

"You can land us where you found the boat," said Millicent. She settled herself in the stern of the launch and took the tiller. No word was spoken till they reached the boathouse.

"That's all you can do," said Millicent, who had drawn on a long bath wrapper and stepped out. "And thank you very, very much; I'm sorry to have caused you so much trouble."

This was clearly a dismissal but he loosened the rope and tied up the skiff. He waited, holding the launch, while Millicent tried to persuade Leila to disembark.

"Perhaps——" began Bruce, and hesitated. It seemed unfair to leave the girl alone with the problem of getting her friend ashore. Not to put too fine a point on the matter, Leila was intoxicated.

"Now Leila!" cried Millicent exasperatedly. "You're making yourself ridiculous, besides keeping this gentleman waiting. It's not a bit nice of you!"

"Jus' restin' lil bit," said Leila, staring uncomprehendingly at Bruce. "I'm jus' restin' and I'm not goin' to leave Polly."

Millicent turned to Bruce. "If I could get her out of the boat I could put her in our car and take her home."

"Surely," he said and bent over quickly and lifted the girl from the launch, set her on her feet and steadied her. Millicent fumbled in the launch, found a bath wrapper and flung it about Leila's shoulders. She guided her friend toward the long, low boathouse and turned a switch.

"I can manage now," she said, gravely surveying Bruce in the glare of light. "I'm so sorry to have troubled you."

She was tall and fair with markedly handsome brown eyes and a great wealth of fine-spun golden hair that tumbled down upon her shoulders. Her dignity was in nowise diminished by her garb. She betrayed no agitation. Bruce felt that she was paying the compliment of assuming that she was dealing with a gentleman who, having performed a service, would go his way and forget the whole affair. She drew her arm about the now passive Leila, who was much shorter—quite small, indeed, in comparison.

"Our car's here and we'll get dressed and drive back into town. Thank you so much and—good night."

"I was only too glad to help you; good night."

The door closed upon them. Bruce made the launch fast to the landing and resumed his walk.

VI

WHEN he returned to the Freemans', Henderson flung aside his book and complained of Bruce's prolonged absence.

"I had begun to think you'd got yourself kidnapped. Go ahead and talk," he said, yawning and stretching himself.

"Well, I've had a mild adventure," said Bruce, lighting a cigarette; and he described his meeting with the two young women.

"Not so bad!" said Henderson placidly. "Such little adventures never happen to me. Leila is an obstreperous little kid; she really ought to behave herself. Right the first time. Leila Mills of course; I think I mentioned her the other day. Her friend is Millicent Harden. Guess I omitted Millicent in my review of our citizens. Quite a remarkable person. She plays the rôle of big sister to Leila; they're neighbors on Jefferson Avenue. That's

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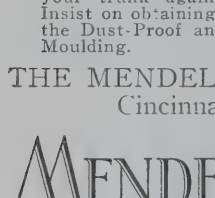
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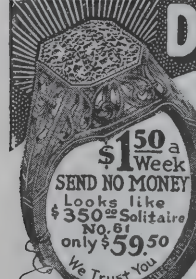


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just a boathouse on the Styx that Mills built for Leila's delectation. She pulls a cocktail tea there occasionally.

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"But Leila?" said Bruce seriously. "You don't quite expect to find the daughter of a prominent citizen tipsy on a river, and rather profane."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Henderson easily. "Leila's all right. You needn't worry about her. She's merely passing through a phase and will probably emerge safely. Leila's hardly up to your standard, but Millicent is a girl you'll like. I ought to have told Dale to ask Millicent here. Dale, in her broad tolerance, doesn't mind at all that old Harden's rolled up a few million by being smart enough to scamper just a nose length ahead of the federal grand jury carrying his rotten dope in triumph."

"Miss Mills, I suppose, is an acceptable member of the Freemans' group?" Bruce inquired.

"Acceptable enough, but this is all too tame for Leila. Curious sort of friendship—Leila and Millicent. Millicent is, in a manner of speaking, between the Devil and the deep sea in the social swim. She's just a little too superior to train with the girls of the Longview Country Club set and the asthma cure keeps her from being chummy with the Faraway gang. But I'll say that Leila's lucky to have a friend like Millicent. By George, I hope you'll meet up with Millicent soon! Don't get it into your bean that she's merely clever as many girls of twenty-four or five are. No, there's *more!* After you've met her we'll see what we can figure out. Here come our host and hostess. Being a gentleman, of course you won't mention the little episode on the river. Leila's such a nut!"

CHAPTER III

HENDERSON made his wife's return an excuse for giving a dinner—she had brought home a trophy from the golf tournament and her prowess must be celebrated. Mrs. Henderson was a tall blonde with a hearty, offhand manner and given to plain, direct speech. She treated Bud as though he were a younger brother, to be humored to a certain point and then reminded a little tartly of his limitations.

Several interviews with Freeman resulted in an arrangement by which Bruce was to enter the architect's office immediately. As Henderson had predicted, Mrs. Freeman was a real power in her husband's affairs. She confided to Bruce privately that with all his talents Bill lacked tact in dealing with his clients and he needed someone to supply this deficiency. And the office was a place of confusion, and Bill was prone to forgetfulness. Bruce, Mrs. Freeman thought, could be of material assistance in keeping Bill straight.

Bruce was put to work on tentative sketches for a residence for a man who had no very clear idea of what he wanted. This gave him a chance to show what he could do and he entered upon his work with enthusiasm.

The Hendersons were almost too zealous in their anxiety to promote Bruce socially. Someone was giving a large party at the Faraway Country Club, and this, Maybelle told him, he couldn't afford to miss. Bruce, yielding to their importunities, found the affair all they had promised. Late in the evening as he sought a girl who had promised him a dance Bruce found himself in proximity to Millicent Harden.

There was no mistaking her; she was standing in the hall outside the ballroom as though waiting for someone. Her eyes fell upon him passingly, then returned for a second glance. Seeing a young man bearing down upon her Bruce stepped forward and bowed.

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely. He lifted his head to find her regarding him with an amused smile.

"Oh, you needn't!" she said quickly.

"I might find someone to introduce us—Mrs. Henderson, perhaps," he continued. "My name is Bruce Storrs."

"Then Mrs. Henderson's looking for you now—she told me to remain right here till she found you and came back! So possibly we might assume that the introduction is accomplished. I'm Miss Harden."

"That helps a good deal! Shall we dance?"

After the dance he suggested that they step out for a breath of air.

"That's a happy thought," she replied. They found seats and she said immediately:

"Of course I remember you; I'd be ashamed if I didn't. I'm glad of this chance to thank you. I know Leila—Miss Mills—will want to thank you too. We must have seemed very silly that night on the river."

"Such a thing might happen to anyone; why not forget it?"

"Let me thank you again," she said seriously. "You were ever so kind."

"The incident is closed," he remarked with finality. "Am I keeping you from a partner? They're dancing again. We might talk this out if I'm not depriving you——"

"You're not. It's warm inside and this is a relief. We might even wander down the lawn and look for elves and dryads and nymphs. Those big trees and the stars set the stage for such encounters."

"It's rather nice to believe in fairies and such things. At times I'm a believer; then I lose my faith."

"We all forget our fairies sometimes," she answered gravely.

He had failed to note at their meeting on the river the loveliness of her voice. He found himself waiting for the recurrence of certain tones that had a curious musical resonance. He was struck by a certain sobriety in her that was expressed for fleeting moments in both voice and

es. He was grateful for intervals in ıich, even with the newest dance music ating out to them and the light and ıghter within, he was aware of an inde- able quality in the girl that seemed to ınslate her to remote and shadowy times. er profile—clean-cut without sharpness— d her manner of wearing her abundant ir—carried back loosely to a knot low her head—strengthened his impression her as a being a little foreign to the ace and hour.

But apart from these vague suggestions ere was nothing to differentiate her from her young women endowed with good ›ks. She spoke with quiet enthusiasm the outdoor sports that interested her— ling she enjoyed most of all. Nothing ve quite the sense of freedom one derived ›m a gallop on a good horse. Henderson d intimated that her social life was stricted, but she bore herself more like young woman of the world than any her girl he remembered. She was reshingly free of affectations, talked non- ıse, made amusing but not unkind com- ents on people who passed them. The rty, he imagined, only mildly entertained r; she several times excused herself when ung men sought her out for a dance.

"Maybelle Henderson will scold me for ding you away," she said. "I can't nce just whenever the band plays. It's t to be an inspiration!"

"Then I thank you again for one perfect nce! I'm afraid I didn't appreciate ıat you were giving me."

"Oh, I danced with you to hide my em- rrassment!" she laughed.

Half an hour passed and they had uched and dismissed many subjects ıen she rose and caught the hand of a l who was passing.

"Miss Mills, Mr. Storrs. It's quite fit- ıg that you should meet Mr. Storrs."

"Fitting?" asked the girl, breathless ›m her dance. Her escort left her and e trio were alone for a moment.

"We've all met before—on the river— ›st shockingly! You might just say ank you to Mr. Storrs."

"Oh, this is *not*——" Leila drew back d inspected Bruce with her head tilted, r eyes dancing.

"Miss Harden is mistaken; this is the st time we ever met," declared Bruce.

"Isn't he nice!" exclaimed Leila. "From ıat Millie said I knew you would be like is." And then: "Oh, lots of people are agging about you and promising to in- ›duce me! Here comes Tommy Barnes; has this dance. Oh, Millie! if you get a ance you might say a kind word to papa. e's probably terribly bored by this time."

"Leila's a dear child! I'm sure you'll e her," said Millicent as the girl fluttered vay. "Oh! I adore this piece; will you nce with me?"

As they left the floor Mrs. Henderson tercepted them.

"Aren't you the limit, you two? I've d Bud searching the whole place for you d here you are! Quite as though you dn't been hiding for the last hour."

"I'm going to keep Mr. Storrs just a oment," said Millicent. "Leila said r father was perishing somewhere and I do want Mr. Storrs to meet him."

"Yes; certainly," said Bruce.

He walked beside her into the big lounge, where many of the older guests were gathered.

"Poor Mr. Mills!" said Millicent after a quick survey of the room. "There he is, listening to one of Mr. Tasker's interminable yarns."

She led the way toward a group of men, one of whom was evidently nearing the end of a long story. One of his auditors, a dark man of medium height, was listening with an air of forced attention. His grayish hair was smoothly brushed away from his forehead; he wore a short, stubby mustache, a trifle less gray than his hair. Millicent and Bruce fell within the line of his vision and his face brightened instantly and he nodded to the girl and waved his hand. The instant the story was ended he crossed to them, his eyes bright with pleasure and a smile on his face.

"I call it a base desertion!" he exclaimed, bowing mockingly. "You and Leila bring me here and coolly park me where I have to listen to the oldest stories in the world."

"Don't scold! Mr. Mills—let me present Mr. Storrs."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Storrs," said Mills with quiet cordiality. He swept Bruce with a quick, comprehensive scrutiny.

"Mr. Storrs has lately moved here," Millicent explained.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Storrs, on having fallen into good hands."

"Oh, Miss Harden is taking splendid care of me!" Bruce replied.

"She's quite capable of doing that!" Mills returned.

Bruce was studying Franklin Mills guardedly. The man had probably been a handsome youth, and he wore his years lightly. Such distinction as he had was in his bearing; he held himself well. A man of reserves and reticences, not a safe subject for quick judgments. His manner was somewhat listless now that the introduction had been accomplished; and perhaps aware of this he addressed several remarks to Bruce, asking whether the music was all that the jazzy age demanded; confessed that his dancing days were over.

"You only think they are! Mr. Mills really dances very well. You'd be surprised, Mr. Storrs, considering how venerable he is!"

"That's why I don't dance!" Mills retorted with a rueful grin. " 'Considering his age' is the meanest thing that can be said of a man who's struck fifty."

Bud Henderson here interrupted them, declaring that dozens of people were disconsolate because Bruce had concealed himself.

"Of course you must go!" said Millicent.

"I hope to meet you again," said Mills as Bruce bowed to him.

"Thank you, Mr. Mills," said Bruce.

He was conscious once more of Mills's intent scrutiny. It seemed to him as he walked away that Mills's eyes followed him.

"What's the matter, old top?" Bud demanded. "You're not tired?"

"No; I'm all right," Bruce replied, though his heart was pounding hard, and feeling a little giddy he threw his arm across Henderson's shoulder.

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Just what Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted specialist of skin diseases, recommended in his famous work, "The Skin and Its Diseases," Mineralava accomplishes. It was Sir Erasmus who pointed out that there are two layers of human skin, the outer called the Epidermis, which bears the brunt of weather and the exposure to dirt and grime; and the under skin called the Dermis, waiting to take its place when the old skin flakes and falls away, and which must, therefore, be nourished, stimulated and invigorated.



PRISCILLA DEAN, star of "Under Two Flags," enthusiastically writes:

"There is nothing that so definitely clears away all the impurities from the skin as Mineralava does. It brings back the firm contour of youth and is the enemy of all skin troubles."

That is what Mineralava does so perfectly. It penetrates the myriad of tiny pores and reaching the under skin stimulates it to perfect skin-health. It absolutely corrects Skin-Malnutrition, that disease of lack of proper nourishment from which most mature faces suffer. In place of the sallow, dead-looking complexion, lacking vivacity and beauty, it gives you a face sparkling with vigor and free from blemishes.

Mineralava Beauty Clay builds up the tiny muscles and stimulates a healthy blood circulation through the tiny blood vessels; it clears away all the eruptions, draws out the impurities, drives off pimples and blackheads; corrects oily or too-dry skin, coarse pores, incipient wrinkles and sagging muscles. It so nourishes the Dermis that when the time comes for it to take its place as the surface skin, it appears as the perfect complexion, newborn and beautiful.

Countless thousands of happy American home women testify to the permanent qualities of Mineralava. Mineralava is a superior article for discriminating people. Originally Mineralava was sold only in Beauty Parlors at as high as $15 a treatment.

Today it is within the reach of every woman at $2.00 a bottle, each bottle containing eighteen treatments, or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. Full directions for treatment and a soft brush for applying with every bottle.

There is also an introductory Trial Tube of Mineralava at 50c.



MINERALAVA—makes Blemished Skin Perfect!



MINERALAVA—corrects all forms of Skin-Malnutrition!



MINERALAVA—keeps Young Faces Healthful and Rosy!



MINERALAVA—moulds Old Faces to the Contour of Youth!

Mineralava has 22 years' successful use behind it in the best homes of the country. Don't experiment with new and untried Beauty Clays. The original is your only protection.

Go to your dependable Druggist or Department Store. Ask for Mineralava Beauty Clay. If the Store does not happen to have it write direct to the manufacturers and they will see that your dealer is supplied to fill your requirements. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West 19th Street, New York.

Mineralava
BEAUTY CLAY
PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK
Distributor



VOL. LXXIV APRIL, 1923 NO. 4

COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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Next Month

Comes a true story—one of the most inspiring you ever read.
A story of a once prominent minister and
his life expiation for a moment's madness.
A story that never got into the newspapers because
a whole city kept the secret of it inviolate.

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

was commissioned by COSMOPOLITAN *to investigate*
the facts and write them. The result is a human drama.

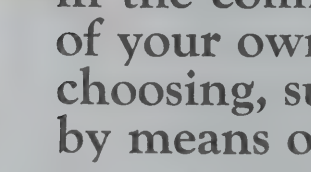
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VOL. LXXIV
No. 4
COSMOPOLITAN
APRIL
1923

The Life of The Party

by S. E. KISER

I HEAR her fling a careless jest
Across the table richly spread;
Rare jewels gleam upon her breast,
A cluster glows upon her head;
Her beauty rouses envy, where
She dazzles mirth is fast and free,
But silently beside her chair
There stands, or so it seems to me,
A wistful child with wind-blown hair—
The little girl she used to be.

SHE has not failed to let her charms
Appeal for notice and for praise;
Her snowy breast is bared, her arms
Attract the jaded cynic's gaze;
The luster has not left her eyes,
She has not learned as yet to think
Of griefs that she must soon disguise,
Of dregs that she will have to drink;
She does not hear the moans that rise
From depths where she is doomed to sink.

HER laugh is merry; she forgets
The price her luxuries have cost;
She lets no moment bring regrets
Or longings for the soul she lost.
The party grows from gay to wild,
Her snowy breast and arms are bare;
The fragrant blooms before her piled
She tosses gayly here and there,
Unmindful of the wistful child
That seems to stand beside her chair.

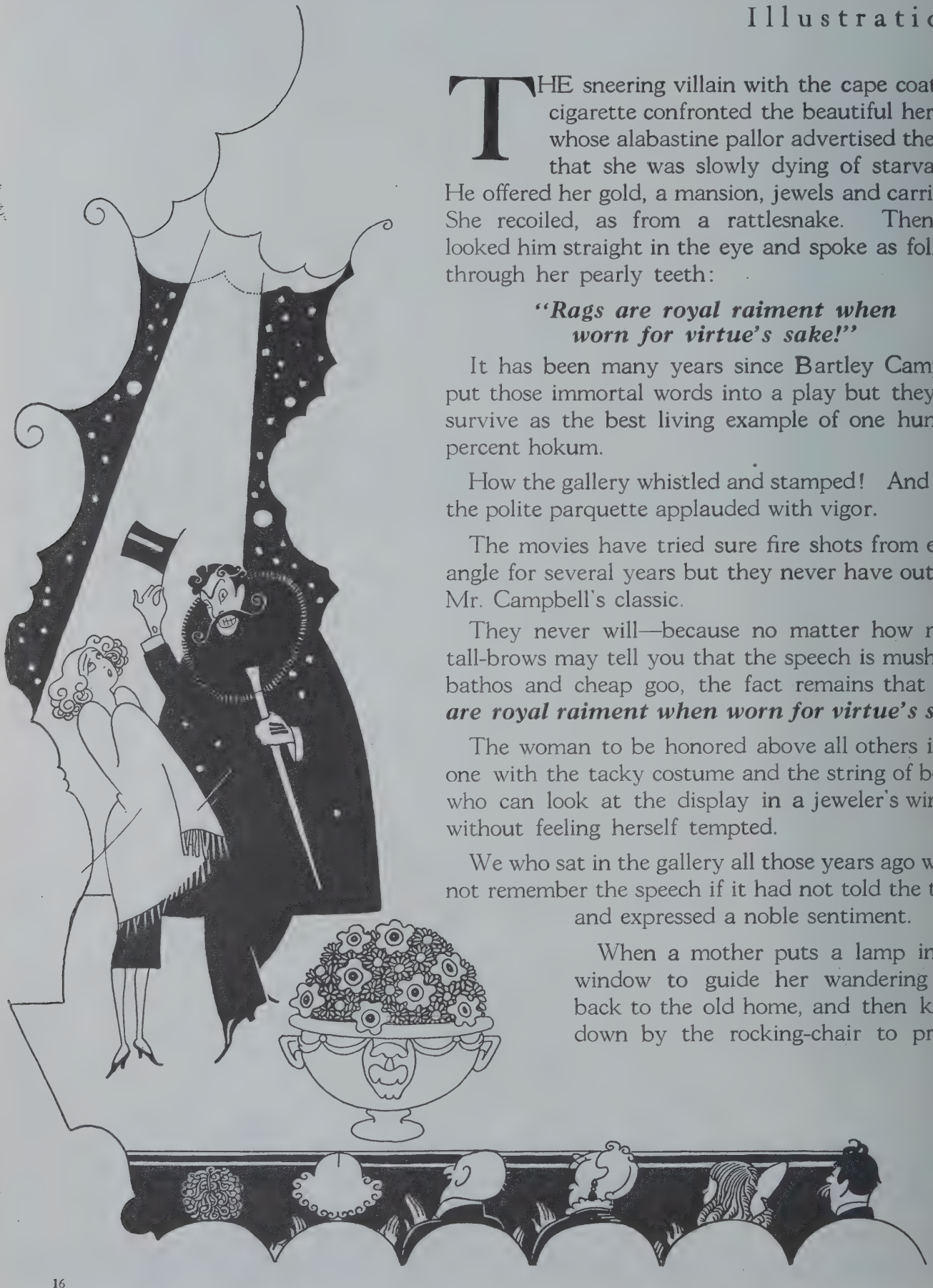
THEY will forget who praise her now,
For beauty fades, and youth is brief;
Some day she will be learning how
To blame mischances for her grief,
And those to whom she turns to fling
Kissed roses still may find it droll
To sit where Pleasure, in full swing,
Ignores the innocence it stole,
But I will be remembering
The wistful child that had a soul.

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GEORGE ADE on

Which is American for the Honest-to-God Stuff that All of us feel but

Illustrations



THE sneering villain with the cape coat and cigarette confronted the beautiful heroine, whose alabastine pallor advertised the fact that she was slowly dying of starvation. He offered her gold, a mansion, jewels and carriages. She recoiled, as from a rattlesnake. Then she looked him straight in the eye and spoke as follows, through her pearly teeth:

"Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake!"

It has been many years since Bartley Campbell put those immortal words into a play but they still survive as the best living example of one hundred percent hokum.

How the gallery whistled and stamped! And even the polite parquette applauded with vigor.

The movies have tried sure fire shots from every angle for several years but they never have outdone Mr. Campbell's classic.

They never will—because no matter how many tall-brows may tell you that the speech is mush and bathos and cheap goo, the fact remains that ***rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake.***

The woman to be honored above all others is the one with the tacky costume and the string of beads, who can look at the display in a jeweler's window without feeling herself tempted.

We who sat in the gallery all those years ago would not remember the speech if it had not told the truth and expressed a noble sentiment.

When a mother puts a lamp in the window to guide her wandering boy back to the old home, and then kneels down by the rocking-chair to pray—

H O K U M

so many of us are afraid to let our High-brow Neighbors know we feel

by Rea Irvin

That is super-hokum, the last word in emotional gravy, but even the dramatic critics weep!

They may pan it next morning but they shed unmanly tears when mother gets down on the rag carpet. Why? Because a million saintly mothers in America are waiting for bad boys to come home and be forgiven. If you can look at one of them without having something turn over under your belt, ***it simply proves that you yourself are not right.***

When Georgie Cohan waves the American flag—that's hokum. He knows it. But also he knows that in these days of skim-milk patriotism and celluoid Americanism, the decentest thing that any native born citizen, born on the Fourth of July, can do is to stand up and salute the colors and declare his faith in the old organization.

Extract:

"By what right do you interfere?"

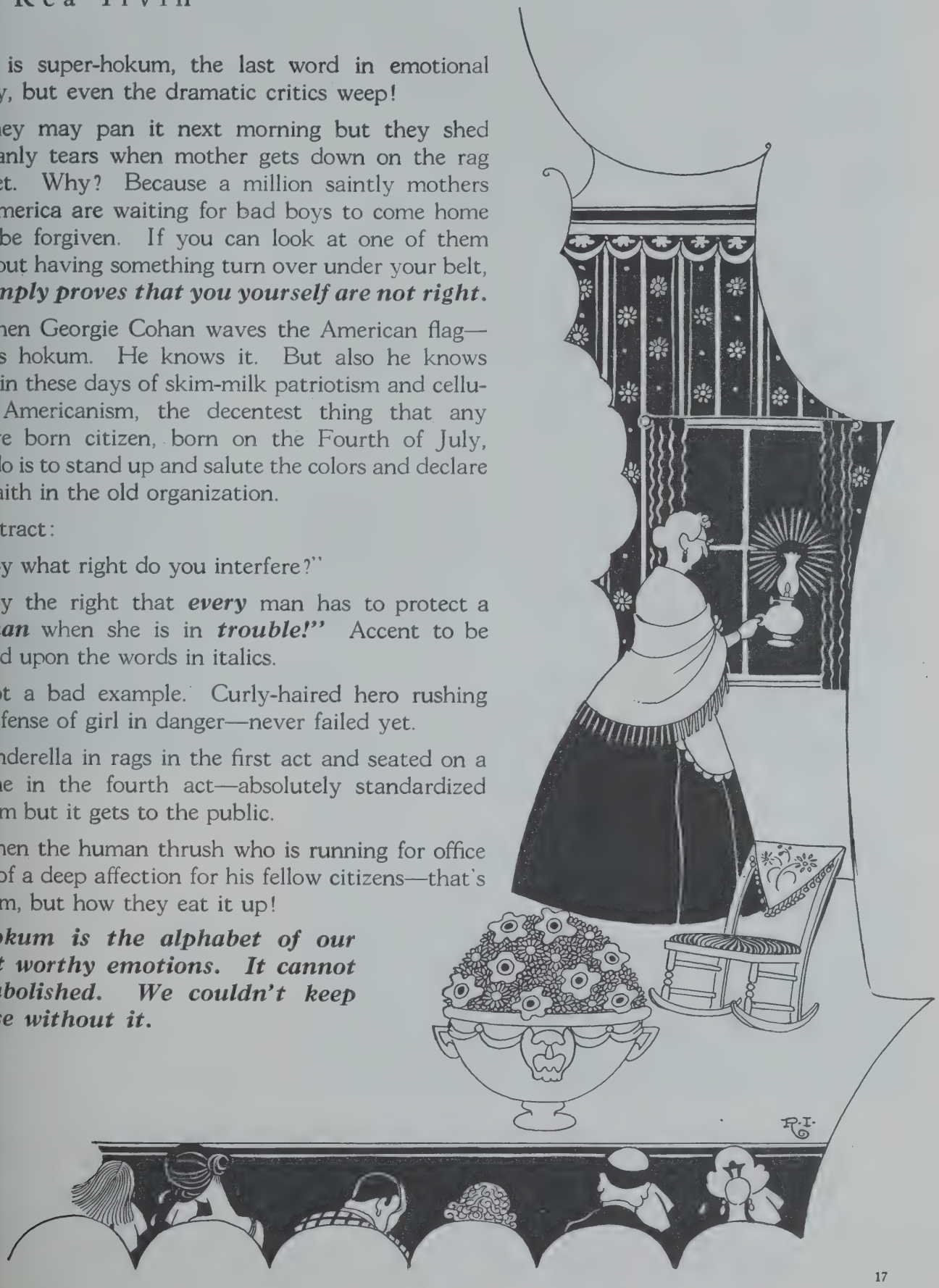
"By the right that ***every*** man has to protect a ***woman*** when she is in ***trouble!"*** Accent to be placed upon the words in italics.

Not a bad example. Curly-haired hero rushing to defense of girl in danger—never failed yet.

Cinderella in rags in the first act and seated on a throne in the fourth act—absolutely standardized hokum but it gets to the public.

When the human thrush who is running for office tells of a deep affection for his fellow citizens—that's hokum, but how they eat it up!

Hokum is the alphabet of our most worthy emotions. It cannot be abolished. We couldn't keep house without it.



Two of the GREATEST WOMEN WRITERS



This is

CYNTHIA STOCKLEY

who opens the Gate of Romance
in her powerful stories
of South Africa

FRANK NORRIS said: "There are only three big cities in the United States that are 'story cities'—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco."

O. HENRY disproved the statement in "A Municipal Report."

FANNIE HURST disproves it again in "The Brinkerhoff Brothers," which begins on page 74.



And this is
FANNIE
HURST
who was born and raised in St. Louis and makes that city as interesting a story background as Charles Dickens did London

A New Novel by CYNTHIA

The Garden



THOUGH Peril Kelly had been born a child of Rhodesia there was more of the fine Italian than of the frank colonial in her composition. Her father a scapegrace Mounted Policeman, dead sooner than strictly necessary because his malaria-overladen veins could not last the pace, left her no inheritance of Celtic rashness; nor, it seemed, had Perilla Kelly, that lovely Italian creature, dead too of the pace, bequeathed to her only child the torment of her noontide temperament. Passing strange that the sole issue of that tempestuous union should be calm and tranquil as a gardenia opening in the moonlight!

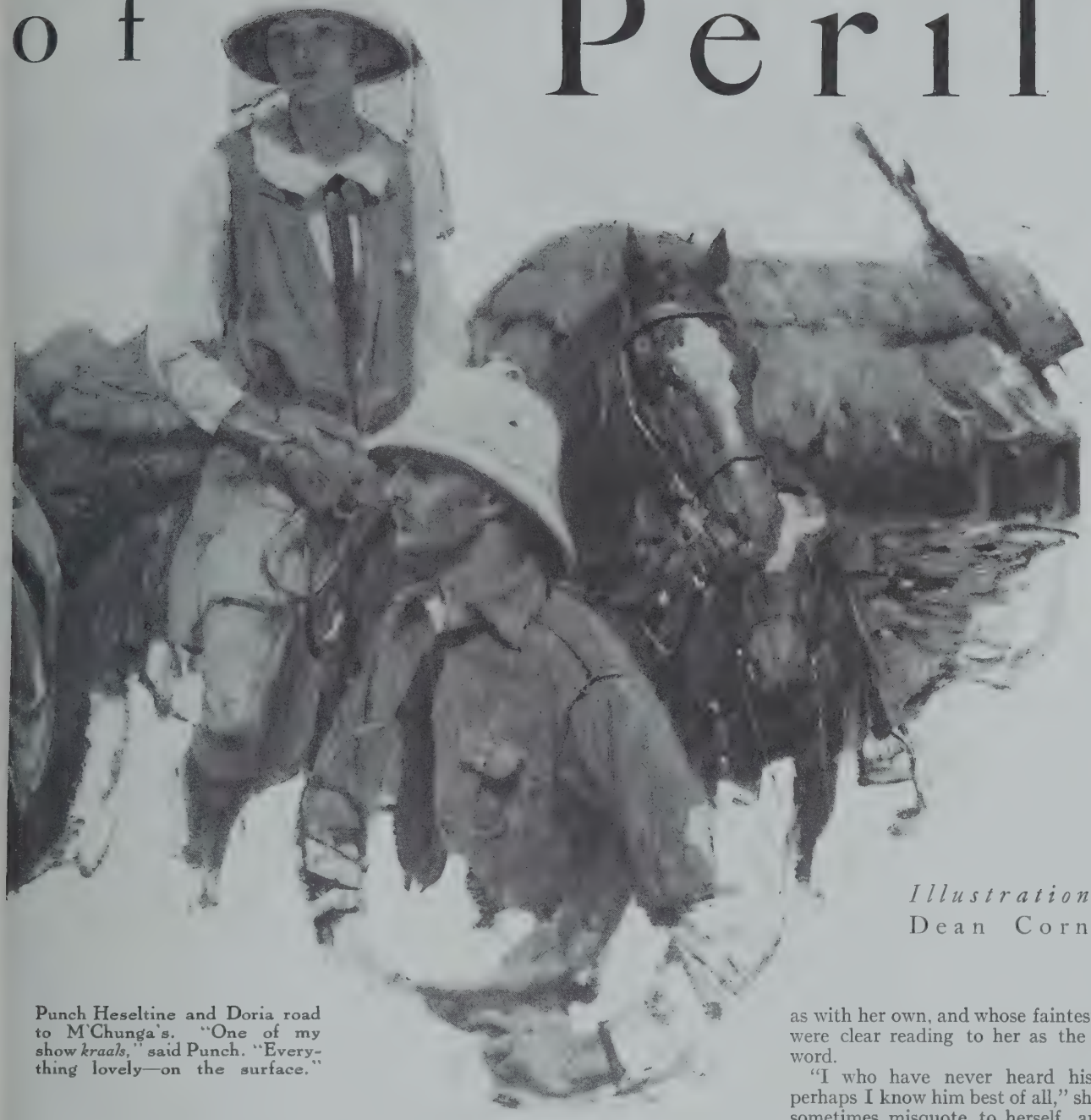
The garden in fact seemed to be Peril's most natural setting, and there she was chiefly found, though sometimes she worked with her uncle in his laboratory, spending long fascinated hours over glass tubes and Bunsen burners, sorting, classifying and testing the herbal plants for which he had a passion. Doctor Kelly's homeopathic potions were almost as renowned as his sound knowledge of modern surgery; but the one was his business, the other only his hobby.

Bruce Kelly had been a widower for many years, and his brother's orphan girl composed his entire family, except for Valpy, a capable St. Helena woman who ran the household on oiled wheels. So that few people in Rhodesia enjoyed a smoother existence than he and Peril in the house known as The Hill above the township of Umtété.

The Doctor had planned and planted his garden much about the same time as his niece was being planned and planted to fulfill her destiny in it, that is to say some twenty years before, and his foresight was now repaid. For, if you take clumps of blackthorn, mimosa, teak, euphorbia, and other fantastically branched and flowering veldt trees, pen them in with English roses, scented thymes, larkspurs, hollyhocks, lavender bushes and masses of mignonette, above a world's view of rolling kopje-country and a horizon of Mediterranean blue, you will have all the elements of enchantment at your daily disposal. The Doctor however, being a busy man, had little time for more than brief

STOCKLEY of Peril

AUTHOR OF "PONJOLA"



Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

Punch Heseltine and Doria road to M'Chunga's. "One of my show *kraals*," said Punch. "Everything lovely—on the surface."

tender glances at his paradise as he came and went; it was Peril who tasted its magic to the full.

Her favorite spot was a rocky terrace, leaf-screened and projecting from the hillside. Here at a rustic table she accomplished all the fine sewing of the household, or swayed in a hammock, nursing her bush baby—a strange little creature of the wilds, half monkey and half squirrel—or just sat in trance-like silence, elbows on table, gazing unseen at those who passed on the road within a few yards of her. Along that broad highway went most people of Umtété at some time or another, either in brazen sunshine, by the light of the moon, or in darkness lighted only by the red glow from the Doctor's lamp hung over the gate; and all unknown to them, behind the feathery veils of red pepper and jasmine, a girl mused upon these transient faces, studying their expressions of anger, amusement, sometimes of despair, with a pair of eyes golden and searching as an eagle's.

Steeped in the solitude of her garden and aloof from the world, she was by no means personally acquainted with all who passed. Indeed, she scarcely knew the names of half. Nevertheless, there were faces with which she had come to be almost as familiar as with her own, and whose faintest shades were clear reading to her as the printed word.

"I who have never heard his name, perhaps I know him best of all," she would sometimes misquote to herself, and then she was thinking of Punch Heseltine's gay eyes set in sunburnt surroundings, and the careless smile he kept for all the world. But *she* knew of another face that Mounted Policeman wore when he rode alone . . . a face with the gaiety and the *dégagé* smile dropped from it and a dark melancholy set about the lips.

He knew nothing of Peril, of course. Few people did. She had come back so quietly from her years of education abroad and disappeared so unobtrusively into the Doctor's garden that her advent was scarcely remarked. Modern Rhodesia has passed the stage when newcomers were heralded by the blare of a coach horn and everyone turned out to welcome them. Nowadays every town has its daily trains from the coast, its private cars to meet arrivals, its shoals of tourists and transitory visitors. Life has widened out, and yet become more reserved. You are no longer obliged to dwell in the pocket of your neighbor, nor suffer him in yours. Neither need you share the secrets of your soul, and your commissariat, with your fellow townsman because of the uselessness of trying to hide them from him. Rhodesia is still Rhodesia, of course, and existence there continues to maintain itself upon a peculiarly intimate plane; but it is not the family party of "the dear old early days." Even,



Doctor Bruce Kelly

it is possible for an inhabitant to withdraw into the utter seclusion of a hermit's life if so oddly constituted as to prefer it.

Wherefore Peril found nothing to prevent her from following the even tenor of her ways. No one broke in upon her delicious reveries and solitudes, or interfered with her pastime of studying known and unknown faces. And if perhaps her tastes in this seem unusual, let it be admitted at once that her education in Italian convents had been unusual, and not inclusive of such accomplishments as tennis and dancing. These being the chief occupations of the younger portion of Umtété's population, it is understandable that socially she might have been a little out of the running; but as it happened this was entirely to her taste. As for the Doctor: wrapped in his own pursuits, it suited him very well that his niece should be the type of girl content with books and flowers and a secret world of her own.

So Peril sat daily on her terrace, with Umtété slumbering in the sunshine below, the Police Camp perched upon another hill to the right, and away to the left that scattered picturesque suburb of bungalows known as the Marshways. This afternoon she had witnessed, as many times before, the passing of Punch Heseltine from Camp to Marshways, and half an hour later his return, with Mrs. Pam Heseltine, his cousin's wife, riding beside him.

Pam Heseltine was a sick man; and one never likely to get astride of a horse again; but his wife had an ideal seat, habited herself to perfection, and from behind a fantastic sort of *yashmak* made of mist-blue chiffon and worn to preserve her skin, she sparkled like a jewel.

"Very well," Punch Heseltine was saying, "after tea at the Camp I'll take you on to M'Chunga's. It's one of my show *kraals*. Every nigger pays his tax regularly, never gets drunk and never splits his brother's skull. Everything at M'Chunga's is lovely—on the surface at any rate."

"Only on the surface?" Doria Heseltine's silver notes floated up and hung in the pepper branches.

"Nothing is what it seems," the man laughed ironically. " 'There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave.' "

"What a pretty quotation!" flung Doria carelessly, and they passed on.

But the girl sitting in the garden produced from a memory never inconstant to beautiful words that which Punch Heseltine's companion could not have known—the context of Landor's exquisite phrase:

"There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave: there are no voices, O Rhodopé, that are not soon mute, however tuneful: there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last."

She was still pondering this melancholy magic when the Doctor's voice sounded from the garden.

"Peril! I'm going to the Marshways. Coming too?"

"Yes—coming, Uncle Bruce." She pulled a shady hat down on to a head that shimmered sherry-brown in the sunshine, and sped after him, catching up to him at the little gate they used for their private path to Minto Lodge.

"I fancy Heseltine will be alone this afternoon," said the Doctor as she slid an arm through his, "and perhaps it will cheer him up if you stay and talk a bit, when I go on to the hospital. What do you think?"

"Of course, I'm always so sorry for him. O Uncle Bruce! Do you think you'll be able to help him?"

"It's late in the day," said the Doctor dryly. He was baldish, stoutish, reddish, with the vague manners of a profound thinker, and a pin-spot of piercing penetration in each gray eye. "He's paying the bill for the past, as we all have to do sometime."

They were entering the lodge gate when he added musingly: "But I'm trying a new injection on him. It may do some good. Make yourself scarce for ten minutes, child."

Poor Pam Heseltine! Being one of those people who could not be kept in bed, they found him propped in his wheel chair on the veranda, with Keable, his wife's maid, sewing near at hand.

He looked like some wild hawkish bird that had been winged and chained to a post, and that he had done the winging himself did not make your pity any the less for that gaunt shambling frame of bones and nerves, that dark racked face. A neurasthenic wreck, drinking too much, for he could no longer exist without drink, and getting no more than one hour's sleep in the twenty-four without the help of drugs. Odd that with it all he had a look of courage, and the same gay eyes as his cousin Punch.

"Ah! There you are, Doc!" he croaked cheerily. "And brought my specialist with you, I see!"

Peril smiled at that, and took his wasted hand.

"I've come to sit with you for a little, when Uncle has gone—if I may?"

"Rather! . . . I wish you'd come oftener. Get tea, please, Keable. Sit down, everybody."

The Doctor seated himself and took out a surgical case and two little bottles. Peril, murmuring that she would help Keable get tea, followed the maid indoors.

The Heseltines were among the few people in Umtété she knew well. That had come to pass because the ship which brought her back to her native land had carried them also, in a last despairing search of health for Pam Heseltine. It was the despair, combined with the subtle look of courage, stamped upon the ravaged but still handsome features, that had drawn the shy girl out of herself and into a certain deck-usefulness to the sick man. And when they found they were bound for the same little spot on the map it made a further cause for friendliness. Heseltine's point of interest at Umtété being the presence there of his cousin, who was in command of the Mounted Police.

"I want to see old Punch again before I go west. Perhaps you know him, Miss Kelly? 'A bold bad man, and a desperado' as they sing at the Eccentric's, but good to look at and very companionable."

No—Peril did not know him, having been away from Rhodesia since her childhood. She explained this to Pam, and also, gravely, that she had never met a bad man, at which he seemed grimly amused.

Most things moved him to a sardonic amusement, including his wife when she gently declined to be installed with him in the



"Gad," said Heseltine to Peril, "if the Doctor can only keep me going long enough."

big state cabin, on the grounds that it would be neither wise of *her* to share a sick man's atmosphere nor good for *him* if she should "crock up" and have to leave him to the care of hirelings. That made him laugh like the dickens. Nevertheless the element of bitterness was always absent from the laughter he directed at his wife. He seemed to think, with the rest of the world, that nothing unpleasant or inconvenient should touch that lovely personage.

The ship's doctor being entirely in accord with this opinion, accommodation for Mrs. Heseltine had been sought for and, in spite of a full ship, found elsewhere. That was how Peril had come to know Doria Heseltine so well. Too well. For it was Peril's cabin that had been invaded, and Peril's good nature that had made invasion possible; yet, the arrangement once concluded, you'd have thought Peril herself to be the intruder, for no one could have been more unwelcome within the precincts of that sacred grove devoted to the cult of beauty.

From the first, and without any time lost in discussion, all the girl's possessions had been gently but firmly pushed from drawer and peg to make room for Mrs. Heseltine's. Then every morning found her departure impatiently awaited, and every evening, whether she liked it or not, the cabin door was locked against her for a couple of hours. However, there were times of sea stress when even selfishness had not the power to oust the girl from her berth; and then indeed she had seen what she had seen, and heard what she had heard.



It was a perfect revelation to the unworldly girl of a perfected worldly egotism. With youthful extravagance she had at first gone down in adoration before that softly curved and tinted face and sweet, inquiring gaze of periwinkle-blue; the lovely little yellow head, cropped and curled like a Florentine page's; the gracefully *luxuriante* form always swathed in tender blues and greens that threw up her fairness dazzlingly. But adoration faded, changing into amazement that those childlike eyes could turn to stone, the delicious red lips form a thin scornful channel for cutting and contemptuous remarks, and always for reasons that seemed to Peril utterly trivial; because, for instance, Keable had been late for the hour of massage, or given the goldy locks a twinge in curling, or left some pot of precious face cream where unsympathetic eyes might spy it.

Keable, it is true, bore these things with equanimity; though her patience might have been more admirable if not counteracted by a habit of gossip behind her mistress's back. As it was, other maids, and all the ship's stewardesses, knew of the "daily layer to be worked off" from Mrs. Heseltine's exquisite figure, and of the little slices of raw steak dipped in hazel extract laid nightly upon a delicate throat and cheek.

"At *her* age they put on a fresh layer every day, and if it isn't worked off every night, well—good by beauty! You see, she will be m'lady some day, and she means to dazzle them when she *is*—to spring forth like a crocus out of the earth, all fresh and new." Thus Keable, who was not without a certain gift of imagery.

"She shouldn't go to Africa if that's her plan," a stewardess succinctly retorted. Which expression of opinion, being duly separated from its context, was repeated to her mistress by Keable, never reluctant to bring pain to those lovely eyes.

"What did she mean?" breathed Doria fearfully. "The country's civilized, isn't it?"

"Oh yes, madame, in a way! But the heat is very shriveling, I understand. And the water hard. No electricity in most of the Rhodesian private houses—they're more like huts than



Punch's eyes still held the dazzle of Doria Heseltine, but that did not prevent him from receiving an impression, as he was introduced to Peril, of something exquisitely composed of light and darkness, something clear and pure . . . like white flowers in the cool gloom of water.

houses, it seems—and I shan't be able to give you your electric baths, nor use the massage machine."

"You'll have to manage somehow." The hard look came into Doria's eyes, and Keable realized she was in for it. Not for nothing had Mrs. Heseltine paid heavy fees for her maid to take a course of Swedish massage. Keable's fate would be to do an imitation of electricity.

"And you'll have to make me sort of *yashmaks* of blue crepe de Chine, Keable, to wear out of doors. I *won't* have my skin ruined! Bring me my dispatch case. I'll write at once to Melisande about water softeners, and for a larger supply of her tropic cream."

A lovely woman on the wane, who has never cared for any but material things, is in a sorry plight. It is pitiful to see her putting up a daily fight with Time, that implacable witch who pulls apart Nature's fairest constructions and treads relentlessly "the loveliest and the best" of us back into the dust from which we sprang.

Thus it was with Doria Heseltine, eaten up by worldly ambition and cherishing her beauty as the weapon wherewith to gain her ends. Time and the encroachment of flesh were her bitter enemies, but she fought them like a tiger. Idolizing the exquisite shape of her body, she suffered torments at the pinching, pounding, pummeling, hands of Keable, to keep it. For the worst of those *luxuriante* women is that they don't know where to stop "putting it on," as Keable expressed it. There comes a time when the fine line of demarcation between delicate *sveltesse* and a fatal opulosity may be overstepped, and the beauty wakes up one terrible morning to find herself—*stout!*

Doria had long resolved that with her this thing should never be. It was absolutely essential to her type of beauty to stay young and slender. That Greuze-like gaze, that bobbed gold head, that silvery laugh, all appertained to a state of entrancing youth; on middle age they would seem out of place, fantastic; almost they might be absurd. Wherefore unceasingly she cried within herself:



A hurricane of sensation and emotion began presently to sweep and pierce him and then

"I *won't* get heavy! I *won't* lose my beauty!"

She was a fighter all right. Peril had never quite understood exactly what it was that she was fighting and why. But some facts transpired this afternoon that made things a little clearer.

After the Doctor had gone the girl poured out tea for Heseltine and could not help noticing how much brighter he seemed already for his treatment. Actually he began to talk about getting out a car from home—a matter of several months—and, as he didn't usually look ahead for more than ten days at a time, this was rather remarkable.

"I believe one can get a decent one out for something under three hundred. And Doria would like it too. She says she gets so sunburnt on horseback."

"She looks beautiful riding," said Peril with natural generosity. "I saw them pass this afternoon."



Punch felt a cooling peace, winging out of space and nesting in the fastness of his heart.

"She *can* sit a horse, can't she? And Punch has a couple of decent hacks—wouldn't be a Heseltine if he hadn't! But"—his voice grew warmer—"how I'd like her to have a chance at some of the Scawnshane horses. However——"

"Scawnshane? Is that your home?"

"Yes—the old place. Gad! if the Doctor can only keep me going long enough! It would be rough on her to just miss by a few months everything she hankers for—wouldn't it?"

Peril contemplated him with uncomprehending gaze.

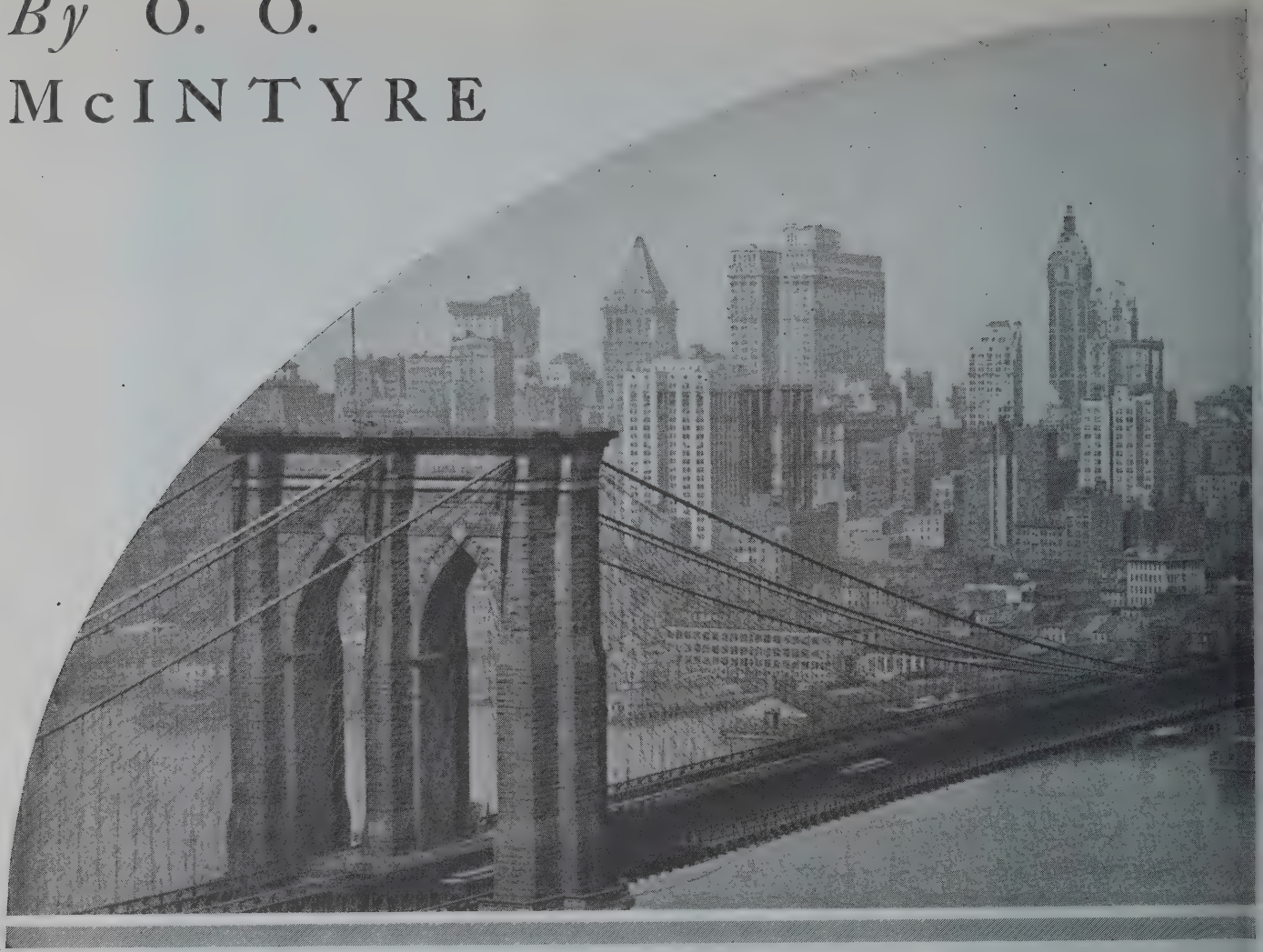
"How could she miss it?"

"Well—I'm the heir of course, but supposin' I peg it before my uncle, old Lord Kenchester, the title and estates will go to my young brother Dick."

"I see."

"That's all right, of course. Dick's a fine youngster and will carry on with far more credit than ever (*Continued on page 168*)

By O. O. McINTYRE



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When I'm BROKE *Take Me*

ROCK-RIBBED Manhattan—the Isle of Ice! Volumes have been written of its glacial front. From the cañons of Wall Street to the rise of Coogan's Bluff it is dubbed "the hard-boiled town," a friendless camp where no one knows his neighbor.

Poets sing of its haughty manner and superior smugness—a peacock, vain, strutting and forever preening its wings.

And yet——

Near gleaming Columbus Circle a member of the scarlet sisterhood sank to the curb. Lips that nightly framed the illicit question were seared by acid.

A surging crowd! An ambulance! And at the hospital it was found a sheaf of bills was clutched in one of her hands and a woman's jeweled bracelet in the other. It was the hurrying tribute of bystanders to a soul-sick stranger.

Not so many years ago a gifted writer battered his way to the portals of success—and pneumonia ended his career before he could enter. There was a penniless widow.

In the old Fifth Avenue hotel a magazine editor and a well known writer discussed the unhappy situation. They determined to tap Manhattan's generosity and wandered northward.

They accosted this acquaintance and that with the same story. A talented man who was nameless had died and funds were needed for the deserving widow. When they reached Forty-fourth Street several hundred dollars had been collected. No giver asked a question and not a single person refused.

And again——

In mid-afternoon she sits erect and stately—like an empress—as her horse-drawn four-wheeler rolls up Fifth Avenue. Around her is a Paisley shawl and over her head a tiny black parasol

The old driver in his faded plum-colored suit of a decade ago holds the lines. It is an anachronistic note in a motor age—and the old lady does not know that the venerable coachman is paying the bills from years of self-denial.

The Gondorfs, shrewdest of confidence men, did not fly their piratical flag in Big Pump, Nebraska. They operated in the marble magnificence of what was once the finest hotel at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway. From sophisticated New Yorkers they gathered their million.

Cynical, suspicious Broadway! An actress whose husband was arrested on a serious charge feverishly sought bail.

At a midnight show where she was forced to appear following a day of failure she passed a ringside table where sat a well known gambler. He whispered a message to her.

After the show she met him and he placed $70,000 in Liberty Bonds in her hands without the scratch of a pen. She had never seen him before. "You're a game kid and need help," he said with phlegmatic terseness.

Nellie Revell and the late William Raymond Sill were Broadway press agents. Both were stricken with long illnesses. Stony-hearted Broadway provided a private room in a New York hospital for Miss Revell to fight her courageous battle for health. Every comfort is hers.

And to Mr. Sill were given funds to purchase a Long Island inn where he spent his declining days in peace.

Each, in the Broadway vernacular, was a "good fellow"—and must not suffer.

Earl Carroll, a successful song writer, went broke producing plays. One year after he had stood penniless on a Broadway corner a theater bearing his name was opened on one of the finest Rialto locations—a monument to Broadway's faith in a courageous young man who ten years before was a theater usher in Pittsburg.

The truth is that no place is there a warmer and more generous pulsebeat than along the wickedest street in America.

Broadway scoffs the ordinary cadger and spinner of hard luck tales, but when adversity comes rushes to the rescue. No theatrical season is complete without half a dozen "benefits" to provide funds for those who have gone down in the battle of life.



Back to Old BROADWAY

And many of these benefit performances are recruited from the ranks of the jobless. There is sane philosophy in the vagrant ditty "When I'm Broke, Take Me Back to Old Broadway."

New York is the beggar's paradise. Penury indeed brings plenty on the streets of the metropolis. Any number of professional beggars ride in automobiles after "office hours."

Fifth Avenue's signless austerity seems coldly aloof to the stranger. The glittering shops strike an awesome note. It is a "high-hatting" street of suffocating grandeur and the last in the world where the ordinary mortal would ask for credit.

Yet nowhere is credit so easy. It is axiomatic that "the Avenue" assumes everyone to be honest until he is proved to be otherwise—reversing the popular conception. It was Paper Collar Joe who said: "Give me a fur coat, a silk hat and a gold headed cane and I'll live on Fifth Avenue credit for years in plenty."

O. Henry's Bagdad on the Subway is quick to forgive its erring sons and daughters. If they are caught in the whirlpool of Broadway's furious waters and come to the top again, they are welcomed with the loud huzza.

In a peaceful Connecticut village resides a young woman, still in her thirties. Very few who see her today, sitting quietly at the opera or the play, would realize that only a few years ago she made a sudden detour in the rush to Hell.

It was the ancient story along the Phosphorescent Path—youth, beauty and joyous health, the triple combination upon which Broadway feeds. First the cocktail. Then champagne and wild nights of revelry along the blazing trail.

In the end—a twitching, hollow-eyed wreck. Cocaine. But she came back! Her regeneration was complete and today she is Broadway's "Little White Sister"—to whom the bruised and beaten go for comfort. She is beloved, respected and admired. Her past is a Broadway symbol of hope. What other street could so elevate its fallen?

New York is merciful in its immensity. Consider its army of shabby genteel. It bivouacs in the attics of the fading brownstone fronts. Here are men trained in the universities of the world who have nothing left but frozen dreams. Life has passed them by. They are not the victims of drink or the mésalliance—merely unexplained failures, who eke out a living canvassing.

To them are offered free the things they love most—the finest art galleries, museums and libraries; and for a pittance they may hear the inspiring arias of grand opera. To be "broke" in any other city would be calamitous, but in Manhattan they find a certain peace and content.

"Blind George" for years hawked newspapers in front of the Herald building in Herald Square. One morning he tapped his sluggish way to work. His little hutch was gone. The Herald building had been sold and wreckers were dismantling it.

News of his adversity spread quickly northward and the next day Blind George was installed in a new stand with a purse of gold to boot at the Forty-second Street corner of Bryant Park—a gift from Broadwayites who had heard of his plight.

The late and deservedly beloved Frank Bacon did not reach his goal—Broadway—until his hair was whitened by the snows of many winters. He was marooned in the "sticks"—the dreary round of one night stands.

But he came, saw and conquered; and when, after a three years and a day stay at the end of the rainbow, he left, Broadway turned out en masse with a parade the like of which the metropolis had never seen before. Bacon, who had believed Broadway's heart as tough as steel, found it soft as putty.

There are more men living by their wits on Broadway than on any other given area in the world.

They know the truth and that truth is that behind Broadway's mask of sophistication is the naïve country bumpkin.

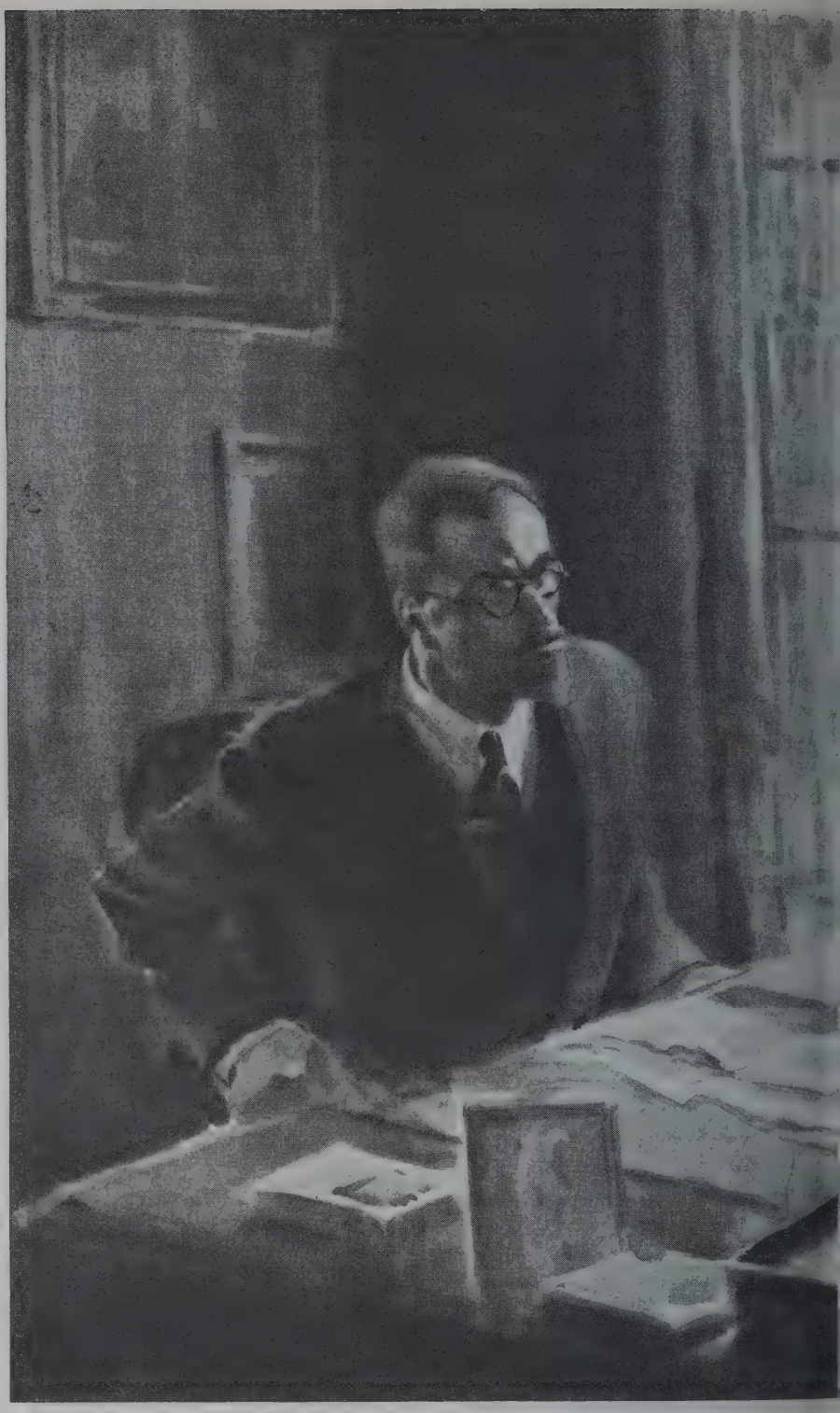
For after all, we of Broadway are merely gilded clods from Painted Post, Nevada, Gallipolis, Ohio, and Sandpit, Iowa.

IRVIN S. COBB

this Month Tells the Story of

The Eminent DR. Deeves

Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams.



"This is the only time," said Doctor Deeves, "you hav

THE eminent Doctor Deeves lived in a cottage which fitted into an indent in the high wall of rough field stones that bounded the grounds of his sanitarium on all four of its sides. The front breadth of this wall was the first thing, nearly always, to take the eye of a traveler turning out of the main county turnpike into the quieter byway that led northward past the establishment. It rose up straight and blank and it stretched away for a formidable run of four hundred feet. No gate or gap broke into it; the entrance, which opened on a graveled drive that skirted the east face of the enclosure, was entirely out of sight from the public road. It suggested seclusion and aloofness, which were the intents; and it made a mystery of what might lie back of it, and that was inevitable, and yet perhaps, on the part of its proprietor, not altogether undesirable.

This sanitarium, as it was called in deference to certain popular prejudices, was a place for the confinement and the care of persons suffering from mental and nervous disorders. It was a private asylum, or as those might say who favored the crueler old English name, a madhouse.

First, the approaching stranger would see the wall, then, coming nearer and alongside, would be aware of a massing of trees behind the barrier and, from one point where the road humped itself over a slight elevation in the earth, he could see—if he continued to look that way—the upper floors of some large buildings, like barracks or dormitories, rising in the middle distance. He must pass on several rods farther before he caught sight of the doctor's cottage where it snuggled into its jog o recess. At the back, the wall was joined to it, so that its rea elevation formed a proper part of the boundary.

It was rather a gay and jaunty little house, with a mottled slat roof on it to relieve the gray of its masonry construction, and wit many windows looking out on the flower beds and the narrow strip of lawn which made the approach for it. The passer-by felt that the architect had done well to invest this dwelling wit the look of a home, seeing that always it must contend for it cheerfulness against the frowning dominance of that long tal wall, springing away from it on the right flank and the left But in the summer, awnings and vines and porch furnitur helped to give it brightness. Also, frequently visible, there wa a child.

At least, in times gone by there had been a child. Docto Deeves was a widower with one child, a daughter. At the tim this account properly begins, though, she had grown out of child hood into girlhood. Doctor Deeves's wife was dead when h gave up practice in the city to move out here, three miles fron



fered to interfere in the management of my institution. I hope it may continue to be the only time."

e small town of Amitydale, and set up this now famous insti-tion of his.

The daughter's name was Hazel Deeves and at eighteen she as pretty, in a subdued, quiet sort of way. If we bar the rvants and a governess she had for a while as a little thing, fore Doctor Deeves himself took over the undertaking of her lucation, and, after that, a housekeeper who served until the tle mistress was old enough to assume the domestic duties, ese two—the distinguished specialist and the young girl—ere the only regular residents that the house in the shadow of e sanitarium walls had ever sheltered. So far back as her emory went it was the one home she always had known; she as a baby on a pillow when her father brought her from the East.

Back there in the East he had been distinguished as an alienist. ow he preferred to be known as a psychiatrist, which to one rsed in the shadings of meaning conveyed by the phraseology his calling marked a change in the doctor's scientific estate. o the layman the titles might be interchangeable; inside the ofession there was a subtle distinction between them. Once upon a time his learned opinions, given in court under the head of expert testimony, had broken more than one will, had saved more than one insane murderer from the chair and had sent more than one sane malingerer to it. Now, in these latter days, his reputation more largely rested upon his diagnostic talents and upon his system of treatment—which sometimes worked cures—for unfortunate humans whose brains had gone awry.

To him the work he was doing was of such tremendous importance that he had neither time nor patience for anything else. It held him, to the exclusion of practically all lesser interests. Excepting when he dealt with his own business he had about him an air of supreme absorption, as though his thoughts were too precious for exposure to the common currents of discussion. He had no small talk for a company. Also he had about him the cocksureness which so frequently accompanies preeminence in a brilliant man's affairs. You couldn't tell Doctor Deeves anything, because if you agreed with his conclusions that merely was to him added evidence—not that he needed it—to demonstrate that he was right, and if you disagreed with him, why,

that then was proof of either your blindness or your stupidity; so, in either event, what you had to say was of no consequence.

Make a mental picture of an arrogant, quick-gaited, generally silent man, with double-lensed glasses riding his nose and with a short harsh beard bristling forth from a stubborn chin and accenting rather than cloaking the clamped and dogmatic set of his lips, and for the purposes of this narrative you have a sufficiently full likeness of the eminent Doctor Deeves. See him once and you would know him again anywhere.

By all outward favors, his daughter was of another cast. She must have taken after her mother; certainly she seemed in no visible way to follow the parental mold. She was a gentle, almost a timid little thing, self-effacing, docile by nature, and in her temperament borrowing a protective coloration from objects about her. It was a strange life she led at eighteen, but no stranger than the life she always had led. Mad people had been her comrades from the hour she reached the age when comradeship began to mean something to her. She had no fear of them, and no distrust. They were, to her, as matter-of-fact as normal playfellows would be to a child brought up in different surroundings.

Her little world, the one she knew the best and loved the best, lay back of the cottage, on the sanitarium's shut-in acres. To the uninformed, viewing the place from without, it conveyed with its walls the impression of being jail-like, so built and so ordered as to insure that its inmates would be safely held. She could not recall a time when her understanding of the meaning of the boundary had not been a better one. It was set there as a bar against morbid curiosity; its intent was to save those who dwelt within it from prying eyes and mischievous annoyances. It was not their prison wall but a wall of protection for them. Shielded by it, they followed their pursuits and devices, which were many.

The housing of demented folk has gone a long way along the road of compassion and sympathy since the times of Bedlam with its iron chains for the limbs of the insane and its rods for the scourging of their poor backs.

If there are strait-jackets and padded cells and detention harnesses in the modern asylum, the casual visitor does not see them. He sees no maniacs mewing at barred windows. Workshops and reading rooms and rest rooms; singing birds in cages and flowers in pots; comfortably furnished rooms and wards; broad wide sunlit corridors; some times isolated cottages whose doors are not locked; pleasant walks winding along under shade trees and across wide smooth stretches of lawns; tennis courts and ornamental gardens—these are what he sees. Excepting for the look out of the eyes of some who live there and except for the gait of some of them—the legs lifted high at each step and then the feet thrown forward with a jerk—it is possible that in his visit he will see or hear scarcely a thing to suggest that these men and these women, here concerned with their various occupations and diversions, are in any wise abnormal.

This, then, was the sort of place the child, Hazel Deeves, grew up in. Her father's sanitarium was an expensive one. Only those unfortunates whose people might afford to pay well for their keep were sent to him, and only the most scientific, the most merciful and the most advanced methods were here employed. Music, sports, healthful employments, were provided; in the surroundings was all possible beauty and comeliness.

So the child's world was a world of flowers and trees and green grass, and for playmates she mainly had those who in age were adults but who, because of their infirmity, were in thought and habit children. There was a woman who played at dolls with her—a woman whose mind had stopped growing when she was twelve years old. There was an old man with a white beard and a soft brogue in his voice; he took her with him to far corners of the grounds on a search for a little man in a red jacket with a green feather in his hat, who worked magic. He was quite as sure as she was—surer even—that sooner or later they would find this little man.

Another of her favorite companions was also an old gentleman, one with chubby pink cheeks and a benevolent manner. He gave her advice for the fashioning of mud pies and the building of sand fortresses, but no actual help in their construction. For this there was a reason.

Seen at a distance, he appeared to have both his hands thrust into a curious sort of leather muff, rather like an overgrown roll for carrying sheet music. On drawing nearer one would discover that his wrists were strapped fast inside the device and that a light steel chain which threaded through a steel ring in his muff was fastened behind his back with a special lock.

Among all the patients who had run of the outdoor spaces this old man alone wore bonds. He had a passion for plucking the hair out of other persons' heads; otherwise he was quite rational. He was very vain of his leather wristlets and his waist chain. The inconvenience of wearing them was balanced off by the distinction they gave him. He was most happy and cheerful, though, when he was with or near the little girl. She liked him tremendously. He told such splendid fairy tales.

Sometimes in the night, and more especially in a moonlighted night, there came wailing cries from a certain secluded wing of one of the buildings; they went on for hour after hour. In her bed in the cottage the child could hear them as she dropped asleep, but they did not frighten her or give her bad dreams. She knew that when the fit passed the men and women who uttered those sounds would be quite friendly and quiet and that from them she need fear nothing.

Indeed, there were many among the inmates who would have died to protect her. She appreciated this fact, as it were, instinctively. She accepted their vagaries as verities; their delusions fitted in, often enough, with her childish conceptions of causes and effects. Her father made use of their devotion for his little daughter. When all else failed—cajolery or persuasion or disciplinary measures—there were certain patients who could be brought back from the beginnings of violent outbreaks by the threat that Hazel should not be permitted to speak with them or visit them. To Doctor Deeves it seemed perfectly proper that in controlling his more unruly charges he should invoke the power of his daughter's influence.

Nor could he see any possibility of harm coming to her from these associations. In his detached way he loved her as he loved his profession, which meant that he loved her with all his heart. For her he had all possible fatherly pride and devotion. He would have been the first, as often he told himself, to take her entirely away had he sensed peril of whatsoever sort for her in the life she lived. But he could sense none. All his own experiences and all the recorded experiences of authenticated neurologists from the earliest times to these present ones, told him that contact with the insane never had affected adversely the mentality of a sanely minded individual. There were no data to support so fantastic a theory as the contrary of this.

Once his younger sister came on from Baltimore to visit him and she, being a spinster, naturally and inevitably had pronounced notions of her own touching on the rearing of children. She was decidedly afraid of this autocratic brother of hers, but eventually a solicitude for the welfare of her little niece rose above her fearsomeness and led her to remonstrate with him. She did not get very far. The contemptuousness which blazed from his eyes and made two hot little burning glasses of his spectacle lenses silenced her, even before he made answer.

"Henrietta," he bade her, "don't be a fool. Hazel is not lonely. I deny emphatically that she is lonely. Merely because she is thrown so little with other children is no sign that she is lonely. For a child, her life is remarkably full. She never lacks for a playfellow. She gives comfort to these patients and they give company and pleasure to her. According to my best observation and belief, she is happier in their society than when she is with children of her own age. She is never in the slightest danger from any of them. I doubt whether there is a patient here who would offer to injure her. Besides, some one of the staff—a nurse or a man attendant or one of my assistants—is always within sight and hearing and easy reach. What danger could there be?"

"I wasn't thinking of any physical danger, Edgar," said the sister. "But don't you think that such constant intimacy with persons whose minds are deranged may in the long run be bad for her own mind? That's what I was trying to say—what I meant—the mental and the temperamental results—and all."

"Henrietta," he snapped, "again I repeat, don't make a fool of yourself." He bit the words off sharp and hard. "Insanity invariably arises from certain sources—congenital causes, hereditary causes, from disease, from shock sometimes, from grief, from bad habits, from alcoholism, from other things. But it is not contagious. It is not an infection which floats about in the air. All my active life I have been in constant contact with every imaginable phase of insanity. Am I insane? Do you expect me to go insane?

"Bah! Hazel is all right. I only trust that when she grows up her future may be as well safeguarded as her childhood has been. Kindly endeavor to disabuse your mind of these silly fancies which you seem to have entertained concerning my daughter. And, whether or not you succeed in doing that, please do not refer to the matter again to me or to any other



Stephen made Hazel believe his story and she, who never before crossed her father, consented to help.

erson about these premises. Above all, do not speak to Hazel—I'll have no false notions put in her innocent little head."

During the remainder of her visit Miss Henrietta Deeves steadfastly heeded the warning. No one else ever so much as dared to suggest to Doctor Deeves that the course he had followed, and still followed, in the bringing up of his daughter might be open to criticism.

So he went on, this earnest, conceited, single-purposed scientist, following his bent and never suspecting, even in his occasional hours of introspection, that in certain respects he was neglecting the child. Such education as she got—and in some respects it was thorough enough—she got from him. Such traveling as she did was done with him and none other, so that at home or abroad she dwelt constantly in the coils of his will and his personality. Frequently, even when she was with him, he was but half aware of her. He might love her dearly but she did not interest him—she was not a case. So she grew up to the edge of her womanhood and was pretty in a pallid, almost a colorless fashion, and at eighteen the enclosure behind the walls still was where she spent the greater part of her time and where she felt the greatest measure of peace and content.

It has taken this much space and this many words to bring

Hazel Deeves forward to within a few weeks of her nineteenth birthday. Until now, her youth had been leisurely, placid, cloistered almost. Within the little mured community where she spent the greater part of her time one uneventful month had followed another without jar or jostle. For her, the place was like one of those quarters in the Orient where the white foreigners bide, knowing little of the races that hive and swarm outside the sheltering compound.

Now, though, came an interruption in the smoothened and isolated currents of her life. The thing may be summed in a sentence or two. She met a young man, five years her senior, by name Stephen Shire; for months they were in daily contact. Without exactly witting it, she fell in love with him. He fell in love with her, too. But on his side there was knowledge of what was happening. Under conditions that were peculiar the affair went forward, ripening with rapidity. The condition was most peculiar, indeed. She was the daughter of the great psychiatrist and he was one of that distinguished gentleman's patients.

One day in the fall of the year this young man, Shire, was brought to Doctor Deeves's sanitarium. He had gone overseas as first lieutenant of a company in a National Guard regiment for service against Germany and had been invalided home, a victim of shell-shock, with nerves pitiably shattered and his body wasted. His state was bad enough when they brought him back to America; and several months in a government hospital did not help him. Indeed, he grew steadily worse; his mind showed signs of weakening.

His nearest of kin was an older brother, who also was co-heir with him to a considerable estate. This brother took certain legal steps in conjunction with certain medical steps and the upshot of these proceedings was that a court, acting in the best of faith, declared the sufferer incompetent to care for himself or to administer his own affairs, and signed an order for his commitment to a suitable place of detention. So he was put into the capable hands of Doctor Deeves.

At the sanitarium, under treatment, he very soon showed signs of betterment. Mentally and physically he improved. But there was no hope, ever, for his complete recovery. Doctor Deeves himself said so, saying it with that finality and that unshakable emphasis which invariably marked his professional judgments. Eliminating the hard words and the long ones which enriched his speech, the situation in this case, as summed up and set forth by Doctor Deeves, left no room for doubt. Here it stood:

By reason of hardships and the strain he had undergone in France, the poor young man's reason irreparably had been overthrown. His malady was progressive and incurable. True, for a while he might show signs of mending—as, indeed, he already had done—and with proper care might at times appear to be quite rational. But one must not be deceived by such seemingly favorable indications; one must be guided by one's knowledge and one's experience; one must separate the prospects for a restoration to bodily health from the mental aspects of the case. Regardless of any temporary rallies, this man was to be accepted as one indubitably and definitely cursed with the seeds of derangement. Sooner or later the quality of his derangement would increase. This, in brief, was Doctor Deeves's pronouncement. It is fair to assume that the decision did not altogether displease the older brother.

There is no telling just when the young ex-lieutenant first began to take an active interest in the girl or when she began to feel for him an emotion deeper than pity. Perhaps to both of them the quickening came at once. It is true that very soon



For playmates Hazel Deeves mainly had those who in age

after their first meeting each began to seek and to desire the company of the other. His listlessness would quit him at sight of her, coming along the walk toward where he sat, on fine mild days in the late fall, drawing in strength for his limbs from the sunshine and the air and the peace of outdoors; and his melancholia had quit him almost overnight. Her step would brisken as she neared him. She would read to him, he listening for hours on end, soothed and comforted by the sound of her voice and by the mere fact of her being near him.

In the winter, as he grew stronger, they walked together often. No one seemed to take cognizance of their growing intimacy. It was a part of the routine of the establishment that Miss Deeves should spend a part at least of nearly every day with this patient or that; her presence in the wards or about the grounds was accepted as a matter of course by the attendants. Probably none of them thought to look for romance in such surroundings as these, where the faculty for loving, like all the other faculties, was skewed and out of joint.



were adults but who, in thought and habit, were children.

So then, this was how and why it was that, unsuspected by others and, in a way of speaking, unsuspected by her, the love between these two grew and strengthened itself.

As vigor came back to his limbs and as his nerves untautened, he made her subject him to all possible tests of his sanity. He did this as much for her sake as for his own. Already he had convinced himself that, mentally, he was quite restored to the normal. His job now was to convince her of it. This being done and completely done, he told her his story—all of it.

It was such a story as those who deal with the inmates of an asylum hear often enough; it was such a story as she herself had heard many a time, all the while knowing the wildness of the claim set up by the one telling it. But this time she believed. He made her believe, and, besides, with all her heart she wanted to believe.

Even so, she must draw heavily upon what reserve of resolution she might have before she ventured to approach her father in Shire's behalf. You see, she knew her father much better than she knew herself; she knew that to ask him to consider revising his professional opinion would almost be in the nature of a personal affront to him. Finally, though, she went, frightened inwardly but armed with a sense of the justice of her petition.

He listened without interruption to what she had to say. It was his way when opposed or questioned in his decisions to listen for a bit silently and then suddenly to blast the adversary with one fierce sweeping counter-volley. Successfully the citadel of his conceit never yet had been assaulted; it was impregnable. You cannot, with argument, breach a fortress so built as to be absolutely proof against such ammunition. His daughter was wise enough to attempt no extended argument. She set forth her case, rather, in the form of a claim—a plea for the reconsideration and the reopening of an issue closed.

It was a simple enough thing that she asked. And she started out, bravely enough, to ask it. If, toward the close of her speech, she faltered and stammered and repeated herself it was because he sat there so quietly, with no change of expression, with no softening of the glower of disapproval that had

formed on his face at those opening words from her which made clear the motive of her mission.

Doctor Deeves was exceedingly fond of his daughter but not even the daughter of an absolute monarch may altogether be excused for lese majesty to the father who must number his child among the subjects of his empire. Rebellion from those closest to the throne always has been most abhorrent to despots. And Doctor Deeves, with the best intentions in the world, nevertheless and to the contrary notwithstanding, was a despot.

"Are you quite through?" he said, when finally she made an end of what she had come to say. "Very well, then, now kindly give heed to me: This is the only time you have ever offered, directly or indirectly, to interfere in the management of my institution. I hope it may continue to be the only time. If it were any other person on earth than you who presumed in this way upon my stock of forbearance I know what the manner of my response would be. I think you also know what the manner of it would be. But because you are my own child I shall be patient with you. I shall do what I should not do in the case of another—I shall take the time required to show you how utterly wrong you are in coming to me with such a request as this one.

"I see very plainly what has happened. This young man's case has appealed to you; that is only natural. He is young; he has served his country in war; he has his whole life before him. But, my child, you must learn not to let your sympathies run away with your judgment.

"How often, in the course of a year or a month, is the claim set up by some person here—some person whom you know to be a lunatic—that he or she has been railroaded to this place, has been unjustly deprived of freedom on a trumped-up charge of insanity made by designing kinspeople, with selfish or dishonorable or dishonest motives at the back of it all? I hear it said every day; so do you—the commonest delusion of common madmen—and said generally by individuals who at that very moment, by their behavior, their language or their looks, betray the fact that they are hopelessly insane.

"Now then, merely because, in this particular instance, the patient has somehow convinced you that for the moment at least he is seemingly rational, that is no reason to assume that he is the exception to the rule. To me, it merely is added proof of what I have known from the time he was brought here. I studied his case with my usual care; I diagnosed it, I passed on it. In the statement which I made at that time I predicted what would follow. I said that for a time he might, and probably would, show some improvement. But sooner or later he will relapse; there is no other prospect, no other possible contingency. He is here because he belongs here, or in some similar place. This is the sort of place where always he will belong. As I have just said, I gave a verdict in his case when he was brought to me. I pronounced it incurable then. I pronounce it incurable now—absolutely. So, my daughter, let us consider this incident as closed for all time to come."

The belligerent tone in his voice softened somewhat: "Let me look at you, child. Hum, it strikes me you do not look well. You have been losing a little flesh, haven't you? And now that I think of it, it seems to me your appetite has been indifferent lately. I think I shall have to take you with me for a little change of air and scene on the next trip that I make. It will do you good to get away. And in the meantime I insist that you must not brood over things which are out of your control or beyond your understanding—remember, I insist on this." His eye strayed back to the mass of papers and printers' proofs on his desk.

"Well, now then, my dear, I think you'd better be running along. Concern yourself with what falls within your proper scope of activities. Just leave me to manage the professional side of this business. By your gauges I may be getting pretty old, but I'm not quite ready to retire yet awhile." He smiled at his conceit, and in his wiry beard the rows of firm, locked teeth showed like the tight edges of a strung trap.

So she went away from him and that afternoon when nobody was within earshot she told Stephen Shire what she had done and what the result of it had been.

It was early springtime by now, and the cherry tree under which they stood while she made her confession was a glorified bouquet of white blooms. She had acted on her own initiative; the original impulse had been hers without any prompting from him, and all the while her plan was taking shape and her courage hardening for the interview with her father, he had been left in entire ignorance of the design.

He was not disappointed at the outcome; some weeks before he privately had besought Doctor Deeves to submit him to an examination, however rigorous, and the manner of the refusal had convinced him that in this quarter lay no hope for him. Rather, by what he heard now, he was relieved. There was pleasure to him in knowing that he had this gentle little champion and that she had confidence in him and the hardihood to make, in his interests, and singly, the appeal she just had made. The appeal had failed utterly; very well, then, he must move for his deliverance in other directions and by other ways.

He told her, that same afternoon, what he had in mind, making it plain to her that he might need her help; and she, who never before in word or deed had crossed or deceived her father, consented to aid him.

Circumstances ran together to aid the pair of young plotters. Either Doctor Deeves forgot or he postponed his intention of taking his daughter traveling with him.

Anyhow, he was engaged that spring in writing the last chapters of his book, his great authoritative work upon disorders of the brain. Also, a little later on, in June, he would go to one of the leading Eastern universities to receive an honorary degree. Doctor Deeves collected degrees as a stamp collector collects stamps; getting one made him covet more. His vanity exulted in the string of letters he might tail after his name. Just at present his time, which he never wasted, was to him especially precious.

So, taking note somewhat absently that his daughter gained none in flesh and that she seemed paler than common and was abstracted and almost moody, he bought a small car for her and insisted that she learn to run it and that she spend so many hours a day driving about the country.

Only in part, though, did she obey him. She learned to operate the runabout but she shirked the country drives. She would start out alone, but very soon she would come hurrying back. It was as though the wide open spaces daunted her; as though the ability to whiz along quiet lanes and over the smooth-surfaced turnpikes gave her no pleasure. Nevertheless, the fact that now she owned an automobile and was in all respects mistress of it exactly fitted into the scheme which young Shire was devising.

On a day in the latter part of May, just after the noon hour, the two young people ran away together in the swift little car. Before this, though, there had been a deal of conspiring between them.

Under the sanitarium rules, a supervision was exercised over letters written by the patients. Through Hazel Deeves's connivance Stephen Shire evaded the censorship. Secretly he wrote a letter to a man of consequence, a certain Colonel Dougherty, in whose regiment of the A. E. F. he had served, and this letter he smuggled into the girl's hands and she mailed it in the town, supplementing it with one of her own.

Colonel Dougherty's answer, addressed to her, came back promptly. With the evidence of his former lieutenant's own statement before him, every word in it bespeaking a rational and ordered mind, he could not help believing that Shire was the victim of a great and a cruel injustice, and, guided by that belief, he stood ready and willing to offer the protection and the assistance which Shire had asked of him; so the Colonel wrote.

Let Shire make his escape from his confinement, and let him get safely into the state where Colonel Dougherty lived, which would mean out of the jurisdiction and beyond the ordinary legal processes of the state of which the young man was a citizen and in which he had been committed to detention. These things accomplished, Dougherty, for his part, promised to give him asylum under his roof and to furnish such surety as might be required for the orderly behavior of the fugitive and, finally, to invoke the proper authorities, whoever they might be, for an impartial hearing before an impartial tribunal with a view to establishing the present mental competency of his friend.

As Dougherty understood the case, what Shire desired was, first, his liberty and then a chance to prove his sanity. After that, in the Federal courts, he might seek redress against his brother for his denied property rights. The Colonel was no lawyer but he had heard, he said, of similar cases in which this procedure had been followed with success.

Now, Dougherty was a man of influence and consequence; his help would be a tower of strength, as Shire made plain to the girl. There was yet a further fact operating in the prisoner's favor. From the asylum gates to the river which marked the western boundary of the state, the distance was less than twenty miles. Even over indifferent roads an (*Continued on page 104*)

By FRANK R. ADAMS

of the Happiness Department

The Map *Eaters*

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell



Patsy May

THE CLEGG FOUR stock chassis, stripped of everything weighing an ounce that could possibly be dispensed with, roared through the mountain dawn.

The Crossland Six entry was less than a mile ehind, its motor exhaust spitting red defiance against the vanishıg shadows, and Jim Danger, at the wheel of the tiny Clegg ır, nudged his mechanician and indicated the oil pump. They ad gained a little at La Bojada Grade by taking all of the twenty-:ven reverse *S* curves on a maximum of two perilous wheels, ıt now on the straightaway down in the valley the pursuing ar was inching nearer. The Clegg was probably the best car ır ground and lofty mountain climbing that was entered in the ıce, and Jim Danger was as good a stunt man as there was in merica. On the better roads, however, the heavier, higher owered machines made the Clegg motor nearly shake itself to ieces in order to hold its own.

Jim Danger was the only pilot who could possibly drag the legg into the money. He had skill plus luck. Whenever he lled over in a Clegg it always seemed to light on its four wheels ıd headed in the right direction. The weak plank in the bridge ıat was waiting to trap a traveler always held up until Jim got :ross and gave way under the next car. The mechanician who ıde with Jim was sure of getting a few more thrills than anyone se in a similar capacity in the race, but he usually escaped with s life.

The roads were too good between Santa Fé and Albuquerque. xcept for the precipice at La Bojada and a few minor climbs ıd descents it was fairly level and, for New Mexico, improved. he last twenty miles into Albuquerque were cement.

The car behind pulled in abreast of the Clegg at the checking ation in front of the Hotel Alvarado. Jim's mechanician exıanged grins with the oil pumper on the Crossland Six. There ould be something doing during the next hundred miles or so.

Jim crowded out ahead on the road to Los Lunas and gave ıe Crossland driver a taste of his dust at close range. The tter hung on stubbornly, though, just about as far behind as he were being towed, and on the stretch from Los Lunas to d Laguna it was all Jim could do to keep his lead. The first considerable stretch of good road would turn the advantage against him.

Then it began to rain and Jim Danger's spirits increased immediately. It looked like a direct intervention of Providence. For Jim was a mud horse and rain on those dusty New Mexican trails meant deep mud in a very short time, deep, slimy and likewise greasy.

The highways of New Mexico are seldom muddy but when they have the slightest opportunity they do go in for it wholeheartedly and with enthusiasm long deferred. Lately the highway department has been crowning the roads, piling the dirt up high in the middle and sloping the sides so that when it is wet and you once begin to slip you may as well say "Hello" to the ditch right away because there's no hope of escaping it.

"Chains?" yelled the mechanician suggestively.

Jim shook his head. "Not yet."

He was thinking that they had a better chance than the Crossland had without chains and that if they stopped to put

them on the crew in back of them would have time to do likewise and thus equipped would be on more equal terms. No, their best chance lay in crowding their luck.

So they continued their sloshing way, ripping tons of the diluted landscape up and depositing it in new places, bumping into unsuspected water-filled holes, sliding giddily from side to side on the crown of the road like a clawing cat on a waxed incline, but somehow keeping right side up and straddling perilously the ridge of the road. Let both rear wheels get on the same slope once and no one could hold the car out of the ditch. Jim knew that and a thousand times he escaped skidding into a hopeless position across the road merely by a fraction of an inch.

There was only one real satisfaction in the entire situation: so long as the Clegg car stayed on the road no one could pass it, not until they arrived at some village with a wide, improved street. Gallup was the only place it could be done and Jim Danger took a horrible chance of getting gasoline and oil at Lupton, near the Arizona State line, and drove right through Gallup without stopping for scheduled supplies. That put him out on the narrow mud road again, ahead of competitors and in a position to block any car that might attempt to pass.

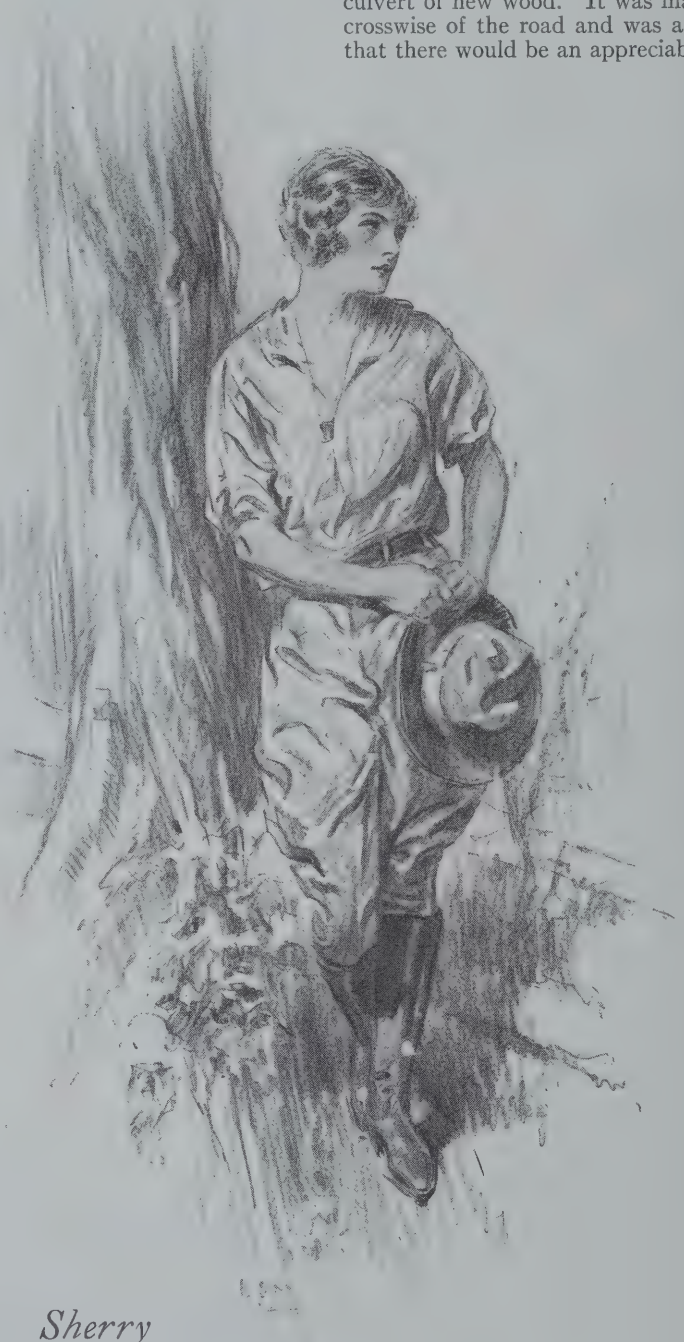
And still he had no tire chains on. To offset that he had perhaps five minutes' start on the Crossland, which had stopped to apply those safeguards.

Five minutes' start is not very much in a transcontinental race, especially in mud, and the Crossland was soon roaring along behind again like the vicious tail of a comet. Jim Danger thanked his lucky stars that he was blocking the mudway in his floundering chariot and he imagined with a grin of evil satisfaction the sulphurous fumings of his bottled up rival.

Then came an unexpected stretch of well drained and rock-bedded road. It was, perhaps, some former impassable spot which had been repaired simply because of absolute necessity. Anyway it opened up before Jim Danger and George Corbin, the pilot of the Crossland, like Main Street in Heaven. Both of them knew instinctively that right then and there would probably be settled who was to be the winner of the free-for-all map-eating contest inaugurated by the New York Post-Inquirer with a grand prize of fifty thousand dollars and a lot of gratuities, publicity and other valuable trimmings to be awarded to the successful driver.

Jim Danger hit the hardpan first and let her out as far as she would go the second his rear wheels stopped slithering in slime. Mud flew from the revolving wheels like sparks from a pin wheel.

Corbin climbed on to firm ground about one second behind him. His exhaust spoke for him and grew louder and louder in Jim's ears like the snarl of an angry, pursuing beast.



Sherry

About three or four hundred yards ahead was the end of the improved road. There began again the narrow, boggy prairie trail full of bumps, holes, deep ruts and ooze. If Jim got there first he could easily hold his lead by blocking off the other car.

So he had to beat Corbin on the open ground.

That was hard to do because the Clegg Four was a little tired by this time and had shaken loose some of its almost essential parts back in New Mexico somewhere and was not snorting exactly like a mount fresh from the meadow and stable.

But Jim was the kind of a driver who makes determination, luck and close judgment take the place of superior machinery; he jerked the Clegg over that ground as if by her boot straps and with the end of the good road in sight he still held his lead against his clanking, cursing adversary with one chain and all of his temper loose.

Still, there was one thing that neither Jim nor his mechanician had seen or could have foreseen. At the end of the stretch and just after the mud began again was a narrow, temporary culvert of new wood. It was made of six-foot lengths of plank crosswise of the road and was a little higher than the track so that there would be an appreciable bump upon hitting it.

Well, a bump was all in the day's work and didn't matter. The springs were lashed flat anyway so that they wouldn't break. What did matter was that the ruts, which Jim had to follow because he had no chains on and couldn't get out of them, led in a dizzy skidding zigzag right to the side edge of the culvert. Whether the last car over had slipped off or gone across was difficult for Jim to tell as he raced toward it.

There was no chance to stop. Even if there had been Jim would not have taken it. The best thing to do under the circumstances was to "shotgun" the culvert, to depend upon the momentum of increased speed to carry them across whether the wheels were sticking to anything or not.

Jim's decisions were made automatically and in the split second while he was approaching the treacherous spot.

The front wheels hit the slime-covered wood and bounced up in the air. But they came down still on the wood. The spinning rear tires started to climb the plank. And then they began not to climb. Instead they slipped sickeningly sideways. A jab at the accelerator did no good. The Clegg Four reeled, the left wheel dropped over the edge. The differential housing held the car for a second, but then it slid sideways with the inertia of the skid, balanced a second and slipped over too.

The Clegg Four turned turtle into the muddy water below the culvert.

The race was entirely over so far as Jim Danger and his mechanician were concerned.

George Corbin, in the Crossland, peered down at them through his Martian goggles as he passed safely over the treacherous culvert, but that was all. One glance was as much as he could spare from the exigencies of keeping his own car right side up. There were records to be broken, advertising preeminence to be gained for the car he was driving. His sympathies had to be



Jim: *"Would you have been angry if I had kissed you?"* *Sherry held up her locket in reply.*

put in cold storage until the race was over. Then, if Jim Danger had been killed, he would have time to be sorry.

II

Jim Danger was not dead. Not yet. But he had a fair chance of joining the innumerable caravan if someone did not remove the chassis of the Clegg Four from his chest, which it was slowly crushing. Even "one of the lightest cars in America" weighs too much to be worn comfortably as a breastpin.

There was no chance of assistance from "Chicken" Doyle, his helper. Chicken had been thrown ten or fifteen feet to one side and was lying just where he had lighted. Whether he was

dead or not, Jim, with his very limited field of vision, could not determine. Anyway he was out.

Jim rather wished he was, too. There was not much pleasure in contemplating death by suffocating pressure or by drowning in mud. There was a terrible pain in his side, too. Probably a splintered rib.

There was very little probability of help passing for hours, either. Some of the racing cars might come along any time, but casual traffic had practically ceased altogether. The native car owners knew what rain did to the road and "holed up" automatically, while the few foolhardy tourists who had dared to start out were doubtless resting comfortably in ditches of their own devising by this time.

No, Jim's chances seemed exceedingly slim. He wished now that he had been bumped off by that shell which had destroyed his next rank man at Moulin de Longforte. At least that would have been a more glorious end than this. Jim closed his eyes.

"Hello, down there! Is anybody alive?"

Jim was tempted not to answer. He had very little strength left and to tax that little might be the finish. Besides that, the voice was a woman's and Jim suspected that it was a delusion of approaching delirium. There was no sense in supposing that a woman would be abroad near that God-forsaken hole in the hydrated landscape.



But it was a woman, an actual bona fide physical woman of positive and executive character, not a materialized voice. The character was proven almost immediately by the fact that she slithered down the embankment into the somewhat deeper mud at the bottom and floundered over to the inverted car.

There, by looking into each other's eyes, she and Jim discovered that they were both alive.

She had thirty year old eyes, gray with questions in them. The rest of her face showed fewer signs of wear and tear and would perhaps look better under some other kind of a hat. A man's sombrero doesn't bring out all the charm of a feminine physiognomy. Even as it was you could discount the parenthesis around her mouth and the etched sun wrinkles at the corners of her eyes and discover that she was pleasant.

Clothes: Corduroy pants—not breeches, pants—tucked into boots, a flannel shirt and one of those oiled cloth raincoats, unlovely and stiff but serviceable.

"The first thing is to get the weight off your chest," she decided out loud.

Jim smiled. "I'm afraid that will be impossible," he pointed out. "Even if there were something solid to stand on it would take two or three men to budge it."

"Or one horse," amended the girl. "I've got the horse. We keep a few specimens of that nearly extinct species around just to show tourists along with the Indians. You wait here." She started away.

"I promise," Jim told her superfluously.

In a moment or so she was back with an efficient looking "rope," the noose of which she adjusted scientifically to the channel iron frame of the chassis near the center of gravity of the car but on the side away from the road.

"It's going to hurt when we lift this thing," she advised as she worked, "but it's the only way. Are you ready?"

Jim nodded. No use to let her discover how desperately ready he was. Two or three minutes more and he knew that he would have to give up the struggle.

She was floundering away as she spoke. "Here we go," she told him from a distance, "just as soon as I can tighten my cinch so the saddle won't slip."

He heard her speak to her horse, felt the car quiver above him, then slowly lift with an agonizing relief so overwhelming that



Chicken Doyle had told Patsy May the whole story. "I seem to have arrived just in time," she said.

ıe promptly let go of his hold on consciousness and went to oin Chicken Doyle in a painless oblivion.

III

THE doctor was making his second visit when Jim Danger ɔegan to realize which were the places that hurt the worst.

He had come back to life in an adobe house with a surprising nterior. It had hardwood floors, plumbing and all the abso-utely necessary luxuries.

The doctor was apologizing for the mud on his boots. "I'm orry to track this stuff around on your rug, Sherry, but I couldn't crape it all off."

"That's all right, Doctor Dan, everybody who has to be out n this weather gets plastered from head to foot. I had to andpaper your patient in order to get him clean enough to ecognize."

So her name was Sherry.

"You're a wonderful nurse, Sherry, and you certainly saved his young man's life twice, once by pulling the car off from him ɔefore it crushed him and the second time by the way you held ıim together all last night when that hemorrhage started. My hat is off to you, girl. You're more capable than most men."

Additional information for Jim. She was a capable person and had saved his life twice. Well, she had looked capable in her boots and pants and slicker. Women who live in the out of the way Western places doubtless have to be capable or perish.

Jim opened his eyes to take a look at the two people who were discussing him so impersonally.

The doctor was in his range of immediate vision. Three days' growth of whiskers hid a Pickwickian face. He was not tidy in other respects as one has rather grown to expect medical men to be. As a concession to the dressiness of his profession he wore a black suit and a shirt about eighty-five percent white. Around the frayed cuffs was the evidence that it had not been donned for the first time that morning. There were spots on his clothes some of which could probably be brushed out and others of which most certainly could not.

He was big but not tall—and about forty-five.

And there was only one other outstanding fact about him; he was in love with the person he was talking to. The expression with which he was regarding the girl, whose back was turned to Jim, was so incongruously tender on a countenance full of whiskers that it interpreted itself even to a casual masculine observer such as his patient.

Sherry's back was very erect, well proportioned and covered just then by a fresh wash dress of white with wide crossbars of deep pink. Her hair was dark and there was lots of it, piled high. She was nearly as tall as the doctor but only one-third as wide.

She turned. Hers was a sweet face, patient and kind, not beautiful. She smiled. It was beautiful. Can you see her? The nicest girl you know is like that.

"Doctor Dan," she said, "you've brought him back to this earth again." Her voice was soft, not like silk but like fine wool, rich, warm, with just a little throaty quality in it—a voice to be caressed by.

"Nonsense, you did it yourself. His case was beyond mere medicine and surgery. You're the best nurse in Arizona."

"I ought to be, with you for an instructor." To Jim: "Excuse this exchange of compliments. Mr. Danger, this is Doctor Dan. I am Sherry MacNeil. You must not talk much but you may ask for anything you want."

"Is my mechanic dead?"

Sherry laughed pleasantly. "Far from it. He was not even very badly hurt—just stunned. He's out back of the corral now tinkering with your car. He says you can drive it in to Los Angeles tomorrow. Doctor Dan and I say you can't for several weeks."

(*Continued on page 130*)

A New Novel of American Life

The Hope of

Illustrations by



Leila

A Résumé of Part One:

THE story takes place in an Ohio city and deals with the lives of:

BRUCE STORRS, a young architect who has recently received a confession from his mother just before her death: that he is not the son of John Storrs, her husband, but of one Franklin Mills, with whom she had had a brief but tense love affair two years after her marriage. The confession is a blow that brings Bruce's world tumbling about his ears; and when his supposed father dies, he takes a long walking trip to readjust his views. His love for his mother remains unchanged; he knows that this was the one lapse of a really fine character, and that she was faithful in all other obligations to her husband.

Mrs. Storrs had begged Bruce to work near his real father and help him if necessary. Bruce obeys this dying wish and, keeping his secret to himself, goes to find a position in the Ohio city where his father, of whom he knows nothing, lives. The first person he runs into there is

BUD HENDERSON, an old college friend, erratic, charming and generous. Bud, it appears, is advantageously married, runs an automobile sales agency and knows everyone worth while in the city. He breezily assures Bruce of an immediate job with

BILL FREEMAN, the city's best man in domestic architecture. Indeed, Bud gets himself and Bruce invited out at once to the Freemans' house by

DALE FREEMAN, Bill's wife, a charming woman whose home is something of a rendezvous for an intelligent and companionable social set. Freeman is glad enough to take Bruce as his assistant.

Meantime, by way of Henderson's gossip regarding the city's celebrities, Bruce has learned to his relief that his father is a very prominent man, successful, conservative, reticent and something of a puzzle to his fellow citizens; and that evening Bruce meets at Dale's

SHEPHERD MILLS, his own half-brother, who is a pleasant, diffident young fellow, keenly interested in social reform and head of a storage battery plant given him by his father. Shepherd at once takes a liking to Bruce, as does also his wife

CONSTANCE MILLS, a girl of restless aspirations who, following her nature, immediately begins a mild flirtation with Bruce.

Bruce is destined to meet still another of his father's children when next evening he goes for a walk along the river and finds stalled in the middle of it

LEILA MILLS, whose motorboat he tows ashore. Leila, he observes, is young, vivacious, inclined to be wild and on this occasion rather more than mildly tipsy. With her is her friend

MILLICENT HARDEN, who attracts Bruce considerably and who, he later learns from Henderson, is the artistically gifted daughter of a wealthy patent medicine manufacturer living next door to Franklin Mills. Socially Millicent is rather out of it because of her father's occupation; but Bruce subsequently meets her at a dance, is more deeply impressed by her singular charm, and is introduced by her to

FRANKLIN MILLS, his father, whom he studies guardedly as they engage in casual conversation. Bruce, of course, does not show the depth to which the meeting has affected him.

Part Two: CHAPTER IV

BRUCE STORRS. The name of the young man he had met at the Country Club lingered disturbingly in Franklin Mills's memory. He had heard someone ask that night where Storrs came from and Bud Henderson, his sponsor, had been ready with the answer, "Laconia, Ohio." Mills had been afraid to ask questions himself. He computed the number of years that had passed since, in his young manhood, he had spent a summer in the pleasant little town, sent there by his father to act as auditor of a manufacturing concern in which Franklin Mills III for a time owned an interest. Long closed doors swung open slowly along the dim corridor of memory and

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Happiness

Author of "Broken Barriers"

Pruett Carter



Franklin Mills

phantom shapes emerged —among them a figure Franklin Mills recognized as himself . . . Had he ever been like that? He was young then; the spirit of adventure and the passions of youth had not yet been brought under the stern control he had since exercised over them . . . Marian Storrs had been as passionately young as he. She was a lovely young being—vivacious, daring, already indifferent to the man to whom she had been married for two years . . .

He had been a beast to take advantage of her, to accept all that she had yielded to him with a completeness that touched him poignantly now as she lived again in his memory. He did not question that the boy was hers; but was he John Storrs's son or his own? There was that question, hateful, hideous, that would not down. Nothing was so precious to Franklin Mills as his peace of mind, and here was a problem that might forever menace his peace. And if this young man was in reality his son would not Marian Storrs have told him . . . given him at least some hint? But there was little comfort in this, or in the hope that the young man himself might know nothing . . .

Mills stood by one of the broad windows in his private office gazing across the smoky industrial district of his native city. With his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, he was a picture of negligent ease. His face was singularly free of the markings of time. His thick, neatly trimmed hair with its even intermixture of white added to his look of distinction. His business suit of dark blue with an obscure green stripe was evidently a recent creation of his tailor and a white wing collar with a bow tie that matched the suit contributed further to the impression he gave of a man who had a care for his appearance.

The respect of his fellow man, one could see, meant much to him; but he would not be likely to inconvenience himself to win approval. He was Franklin Mills, the fourth of the name in succession in the Mid-western city, enjoying an unassailable social position and able to command more cash at a given moment than any other man in the community. Nearly every piece of property in the city's original mile square had at some time belonged to a Mills. The earlier men of the name had been prominent in public affairs, but Franklin Mills had never been interested in politics, except to give his individual support, as unostentatiously as possible, to candidates who promised to safeguard the business interests of the country.

Mills never served on those bothersome committees that promote noble causes and pursue the public with subscription papers. When he gave he gave liberally but he preferred to make his contributions unsolicited. As for boosting the town, the matter didn't interest him a particle; he was mistrustful of all attempts to stimulate growth by artificial means. Mills never sold anything in a hurry. Voluble, hustling promoters of apartment house and office building schemes were unable to stampede him into making leases of coveted sites.

Some cynic said that the most human thing about Mills was his love of horses and dogs. He liked to ride and shoot, and a horse breeder or a dog fancier could always gain an audience with him. Like his father and grandfather he kept in touch with the soil, and his farm, fifteen miles from his office, was a show place, and his Jersey herd enjoyed a wide reputation. It pleased him to be represented at the State Fair with cattle and saddle horses from Deer Trail Farm. The farm was as perfectly

managed as his house and office. Its carefully tended fields, his flocks and herds and the dignified Southern Colonial house were but another advertisement of his substantial character and the century-long identification of his name with the State.

Mills disliked any communication that couldn't be compressed on a single letter sheet. His private office was so furnished as to look as little as possible like a place for the transaction of business. There were easy lounging chairs, a long leathern couch, a bookcase, a taboret with cigars and cigarettes. The flat-top desk, placed between two windows, contained nothing but an immaculate blotter and a silver desk set that evidently enjoyed frequent burnishings. It was possible for Mills to come and go without crossing the other rooms of the suite. Visitors who passed the office boy's inspection and satisfied a stenographer that their errands were not frivolous, found themselves in communication with Arthur Carroll, Mills's secretary, a young man of thirty-five, trained as a lawyer, who spoke for his employer in all matters not demanding decisions of first importance. Carroll was not only Mills's confidential man of business, but when necessary he performed the duties of social secretary. He was tactful, socially in demand as an eligible bachelor and endowed with a genius for collecting information that might assist Mills in keeping in touch with the affairs of the community.

The gray eyes that looked out over the city narrowed occasionally as some object roused Mills's attention—a freight train crawling on the outskirts of the city, or some disturbance in the street below. Then he would resume his reverie as though enjoying his sense of immunity from the fret and jar of the world about him. Presently he glanced at his watch and turned to press a button in a plate on the corner of his desk. Carroll appeared immediately.

"You said Shepherd was coming?" Mills inquired.

"Yes; he was to be here at five but said he might be a little late."

Mills nodded, asked a question about the survey of some land adjoining Deer Trail Farm for which he was negotiating, and listened attentively while Carroll described a discrepancy in the boundary lines.

"Is that all that stands in the way?" Mills asked.

"Well," said Carroll, "Parsons shows signs of bucking. He's thought of reasons, sentimental ones, for not selling. He and his wife moved there when they were first married and their children were all born on the place."

"Well, of course we have nothing to do with that," remarked Mills, slipping an ivory paper knife slowly through his fingers. "The old man is a failure, and the whole place is badly run down. I really need it for pasture."

"Oh, he'll sell! We just have to be a little patient," said Carroll.

"All right, but don't close till the boundary's cleared up. I don't buy law suits. Come in, Shep."

Shepherd Mills had appeared at the door during this talk. His father had merely glanced at him, and Shepherd waited, hat in hand, his topcoat on his arm, till the discussion was ended.

"What's that you've got there?" his father asked, seating himself in a comfortable chair a little way from the desk.

In drawing some papers from the pocket of his overcoat, Shepherd dropped his hat, picked it up and laid it on the desk. He was trying to appear at ease and replied that it was a contract calling for a large order, which the storage battery company had just made.

"We worked a good while to get that," said the young man with a ring of enthusiasm in his voice. "I thought you'd like to know it's all settled."

Mills put on his glasses, scanned the document with a practiced eye and handed it back.

"That's good. You're running full capacity now?"

"Yes; we've got orders enough to keep us going full handed for several months."

The young man's tone was eager; he was clearly anxious for his father's approval. He had expected a little more praise for his success in getting the contract but was trying to adjust himself to his father's calm acceptance of the matter. He drummed the edge of the desk as he recited certain figures as to conditions at the plant. His father disconcertingly corrected one of his statements.

"Yes; you're right, father," Shepherd stammered. "I got the July figures mixed up with the June report."

Mills smiled indulgently; took a cigarette from a silver box on the taboret beside him and unhurriedly lighted it.

"You and Constance are coming over for dinner tonight?" he asked. "I think Leila said she'd asked you."

His senior's very calmness seemed to add to Shepherd's nervousness. He rose and laid his overcoat on the couch, drew out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, remarking that it was warm for the season.

"I hadn't noticed it," his father remarked in the tone of one who is indifferent to changes of temperature.

"There's a little matter I've been wanting to speak to you about," Shepherd began. "I thought it would be better to mention it here—you never like talking business at the house. If it's going to be done it ought to be started now, before the bad weather sets in."

He paused, a little breathless, and Mills said, the least bit impatiently:

"Do you mean that new unit at the plant? I thought we'd settled that. I thought you were satisfied you could get along this winter with the plant as it is."

"Oh, no! It's not that!" Shepherd hastily corrected. "Of course that's all settled. This is quite a different matter. I only want to suggest it now so you can think it over. You see, our employees were all mightily pleased because you let them have the use of the Milton farm during the summer. There's quite a settlement there by the plant and the Milton land is so near they can walk to it. I kept tab in July and August and about a hundred of the men went there Saturday afternoons and Sundays; mostly married men who took their families. I could see it made a big difference in the morale of the shop."

He paused to watch the effect of his statements but Mills made no sign. He merely recrossed his legs, knocked the ash from his cigarette and nodded for his son to go on.

"I want you to know I appreciate your letting me use the property that way," Shepherd resumed. "I was out there a good deal myself and those people certainly enjoyed themselves. Now what's in my mind is this, father"—he paused an instant and bent forward with boyish eagerness—"I've heard you say you didn't mean to sell any lots in the Milton addition for several years—not until the street car line's extended—and I thought as the factory's so close to the farm we might build some kind of a clubhouse the people could use the year round. They can't get any amusements without coming into town, and we could build the house near the south gate of the property where our people could get to it easily. They could have dances and motion pictures and maybe a few lectures and some concerts during the winter. They'll attend to all that themselves. Please understand that I don't mean this as a permanent thing. The clubhouse needn't cost much, so when you get ready to divide the farm the loss wouldn't be great. It might even be used in some way. I just wanted to mention it; we can talk out the details after you've thought it over."

In his anxiety to make himself clear Shepherd had stammered repeatedly. He waited, his face flushed, his eyelids quivering, for some encouraging word from his father. Mills dropped his cigarette into the tray before he spoke.

"What would such a house cost, Shep?"

"It can be built for twenty thousand dollars. I got a young fellow in Freeman's office to make some sketches—Storrs—you met him at the country club; a mighty nice chap. If you'll just look at these——"

Mills took the two letter sheets his son extended, one showing a floor plan, the other a rough sketch of the proposed building, inspected them indifferently and gave them back.

"If you'd like to keep them——" Shepherd began.

"No; that isn't necessary. I think we can settle the matter now. It was all right for those people to use the farm as a playground during the summer, but this idea of building a house for them won't do. We've got to view these things practically, Shep. You're letting your sentimental feelings run away with you. If I let you go ahead with that scheme it would be unfair to all the other employers in town. If you stop to think you can see for yourself that for us to build such a clubhouse would cause dissatisfaction among other concerns that I'm interested in.

"And there's another thing. Your people did considerable damage last summer—breaking down shrubbery and young trees I'd planted where I'd laid out the roads. I hadn't spoken of this, for I knew how much fun you got out of it, but as for spending twenty thousand dollars for a clubhouse and turning the whole place over to those people, it can't be done!"

"Well, father, of course I can see your way of looking at it," Shepherd said with a crestfallen air. "I thought maybe, just for a few years——"

"That's another point," Mills interrupted. "You can't give it to them and then take it away. Such people are bound to be unreasonable. Give them an inch and they take a mile. You'll find as you grow older that they have precious little appreciation



"It's too bad," Millicent was saying, "happiness can't be bought as you buy records to play in a machine and wind up and sit by and listen. You have to do a little work yourself."

of such kindness. Your heart's been playing tricks with your head. I tell you, my dear boy, there's nothing in it; positively nothing!"

Mills rose, struck his hands together smartly and laid them on his son's shoulders, looking down at him with smiling tolerance. Shepherd was gripping Storrs's sketches, and as his father stepped back he hastily thrust them into his pocket.

"You may be right, father," he said slowly, and with no trace of resentment.

"Storrs, you said?" Mills inquired as he opened a cabinet door and took out his hat and light overcoat. "Is he the young man Millicent introduced me to?"

"Yes; that tall, fine looking chap; a Tech man; just moved here—friend of Bud Henderson's."

"I wasn't quite sure of the name. He's an architect, is he?" asked Mills as he slowly buttoned his coat.

"Yes; I met him at the Freemans' and had him lunch with me at the club. Freeman is keen about him."

"He's rather an impressive looking fellow," Mills replied. "Expects to live here, does he?"

"Yes. He has no relatives here; just thought the town offered a good opening. His home was somewhere in Ohio, I think."

"Yes; I believe I heard that," Mills replied carelessly. "You have your car with you?"

"Yes; the runabout. I'll skip home and dress and drive over with Connie. We're going to the Claytons' later."

When they reached the street Shepherd ordered up his father's limousine and saw him into it and waved his hand as a parting salutation. As he turned away to seek his own car the smile faded from his face. He was deeply hurt. It was not merely that his father had refused to permit the building of the clubhouse, but that the matter had been brushed aside quite as a parent rejects some absurd proposal of an unreasoning child. He strode along with the quick steps compelled by his short stature, smarting under what he believed to be an injustice, and ashamed of himself for not having combated the objections his father had raised. The loss of shrubs or trees was nothing when weighed against the happiness of the people who had enjoyed the use of the farm. He thought now of many things that he might have said in defence of his proposition; but he had never been able to hold his own in debate with his father. His face burned with humiliation. He regretted that within an hour he was to see his father again.



Connie's father-in-law regarded her quizzically. "You're quite perfectly turned out, I should say," he remarked.

II

THE interior of Franklin Mills's house was not so forbidding as Henderson had hinted in his talk with Bruce. It was really a very handsomely furnished, comfortable establishment that bore the marks of a sound if rather austere taste. The house had been built in the last years of Mrs. Mills's life, and if a distinctly feminine note was lacking in its appointments this was due to changes made by Mills in keeping with the later tendency in interior decoration toward the elimination of nonessentials. He had a highly developed sense of order and disliked having things about him that were likely to get out of place.

It was only a polite pretense that Leila kept house for her father. Her inclinations were decidedly not domestic and Mills employed and directed the servants, ordered the meals, kept track of expenditures and household bills, and paid them through his office. He liked formality and chose well trained servants capable of conforming to his wishes in this respect. On the second floor there was a large sitting room, its walls lined with books indicative of the cultivated and catholic taste of the owner, and throughout the house there were pictures, chiefly representative work of contemporary French and American artists. When Mills got tired of a picture or saw a chance to buy a better one by the same painter, he sold or gave away the discard. He knew the contents of his house from cellar to garret—roved over it a good deal in his many lonely hours.

He came downstairs a few minutes before seven and from force of habit strolled through the rooms on a tour of inspection. In keeping with his sense of personal dignity he always put on his dinner coat in the evening even when he was alone. He rang and asked the smartly capped and aproned maid who responded whether his daughter was at home.

"Miss Leila went to the Country Club this afternoon, sir, and hasn't come in yet. She said she was dining here."

"Thank you," he replied colorlessly, and turned to glance over some new books neatly arranged on a table at the side of the living room. A clock struck seven and on the last stroke the remote titter of an electric bell sent the maid to the door.



"Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd Mills," the girl announced in compliance with an established rule, which was not suspended even hen Mills's son and daughter-in-law were the guests.

"Shep fairly dragged me!" Mrs. Mills exclaimed as she greeted er father-in-law. "He's in such terror of being late to one of our feasts! I know I'm a fright." She lifted her hand to her air with needless solicitude; it was perfectly arranged. She ore an evening gown of blue velvet, with a sweeping train; n effective garment, she knew that it was effective. Seeing that e was eyeing it critically she demanded to know what he thought f it.

"You're so fastidious, you know! Shep never pays any attenon to my clothes. It's a silly idea that women dress only for each other; it's for captious men like you that we take so much trouble."

"You're quite perfectly turned out, I should say," Mills remarked. "That's a handsome gown. I don't believe I've seen it before."

Her father-in-law was regarding her quizzically, an ambiguous smile playing about his lips. She was conscious that he never gave her his whole approval and she was piqued by her failure to evoke any expressions of cordiality from him. Men usually liked her, or at least found her amusing, and she had never been satisfied that Franklin Mills either liked her or thought her clever. It was still a source of bitterness that Mills had objected strongly to Shepherd's marrying her. His objections she attributed



After meeting his gaze, Bruce noted that Mills would lift his eyes and look intently at something on the wall over the bookcases. Whatever it was brought a fleeting look of perplexity to his face.

to snobbery; for her family was in nowise distinguished, and Constance, an only child, had made her own way socially chiefly through acquaintances and friendships formed in the Misses Palmers' school, a local institution which conferred a certain social dignity upon its patrons.

She had never been able to break down Mills's reserves, and the familiar tone which she had adopted in her intercourse with him had been arrived at after a series of experiments in the first year of her marriage. He suffered this a little stolidly. There was a point of discretion beyond which she never dared venture. She had once tried teasing him about a young widow, a visitor from the South for whom he had shown some partiality, and he hadn't liked it though he had taken the same sort of chaff from others in her presence with perfect good nature.

She was buoyed by a hope that some day she would penetrate his armor. Shepherd, she realized perfectly, was a disappointment to his father. Countless points of failure in the relationship of father and son were manifest to her, things of which Shepherd himself was unconscious. It was Mills's family pride that had prompted him to make Shepherd president of the storage battery company, and the same vanity was responsible for the house he had given Shepherd on his marriage—a much bigger house than the young couple needed. He expected her to bear children that the continuity of the name might be unbroken, but the bearing of children was repugnant to her. Still, the birth of an heir, to take the name of Franklin Mills, would undoubtedly heighten his respect for her—diminish the veiled hostility which she felt she aroused in him.

"Where's Leila?" asked Shepherd as dinner was announced and they moved toward the dining room.

"She'll be along presently," Mills replied easily.

"Dear Leila!" exclaimed Constance. "You never disciplined her as you did Shep. Shep would go to the stake before he'd turn up late."

"Leila," said Mills a little acidly, "is a law unto herself."

"That's why we all love the dear child!" said Constance quickly. "Not for worlds would I change her."

To nothing was Mills so sensitive as to criticisms of Leila, a fact which she should have remembered.

As they took their places Mills asked her, in the impersonal tone she hated, what the prospects were for a gay winter. She was on the committee of the Assembly, whose entertainments



were a noteworthy feature of every season. There, too, was the Dramatic Club, equally exclusive in its membership, and Constance was on the play committee. Mills listened with interest, or with the pretense of interest, as she gave him the benefit of her knowledge as to the winter's social program.

They were half through the dinner when Leila arrived. With a cheerful "hello, everybody" she flung off her wrap and without removing her hat sank into the chair Shepherd drew out for her.

"Sorry, dada, but Millie and I played eighteen holes this afternoon; got a late start and were perfectly starved when we finished and just had to have tea. And some people came along and we got to talking and it was dark before we knew it."

"How's your game coming on?" her father asked.

"Not so bad, dada. Millie's one of these lazy players; she doesn't care whether she wins or loses. I guess I'm too temperamental to be a good golfer."

"I thought Millie was pretty strong on temperament herself," remarked Shepherd.

"Well, Millie is and she isn't. She's not the sort that flies all to pieces when anything goes wrong."

"Millie's a pretty fine girl," declared Shepherd.

"Millicent really has charm," remarked Constance, though without enthusiasm.

"Millie's a perfect darling!" said Leila. "She's so lovely to her father and mother! They're really very nice. Everybody knocks Doc Harden but he's not a bad sort. It's a shame the way people treat them. Mrs. Harden's a dear, sweet thing; plain and sensible and doesn't look pained when I cuss a little." She gave her father a sly look but he feigned inattention. "Dada, how do you explain Millie?"

"Well, I don't," replied Mills with a broad smile at the abruptness of the question. "It's just as well that everything and everybody on this planet can't be explained and don't have to be. I've come to a time of life when I'm a little fed up on the things that can be reduced to figures. I want to be mystified!"

Leila pointed her finger at him across the table.

"I'll say you like mystery! If there was ever a human being who just had to have the facts, you're it! I know because I've tried hiding milliners' bills from you."

"Well, I usually pay them," Mills replied good-humoredly. "Now that you've spoken of bills I'd like to ask you——"

"Don't!" Leila ejaculated, placing her hands over her ears with simulated horror. "I know what you're going to say. You're going to ask why I bought that new squirrel coat! Dada, it was to keep me from freezing to death."

"Well, the house is well heated," Mills replied dryly. "The answer is for you to spend a little time at home."

Leila was a spoiled child and lived her own life with little paternal interference. After Mills had failed utterly to keep her in school, or rather to find a school in which she would stay, he had tried tutors with no better results. He had finally placed her for a year in New York with a woman who made a business of giving the finishing touches to the daughters of the provincial rich. Here there were no lessons to learn which these daughters didn't want to learn, but Leila had heard operas and concerts to a point where she really knew something of music, and she had acquired a talent that greatly amused her father for talking convincingly of things she really knew nothing about. He found much less delight in her appalling habit of blurting out things better left unsaid, and presumably foreign to the minds of well bred young women.

Her features were a feminized version of her father's, and she was dark like him and with the same gray eyes; but here the resemblance ended. She was alert, restless, quick of speech and action. The strenuous life of her long days was expressing itself in little nervous twitchings of her hands and head. Her father, under his benignant gaze, was noting these things now.

"I hope you're staying in tonight, Leila?" he said. "It seems to me you're not sleeping enough."

"Well, no, dada; I was going to the Claytons'. I told Fred Thomas he might come for me at nine."

"Thomas?" Mills questioned. "I don't know that I'd choose him for an escort."

"Oh, Fred's all right!" Leila replied easily. "He's always asking me to go places with him and I'd turned him down until I was ashamed to refuse any more." (*Continued on page 154*)





PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. H. SUSSMAN

Playing—Now That I'm

YOU will see little groups of men—men who have been shoved by Father Time over the fifty year line with no chance of Referee Fate giving them any years for offside play—you will see these groups, lounging in the windows of clubs, in the corners of resort verandas, or solemnly surrounding the green baize in the card room.

Do you suppose they like it?

They do not.

Take that on the testimony of this fifty year old. They do not. Do four cripples in a hospital ward love to congregate with one another; and thus to be reminded of their own plight?

No, but fellow cripples are the only people there to associate with. So they make the best of it.

So do we oldsters.

Don't you know there is no especial joy in unmitigated association with the old? Of course you do. That is why you are shyly or stiffly civil to the old; and hideously ill at ease with them; and that is why you escape as soon as possible to the companionship of younger folk.

Well, do you suppose the old care to be with one another, all the time, any more than you care to be with them? They don't. But they have to. It is the only companionship in which they can be sure of any sort of a glad welcome.

(Once more let me remind you that when I speak of the Old I don't mean the Aged. I am talking of us who are still only fifty or thereabouts. Seasoned, not decayed.)

Yes, yes, I know—there are lots of people in the fifties whom you youngsters like and respect and who are ever so interesting and all that. "As interesting as anyone in the twenties."

But the fact remains that your pals of both sexes are of your own age or thereabouts. And with such pals you are far more at home than ever you are with us who are fifty.

You could learn much from us, though. Yes, and we could relearn much from you. I say "*re*-learn," because once we knew the same wonderful things and spoke the same language that you do. Only, the passage of the years has blurred our memory of it.

I'll tell you why it has blurred our memory. One brain can hold only just so much; even as one room can hold only so much. As the added years keep piling into our brain-room vast heaps of experience and new happenings and new viewpoints and the knowledge of new duties and new phases of life—something must be crowded out to make place for them.

So—unconsciously, because we'd lack the courage or the desire to do it willingly—we shove out of the window, bit by bit, the nonessential luggage stacked there in our youth.

Out go the golden freshness, the faculty of regarding everything as either glorious or tragic, the cryptic small talk, the gift of laughing uproariously at less than nothing. Out go these and a myriad other beautiful things. Out into the scrap heap.

Then when you youngsters come along, years afterward, holding out your glittering wares, we search our memory storeroom in vain to match them. And, failing, we snarl and scowl at you for having what we have lost; and we call you Young Fools.

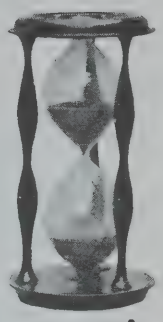
It is *we* who are the fools. We have thrown away what we can't get back. And we sneer at you for still having it all, or else we listen stupidly to a language which no longer we can understand.

To only one man, so far as I know, is it given to remember his youth and to imprison its memories in cold type. He is Booth Tarkington. But for "Seventeen," a lost language would never have been recorded.

Yes, we could relearn from you if we'd have the humility to do it; and if you'd have the patience to teach us. You could learn a lot from us, too. But you won't. We bore you. I don't wonder.

Two mighty well bred lads in the dawn of the twenties wasted half an hour not long ago trying to be polite to me. And, forgetting that neither Youth nor Age can ever learn secondhand, I expanded under their flattering questions about old days.





Fifty—*by* ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

I told them of the insane Southern night in 1891 when a stripling named Corbett knocked out the unknockoutable John L. Sullivan. I told them of the first night when John Drew cast off the Daly shackles and appeared as a Frohman star, with a wisp of a kid named Maude Adams as his leading woman.

I told them of the days when I crossed the Syrian wilderness on horseback and swam the Jordan in flood, because trains and Jordan bridges were then unknown in Palestine.

I told them of Marie Tempest's heartbreaking prowess on her first visit here, back in 1890, in "The Red Hussar"; of Fay Templeton and Agnes Huntington in the age when burlesque was still burlesque; and of the roaring jollity at Tony Pastor's, with Kelly, the Rolling Mill Man and Maggie Cline and the rest; and with David Mannes scratching away at the fiddle for the Pastor clog kings to dance by.

I spoke, first-hand, of Heffelfinger and Riggs and McClung, of Buck Ewing and Johnny Ward.

I even waxed highbrow and told them of the first performance of "Siegfried" here, and how all opera traditions were smashed by its absence of a chorus; and how, as a lad, I slept throughout the sword-forging scene.

I told them, too, of Theodore Thomas and of grand Pat Gilmore and of Patti in her late bloom.

I put on the soft pedal in telling how I thrilled at Booth's Hamlet and Iago; and of my pride when I was actually introduced to both Booth and Barrett, as a fifteen year old.

Oh, I told them a million things; and I waxed reminiscently excited over it all!

Finally I said that as a child I had been taken to New York's City Hall to see General Grant "lying in state."

One of my hearers interrupted me at that point by almost choking to death in an effort to masticate and swallow a yawn. The other sought to soothe my feelings at the ungodly gargling sound by asking me respectfully:

"Did you ever know Abraham Lincoln, sir? I mean, did you know him personally?"

"No, son," I groaned, in keen misery. "The only President of the United States I ever had the honor of shaking hands with was Thomas Jefferson."

And then I let them escape.

But it was I who learned from them, not they from me. Do I blame them? I do not.

In my own early twenties I met dear old Doctor Conant, then in extreme age. He was most courteous to me. I recall his starting to tell me of a hot quarrel he once witnessed on the street, in Washington, between Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

I never heard the whole story, for at its climax I caught sight of a girl I knew—this was on a hotel porch—and I made excuse to sneak away and join her.

Yes, we oldsters herd together. It is either that or herd in solitude. Some few of us—and these are descendants of the Gaderene swine—seek to win for ourselves a welcome among young chaps by regaling them with raw stories and still more raw reminiscences. We mistake their fascinated disgust for flattering interest.

The more hopelessly insane of us try ponderously to flirt with flappers or with youthful matrons—poor old fools that we are!

The old must play with the old. Because the old are the only willing playmates of the old. Who, under our own age, wants to play with us? Surely no normal young man. Assuredly no non-golddigger young woman—and the golddigger only if we have the wealth to install her as an Old Man's Darling.

No, we of Fifty must be content to flock with our own kind; and mighty dull flocking it is sometimes. But at that it is flamingly interesting, compared to what we inflict on Youth by trying to be young with it or by trying to make it old with us.

I wonder what men of seventy-five find to talk about, when they are together and at their ease. I shan't find out for another quarter century. For I don't speak their silly language—yet!

DISCIPLINE

Illustrations by C. D. Williams



"'Your men did this, Sultan,' says Johnny, 'and I want the murderers within one hour.'"

MY FRIEND, First Sergeant John Ryan, United States Army, retired, is, as the reader has doubtless already suspected, of direct Celtic ancestry, but without even the ghost of a hyphen.

Thirty years of soldiering, from private to first sergeant, in the infantry and cavalry before the war with Germany, two years as a captain of field artillery during the war, and then "blooeyed" back to first sergeant after the armistice, is this veteran's record; a third of a century of service under the Stars and Stripes has obliterated all other interests save that of his adopted country, and of the multitudinous problems which confront the United States the sergeant is interested in but one.

That is his first, last and only love—the army. Upon the occasion when he told me this story he prefaced it with the remark, apropos of something he had read in a newspaper, that the service was going to the dogs entirely.

"Thank God," he added piously, "'twas given to me to have my service in a day when the army, though small, was commanded be officers and gentlemin, and composed of enlisted men to whom the service was as dear as a monastery to a monk.

"Now the poor pay is drivin' the good men out of the service, the pluckin' board an' the Class B rating is completin' the ruin of the army morale, whilst the tinderness toward enlisted men that has resulted from the adoption of newfangled methods of discipline advocated by civilian doctrinaires an' mollycoddles is drivin' the ould non-coms out of their happy homes that was into the could, could wor'rld known as civil life. Sure, the army's gone to Hell completely. There's no discipline at all, at all."

"Opinions differ as to what constitutes discipline," I ventured.

"That's because few men know what discipline is," he retorted, "and fewer still are to be entrusted wit' the job of instillin' it into enlisted men.

"No man can succeed as a disciplinarian who has not learned to conthrol himself; if he tries to swank before enlisted men an' prate of pride of service and djooty to the counthry an' loyalty to the command, his men will know him for a hypocrite before the week is out an' despise him accordingly. They will take small pleasure in makin' his job an aisy one."

"But there are various grades of discipline and various methods of administering it," I suggested. "For instance, the methods of discipline practiced so successfully in the German army would result in mutiny if foisted upon our troops."

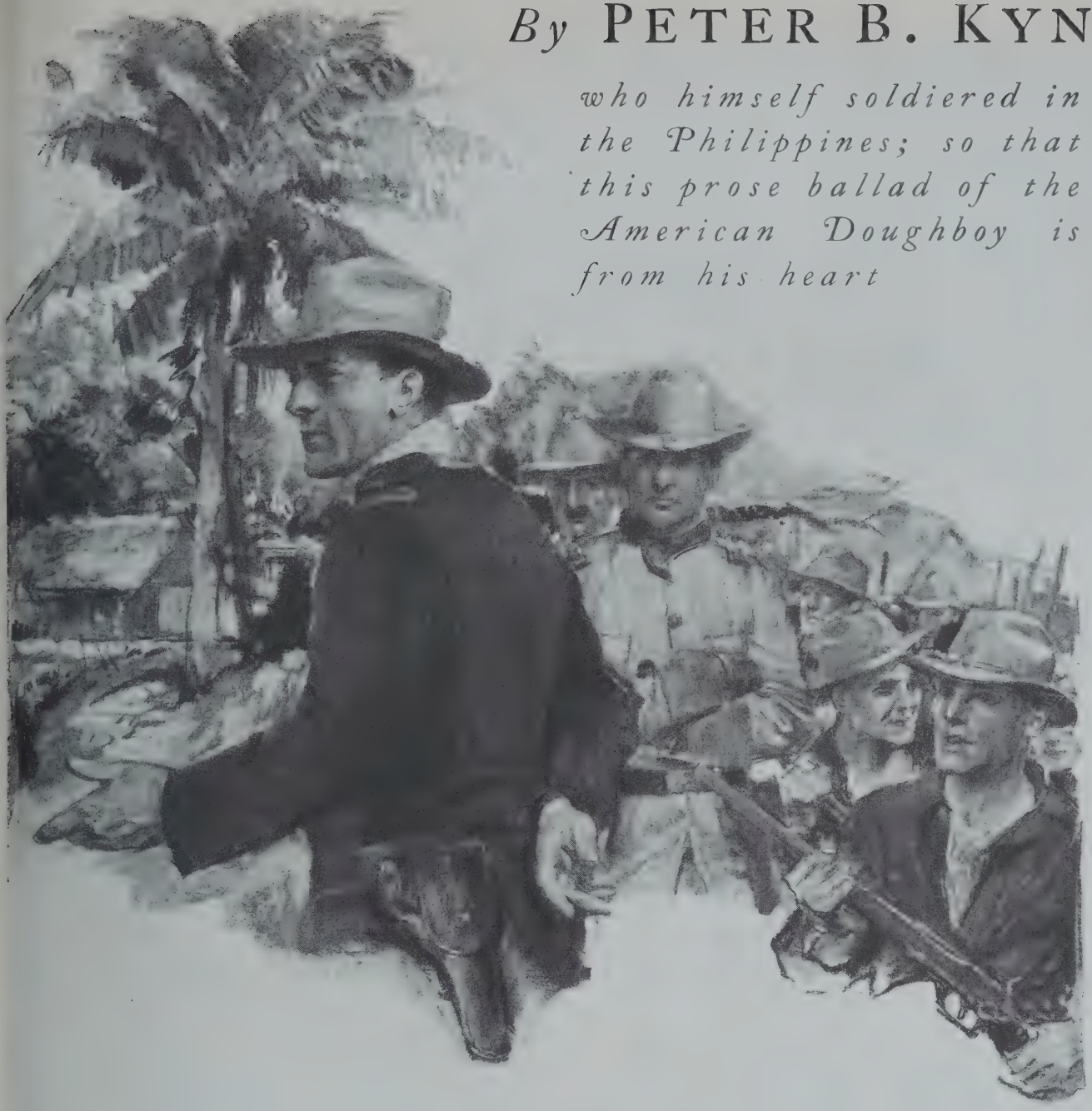
The old soldier smiled reminiscently.

"Yes," he agreed, "the Teuton's military training robs him of initiative and makes him docile, submissive and automatically obedient.

"There can be no drivin' of our throops into action, however. They must be led, and when properly led they'll go far an' fast

By PETER B. KYNE

who himself soldiered in the Philippines; so that this prose ballad of the American Doughboy is from his heart



an' the Divil fly away wit' discipline, so called. They obey, not through fear an' not that they give two hoots in Hell for the Regulations but because of a little thing called *esprit de corps*.

"The seed of it is love an' respect for the leader, his qualities as a man and his ability as a sojer. It sprouts quickly and shows itself in the firm belief in the heart of each an' every enlisted man in that command that he is the best private in the best squad in the best section of the best platoon of the best company of the best battalion of the best regimint of the best brigade of the best division of the best corps in the only army on earth that can't be defeated.

"*Esprit de corps*, thin, is pride of service, which is founded in decency an' patriotism an' confidence in the leader, an' out of *esprit de corps* is born that something that has won all the battles that have ever been won—an' that same is the winnin' spirit."

The old soldier settled himself more comfortably in his chair, loaded his pipe and prepared to resume his thesis.

"Men in the mass," he announced presently, "are so aisy to mold, so aisy to handle, so childishly eager to be good bhoys and earn the approbation of their leader that sure 'tis not a knowledge of discipline, rules and regulations an' the wieldin' of power that one requires to get the best results out of them, but a bit of commonsinse, shtrict justice, manly dignity, a sinse of humor an' a bit of sympathy an' undhershtandin' for them beneath you."

"I suppose ye've hear'rd the ould regular sojer's recipe for a happy enlistment, have ye not? 'Give me a martinet of a captain, a plain red Divil for a first sergeant, an' lieutenants I can borrow money from,' says he, 'an', faith, I'll be a happy member of a happy family!'

"Whin I was the summary court officer of my late regimint, an' the gods o' war sint wan o' these laddy bucks before me, sure I knew how to handle him. Wit' a wave of me hand I'd cut short his palaverin'.

"'That'll do ye, me bhoy,' says I, 'I know all about it. Sure I was too long an enlisted man meself not to. Now, thin, ye plead not guilty. Hum-m-m-m! Well, I'm not callin' ye a liar, although privately I have me own fir'rm convictions regardin' the triflin' manner in which ye dally wit' facts, so on gineral principles I find ye guilty.

"'I know what I know—an' why shouldn't I?—me that has been lookin' the rascals of the service in the eye since before you were born? I know what I know an' that's that there's no virtue in ye; ye'd do this thing if ye got the chance, I know ye got it an' if ye didn't we'll save time an' argumint by assumin' ye did.

"'Ordinarily I'd give ye a fine of two-thir'rds of two months' pay, confinement to the limits of the camp for thirty days, an' at the ind of that time I'd suggest to yer commandin' officer the propriety, for the sake of the service, of givin' a three day furlough wit' the hint that ye might utilize that three days gettin' a good shtart goin' over the hill.

"'As matthers shtand, ye're a disgrace to a decent line outfit, so I shall make it me business to dispose of yer case in a manner all me own. The divisional personnel officer sojered

three enlistmints wit' me an' he'll do what I ask him. I'll see to it, young man, that ye're transferred to a bakin' company or the sanitary corps. In two days yer comrades will know ye no more. Also, for the sake of appearances, I'll fine ye five dollars. Sinthry, take the prisoner to his company commandher an' report him for djooty!' "

"And what," I ventured, "would be the result of that unusual sentence?"

"Nine times out of ten the lad would report blubberin' like a child to his captain. Here he would confess error an' contrition an' promise reform. He was a sojer—not a very good sojer, to be sure, but shtill a sojer, an' God knows his heart would break to be a baker or grave digger. An' wouldn't the captain forgive an' forget an' inthercede for him wit' the summary court officer to save him this disgrace?

"Afther long pleadin', reluctantly the captain would consint, only to be refused. Returnin' to the culprit wit' this dishearthenin' intelligence, he'd confide to the accused that no less a person than the colonel himself could save him an' wit' that he'd give the poor divil permission to intherview the colonel.

"Sure, 'tis well known that the older a man grows the kindlier an' more forbearin' he grows, an' 'tis so wit' colonels. Likewise they're all puffed up wit' pride in their regimints, an' since regimints consist practically of enlisted min, sure he's a poor colonel entirely who hasn't a warm spot in his heart for a private an' in particular for a private who's repentant an' shows he loves the colonel's regimint so fervintly his poor heart is breakin' at the prospect of lavin' it!

"At wanst the colonel'd sind his ordherly to me wit' his complimints an' desire that I should report to him immedjiately. I do an' am confronted be the accused an' thin an' there the colonel asks me, as a personal complimint to him, to give over my plan of seein' to it that this man is plucked out of the regimint. This I decline to do, on the grounds that what I plan to do is for the good of the regimint, but I wink at the colonel as I say it, an' wit' that he exthracts from the culprit a solemn promise to refrain from disgracin' the regimint if Captain Ryan agrees to lay off on the proposed plan. I agree to it wit' grace.

"Now, what's the result of all this? To begin wit', I have acquired a reputation as a bad lad to go up ag'in on charges. The man's company commandher is voted a dacint man wit' a heart in his chist. As for the colonel, sure isn't he the ould darlint entirely? An' who could he blackguard enough to go back on him an' the captain?

"Within a month ninety-five percent of the enlisted men of the command are guardin' their comrade's morals an' guidin' them in the back way and puttin' them to bed whin they come in a bit tight. An' that's the beginnings of discipline or *esprit de corps*.

"Which brings to me mind the case of ould Johnny Packard—the Lord 'a' mercy on his soul—he was kilt at Soissons.

"It happened twinty-odd years ago, whin the army was what it is not now and will never be ag'in—God help us in our hour o' need! I was a roysterin' young corp'ral in B Throop of the —th Cavalry thin, an' the regimint was on active service in Mindanao, roundin' up Moros. 'Twas in Datto Ali's time, an' we were fairly busy an' enjoyin' the campaign, for the fightin' was plentiful, the casualites slight an' the counthry interestin' an' diversified. In fact, there was but one bug in our amber, an' that was our throop commandher, a Captain Massie.

"I was a young man in his time, an' like all young men given to snap judgmints. I'd had three years of active service all over the Islands, in both infantry and cavalry, and I'd sojered under enough officers to know an officer, a gintlemin an' a sojer whin I saw one. I didn't think then, nor do I think now, that Captain Massie was either. He was a square peg in a round hole. God a'mighty intended him for the presidency of a mortgage loan company.

"To begin, he had not a military bearin'. He was short an' squat, wit' unlovely legs an' his head sunk bechune his two shouldhers an' his chin outthrust in a manner that would anger a sheep. His eyes were mean an' deep-set an' he had a habit of lookin' at an enlisted man as if that man was dir'rt. Also, he could give wan an unwinkin', unblinkin' stare. His voice was high an' thin, an' he had a poor command, in consequence of which, in case of mounted throops, he got a poor dhrill. For this he laid upon us a bitther tongue, an' seein' be the dark looks an' the sullen faces he was unloved, he retaliated by dhrivin' us from mornin' till night.

"B Throop was operatin' more or less indepindintly at the time an' Captain Massie actually had the poor taste to dhrill us in the field. Afther a hard day in the saddle, he'd have us out for a mos critical inspebtion, pickin' here an' complainin' there. He had the bad taste to rawhide his non-coms in the presence of privates an' in order to enforce the regulations ag'in gamblin' he snooped an' spied upon us both day an' night. He was savin' wit' the throop rations, an' though we fed afield on government shtraight, the captain never encouraged our cooks to disguise the ration and make it more palatable or plentiful.

"Of course, such a man quickly had a throop to match him. The men retaliated by neglectin' to jump to attintion whin the captain appeared in the throop shtreet; not a man Jack of thim, seein' him first, would call 'Attenshun!' for the benefit of those who still had him to see.

"Whin he shpoke to thim they pretinded not to hear him an' thin apologized for their carelessness; they lost his personal baggage or dhropped it in mud holes an' rivers; there wasn't a man in the throop low enough to be his shtriker, an' the stable sergeant was forever swearin' he'd do this an' that to the captain's horse, but never quite havin' the heart to make good, owin' to the respect he had for the horse.

"Whin at attintion the men coughed an' sneezed unnecessarily an' whin rawhided pleaded they couldn't help it; they were forever slyly gaffin' their mounts in the shouldher wit' the spur an' causin' thim to go crazy an' disrupt the formation, just to harass the throop commandher. If he ordhered the bugler to sound 'Boots and Saddles' the stupid lad would blow 'Commince Firin'!' pretindin' he was mixed in his music. Thin he'd have the captain whistle the call for him to set him right.

"Now, I'll say this for Captain Massie. He was not a coward, yet he was a poor sojer in this, that he had not a bould, offensive spirit. He was contint to put the enimy on the run but not wishful to follow hard an' change a rethreat into a rout. By an' large, I think he was a bit touched in the head, for I remember that once when battle, starvation, hard work, an' disease had kilt off all our mounts, Captain Massie wan day undhertook to dhrill us in the proper way to groom a horse. Down to the vacant picket line he led us.

" 'Now, thin,' says he, 'imagine you see tied to this picket line a lot of horses badly in need of groomin', an' proceed to groom thim. Ye will shtart in at the head, with a light brush an' gintly, bein' careful not to frighten the horse by brisk work bechune his ears, for that will inculcate in the animal the habit of rearin' or tossin' his head or holdin' back on the halter-shank. Wit' the currycomb in the right hand an' the brush in the left go gintly but forcibly over him from the neck backward an' down, an' never attimpt to use the currycomb below the knees. Now, thin, fall in an' let me see ye do some dacint, groomin'.'

"Well, sir, there was nothin' to do but go through the motions of groomin' horses that were not there, and faith 'twas a solemn business until a private named Flannigan of a sudden let out a whoop of agony, clapped his two hands to his belly an' rolled in the dir'rt at Captain Massie's feet.

" 'What's the matther wit' you, Flannigan?' says the captain.

" 'Ochone, captain dear,' says the blackguard Flannigan, 'that big mad brute of a horse I was groomin' has kicked me!'

"That was the cue for the rest of thim an' in a minute the air was filled wit' cries of 'Whoa, there!' 'Shtand shtill, I tell ye, or I'll put a twitch on yer nose!' 'Captain Massie, sir, I have to report me horse down wit' the glanders.' 'Sir, that big bay do have the heaves!' 'Beggin' the throop commandher's pardon, but wan of those imaginary horses has bit me!' And so on, till the picket line was a riot an' the throop completely out of hand, an' the only thing the captain could do to save the shreds of his dignity was to dismiss the throop. Be the same token, that was the last we had of him, for that same day he was made a major an' thransferred to the Q. M. where he belonged.

"Three weeks later our new throop commandher come down from Manila an' took us over about half-past ten of a mornin' when we was restin' quietly in a *barrio* we'd took be force of arms, to wait for remounts to be sint up from Zamboanga. At tin forty-five he issued his fir'rst order, to the effect that be virtue of paragraph this of departmental order that, he thereby took command of B Throop. Signed, John H. Packard, Captain, —th U. S. Cavalry.

"At a quarter of twelve he drifted down to the kitchen and hailed the cook with a pleasant smile and this announcement:

" 'Cook, I am Captain Packard, the new throop commandher. I'll have a look at the rations ye are about to feed to me brave lads.'

"The cook lifted the lid off a pan and disclosed a mess of corned beef hash.

" 'It has an agreeable odor,' says the captain. 'I believe I'll taste it.' He did. 'Very good hash,' he complimented the cook,



"'Gwan, ye divil,' says I, and give him first the contints and then the bucket I was squatted beside."

whose hard face lighted up like the jungle surrounding a burning *barrio*, for 'twas a year since any human bein' had done aught but curse him for his best efforts. 'However,' the captain added, 'if I may offer a suggestion, I'd say that there's just a trifle too much salt in it, although I dare say that's due to the salty corned beef we're furnished. I think, too, that the average man might relish just a few more onions in his hash. Onions are a good, sound, reliable vegetable, splendid for the digestion. Hello, these soda biscuits aren't half bad. Light enough and very white, but don't you think you skimped a little bit on the soda, cook?'

"The cook didn't think so, for he was a hard-headed man with a good opinion of himself, but something in the new skipper's aisy manner, an' the pleasant, friendly, human smile of him, moved the blackguard of a cook to lie an' say the biscuits *were* shy on soda. Meanwhile Captain Packard had helped himself to a dipper an' was samplin' the coffee. 'Twas bitther, black coffee, an' faith, as he sipped it the cook noticed a bitther, black look come over the new captain's face. He tur'rned on the cook like a savage ould dog.

"'Are ye in the habit, me man,' says he, 'of savin' the coffee left over from breakfast, addin' fresh coffee to it at noon, b'ilin' hell out of it all ag'in an' servin' it to the men?'

"'Yes sir,' says the cook.

"'Be whose orders?'

"'The quartermaster sergeant's, sir.'

"'Tell that quartermaster sergeant to report to me immediately.'

"The quartermaster sergeant reported, and due to somethin' the cook tould him, he reported double time, snapped to attintion at six feet, gave the new captain a salute that should have earned him a cheer an' says:

"'Sir, Quartermaster Sergeant Miller reports to the captain.'

"'Miller,' says the captain, 'what do you mean by feedin' my boys this damnable concentrated extract of caffein? Why, this infernal coffee is pure poison. It's so strong a pewter soup ladle will stand to attintion in it.'



"'"'Twas quite dark,' the Rat told Johnny, 'and I had but six shots left, or else I'd have evened the score.'"

"'Why, the men seem to like it strong, sir, and I was saving on the coffee in order to buy somethin' more tasty to serve as a dessert, sir.'

"To any other man Miller would have told the truth, which was that Captain Massie's ordhers were to serve the sort of coffee that was bein' served. He was an ould sojer, was Miller, and he could recognize an officer an' a gintleman an' a sojer the minute he clapped eye on one. Well, he knew this new man would not like him if he tossed the blame where it belonged—on the shoulders of Captain Massie—for no man loves a snitch.

"'That's dacint of you, Sergeant Miller,' says Captain Packard, 'in view of the fact that Captain Massie is not presint to contradict you if you had seen fit to tell the truth. Did Captain Massie feed with the line?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Did he dhrink the throop coffee?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'You're a charming and lovable liar, Miller The second cook informs me that he did not. How long have you been in the service?'

"'Two years and a butt on my third enlistment, sir,' says Miller, reaching for the tongs. He clamped them in the handle of the hot coffee boiler and with a flip of his arm he spilled the mess on the ground. One glare of his hard eye at the cook's police and they were grindin' fresh coffee.

"'I'm not a difficult man for a quartermaster sergeant to get along with, Sergeant Miller,' says the new captain. 'While I'm a bit of a crank in the matther of food and dhrink for me command, I try not to be unreasonable. By the way, I'll feed with the line. I undershtand my lieutenants feed with it also.'

"This was his polite way of informing Miller that a violent change was necessary in that kitchen at once and that he would be on hand three times a day to check up on him.

"Well, sir, that episode in the kitchen marked the dawn of a betther day in B Throop. There was *mucho hablar*—lots of talk—that afthernoon, an' whin fir'rst call for retreat wint, 'twas obser'rved that Captain Packard was shtandin' in front of the *nipa* shack he occupied, an' him wit' a watch in his hand.

"'Fall in!' roars ould man Melody, the top sergeant, in a voice like a Nubian lion roarin' for fresh meat, an' the way that the throop formed, right dressed wit'out command an' snapped into it was proof that the *esprit de corps* had already shtarted to ferment in B Throop. Faith, we made it snappy! An' for why? Because we wanted to do for the new captain the only little favor we could do for him, as acknowledgmint of what he'd done for us, for what every man Jack of us knew he'd do for us in the days to come. We wanted to give him the only kind of obedience that's ever worth a damn, an' that is affectionate obedience.

"As the top barked 'Front! Attintion to roll call!' Captain Packard snapped his watch closed and nodded a bit to himself as if to say: 'Well, they're fast, but shtill 'tis no more than I expected of thim. Thank God I'm not disappointed!' As the names were called each carbine came down to an order with the three hearty, distinct snaps a captain likes to hear, and not a butt plate hit the ground with the thump that denotes the rookie. Whin roll call was completed ould Melody did an about face an' a rifle salute that seemed to say to the new captain: 'Here I am, an' be the great gun of Athlone, I'm hard-boiled an' I know my business. If you an' me, sir, can't run this throop bechune us, begorra I'd like to see the photographs of the two that can!' What Melody did say was: 'Sir, B Throop is presint an' accounted for.'

"'Where is Sergeant McMurdo?' says the new captain. 'You called his name, Sergeant Melody, but if his carbine came down I didn't see it.'

"'Sergeant McMurdo is sick in quarthers, sir.'

"'Ah! Thin you forgot to take his name off the djooty list. Very well, sergeant. I wasn't criticisin' you or hintin' that you were hidin' somewan on me, undhershtan.'

"'Sergeant McMurdo is marked djoody, sir, an' for that I called his name,' says ould Melody. He was an obstinate little Irishman—a Far-Down, wit' more Gaelic nor Celt in him, or Scotch, if ye'll have it that way.

"'Thin why isn't he doin' djooty?'



" 'Because he cannot, sir. He's down wit' dysentery in that shack yonder, sir.'

" 'The hell he is!' says Captain Packard, an' the voice of him had a cuttin' edge on it. 'Thin why is he not in hospital where he belongs?'

" 'Whin Sergeant McMurdo fir'rst wint on sick report, sir, 'twas just before a bit of a row. 'Twas a spalpeen of a conthract surgeon that looked him over an' diagnosed McMurdo's case as could feet.' "All you need, me man," says this conthract surgeon, "is a pair of Arctic socks. Steward, give this man a dose of ipecac to relieve him."

" 'And what did Sergeant McMurdo say to that?' says Captain Packard quietly.

" 'Not a word, sir. Sergeant McMurdo is a sojer, sir. He houlds a certificate of merit for gallanthry in action an' he was the runner-up for the championship of the army in the last rifle shoot at Fort Riley.'

"The captain nodded an' we held rethreat. As the captain about faced ag'in an' the top saluted Captain Packard says to him:

" 'Sergeant, have the bugler sound Boots and Saddles. We'll have to escort the bearers carryin' McMurdo down to the coast to hospital. Have ye any idea at all where one might find that conthract surgeon?'

" 'I have, sir. Whin we get to hospital I'll p'int him out to the captain.'

"We were at that hospital be noon next day an' ould Melody made good on his promise. An' oh, the glorious sight the meetin' of Captain Packard an' that brute of a conthract surgeon was! In a quiet manner the skipper tould that poultice walloper what he'd been guilty of, an' the M. D. did not deny it. 'Whin ye're onger in the service,' says the captain, 'ye'll lear'rn that no officer or gintleman ever insults an enlisted man. 'Tis crool an' orutal, because he cannot resent the insult. However, Sergeant McMurdo belongs to me, body, bones an' belt buckle. His joys are mine an' likewise his sorrows. Take off your blouse, sir. I'm goin' to clout you until your carcass rings like a Chinese gong!'

" 'Twas a beautiful battle. Faith, the docthor could fight, an' be the same token he did! Our C. O. was thirteen minutes, be the watch, layin' him out, an' whin the job was done our poor Johnny—the men were callin' him be his fir'rst name behind his back be now—looked like he'd been fed through a concrete mixer. 'Twas the terrible sight it was entirely as he shtaggered over to his horse. Both eyes were closed an' he fiddled a bit wit' his foot tryin' to find the stirrup.

" 'Fall in the throop,' says he to Melody, 'an' we'll go back to our legitimate job o' chasin' Moros. Give me complimints to the fir'rst lieutenant an' tell him to take command; then do you ride boot to boot wit' me for a bit an' see that I shtay in me saddle. Faith, if that sawbones had held out another minute yer captain would have disgraced ye, Sergeant Melody.'

"We rode back into the bush in silence an' each enlisted man was thinkin': 'The captain is for us! You bet he is! He is for us! He won't let anybody on earth hand us anything that isn't comin' to us, an' if we've got it comin' he'll give it to us himself and right between the eyes. McMurdo represents the throop an' Johnny took a hell of a beatin' for the throop, for its glory an' honor and because he loves us. We must buck up. We must be good sojers, shtayin' moderately sober around pay day an' behavin' ourselves to the ind that we'll not annoy him or make him ashamed of us. Begorra, Johnny's all right.'

"Before we'd gone a mile the captain *knew*. Little Rat Hosmer, who'd been a 'prentice bhoy on a windjammer in his Godless youth, waited until we were at route step an' then set up a song. 'Twas an ould sailor chantey called 'Whisky for My Johnny,' an' faith, for all that it hurt his split lip, Johnny grinned like the head of an ould fiddle. Sure he knew we were for him. Of course he did. Sure how could he help it, with the whole throop roarin' the chorus, like bulls of Bashan?

"An' whin the original chantey had been sung, one private, Felix McSheehy, who was be way o' bein' a spring poet in civil life, changed the refrain from 'Whisky for My Johnny' to 'Whisky for Our Johnny,' and with a quiet aise that branded him a betther poet than soldier Felix invinted new wor'rds for the ould music. Sure, 'tis an ancient habit of the Irish to perpetuate the glorious deeds of their heroes in song, an' Felix was a bor'rn minstrel an' the wag o' the throop. What wit' the men rollin' in their saddles, laughin' at the villain as he described the battle in verse, wit' a dash of profanity here an' there to season it, five horses of B Throop had galled backs before we reached camp. Johnny give the throopers three-ply hell for it, an' put their names in his doomsday book, but sure nobody give a damn. We were a happy family at long last an' such we stayed for seven hard, wet, dir'rty, dangerous months before an unexpected bit of bad luck ripped the silver linin' out of our cloud of contintmint.

"Like everything that happens in the Moro country, the fir'rst hint we had of it was a killin'. We were at peace at the time. All the local *datos* had followed the Sultan for that district into Zamboanga for an undhershtandin' wit' the commandin' officer, an' 'twas agreed that a'l war was a mistake an' in the future we'd cut it out. So (*Continued on page 184*)



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Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

"LADDIE," said Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge, that much enduring man, helping himself to my tobacco and slipping the pouch absently into his pocket, "listen to me, you son of Belial."

"What?" I said, retrieving the pouch.

"Do you want to make an enormous fortune?"

"I do."

"Then write my biography. Bung it down on paper, and we'll split the proceeds. I've been making a pretty close study of your stuff lately, old horse, and it's all wrong. The trouble with you is that you don't plumb the wellsprings of human nature and all that. You just think up some rotten yarn about some damn thing or other and shove it down. Now if you tackled my life, you'd have something worth writing about. Pots of money in it, my boy . . . English serial rights and American serial rights and book rights and dramatic rights and movie rights . . . well, you can take it from me that at a conservative estimate we should clean up at least fifty thousand pounds apiece."

"As much as that?"

"Fully that. And listen, laddie, I'll tell you what. You're a good chap and we've been pals for years, so I'll let you have my share of the English serial rights for a hundred pounds down."

"What makes you think I've got a hundred pounds?"

"Well, then, I'll make it my share of the English *and* American serial rights for fifty."

"Your collar's come off its stud."

"How about my complete share of the whole dashed outfit for twenty-five?"

"Not for me, thanks."

"Then I'll tell you what, old horse," said Ukridge, inspired. "Just lend me half-a-crown to be going on with."

If the leading incidents of S. F. Ukridge's disreputable career are to be given to the public—and not, as some might suggest, decently hushed up—I suppose I am the man to write them. Ukridge and I have been intimate since the days of school. Together we sported on the green, and when he was expelled no one missed him more than I.

An unfortunate business, this expulsion. Ukridge's generous spirit, ever ill attuned to school rules, caused him eventually to break the solemnest of them all by sneaking out at night to try his skill at the cocoanut shies of the local village fair; and his foresight in putting on scarlet whiskers and a false nose for the expedition was completely neutralized by the fact that he absent-mindedly wore his school cap throughout the entire proceedings. He left the next morning, regretted by all.

After this there was a hiatus of some years in our friendship. I was at Cambridge, absorbing culture, and Ukridge, so far as I could gather from his rare letters and the reports of mutual acquaintances, flitting about the world like a snipe. Somebody met him in New York, just off a cattle ship. Somebody else saw him in Buenos Aires. Somebody again spoke sadly of having been pounced on by him at Monte Carlo and touched for a fiver.

It was not until I settled down in London that he came back into my life. We met in Piccadilly one day and resumed our relations where they had been broken off. Old associations are strong, and the fact that he was about my build and so could wear my socks and shirts drew us very close together.

Then he disappeared again, and it was a month or more before I got news of him.

It was George Tupper who brought the news. George was head of the school in my last year, and he has fulfilled exactly the impeccable promise of those early days. He is in the Foreign Office, doing well and much respected. He has an earnest, pulpy heart and takes other people's troubles very seriously. Often he had mourned to me like a father over Ukridge's erratic progress

through life, and now, as he spoke, he seemed to be filled with a solemn joy, as over a reformed prodigal.

"Have you heard about Ukridge?" said George Tupper. "He has settled down at last. Gone to live with an aunt of his who owns one of those big houses on Wimbledon Common. A very rich woman. I am delighted. It will be the making of the old chap."

I suppose he was right in a way, but to me this tame subsidence into companionship with a rich aunt in Wimbledon seemed somehow an indecent, almost a tragic end to a colorful career like that of S. F. Ukridge. And when I met the man a week later my heart grew heavier still.

It was in Oxford Street at the hour when women come up from the suburbs to shop; and he was standing among the dogs and commissionaires outside Selfridge's. His arms were full of parcels, his face was set in a mask of wan discomfort, and he was so beautifully dressed that for an instant I did not recognize him. Everything which the Correct Man wears was assembled on his person, from the silk hat to the patent leather boots; and, as he confided to me in the first minute, he was suffering the tortures of the damned. The boots pinched him, the hat hurt his forehead and the collar was worse than the hat and boots combined.

"She makes me wear them," he said moodily, jerking his head towards the interior of the store and uttering a sharp howl as the movement caused the collar to gouge his neck.

"Still," I said, trying to turn his mind to happier things, "you must be having a great time. George Tupper tells me that your aunt is rich. I suppose you're living off the fat of the land."

"The browsing and sluicing are good," admitted Ukridge. "But it's a wearing life, laddie. A wearing life, old horse."

"Why don't you come and see me sometimes?"

"I'm not allowed out at night."

"Well, shall I come and see you?"

A look of poignant alarm shot out from under the silk hat.

"Don't dream of it, laddie," said Ukridge earnestly. "Don't dream of it. You're a good chap—my best pal and all that sort of thing—but the fact is, my standing in the home's none too solid even now, and one sight of you would knock my prestige into hash. Aunt Julia would think you worldly."

"I'm not worldly."

"Well, you look worldly. You wear a squash hat and a soft collar. If you don't mind my suggesting it, old horse, I think, if I were you, I'd pop off now before she comes out. Good by, laddie."

"Ichabod!" I murmured sadly to myself as I passed on down Oxford Street. "Ichabod!"



Ukridge's sad case seemed to move George deeply. "We ought to do something practical for him," he remarked.

I should have had more faith. I should have known my Ukridge better. I should have realized that a London suburb could no more imprison that great man permanently than did Elba Napoleon.

One afternoon, as I let myself into the house in Ebury Street of which I rented at that time the bedroom and sitting room on the first floor, I came upon Bowles, my landlord, standing in listening attitude at the foot of the stairs.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Bowles. "A gentleman is waiting to see you. I fancy I heard him calling me a moment ago."

"Who is he?"

"A Mr. Ukridge, sir. He ——"

A vast voice boomed out from above.

"Bowles, old horse!"

Bowles, like all other proprietors of furnished apartments in the southwestern district of London, was an ex-butler; and about him, as about all ex-butlers, there clung like a garment an aura of dignified superiority which had never failed to crush my spirit. He was a man of portly aspect with a bald head and prominent eyes of a lightish green—eyes that seemed to weigh me dispassionately and find me wanting. "H'm!" they seemed to say. "Young, very young. And not at all what I have been accustomed to in the best places." To hear this dignitary addressed—and in a shout at that—as "old horse" affected me with much the same sense of imminent chaos as would afflict a devout young curate if he saw his bishop slapped on the back. The shock, therefore, when he responded not merely mildly but with what almost amounted to camaraderie was numbing.

"Sir?" cooed Bowles.

"Bring me six bones and a corkscrew."

"Very good, sir."

Bowles retired, and I bounded upstairs and flung open the door of my sitting room.

"Great Scott!" I said blankly.

The place was a sea of Pekingese dogs. Later investigation reduced their numbers to six, but in that first moment there seemed to be hundreds. Goggling eyes met mine wherever I looked. The room was a forest of waving tails. With his back against the mantelpiece, smoking placidly, stood Ukridge.

"Hullo, laddie," he said, with a genial wave of the hand as if to make me free of the place, "you're just in time. I've got to dash off and catch a train in a quarter of an hour. Stop it, you mutts," he bellowed; and the six Pekingese, who had been barking steadily since my arrival, stopped in mid-yap and were still.

Ukridge's personality seemed to exercise a magnetism over the animal kingdom, from ex-butlers to Pekes, which bordered on the uncanny. "I'm off to Sheep's Cray in Kent. Taken a cottage there."

"Are you going to live there?"

"Yes."

"But what about your aunt?"

"Oh, I've left her! Life is stern and life is earnest, and if I mean to make a fortune I've got to bustle about and not stay cooped up in a place like Wimbledon."

"Something in that."

"Besides which, she told me the very sight of me made her sick and she never wanted to see me again."

I might have guessed, directly I saw him, that some upheaval had taken place. The sumptuous raiment which had made him such a treat to the eye at our last meeting was gone, and he was back in his pre-Wimbledon costume, which was, as the advertisements say, distinctively individual.

Over gray flannel trousers, a golf coat and a brown sweater he wore like a royal robe a bright yellow mackintosh. His collar had broken free from its stud and showed a couple of inches of bare neck. His hair was disordered, and his masterful nose was topped by a pair of steel rimmed pince-nez cunningly attached to his flapping ears with ginger beer wire. His whole appearance spelled revolt.

Bowles manifested himself with a plateful of bones.

"That's right. Chuck 'em down on the floor."

"Very good, sir."

"I like that fellow," said Ukridge as the door closed. "We had a dashed interesting talk before you came in. Did you know he had a cousin in the music halls?"

"He hasn't confided in me much."

"He's promised me an introduction to him later on. May be useful to be in touch with a man who knows the ropes. You see, laddie, I've hit on the most amazing scheme." He swept his arm round dramatically, overturning a plaster cast of the Infant Samuel at Prayer. "All right, all right, you can mend it with glue or something, and anyway you're probably better without it. Yessir, I've hit on a great scheme. The idea of a thousand years."

"What's that?"

"I'm going to train dogs."

"Train dogs?"

"For the music hall stage. Dog acts, you know. Performing dogs. Pots of money in it. I start in a modest way with these six. When I've taught 'em a few tricks, I sell them to a fellow in the profession for a large sum and buy twelve more. I train those, sell 'em for a large sum, and with the money buy twenty-four more. I train those——"

"Here, wait a minute." My head was beginning to swim. I had a vision of England paved with Pekingese dogs, all doing tricks. "How do you know you'll be able to sell them?"

"Of course I shall. The demand's enormous. Supply can't cope with it. At a conservative estimate I should think I ought to scoop in four or five thousand pounds the first year. That, of course, is before the business really starts to expand."

"I see."

"When I get going properly, with a dozen assistants under me and an organized establishment, I shall begin to touch the big money. What I'm aiming at is a sort of dogs' college out in the country somewhere. Big place with a lot of ground. Regular classes and a set curriculum. Large staff, each member of it with so many dogs under his care, me looking on and superintending."

"Why, once the thing starts moving it'll run itself, and all I shall have to do will be to sit back and endorse the checks. It isn't as if I would have to confine my operations to England. The demand for performing dogs is universal throughout the civilized world. America wants performing dogs. Australia wants performing dogs. Africa could do with a few, I've no doubt. My aim, laddie, is gradually to get a monopoly of the trade. I want everybody who needs a performing dog of any description to come automatically to me. And I'll tell you what, laddie. If you like to put up a bit of capital, I'll let you in on the ground floor."

"No, thanks."

"All right. Have it your own way. Only don't forget that there was a fellow who put nine hundred dollars into the Ford car business when it was starting and he collected a cool forty million . . . I say, is that clock right? Great Scott, I'll be missing my train. Help me mobilize these dashed animals."

Five minutes later, accompanied by the six Pekingese and bearing about him a pound of my tobacco, three pairs of my socks and the remains of a bottle of whisky, Ukridge departed in a taxicab for Charing Cross station to begin his life work.

Perhaps six weeks passed, six quiet Ukridgeless weeks, and then one morning I received an agitated telegram. Indeed, it was not so much a telegram as a cry of anguish. In every word of it there breathed the tortured spirit of a great man who has battled in vain against overwhelming odds. It was the sort of telegram which Job might have sent off after a lengthy session with Bildad the Shuhite.



"My Aunt?" mumbled Ukridge, swaying on the door handle.

COME HERE IMMEDIATELY LADDIE LIFE AND DEATH MATTER OLD HORSE DESPERATE SITUATION DON'T FAIL ME

It stirred me like a bugle. I caught the next train.

The White Cottage, Sheep's Cray—destined, presumably, to become in future years a historic spot and a Mecca for dog-loving pilgrims—was a small and battered building standing near the main road to London at some distance from the village. I found it without difficulty, for Ukridge seemed to have achieved a certain celebrity in the neighborhood; but to effect an entry was a harder task. I rapped for a full minute without result, then shouted; and I was about to conclude that Ukridge was not at home when the door suddenly opened. As I was just giving a final bang at the moment, I entered the house in a manner reminiscent of one of the Ballet Russe practising a new and difficult step.

"Sorry, old horse," said Ukridge. "Wouldn't have kept you waiting if I'd known who it was. Thought you were Gooch the grocer—goods supplied to the value of six pounds three and a penny."

"I see."

"He keeps hounding me for his beastly money," said Ukridge bitterly as he led the way into the sitting room. "It's a little hard. Upon my Sam, it's a little hard. I come down here to inaugurate a vast business and do the natives a bit of good by establishing a growing industry in their midst, and the first thing you know they turn round and bite the hand that was going to



"Great run while it lasted, laddie," remarked Ukridge, "cat and I doing a steady fifty-five."

feed them. I've been hampered and rattled by these blood-suckers ever since I got here. A little trust, a little sympathy, a little of the good old give-and-take spirit—that was all I asked.

"And what happened? They wanted a bit on account! Kept bothering me for a bit on account, I'll trouble you, just when I needed all my thoughts and all my energy and every ounce of concentration at my command for my extraordinarily difficult and delicate work. *I* couldn't give them a bit on account. Later on, if they had only exercised reasonable patience, I would no doubt have been in a position to settle their infernal bills fifty times over. But the time was not ripe.

"I reasoned with the men. I said: 'Here am I, a busy man, trying hard to educate six Pekingese dogs for the music hall stage, and you come distracting my attention and impairing my efficiency by babbling about a bit on account. It isn't the pull-together spirit,' I said. 'It isn't the spirit that wins to wealth. These narrow, petty cash ideas can never make for success.' But no, they couldn't see it. They started calling here at all hours and waylaying me in the public highways till life became an absolute curse. And now what do you think has happened?"

"What?"

"The dogs."

"Got distemper?"

"No. Worse. My landlord's pinched them as security for his infernal rent! Sneaked the stock. Tied up the assets. Crippled the business at the very outset. Have you ever in your life heard of anything so dastardly? I know I agreed to pay the damned rent weekly and I'm about six weeks behind, but my gosh! surely a man with a huge enterprise on his hands isn't supposed to have to worry about these trifles when he's occupied with the most delicate . . . Well, I put all that to old Nickerson, but a fat lot of good it did . . . So then I wired to you."

"Ah!" I said, and there was a brief and pregnant pause.

"I thought," said Ukridge meditatively, "that you might be able to suggest somebody I could touch."

He spoke in a detached and almost casual way, but his eye was gleaming at me significantly, and I avoided it with a sense of guilt. My finances at the moment were in their customary unsettled condition—rather more so, in fact, than usual, owing to unsatisfactory speculations at Kempton Park on the previous Saturday; and it seemed to me that, if ever there was a time for passing the buck, this was it. I mused tensely. It was an occasion for quick thinking.

"George Tupper!" I cried on the crest of a brain-wave.

"George Tupper!" echoed Ukridge radiantly, his gloom melting like fog before the sun. "The very man, by gad! It's a most amazing thing but I never thought of him. George Tupper, of course! Big-hearted George, the old school chum. He'll do it like a shot and won't miss the money. These Foreign Office blokes have always got a spare tenner or two tucked away in the old sock. They pinch it out of the public funds. Rush back to town, laddie, with all speed, get hold of Tuppy, lush him up, and bite his ear for twenty quid. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

I got hold of George, took him out to dinner, and on the way home sketched out what was expected of him. I had been convinced that George Tupper would not fail us, nor did he. He parted without a murmur—even with enthusiasm. The consignment was one that might have been made to order for him.

As a boy, George used to write sentimental poetry for the school magazine, and now he is the sort of man who is always starting subscription lists and getting up memorials and presentations. He listened to my story with the serious, official air which these Foreign Office fellows put on when they are deciding whether to declare war on Switzerland or send a firm note to San Marino, and was reaching for his check book before I had been speaking two minutes. Ukridge's sad case seemed to move him deeply.

"Too bad," said George, as we walked back from luncheon. "So he is training dogs, is he? Well, it seems very unfair that, if he has at last settled down to real work, he should be hampered by financial difficulties at the outset. We ought to do something practical for him. After all, a loan of twenty pounds cannot relieve the situation permanently."

"I think you're a bit optimistic if you're looking on it as a loan."

"What Ukridge needs is capital."

"He thinks that, too. So does Gooch the grocer."

"Capital," repeated George Tupper firmly, as if he were reasoning with the plenipotentiary of some great power. "Every venture requires capital at first." He frowned thoughtfully. "Where can we obtain capital for Ukridge?"

"Rob a bank."

George Tupper's face cleared.

"I have it," he said. "I will go straight over to Wimbledon tonight and approach his aunt."

"Aren't you forgetting that Ukridge is about as popular with her as a cold Welsh rabbit?"

"There may be a temporary estrangement, but if I tell her the facts and impress upon her that Ukridge is really making a genuine effort to earn a living . . . "

"Well, try it if you like. But she will probably sick the parrot on to you."

"It will have to be done diplomatically, of course. It might be as well if you did not tell Ukridge what I propose to do. I do not wish to arouse hopes which may not be fulfilled."

A blaze of yellow on the platform of Sheep's Cray station next morning informed me that Ukridge had come to meet my train. The sun poured down from a cloudless sky, but it took more than sunshine to make Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge discard his mackintosh. He looked like an animated blob of mustard.

When the train rolled in he was standing in solitary grandeur trying to light his pipe, but as I got out I perceived that he had been joined by a sad looking man who, from the rapid and earnest manner in which he talked and the vehemence of his gesticulations, appeared to be ventilating some theme on which he felt deeply. Ukridge was looking warm and harassed, and as I approached I could hear his voice booming in reply.

"My dear sir, my dear old horse, do be reasonable, do try to cultivate the big, broad, flexible outlook . . . "

He saw me and broke away—not unwillingly; and, gripping my arm, drew me off along the platform. The sad looking man followed irresolutely.

"Have you got the stuff, laddie?" inquired Ukridge in a tense whisper. "Have you got it?"

"Yes, here it is."

"Put it back, put it back!" moaned Ukridge in agony as I felt in my pocket. "Do you know who that was I was talking to? Gooch the grocer!"

"Goods supplied to the value of six pounds three and a penny?"

"Absolutely!"

"Well, now's your chance. Fling him a purse of gold. That'll make him look silly."

"My dear old horse, I can't afford to go about the place squandering my cash simply in order to make grocers look silly. That money is ear-marked for Nickerson, my landlord."

"Oh? . . . I say, I think the six pounds three and a penny bird is following us."

"Then for goodness sake, laddie, let's get a move on. If that man knew we had twenty quid on us, our lives wouldn't be safe. He'd make one spring."

He hurried me out of the station and led the way up a shady lane that wound off through the fields, slinking furtively "Like one that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread, And having once looked back walks on And turns no more his head, Because he knows a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread." As a matter of fact, the frightful fiend had given up the pursuit after the first few steps, and a moment later I drew this fact to Ukridge's attention, for it was not the sort of day on which to break walking records.

He halted, relieved, and mopped his spacious brow with a handkerchief which I recognized as having once been my property.

"Thank goodness we've shaken him off," he said. "Not a bad chap in his way, I believe—a good husband and father, I'm told, and sings in the church choir. But no vision. That's what he lacks, old horse—vision. He can't understand that all vast industrial enterprises have been built up on a system of liberal and cheerful credit. Won't realize that credit is the lifeblood of commerce. Without credit commerce has no elasticity. And if commerce has no elasticity, what damn good is it?"

"I don't know."

"Nor does anybody else. Well, now that he's gone, you can give me that money. Did old Tuppy cough up cheerfully?"

"Blithely."

"I knew it," said Ukridge, deeply moved, "I knew it. A good fellow. One of the best. I've always liked Tuppy. A man you can rely on. Some day, when I get going on a big scale, he shall have this back a thousandfold. I'm glad you brought small notes."

"Why?"

"I want to scatter 'em about on the table in front of this Nickerson blighter."

"Is this where he lives?"

We had come to a red-roofed house, set back from the road amidst trees. Ukridge wielded the knocker forcefully.

"Tell Mr. Nickerson," he said to the maid, "that Mr. Ukridge has called and would like a word."

About the demeanor of the man who presently entered the room into which we had been shown there was that subtle but well marked something which stamps your creditor all the world over.

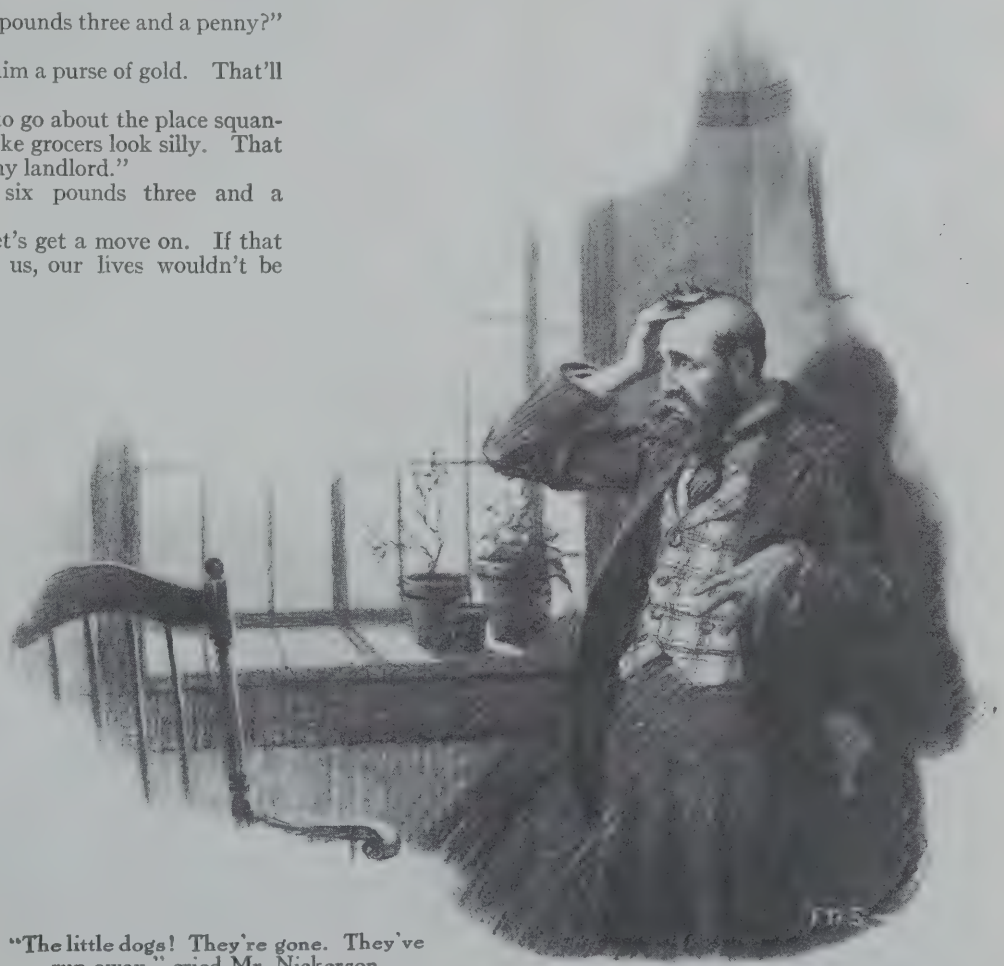
Mr. Nickerson was a man of medium height almost completely surrounded by whiskers, and through the shrubbery he gazed at Ukridge with frozen eyes, shooting out waves of deleterious animal magnetism. You could see at a glance that he was not fond of Ukridge. Take him for all in all, Mr. Nickerson looked like one of the less amiable prophets of the Old Testament about to interview the captive monarch of the Amalekites.

"Well?" he said, and I have never heard the word spoken in a more forbidding manner.

"I've come about the rent."

"Ah?" said Mr. Nickerson guardedly.

"To pay it," said Ukridge.



"The little dogs! They're gone. They've run away," cried Mr. Nickerson.

"To pay it!" ejaculated Mr. Nickerson incredulously.

"Here!" said Ukridge, and with a superb gesture flung money on the table.

I understood now why the massive-minded man had wanted small notes. They made a brave display. There was a light breeze blowing in through the open window, and so musical a rustling did it set up as it played about the heaped up wealth that Mr. Nickerson's austerity seemed to vanish like a breath off a razor blade. For a moment a dazed look came into his eyes and he swayed slightly; then, as he started to gather up the money, he took on the benevolent air of a bishop blessing pilgrims. So far as Mr. Nickerson was concerned, the sun was up.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Ukridge, I'm sure," he said. "Thank you very much. No hard feelings, I trust?"

"Not on my side, old horse," responded Ukridge affably. "Business is business."

"Exactly."

"Well, I may as well take those dogs now," said Ukridge, helping himself to a cigar from a box which he had just discovered on the mantelpiece and putting a couple more in his pocket in the friendliest way. "The sooner they're back with me, the better. They've lost a day's education as it is."

"Why certainly, Mr. Ukridge, certainly. They are in the shed at the bottom of the garden. I will get them for you at once."

He retreated through the door, babbling ingratiatingly.

"Amazing how fond these blokes are of money," sighed Ukridge. "It's a thing I don't like to see. Sordid, I call it. That blighter's eyes were gleaming, positively gleaming, laddie, as he scooped up the stuff. Good cigars, these," he added, pocketing three more.

There was a faltering footstep outside, and Mr. Nickerson reentered the room. The man appeared to have something on his mind. A glassy look was in his whisker-bordered eyes, and his mouth, though it was not easy to see it through the jungle, seemed to me to be sagging mournfully. He resembled a minor prophet who has been hit behind the ear with a stuffed eelskin.

"Mr. Ukridge!"

"Hullo?"

"The—the little dogs!"

"Well?"

"The little dogs!"

"What about them?"

"They have gone!"

"Gone?"

"Run away!"

"Run away? How the devil could they run away?"

"There seems to have been a loose board at the back of the shed. The little dogs must have wriggled through. There is no trace of them to be found."

Ukridge flung up his arms despairingly. He swelled like a captive balloon. His pince-nez rocked on his nose, his mackintosh flapped menacingly and his collar sprang off its stud. He brought his fist down with a crash on the table.

"Upon my Sam!"

"I am extremely sorry . . ."

"Upon my Sam!" cried Ukridge. "It's hard. It's pretty hard. I come down here to inaugurate a great business which would eventually have brought trade and prosperity to the whole neighborhood, and I have hardly had time to turn round and attend to the preliminary details of the enterprise when this man comes and sneaks my dogs. And now he tells me with a light laugh——"

"Mr. Ukridge, I assure you——"

"Tells me with a light laugh that they've gone. Gone! Gone where? Why, dash it, they may be all over the country. A fat chance I've got of ever seeing them again. Six valuable Pekingese, already educated practically to the stage where they could have been sold at an enormous profit . . ."

Mr. Nickerson was fumbling guiltily, and now he produced from his pocket a crumpled wad of notes, which he thrust agitatedly upon Ukridge, who waved them away with loathing.

"This gentleman," boomed Ukridge, indicating me with a sweeping gesture, "happens to be a lawyer. It is extremely lucky that he chanced to come down today to pay me a visit. Have you followed the proceedings closely?"

I said I had followed them very closely.

"Is it your opinion that an action will lie?"

I said it seemed highly probable, and this expert ruling appeared to put the final touch on Mr. Nickerson's collapse. Almost tearfully he urged the notes on Ukridge.

"What's this?" said Ukridge loftily.

"I—I thought, Mr. Ukridge, that if it were agreeable to you you might consent to take your money back and—and consider the episode closed."

Ukridge turned to me. "Ha!" he cried. "Ha ha!"

"Ha ha!" I chorused dutifully.

"He thinks that he can close the episode by giving me my money back. Isn't that rich?"

"Fruity!" I agreed.

"Those dogs were worth hundreds of pounds, and he thinks he can square me with a rotten twenty. Would you have believed it if you hadn't heard it with your own ears, old horse?"

"Never!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Ukridge after thought. "I'll take this money." Mr. Nickerson thanked him. "And there are one or two trifling accounts which want settling with some of the local tradesmen. You will square those——"

"Certainly, Mr. Ukridge, certainly."

"And after that—well, I'll have to think it over. If I decide to institute proceedings my lawyer will communicate with you in due course."

And we left the wretched man cowering despicably behind his whiskers.

It seemed to me as we passed down the tree-shaded lane and out into the white glare of the road, that Ukridge was bearing himself in his hour of disaster with a rather admirable fortitude. His stock in trade, the lifeblood of his enterprise, was scattered all over Kent, probably never to return, and all that he had to show on the other side of the balance sheet was the canceling of a few weeks' back rent and the paying off of Gooch the grocer and his friends. It was a situation which might well have crushed the spirit of an ordinary man, but Ukridge seemed by no means dejected. Jaunty, rather. His eyes shone behind their pince-nez and he whistled a rollicking air. When presently he began to sing, I felt that it was time to create a diversion.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Who, me?" said Ukridge buoyantly. "Oh, I'm coming back to town on the next train! You don't mind hoofing it to the next station, do you? It's only five miles. It might be a trifle risky to start from Sheep's Cray."

"Why risky?"

"Because of the dogs, of course."

"Dogs?"

Ukridge hummed a gay strain.

"Oh yes, I forgot to tell you about that! I've got 'em."

"What!"

"Yes, I went out late last night and pinched them out of the shed." He chuckled amusedly. "Perfectly simple. Only needed a clear, level head. I borrowed a cat and tied a string to it, legged it to old Nickerson's garden after dark, dug a board out of the back of the shed and shoved my head down and chirruped. The dogs came trickling out and I hared off, towing old Colonel Cat on his string. Great run while it lasted, laddie. Hounds picked up the scent right away and started off in a bunch at fifty miles an hour. Cat and I doing a steady fifty-five. Thought every minute old Nickerson would hear and start blazing away with a gun, but nothing happened. I led the pack across country for a run of twenty minutes without a check, parked the dogs in my sitting room, unleashed Cuthbert the cat, and so to bed. Took it out of me, by gosh! Not so young as I was."

I was silent for a moment, conscious of a feeling almost of reverence. This man was undoubtedly spacious. There had always been something about Ukridge that dulled the moral sense.

"Well," I said at length, "you've certainly got vision."

"Yes?" said Ukridge, gratified.

"*And* the big, broad, flexible outlook."

"Got to, laddie, nowadays. The foundation of a successful business career."

"And what's the next move?"

We were drawing near to the white cottage. It stood and broiled in the sunlight, and I hoped that there might be something cool to drink inside it. The window of the sitting room was open and through it came the yapping of Pekingese.

"Oh, I shall find another cottage somewhere else!" said Ukridge, eyeing his little home with a certain sentimentality. "That won't be hard. Lots of cottages all over the place. And then I shall buckle down to serious work. You'll be astounded at the progress I've made already. In a minute I'll show you what those dogs can do."

"They can bark all right."

"Yes. They seem excited about something. You know, laddie, I've had a great idea. When (*Continued on page 143*)



LIONEL BARRYMORE, with Alma Rubens, in the greatest part he has played in his screen career—Prince Lubimoff in Ibañez's famous "The Enemies of Women," produced by the Cosmopolitan Corporation.



JEANNE EAGELS, an actress since childhood, who with her vivid and eager beauty has created something of a sensation in "Rain," a play of American Samoa from a story by W. Somerset Maugham.

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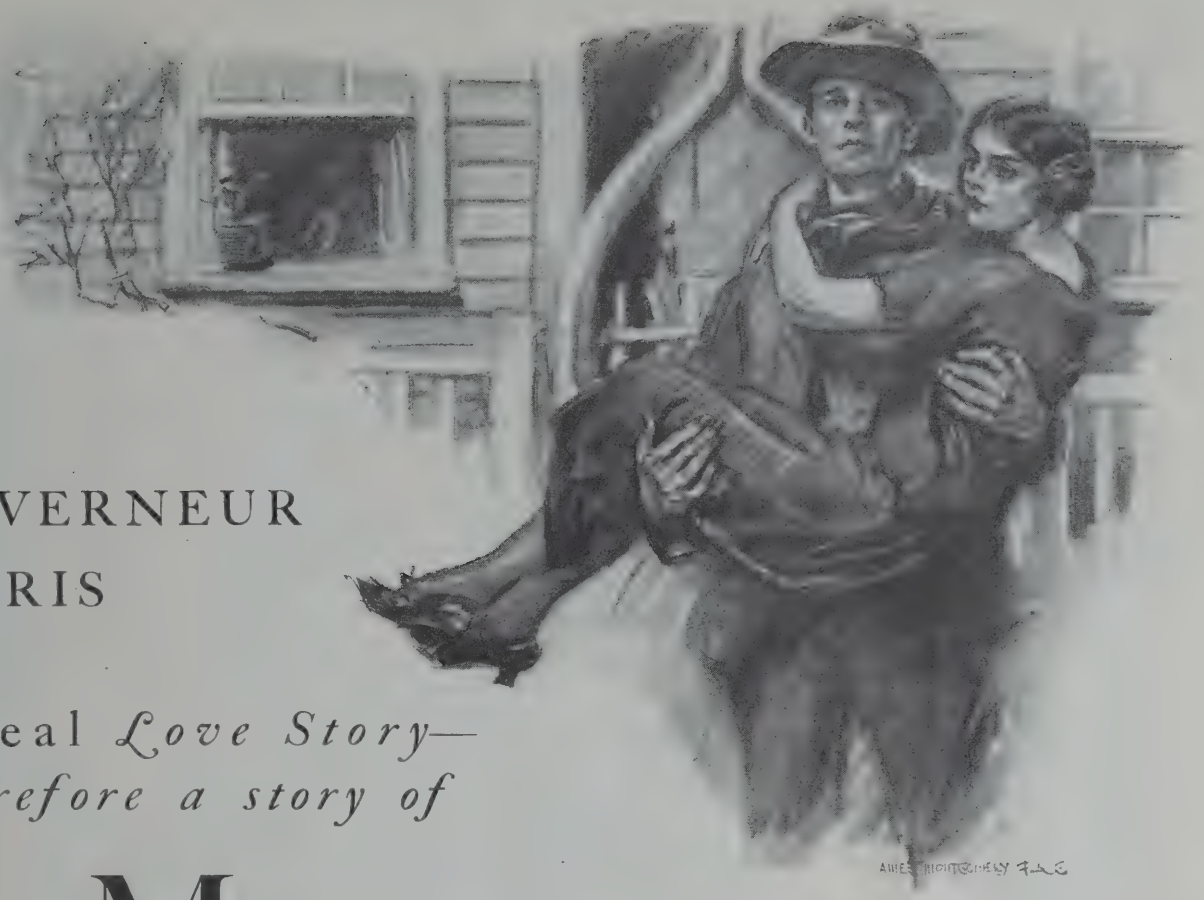
HELEN MENKEN, whose parents were deaf and dumb, who began acting at the age of five, and whose "Diane" in "Seventh Heaven" has been compared by able critics with the acting of Bernhardt and Duse.

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON



LILLIAN-MAC KENZIE of the bewitching eyes, whose singing and dancing has charmed the audiences of such Broadway triumphs as "The Queen of Hearts," the Ziegfeld "Follies" and "Good Morning, Dearie."

PHOTOGRAPH BY APEDA



By
GOUVERNEUR
MORRIS

A real Love Story—
therefore a story of

MIRACLES

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THE first thing that happened wasn't exactly a miracle. Just the same it was a wonderful happening.

Suppose that you were twenty-one years old and that all your life long you had desired (even beyond diamonds and pearls) an automobile (any kind of an automobile that would go) and a fruit ranch. Suppose then that being twenty-one years of age, and indeed upon the morning of your twenty-first birthday, a man of law came to the house in which you resided with your parents and informed you that your mother's brother, a crochety old fellow whom nobody had seen or heard of for years and years and years, had died and made you his heir and left you nearly a thousand dollars in lawful currency, and a little fruit ranch in that loveliest of valleys which suns itself the year round between the city of Salinas and the city of Monterey.

It would seem wonderful to you, I think. It seemed wonderful to Ruddy Copeland, for it was to him that the amazing thing happened, and his twenty-second year was no more than five days old before he had bought a very second-hand flivver—but it *did* have a very special roadster body, shaped like a half smoked cigar and painted a delicate baby blue—and set forth to view the more productive part of his inheritance.

The way led through the old mission city of San Juan. And here he ran plump into his first miracles. But I am afraid he scoffed at them at that time and was very skeptical as to the true miraculousness of them.

Upon the top of a hill just outside the city a miracle man and his disciples had pitched a tent. The miracle man wore a long white robe and a long white beard like a character out of the Bible, and from morning till late at night he talked in a sing-song voice about his ability to cure sick people by the simple act of laying his hands upon them and wishing them well. His disciples, a stout man and stout women with gold-rimmed spectacles, went about saying that everything the miracle man said was true, and selling photographs at twenty-five cents apiece.

The hill upon which the miracle tent had been pitched was covered with people. They had flocked to see the miracle man from points more than a hundred miles distant. Some of them were very sick people who had to be carried by their friends. Every kind of crutch, cripple and ear trumpet was to be seen. There were hunched backs in the crowd, legs that had shriveled to the size of broomsticks and spines so twisted that they resembled pretzels. But most of the people who had come to see the miracle man, or like Ruddy Copeland had stopped off on their way to see something else, were only suffering from curiosity.

Once a panic broke out halfway up the hill and several people were knocked down and trampled on. It all came about because of a Mexican with a big white scar on his face. The scar gleamed like silver and suddenly somebody said to somebody else that the man was a leper. Then everybody tried to get away from the vicinity of the leper as quickly as possible.

Around the miracle tent itself and the space in front of it the crowd was for ten days. Ruddy never got near enough to the miracle man to see him, but he got near enough to hear him, and word of what the miracle man was doing was passed by the fortunate spectators in the front rows to those behind them.

Except for the endless singing boasting of the miracle man there would be silences. At the end of these silences there would be a clapping of hands. This applause might mean that the power of locomotion had been returned to a hopeless cripple, or sight to a blindman. Whenever the applause sounded the sick people on their way up the hill who had been waiting for hours and hours to get a chance at the miracle man would become half frenzied with excitement.

The sick believed that they would be cured. Their friends and relatives hoped against reason and knowledge. But people who had never been sick themselves or taken a vital interest in sick people had no faith at all. They thought that the miracle man was a fake.

That was what Ruddy Copeland thought.

The show sickened him. He believed in doctors and surgeons. He thought that miracle men with sing song voices, and disciples with gold-rimmed spectacles who sold photographs ought to be locked up and put where they couldn't impose on the ignorant and the half-witted.

He tried for a while to find someone or other who had personally been cured by the miracle man of something or other, but failed. Only the front rows on the top of the hill saw the cures made, and thereafter the cured persons never seemed to come out of the charmed circle where common persons could get at them and talk with them.

Ruddy Copeland gave up in disgust. Whatever doubts he had about cures, he had none about disease. There were Biblical diseases on view, running sores and the things that troubled Job. And there were undoubtedly diseases more serious and less evident that one might breathe in and develop inside oneself. Also there were little children, so lame and sick and miserable that they could never possibly grow up. And Ruddy, whose heart was unsophisticated and tender, could not bear to look at them.

So he climbed into his baby blue flivver and proceeded over the mountain pass to Salinas. Here he made inquiries as to the exact location of the little ranch which he had inherited, and how to find it.

Now the word *ranch* is an elastic word. It means anything from a half-acre of cabbages to a million acres of sage brush. The ranch to which Ruddy's directions led him, and of whose ranch house he had the keys in his pocket, was easily found.

The little white house stood on the top of a very little hill. The hill, perhaps forty feet high, had been neatly terraced for the accommodation of blackberry vines and their orderly trellises, and was entirely surrounded by twenty acres of well grown pear trees. Gentle hills dotted with live oaks in turn surrounded the orchard, and a half mile of winding dirt road separated it from the highway over which people travel between Salinas and Monterey.

The dwelling house contained a living room, a bedroom, a bathroom and a kitchen. Outside it looked like an old house, the kind that a child draws on a slate, but inside it looked new.

Ruddy's late uncle may have been crochety, but he had loved simplicity and white paint. Ruddy's new home may have been as simple and unpretentious as a monk's cell, but it was as clean and sweet as a rosebud.

At the moment, however, considering the house together with Ruddy's youth and good health, the house had one grave drawback. It contained nothing to eat.

It was Ruddy's intention to eat in Monterey, to buy groceries and return to his ranch. But when he saw the Mission Church perched aloft, with the lagoon at its feet and the tiled roofs of the little city beyond and the surrounding hills softened with pines and oaks and the blue sparkling bay, something queer happened to his eyes, and for the first time in his young life he perceived that the world is not only to be considered in terms of utilitarian progress but in terms of beauty as well.

And that was Ruddy's first real miracle.

When he had eaten and bought groceries he did not at once return to his ranch. In the restaurant they spoke to him of a certain seventeen mile drive, of strange trees which grow nowhere else in the world, of an ocean-bound city called Pacific Grove, where sin is unknown, of Carmel, where artists and authors live in amity and speak well of one another, and of the old Carmel Mission and the wonderful Highlands beyond.

And he determined to see all these wonders before returning to his ranch and taking up his life's work at the beginning.

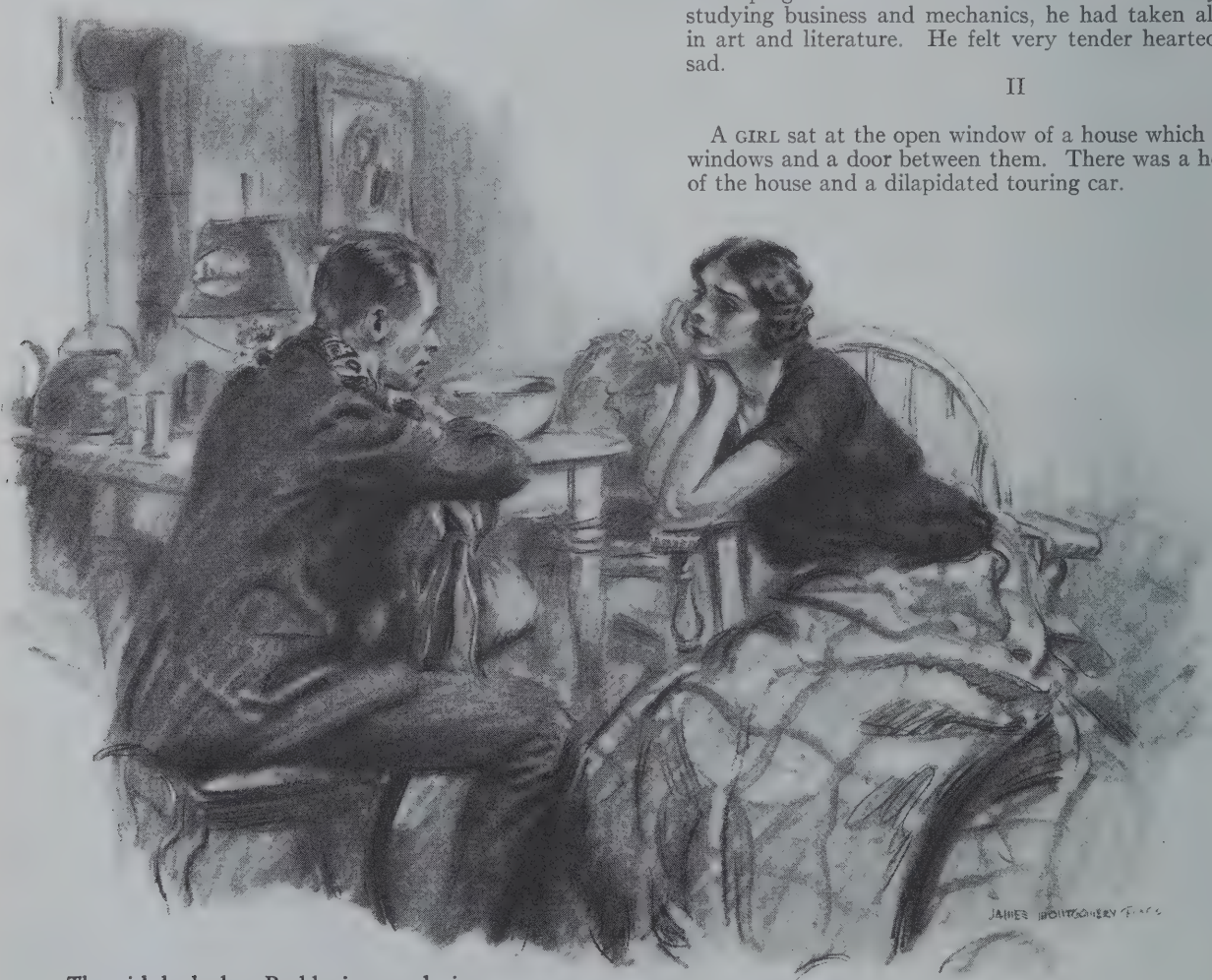
A first acquaintance with the Monterey Peninsula has made persons even less sensitive and accustomed to beauty than Ruddy Copeland absolutely groggy. Neither the Bay of Naples nor the Riviera nor the Isles of Greece where Sappho sang —and ought to have been arrested—can hold a candle to it.

After a day and a half of sight-seeing Ruddy drove slowly down the long hill which is the approach to Monterey from Carmel, a very different person from the twenty-one year old boy who so recently had inherited a fruit ranch and nearly a thousand dollars in cash.

His heroes had always been those persons who appear to make the world go round and who through personal initiative, energy and inventiveness have acquired large fortunes. And now he felt that a false rating of those persons had hurt his life instead of helping it. He wished that at the university, instead of studying business and mechanics, he had taken all the courses in art and literature. He felt very tender hearted and a little sad.

II

A GIRL sat at the open window of a house which had only two windows and a door between them. There was a hearse in front of the house and a dilapidated touring car.



The girl looked at Ruddy in an adoring, worshipful kind of way and said, "Oh please take me—please—please take me."



Ruddy was badly rattled. He gave a despairing look toward the door—and the look changed to wonder.

Some men were carrying a coffin through the gate in the house fence—this gate was made of a whale's jawbone—and presently they heaved up one end of it and slid it into the hearse. Two of them climbed into the front seat of the hearse, and the others, with two fat women with black veils who had been looking on, piled into the touring car.

Then one of the men jumped out of the touring car and ran back to the girl at the window, took her hand and patted it and said something or other to her. She gave two or three quick little nods and compressed her lips.

Ruddy just managed to avoid running into a car that was on its way up the hill. The tragic beauty of that sweet, grave face at the window had upset him dreadfully.

He could not get it out of his mind.

After a while he turned about and drove back up the hill. The hearse and the touring car had gone, but the girl was still sitting at the window, looking out, and as it seemed to Ruddy, seeing nothing. He had the feeling that something terrible had happened to her . . . He drove clear to the top of the hill, a mile and a half away, turned and drove slowly down.

A few blocks above the house of mourning he parked his car and continued the descent on foot. He did not know what he was going to do. He had no plan. And he could not have helped doing what he did.

He passed under the whale jaw and went straight to the window at which the girl sat. He asked for a drink of water. And that made her blush. She had to confess that she couldn't get it for him.

"I'm very lame," she said. "I've nearly always been lame. It's really worse than that. I can't walk at all."

This statement affected Ruddy just as a piece of bad news about somebody he had always known and liked would have done.

"But," he said, "suppose you wanted a drink of water or something for yourself? Are you all alone in the house?"

"I would have to wait," she said, "until somebody I knew came by . . . But you can come in and get yourself a drink of water."

The house seemed to be divided into two halves. In one of them the girl sat with a blanket around her knees. The other was probably a bedroom. A ladder led to a loft. At the back was a lean-to kitchen.

Ruddy found a tumbler and a faucet. And though he was not thirsty he drank.

The house was very bare and unlovely. "They must be poor people," he thought. He wanted to stay and talk with the girl. Her beauty and her helplessness had touched his heart.

He had always heard that there was much good Castilian blood in Monterey, and that some of the girls were very beautiful. This girl had a Spanish look, and her beauty could not have been denied.

He paused with his hand on the door latch.

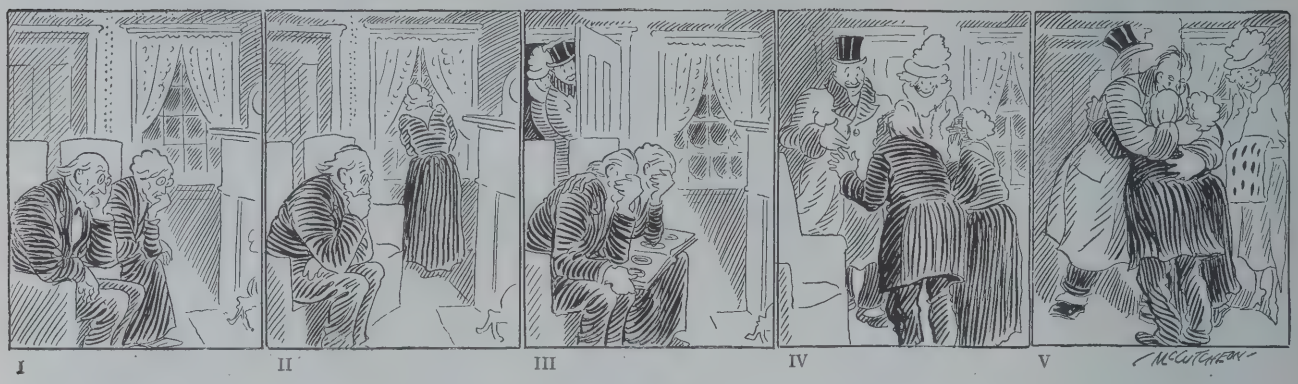
Her eyes were lifted squarely to his.

"Could you tell me the time?" she asked. He looked at his watch and told her.

"Oh dear!" she said. "Is *that* all?"

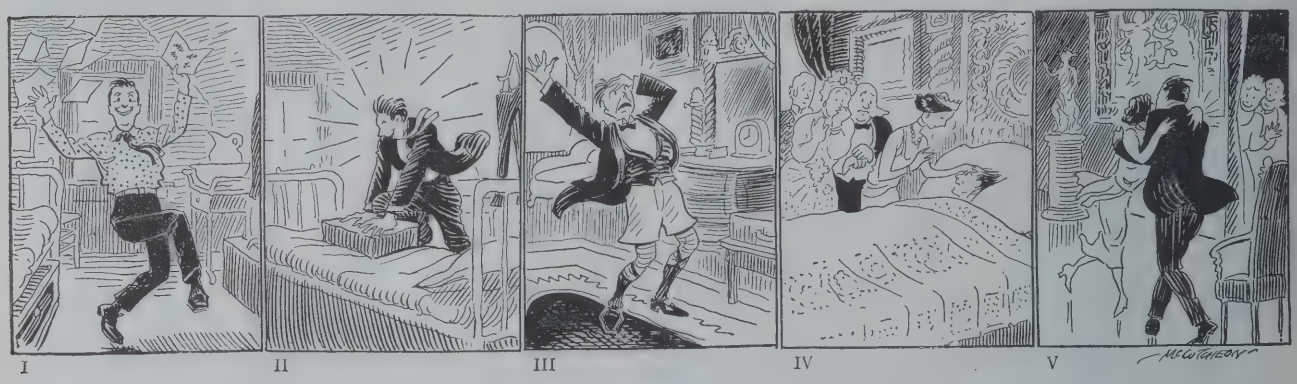
"Every minute of it," said Ruddy. (*Continued on page 138*)

Happy Endings



MARMADUKE'S RETURN

I. It was Christmas eve, and a sorry one in the old homestead. Tomorrow the landlord is to sell the place. II. Ah, things look dark. Thirty years before had little Marmaduke run away from home and for years had been given up for lost. III. See, his picture in the album. Each Christmas eve his mother had hoped for his return. IV. "Don't you know me, father?" V. "Marmaduke! ! ! !" "Don't worry, mother, I've come back to buy the old homestead!"



LE CHEVALIER SANS-CULOTTE

I. "Oh, something besides that rent bill! An invitation to spend the week-end at the Scadworths'." II. "Only ten minutes to pack! I can think of nothing but Drusilla Scadworth." III. "Great heavens, I've packed everything but my trousers! I must feign a sudden illness." IV. "I will nurse you back to health. I took a course in nursing during the war." V. "Drusilla!" "David!"

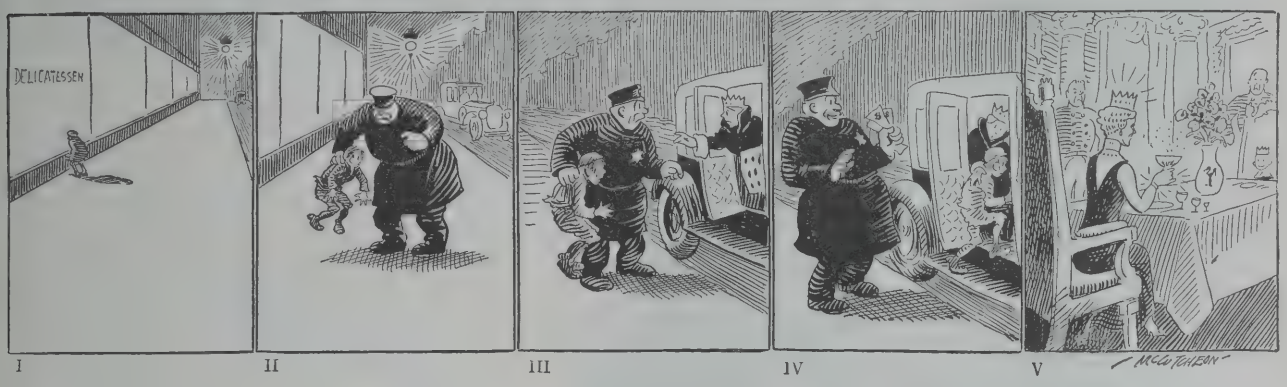


SNAG TOOTH

I. In all the Hudson's Bay country it was said that old Snag Tooth, the beaver, would never be caught. His years were long and full of wisdom. He was wise to the snares of men. People called him bewitched. II. Pierre la Fourchet was the most dreaded man in the north country. What he wanted, he seized—all save Snag Tooth, who outwitted him, and pretty Marie La Pelle, who snapped her fingers at him. "Bring me the skin of Snag Tooth and I'll marry you," she challenged. III. Out into the great silence went Pierre. Months passed and the trading post was joyous in the thought that retribution had at last overtaken him. IV. For months the beady eyes of Pierre watched the beaver colony. Winter passed. Soon the old beavers would be on their annual migration. "By gar, I get heem then, and then that pretty Marie, he be mine!" He smiled as he lay down to sleep under the tamarack. V. As silent as the stars, creeping, creeping, old Snag Tooth edged slowly toward the tamarack beneath which Pierre lay sleeping. All through the night his teeth ate deeper and deeper into the heart of the tree. Just at daybreak it fell, true to the old beaver's plan . . . Months afterward a trapper passed that way. "Pierre's ax," he said, and gave the bones a kick . . . Thereafter there was great joy in the country and Marie La Pelle married a trapper from Bois Ste. Marie and had twelve children, six blondes and six brunettes, all of whom lived happy ever afterward.

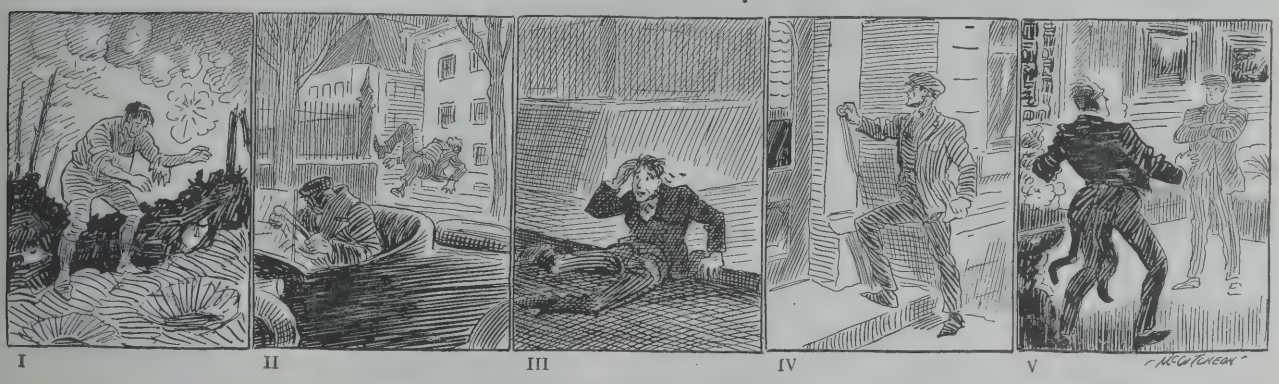
WORDS *AND* PICTURES

By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



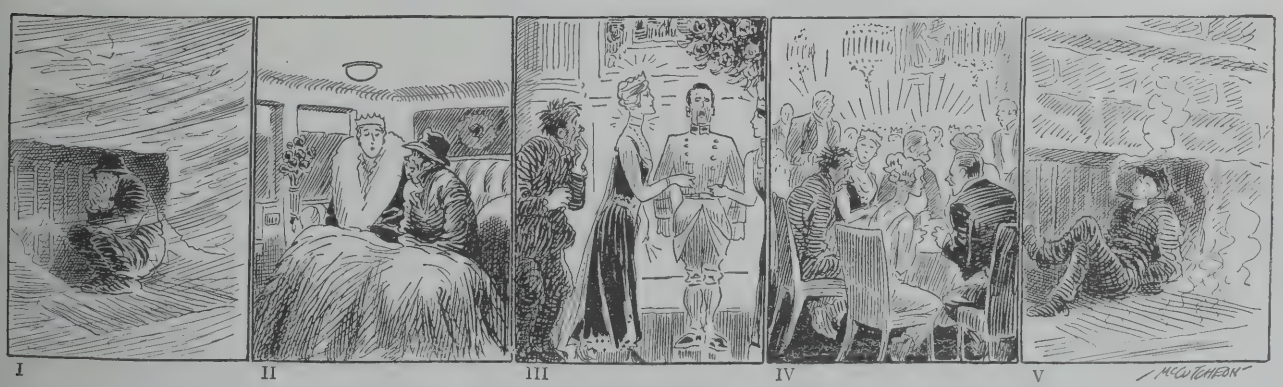
THE HEIR OF THE HOUSE OF POINDEXTER

I. A bitter night in February! II. "Here, kid, you mustn't be blockin' up the sidewalk." III. "Officer, bring that child here. Poor little fellow!' IV. "Why, child, how much you look like our little boy who was kidnaped four years ago." V. Hooray! It was the same.



CAPTAIN CHEVRON

I. From miles away came the shell that, bursting, left Captain Chevron bereft of memory. His past was a blank. II. Grinding brakes, a dizzy skid—too late! A crumpled figure collapsed against the curb. From the speeding car an anxious face looked out. III. "I remember the number!" exclaimed Chevron, when consciousness returned. And then burst upon him the dazzling realization that the fog had lifted. The crushing blow had restored his memory. Number 697,947,669 ran through his brain. IV. "Now to find the man who left me to die!" The search led to his own house. V. "My God, you alive!" "Yes," said Chevron. "And Gertrude?" "We thought you dead—she married me!" "When she thought you inherited my estate?" The other hung his head. Chevron laughed. "Keep her, and may you always be happier than you now look."

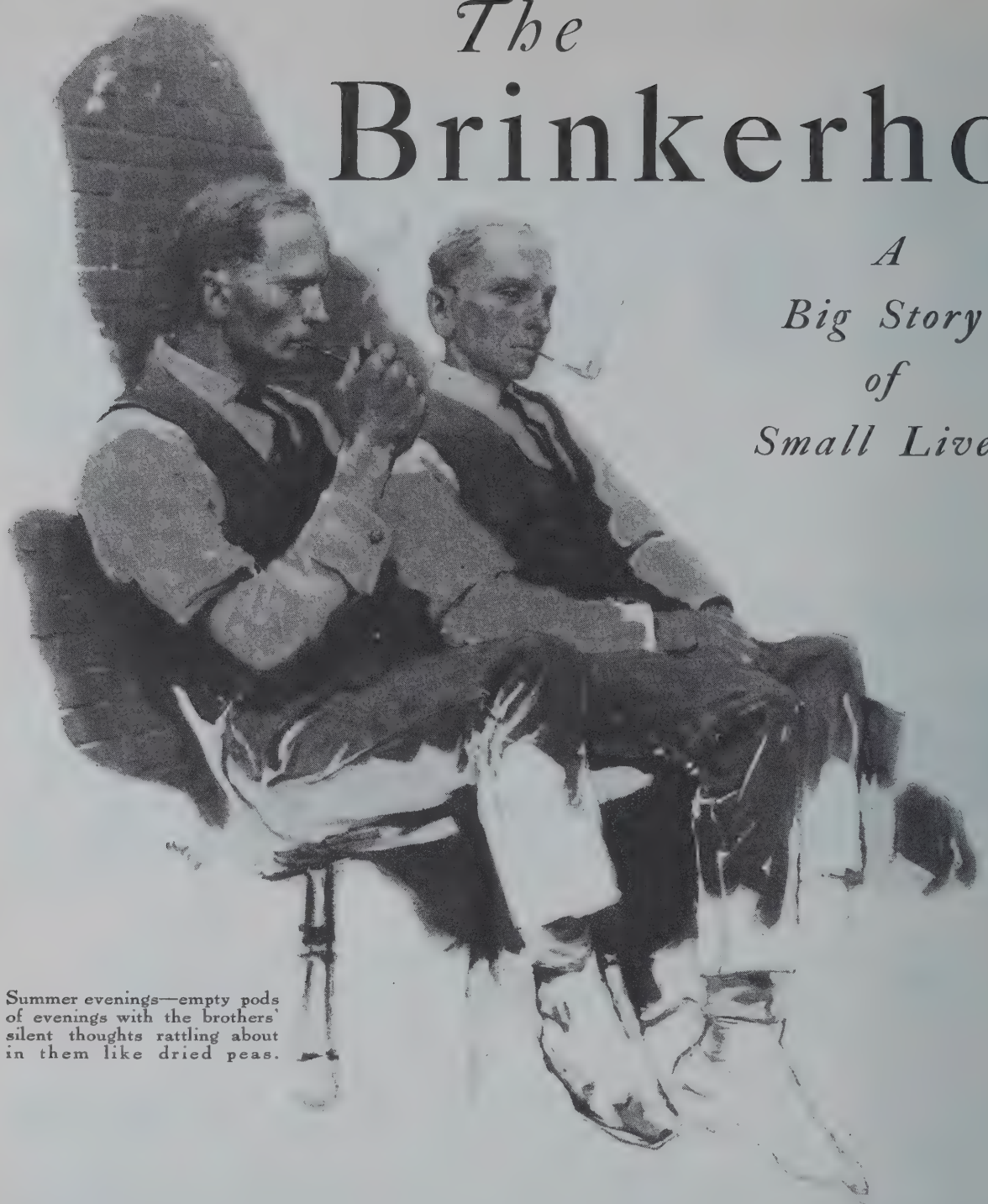


DISCONTENT

I. Ten below! On a grating crouched a derelict, fighting off the drowsiness that meant death—a wayfarer who had lost his way. Through the blizzard, rocking under the blasts, came a limousine in which a richly attired lady and gentleman sat, swathed in furs. "Lucky dog!" muttered the derelict. "I wisht I was in his place." II. A fairy, passing, heard the wish, and in an instant he was seated by the beautiful lady. "Gee, this is a swell car!" he said. The lady turned and looked long at him with emotionless eyes. He felt very uncomfortable. III. The car drew up at an imposing mansion, where the lady and the tramp were presently announced by a footman in livery. "Shall we dance?" asked the lady. "Gee, I can't dance," he answered, becoming more and more uncomfortable. "Would you prefer to sit it out?" "Sit what out?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Then you may take me in to supper." IV. At a snowy table they found places. The lady spoke to him, but he didn't know what to say, or what fork to use, or what to do with his hands. He had never been so miserable. "Gee, I wisht I was out o' this," he groaned. "My car will take you back," said the lady. "I own that building, and you may use the grating as long as you wish . . ." V. By this time the storm had abated and a pleasant warmth arose from the grating. "Gee, I feel more at home here," murmured the derelict, lighting one of the cigars he had brought from the mansion.

The Brinkerhoff

A Big Story of Small Lives



Summer evenings—empty pods of evenings with the brothers' silent thoughts rattling about in them like dried peas.

THE beat to the day by day of the brothers Brinkerhoff was rather like the tick-tock of one of those family clocks with a nosegay painted on the glass door. The kind that stands on the mantelpiece between the blue glass vases with the warts blown into them.

There was the odor of the room that contained that clock about the brothers Brinkerhoff. Horsehair. The carpet hassock that always felt damp. The hard coal stove when the soot was cold.

But it was nineteen years since the brothers had known that identical room in the house on Papin Street in South St. Louis. A father with a spade-shaped beard had died there one night in a high black walnut bedstead, his face as four-cornered in death as it had been in life.

A mother who had tended him and the two sons through the long lethal silences into which these men could sink at meals, had died two months later while redding the strip of brick walk that led up to the white scoured steps of the house on Papin Street.

The brothers had boarded the nineteen years since with a "private family" on Maffit Avenue on the North Side. It was nearer the St. Louis Coal and Ice Company.

There were about eighteen months between them but most people thought them twins. You never felt quite right about their names. Somehow, Oscar's should have been Ichabod. And Henry's, well—Ichabod too.

You remember the nymph of Crete who named all her little nymphs Ariel because they simply would not resemble any other name?

Poor little Mrs. Brinkerhoff, who bore her sons in the big black walnut bedstead the very first thing after she arrived from a cisalpine village and who in all her years of mothering her three silent men had not learned how not to call them Uscar, Hennery and Puppa; poor little Mrs. Brinkerhoff, she should have called them just Ichabods all.

Oscar was the younger. His head had slightly the look of being set on a pole. The pole of his body. And his arms were very long, so long that—but "Ichabod" says it all again. Before the swift descriptive potency of Ichabod, to further describe the brothers Brinkerhoff, their little doilies of thinning hair or the dry crackle of Henry's finger joints, were redundancy.

And now back to the tick and tock of their daily lives. It was just that. Tick for Monday. Tock for Tuesday. Tick. Tock. And the little spans of silence in between were the nights, when the brothers slept side by side in the second story back of the private family named Burby on Maffit Avenue.

It was a square room with one window which overlooked the Burbys' long, narrow back yard with a brick ash pit at the far end, and little Bettina Burby's rag doll and kiddie car usually kicked into the dry stubble of city grass. It contained a double

FANNIE HURST

Brothers

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops



It all happened so suddenly. Trina—blonde and nervous and twenty-eight—and Oscar.

oak bed, chiffonier with two equidistant burnt collar and cuff boxes—the brothers wore detach- cuffs—and on the mantelpiece regarding each other little fretwork balconies, velvet framed photo- hs of the father whose jaw was grim with the bite false teeth; and the mother who always said Uscar Hennery and Puppa, her face full of the ravages of years of redding the bricks of Papin Street, and her cent, crocheted collar closed at the throat with a rooch photograph of her sons, aged four and a half and x, Oscar's left ear mashed softly against Henry's right.

Mrs. Burby kept a red velvet rocker from the parlor in the brothers' room because the springs rose up so when guests sat down on it, and up over the doorway, gazing down into the calm tick and tock of Brinkerhoff comings and goings, was a large crayon portrait of a deceased Burby, who looked like Brigham Young.

That picture exercised a slow and rather pleasant hypnosis over Henry. He liked, for instance, to start fastening his suspenders in one corner of the room and watch the eyes slide right after him over to the chiffonier for his sleeve garters. The brothers wore both suspenders and sleeve garters. They would. Well, standing, say, between the red velvet chair and the bed, these eyes above the transom could seem to press against Henry's own light blue ones like hot pennies, or sitting down on the bed edge to clump off his shoes, or shaving in the square of mirror over the washstand, he could feel their warm ball-like quality and even imagine they would give slightly if he pressed against them.

"By George, it's right human the way those photographers get those eyes to move. Just like they're human."

This was quite a speech for Henry who as a rule merely grunted while he did such things as dive into his shirt—yes, the brothers still wore them that way—or lift up a triangle of cheek to the razor.

More frequently the silence of their dressing was broken only by Bettina Burby shrilling in the back yard, the opening and shutting of a drawer, or Mrs. Burby sizzling their breakfast beefsteak in the kitchen which was directly beneath their room, or mostly just by Henry's grunts, which were nothing more than the leak of the vocal into his breathing.

There was something rather wonderful about the silences between these men. By the time they were around forty it had gathered in between them like a deep sunless pool beside which they could sit and smoke their pipes in an endless *Pu Pu* of utter passivism.

The Burbys, after years of these stilly men, came to regard them as "two of the family," and talk flew about their heads at the dinner table in a merry hailstorm that seemed literally to bounce off the slightly bald heads of the brothers.

Burby had a wall paper store on Easton Avenue, a street of small businesses that skirted the North Side. He was enormously stout and wheezed so that when he was at home it was exactly as if a small motor were at work in the house. Mrs. Burby, who was pretty in the jelled sort of way that the overweight can be pretty, wore her apron in a perpetual muff about her short dimpled arms. She had an eighteen year old son in the Navy and a three year old daughter, Bettina. The neighborhood regarded the interval as not quite nice.

The brothers she called Mr. O. and Mr. H. to their faces, but to the neighbors with whom she held endless back yard and telephone conferences, she could wax facetious.

"Don't faint, but the Brinkeys won't be home to supper tonight. Nineteenth meal they've missed in nineteen years. St. Louis Coal and Ice Company's annual bonus picnic." Or, "I don't own a clock that runs. But I should worry about a clock when my Brinkeys' comings and goings, are as much to the minute as the sun is."

And so it was. To the dot, at twenty minutes past seven, in their alpaca suits in summer and mixture sack suits in winter, the rather stern black string ties and the square-toed shoes, well blacked, the brothers Brinkerhoff breakfasted.

First, four drops in a glass of water out of a bottle of raspberry colored liquid that stood in the center of the table beside the vinegar cruet—the brothers were subject to acid stomach—then a piece of well pounded, well done beefsteak, hashed browned potatoes, coffee from a granite pot that stood on a raffia mat, and two slices of thick untoasted bread.

Since the advent of little Bettina, Oscar, always a little the spokesman for the two, invariably left two cone-shaped chocolate bonbons on the wooden bib of her empty high chair. They were fond of the goldy little girl after a Brinkerhoff fashion. Oscar said "boo" to her and Henry made noises in between his teeth and cheek that sounded like his tin-tired buggy turning a short corner.

The St. Louis Coal and Ice Company still used horses. Round-bellied, three-ton teams with splendid shaggy forelegs and veins that could bulge thick as a wrist under the drag, moved with the dignity of leisure through the motor maze of the city's traffic.

The company, for the brothers' lighter purposes of city collecting, supplied the Brinkerhoffs each with a chestnut filly and a two-seated storm buggy with a black apron which buttoned over the front against rain. Henry covered a portion of North St. Louis and Oscar what was known as the more or less fashionable West End. The St. Louis Coal and Ice Company did not mail its city and county bills.

The brothers Brinkerhoff were city collectors. Long, satisfactory, uninterrupted records. True, that one Aloysius Jones who had once shared a portion of the North St. Louis route with Oscar was now a vice-president of the firm, and whenever a death or a resignation moved certain employees a notch along in advancement, the eyes of the corporation seemed resolutely turned away from the brothers Brinkerhoff.

But in the twenty-one years there had been five advances in salary. It was forty dollars a week now, and often a bonus at Christmas.

They were content. Little fishes, little bones, as the saying goes. The brothers apparently wanted but little here below.

Summer evenings, with the Burbys buzzing on the square of front porch and the brick wall of the house next door for their vistas, they tilted their straight chairs against the side of the house, puffing their pipes, and the pool formed between them, the pool of silence, their bodies like tall cypresses bordering it.

"That Briggs account over on De Tonty Street don't look any too strong."

"So?"

"Seventeen ton bituminous."

"So?"

Pu. Pu. Pu.

Long, cool, purple intervals, tip-tilted there against the side of the house until ten o'clock and to bed. Empty pods of evenings with the brothers' silent thoughts rattling about in them like dried peas.

Bricks that breathed out like a feverish little child sleeping in the dark with its mouth open.

Often a radio machine in the house next door caught up a woman's singing voice from the air and flung it like a scarf across the darkness. A lovely, fluctuating scarf that had color to it. It was not difficult to squeeze sibilant colors out of the darkness. Squinting the eyes did it. Orange, for instance, had a soaring note to it that could mount and mount until it became just a gleaming point of melody, like a star. Trills were sort of the blue of running water. Colorature, that adorable watermelon pink of a woman's mouth when she yawns. These particular fancies could play the very devil with Oscar. No sooner conceived than they could confuse him violently. Color has melody. No—melody has color. Oh, nonsense—just nonsense!

"Sofia's got a stone bruise on her left hind leg, Henry, bothering her right much."

"So?"

"Yes."

"Freckert's Liniment."

"M-m-m."

There! That little note from the radio! A wounded mouse-colored note with a woman crying down in it. A Mrs. Snyder on Newstead Avenue, who opened the door for him the first of every month, had a throat that must hold a note like that. It throbbed a little when she talked like the bleating breast of a dove. He must turn in that claim. Otto B. Snyder. Three thousand pounds of ice—her lips. No, no. Not her lips. Any lovely lips. He could conjure a curved and scented pair into the darkness that poised like butterfly wings against the brick wall opposite. Lips. Even Mrs. Burby's, which dragged a bit and could be greasy from gnawing along a chop bone—even h… fluty—bah——

"Freckert's Liniment is too weak."

"Try iodine."

Oscar had never touched a woman's lips, except his mo… He had kissed them when they lay dead, they were so pit… him. But not—that way. The way of the lips in the darkn…

These imagings, modernly called suppressed desires… picked at random, might have been either Oscar's or Hen… Except that, of the two, Henry was perhaps the more asc… Curious that these two men could have slid through… so narrowly. Like slab-sided cats oozing between pore… Deep down in the secret places of Henry's pool, his o… merged water lilies of fancy could open too, under the… They were so naïvely free of desire, his fancies. Almost … because they belonged to Henry. He really had a lovely… lily pad. It was the color of Bettina. All goldy it c… and flaunt in an enormous rosette right before his eyes… where imprisoned in his spangled fancy was the innoce… herself. And so his darkness, all inchoate, could v… into just a gold-dust kind of haze with little girl laug… Henry, whose adolescence had been even more lan… Oscar's, dozed in this haze. The haze of the golden la… the little girl Bettina.

At ten o'clock then, by the thick disk of Oscar's wa… The thud of four shoes. The decent black string ties laid… beneath the mattress. Pipes cleaned and airing on the … sill. The brothers kept two pipes each going. For swe… Monday's pipe airing on Tuesday, and Tuesday's pipe… on Wednesday.

These were the Brinkerhoff brothers when Mrs. Burby… to her bed of sciatic rheumatism and Miss Trina Blankenme… a sister of Mrs. Burby's step-mother, came from Herculan… Missouri, to run the house.

It all happened so suddenly. Henry first detected it … laugh. An upward rush of it from Oscar one morning w… Trina handed him the coffee pot, as if a lot of unsuspec… emotions over which he had absolutely no control had sudde… clattered out over everything like a dropped tray of tin thing… It was horrible. Henry felt his pores begin to swell outwa… and then seem to prick open as if he were a nutmeg grater, an… Trina jumped back with the pot so that she splashed coffee u… her bare arm.

Oscar alone seemed innocent of his plight. The plight of… baring his long horsy teeth to laugh out loud and then reaching… over with a killing expression to fleck off with his napkin the… stain on Trina's arm.

Henry felt actually sick for him, and as if not another bite of beefsteak nor his Adam's apple would ever swallow down again.

For the first time in nineteen years and for highly different reasons, two portions of unfinished beefsteak went back to the kitchen that morning. When Mrs. Burby, from her bed of pain, heard about it she said, "Great heavens, it's the millennium!"

But then that sharply faceted thing, her woman's intuition, pounced and just lifted Trina up, so that she saw several different lights on her at once.

"Don't throw it away," she said, meaning the beefsteak of course. "You can grind it up for Burby's lunch."

But her eyes from their angle on the pillow followed Trina out of the room. The little swing to the uncorseted hips. The cling of the gingham skirt to their roundness.

Trina was blonde and nervous and twenty-eight. She wore such high-power glasses, the rimless kind with gold frames, that her eyes seemed to swim right up against the lenses like an enormous and terribly intent gaze that could remain open in water and stare through it.

When she removed the spectacles, they left a red welt across her nose and a sort of doused Trina as if someone had put out a light. She was so nervous she would jump if you spoke without first clearing your throat or indicating that you had intentions, as she did when Oscar's laugh spilled over the breakfast, and for the life of her she could not keep one particular strand of hair, which she crimped with an iron, from dangling.

The one gesture which describes her most clearly was the arc of her narrow arm going up to wind that strand behind her ear. Her indulgence of it was mammoth. It made you hot inside each time she wound it, as if a nerve of your very private own were suddenly going to throw up its hands and yell. It made Henry feel that way. Trina, passing him the hashed-browned potatoes with one hand and winding her hair with the other.



Already Henry was aching with the sense of his thirdness. And there was something terrible about Oscar.

But Oscar—suddenly and for the first unsuppressed time
hat upward curve of a woman's arm, with the little white nest
at the elbow, shot through him with the lancinating jab of a
hypodermic.

All those darting elusive gadflies across the pool of the silence. The shimmer of submerged sensation. The golden flank of half an ecstasy that never rose to the surface. That shiny, slimy pool beside the cypress of himself, full of the forbidden thoughts of women's lips and sound that was like a colored scarf across his senses. All suddenly concrete in Trina, risen luminous

out of this pool of scuttling desires. Trina, who must have floated downstream looking at him with her blue eyes magnified by water, here at his side now, passing him the kohl-rabi and the stewed rhubarb, and scalding her preciously real arm because he had startled her with the long-toothed laugh of his ecstasy.

She had come to him so suddenly, turning the long dull years of his feeble adolescence into a garden that led to her. Oscar was in love to the beating of shawms and cymbals in his brain.

To Henry, the three events that led to Oscar's marriage were every bit as decisive as the battles of Marathon and Arbela and Tours. The Tuesday evening that Oscar stopped Trina in the pantry and asked her to walk out with him after the dishes were washed. The Labor Day excursion ride down the Mississippi to Cahokia. The Sunday afternoon that Henry usurped his place and Oscar took Trina for a drive in the storm buggy to Chain of Rocks. This last, of course, was the precipitant event. Oscar and Trina came home engaged.

That evening, no sooner were the brothers in their room than Oscar suddenly faced Henry, two round spots of color on top of his cheeks as if they had been placed there with a rubber stamp. It is doubtful whose heart beat loudest, Oscar's or Henry's, whose Adam's apple wouldn't swallow down again.

"Henry," said Oscar, "that little, gold band from Mutter. You don't mind if I got use for it now? Trina . . ."

It was the first reference between them to Trina. Henry, who wanted to answer, only stood there sort of waving his eyelids, and so finally, when his throat would not unlock, he walked over to the chiffonier and drew out of a drawer the little pasteboard box of their joint relics. There were a pair of gold and black earrings shaped like urns. A gold and black bracelet to match. The ceramic of the two little boys with their ears touching, and the band ring set with a chip diamond, the gold cut out in little rays around it.

Handing it to Oscar, something that he would have burst his throat to avoid happened to Henry. He broke out crying. A long bruise of a sob, as if some fugitive terribly wounded were hiding in a marsh. The marsh of Henry's heart.

And on that moan from the innermost of Henry, Oscar, who felt as if he were drowning in his brother's tears, went down before the first sobs these men had ever known.

It was too awful. Henry, who kept his lips lashed against his teeth and his mouth working up and down like some poor old man with empty gums, and Oscar who flung one hand on his brother's shoulder and let his head sink down on his outstretched arm.

"Don't, brother, I can't stand it."

Not since their mother's funeral had they addressed one another as brother.

"I'm glad for you, brother."

"She's a goot girl, Henry."

"So?"

"A goot worker. A companion."

"We've been goot companions, too, Oscar."

"Yes, Henry. But—a woman. That's life."



"We've been well off by ourselves, Oscar. No heartache A quiet life is goot." Under stress they did that to their *d's*.

"I need a little heartache in my life, Henry. A happy hea ache—like I got from Trina."

Lower sank Henry's head.

"A woman is a woman. They make troubles."

"Without troubles, Henry, I have thought it out for myse a man has no contrast to know when he has happiness."

"Women, Oscar, I've seen it a hundred times. T best of them, the same. Shennanigans. Sickness. Doct bills. Bearing down pains like Mrs. Burby, and pink pills."



On a Sunday afternoon Oscar took Trina for a ride. This was the precipitant event.

"Not Trina. She's goot. And strong, Henry. Strong as Sofia. Her nerves are on top, but strong."

"We've been so well off alone, Oscar. Quiet."

"A woman, Henry. God made man to want her."

"Not every man. There have always been men like us in the world. It's been so goot together, so long—without."

"Not any more for me—since Trina."

Suddenly Henry knew it was no use. So he took Oscar's hand and pressed it, digging the gold trinkets up into it until they cut.

"Brother," he said.

"It will never be different with us, Henry. Trina is a grand girl. You will always have it goot with us—in our home."

Over the phrase "in our home" Oscar seemed to swell up in a way that was actually froggy. Little puffs came out over his eyebrows and on the spots where his ears lapped to his cheeks.

"Thank you, brother," said Henry, but in his heart the tears were still running. He knew. This was his last of Oscar.

Trina and Oscar were married four weeks later in the Cote Brilliante Avenue Church. Bettina Burby carried the bride's veil and spread it about her so that when she knelt down she was in the bower of her tulle. There were no other attendants, but Henry and the Burbys and the bride's sister from Herculaneum occupied half of the first front row. Mr. Burby wheezed, the organ played "Melody in F," and the rector's voice, intoning the service, seemed to mount to the double archings of the church, and the gargoyles to chew it into echoes and mouth it out again.

In the yellow light from a stained window there was something terrible in the sternness of Oscar. His face was so square with his will to respond in mighty "I do's." His long black coat so solemn. Hired, but giving him the odor of a park statue of a statesman.

And Trina. She dropped her bouquet of white narcissus and twice during the ceremony, in the agony of her nervousness, wound at the strand of hair. But her eyes were soft. Like bluebells under water, and they did not seem to protrude so against the lenses, and when she kissed her (*Continued on page 144*)



By H. C.

Whose humor

as Corn

Sherlock's

Illustrations by

YOU know, really, matrimony has ruined more companionships than anything else in the world. What I mean is, many a boy and girl which was the best of pals has busted up their lifelong friendship by getting wed—to each other. To your little girl friend Gladys, one of the finest things about getting married is that nobody *has* to.

Don't get the idea that I'm a grouchy old maid or an unhappy bride in a gilded cage or the equivalent. I'm not. Although I have often bumped into Cupid in hurrying along the boulevard of Life, I have yet to see a duplicate of Adam which made my heart go pitty-pat for more than briefly, though I've had as many matrimonial propositions filed with me as Solomon *ever* did. I suppose some day I'll get drunk with emotion and blushingly murmur "Yes!" to some other reckless gambler before I come to my senses. But after the experience I have just went through I wouldn't marry Gunga Din, and if you don't know what a good man *he* was then you have never heard nobody recite in your life!

Maybe what makes me view the noted male sex with the eye of a Second Avenue pawnbroker examining a pledge from a sailor, is that I'm in a better position to watch 'em do their stuff than most girls. As a switchboard operator at the Hotel St. Moe, a Broadway inn where they gnash their teeth when the guest departs with his right eye, I am really seeing the boys perform from a box seat. Being young, fairly nimble at cross-fire patter and a good window dresser when it comes to tastefully arranging such attractions as I have in stock, I get a heavy play daily from the sturdy men folk. It's always the height of the social season with *me* and invitations to everything from wine to wedlock fairly swamp me, really. But as I'm just a little telephone girl alone in wild New York, I am more exclusive than I understand they are in Buckingham Palace.

I *got* to be! I've found out that most of these boys can't eat dinner without you take the fact that this is the Land of Liberty too seriously. Believe me, when I sit at the board and tell 'em I got their number I mean it in more ways than one! Therefore, I treat these invitations to come out and play as if they were all mad dogs and in that way I get all of the laughs and none of the tears most women get out of all men.

However, all work and no play is how to get a nervous breakdown, so sometimes I *do* pastime a little with the yearner sex. Every once in a while I'll meet one that I just can't resist taking apart to see what makes him go. Like Julius De Haven, for instance. I took that young man out of the chorus of a Broadway musical comedy and made him a star and he showed his gratitude by offering me his heart and hand for a reward. Like all men, he considered that *some* gift!

Well, at the moment I couldn't use Julius as a spouse—though he *was* a nice kid—and after he was away on the road for either a couple of weeks or four months, I broke out with a yen for a mild flirtation to assassinate time till my boy friend comes back. I saw no harm in it, properly conducted, so I run my eye over the field in search of a likely victim. I found one in Mons Hurricane Sherlock, a full-blooded prize fighter and light-heavyweight champion of our popular planet. This was my first experience in toying with gentlemen who make their coffee and cakes through assault and battery and I'll tell both hemispheres it will be the last! What a shock *this* entry gave me—warm canine!

In round numbers, the way Hurricane Sherlock darkened my threshold was like thus:

Jerry Murphy is parked against the switchboard one morning, trying to do himself some good as usual. This master mind is the house detective at the St. Moe and a good scout, but he will never cause the world to forget Sherlock Holmes when it comes to gumshoe work. They could shoplift the lobby of this trap and it would be weeks before the news reached Jerry, and in the lobby is where he stands. However, I can't help bestowing a grain of womanly sympathy on this great big meaningless blah, because he really thinks I'm the clam's overshoes and I never give him a tumble. Anyways, he comes over this day and tells me to give room 1584 a bell. After a minute I pulled out the plug and informed Jerry there was no answer.

"Then I'll just bound up and give 'at baby's cave a frisk!" remarks Jerry. "His name's Bartlett—know him?"

"Bartlett?" I says. "No, I don't know him personally, but I've eaten a lot of his pears."

"What d'ye mean you have eat his pears?" asks Jerry, the picture of stupidity. "I don't make you."

"And you never will make me!" I says sweetly. "What has this Mr. Bartlett done which forces you to search his belongings?"

"Say!" says Jerry, snubbing my question while his face brightens up like a full moon, which is what it greatly resembles, "I got you now about this Bartlett and them pears. Ha, ha, ha 'at's one for the book! You have eat a lot of Bartlett's pears hey? I'll spring that nifty on the night clerk and——"

"And you'll get it all balled up and ask him does he know

WITWER

is as American

on the Cob

Home

J. W. McGurk

Mister Sickle," I interrupt. "I'm still waiting to hear what this pear manufacturer done."

"Oh!" says Jerry. "Why, he's got them bellhops run ragged gettin' him Scotch from the corner drug store and if I find over a case in his room I got orders to check him out. He's thirstier than them two Enforcement guys we had here. As Doc Cooey would say, every day in every way he's gettin' wetter and wetter!"

At this critical minute a husky voice rumbles over Jerry's shoulder.

"Kin a man make a phone call here when youse people gits done kiddin' each other?"

I straighten up haughtier than haughty itself, prepared to give this noisy newcomer frostbite with a single glance, and Jerry swings around with a growl. Then an odd thing happens. The manslaughter disappears from Jerry's eyes with comical and magical speed and is replaced by a look of awe. A nervous grin appears on his shaky lips and all of a sudden Jeremiah has no longer got a florid complexion. If I wasn't acquainted with Jerry I would think he was scared. As I *am* acquainted with him, I *knew* he was scared.

" 'At's—'at's Hurricane Sherlock, the light-heavyweight champ," he says to me in a hoarse whisper, bending over the switchboard. "I—I guess I'll go and see this guy Bartlett about them, now, lemons of his!" Exit Jerry.

"Who's that dizzy clown?" sneers the stranger and bends over himself for a good look at me.

I returned his glance with usurious interest and noted with pride that in two seconds flat he was attempting the difficult feat of swallowing his Adam's apple and his face was flushed a dull red. That shows me I have lost none of my potency as a pulse-quickener, and with *that* all settled I take stock of my opponent. I see a tall, nobbily dressed young fellow with shoulders like a set of walking beams and a whimsical quirk to his lip, à la Dick Barthelmess. Later, I found out that whimsical quirk was placed there



H. C. WITWER

Composer of Exercises for the muscles of Laughter

by one Rough House Trainor, who used a right hook for the purpose. However, I have seen worse lookers than Hurricane Sherlock, though I've never hunted for any.

But prize fighters are about as thrilling to me as a lesson in swimming would be to a middle-aged goldfish, so I quickly snapped into it. I didn't care for the gentleman's approach and there is nobody going to push *me* around, whether they're light-heavyweight champion or dark-heavyweight champion!

"Did you wish a number?" I ask, as cold as a winter's night in dear old Siberia.

Mr. Hurricane Sherlock comes to earth with a start.

"Wam!" he says, half to himself and the other half to me. "What a disturbance *you* are! Where have I been all your life, good lookin'?"

"If you think that line will get you anything here, you're crazy!" I remark, and on each word is an iceberg so large it would be a menace to navigation. "What number do you want me to give you?"

"Well, let's start with your address," says Hurricane Sherlock, with the goofiest of grins.

"Be yourself, big boy!" I says, getting a bit steamed. "I'm busy. I have no time to play with you. If you don't behave yourself, I'll call the house detective and have you put out!"

"Lady," says my adversary, "you can't have *me* put out! I ain't never been put out in my life. I ain't never even been knocked off my feet!"

"Yes, yes—go on!" I says, merrily working my plugs. "And where are the jewels now?"

Hurricane Sherlock looks puzzled for a instant and then he grins.

"Say, you're quite a kidder, ain't you?" he says. "Well. I ain't no dumb Isaac either, get me? I'm Hurricane Sherlock—does *that* mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing!" I says deliberately. "I don't know whether you're a traffic cop or Vice-president of Chili. Do you wish to make a call or don't you?"

"I'll make that call in good time," says Hurricane, "and don't tell *me* you never heard of me. I'm light-heavyweight champ of the world!"

"That's your own fault," I says. "Sorry, but I can't use you."

Hurricane Sherlock stares at me like he thinks both his kind of cumbersome ears have commenced lying to him.

"You don't wish no part of *me*—the world's champeen?" he says in amazement. "Say, Cutey, don't be cheatin' yourself! D'ye know I clicked off a hundred thousand smackers in the ring last year?"

"The place to go with that information is the income tax collector," I says. "Why bother *me* with your business troubles? I have quite a collection of phone numbers here, can I sell you one?"

"Yeah, gimme a pink one," grins Hurricane Sherlock. "And listen, kid—me and you is goin' to see a lot of each other, so you might as well start right in gettin' used to me. I ain't a bad guy when they treat me right—when they don't treat me right, I'm poison. Now give Worth 86753 a bell and make it snappy!"

Honest, I'm so overcome with this fellow's nerve that I can't think of a comeback! I just nodded him to a booth and got him the number. He talked about five minutes to his manager. I know it was his manager because I passed up at least four much more spicier phone conversations to listen in on him. When he come out he tossed a dollar on the switchboard.

"Keep the change and buy yourself a railroad," he says. "I'll be back again tonight and we'll talk about this and that!"

If nerve was money, Hurricane Sherlock would of made Rockefeller look like a public charge, now wouldn't he?

From then on it was a case of try and keep the world's champion light-heavyweight away from my switchboard. I treated him with about the same courtesy a ferret shows to a mouse, but if you think that bothered Hurricane you're crazy. He was what you call insult-proof and sarcasm rolled off his good natured smile like rain off a mallard's back. He soon become as permanent as the East River and he was just about as exciting to *me!* Furthermore, he murdered all competition, because none of these lobby hounds which ordinarily moored at my board all day trying to promote themselves had any desire to get in a jam with a gentleman who made his living by being light-heavyweight champion of the world.

Well, as the days went by and Hurricane Sherlock continued to hang around me like a tent, I get a new angle on him. I see that while he may not mean anything in *my* young life, he's plenty important to others.

Prominent people such as heavy business men, high-powered actors, bankers, lawyers, osteopaths and bootleggers who stop at my switchboard to try and get phone calls, look on the light-heavyweight champion with open fascination. Some of them kind of timidly say "Good afternoon, Hurricane," and when he grudgingly returns a careless nod, why, honest, they almost swoon with joy. Aren't men funny?

But that isn't the half of it. The other girls on the board make no mystery of the fact that they would be more than willing to trade off their sweeties for my great big husky boy friend. A lot of good vamping was showered on Hurricane Sherlock—and wasted, because he had eyes and words for nobody but me. The bellhops, clerks, elevator boys, porters, in fact all the help at the St. Moe give Hurricane attention that would of flattered Julius Cæsar, and they tell me there was a fellow who liked applause. All my box fighting friend has got to do is crook a finger and he gets all the service there is on tap in our hostelry. The funny part of it is that Hurricane Sherlock isn't even stopping at the hotel—he's merely stopping at my switchboard.

And the questions they ask me when they get me away from him! "Did he say anything about his scuffle with Kid Fisher?" "Is he really going to give the Frenchman a chance at his title?" "Ask him is he going to fight Young McWagon?"

All this and many more, till they got me dizzy, no fooling! Even the hard-boiled Jerry Murphy, generally annoyingly jealous of every male who throws me a glance, treats Hurricane Sherlock with respectful admiration.



The smith offers the world's champion a job at twenty a week. Fawncy that!



When Hurricane grudgingly returns a nod, why, honest, they almost swoon with joy. Aren't men funny?

Then I begin to sit up and pay attention to myself. Julius De Haven, my most promising candidate for the exacting portfolio of fiancé, had been away a long time and was scheduled to be away a long time more. Well, no matter what you might of heard to the opposite, I am human. Also, I was lonely. This attention Hurricane Sherlock was getting from the mob commences to make an impression on me, in spite of my honest attempts to throw it off. I find myself reasoning that Hurricane Sherlock is not just a fighter, *he's a world champion*, and that's hard to dismiss with a laugh!

Likewise, Hurricane was far from difficult to gaze at, if you forget that his nose is the least bit out of true and one of his ears could do with a little overhauling.

Don't get the idea that I was beginning to stumble in love with this large fellow, because I wasn't, though I was the next thing to positive that he was double cuckoo over *me*. But I was getting tired of going to the movies by myself or just sitting home wishing every night I was off duty. So I finally gave in to Hurricane's pleadings and accepted his urgent invitation to see him fight another highbrow entitled "12-Punch" O'Bernstein.

Oo la la, I will recall *that* evening for quite a space! To start with, I had never acted as a witness to a prize fight before in all my young life and you can imagine that I looked forward to this one with plenty excitement. Just what to wear at this carnival of aggravated assault was a problem which gave me no little trouble. I didn't know whether an evening gown or sport clothes were in order and the suggestions made by the jealous ones on the switchboard with me were only comical and not useful. Just what I *did* wear I don't remember now, you'll have to ask someone who saw me. People who see me usually remember everything about me, if you know what I mean.

Hurricane made me a present of two seats in a ringside box.

"Who are you goin' to take with you, kid?" he asks.

"I don't know," I says thoughtfully, thinking how Jerry Murphy would like to see this fight with me. "Why—does it make any difference who my escort is?"

"No difference at all," says Hurricane grimly. "No difference at all—*as long as it ain't a man*. Because should you take a *man* with you, why, they will be a strange guy tryin' to kid his way past St. Peter the next mornin', that's all!"

So I took the hint and Hazel Killian, my girl friend.

Well, this brawl was lovely and brutal while it lasted, but then six minutes isn't very long. It took Hurricane Sherlock just two boisterous rounds to smite 12-Punch O'Bernstein "for a loop," as Hurricane put it, and a pleasant time was had by all—with the exception of Mons O'Bernstein and Hazel Killian. It was really a beastly evening for both of them! In the second round, Hurricane Sherlock broke his tête-à-tête's ankle with a punch on the jaw and Hazel fainted when Hurricane's nose persisted in bleeding all over everything as the net result of Mons O'Bernstein's earnest efforts before he was executed. Personally, I enjoyed my first prize fight thoroughly, which I hope isn't unladylike. But really, I got quite a thrill when Hurricane waved his glove to me as he left the ring amid the thundering cheers of the big crowd.

Anyhow, Hurricane Sherlock and I got much better acquainted after that evening and one day at lunch he told me the story of his life. I simply can't understand why every man I meet is unable to prevent himself from giving me his unsolicited biography about the third time we see each other, but nevertheless, they do. Honest, it makes me feel like a jury!

However, this day my usually cheerful cave man was all gloomed up. I asked him what was the matter, expecting a noncomittal reply, and then I was going to ask him something else. I never got a chance to ask him nothing else for the best part of an hour, as his answer to my first question took that long to pass a given point. I was the given point. Try and keep awake and I'll tell you what he told me.

It seems Hurricane had just returned from a voyage to his boyhood home, East Silo, N. Y., and the visit had practically ruined him. When he was a tot there he was the town joke and they all shoved him around till at the mellow age of sixteen he leaped a freight and left East Silo prostrate on its back. Hurricane's modest plans were to conquer the world and then come back and make East Silo like it.

Well, Hurricane made good! After various ups and downs he renounced the frivolous pleasures of the world and entered the prize ring. He didn't get the nickname "Hurricane" because he was timid, and the first thing you know he had hauled off and won the world's light-heavyweight championship. Hardly a day slips over the horizon that his name isn't in the newspapers, he takes in around a hundred thousand milureis a year, he has offers to fight in London at the National Sporting Club—where the Prince of Wales will shake his hand after he bounces some English heavyweight—and thousands turn out to cheer him every time he fights. In a word, Hurricane Sherlock has done his stuff and he *means* something!

So back he goes to East Silo, the old home town, figuring that the brass band, the mayor and a welcoming committee of important citizens would joyfully greet him at the station. He expected, and he had a right to expect, that a holiday would be declared, Main Street would be a mass of flags and bunting and speeches would flow like water.

No such thing! Nobody turned a hair when Hurricane Sherlock blew into town. They didn't give him a rumble. Boxing and boxers mean nothing to the natives of East Silo and the older citizens who remembered him told him he ought to be ashamed of himself going around hitting people and why don't he go to work? The village blacksmith stood out from under the spreading chestnut tree long enough to offer the thoroughly enraged Hurricane a job at twenty dollars a week and found. And Hurricane Sherlock is world's light-heavyweight champion. As they say on Tenth Avenue, fawncy that!

What Hurricane wants to do, he explains as the waiter brings on the nourishment, is to pull off some stunt that will make the citizenry of East Silo realize just what he means in the world of art and science. He craves to do something to show 'em that a world's champion boxer is of more importance in civilized communities where they read the newspapers than arms are important to a jockey. In other words, what can Hurricane Sherlock do to knock East Silo for a row of Patagonian milk cans?

While I am mulling over the above apple sauce, Hurricane fully cuts off the best part of the steak for himself and sadly remarks that what he has told me is only about half of his woes. I says to save the other half for our next conclave, and thus encouraged Hurricane goes right on with his funeral dirge.



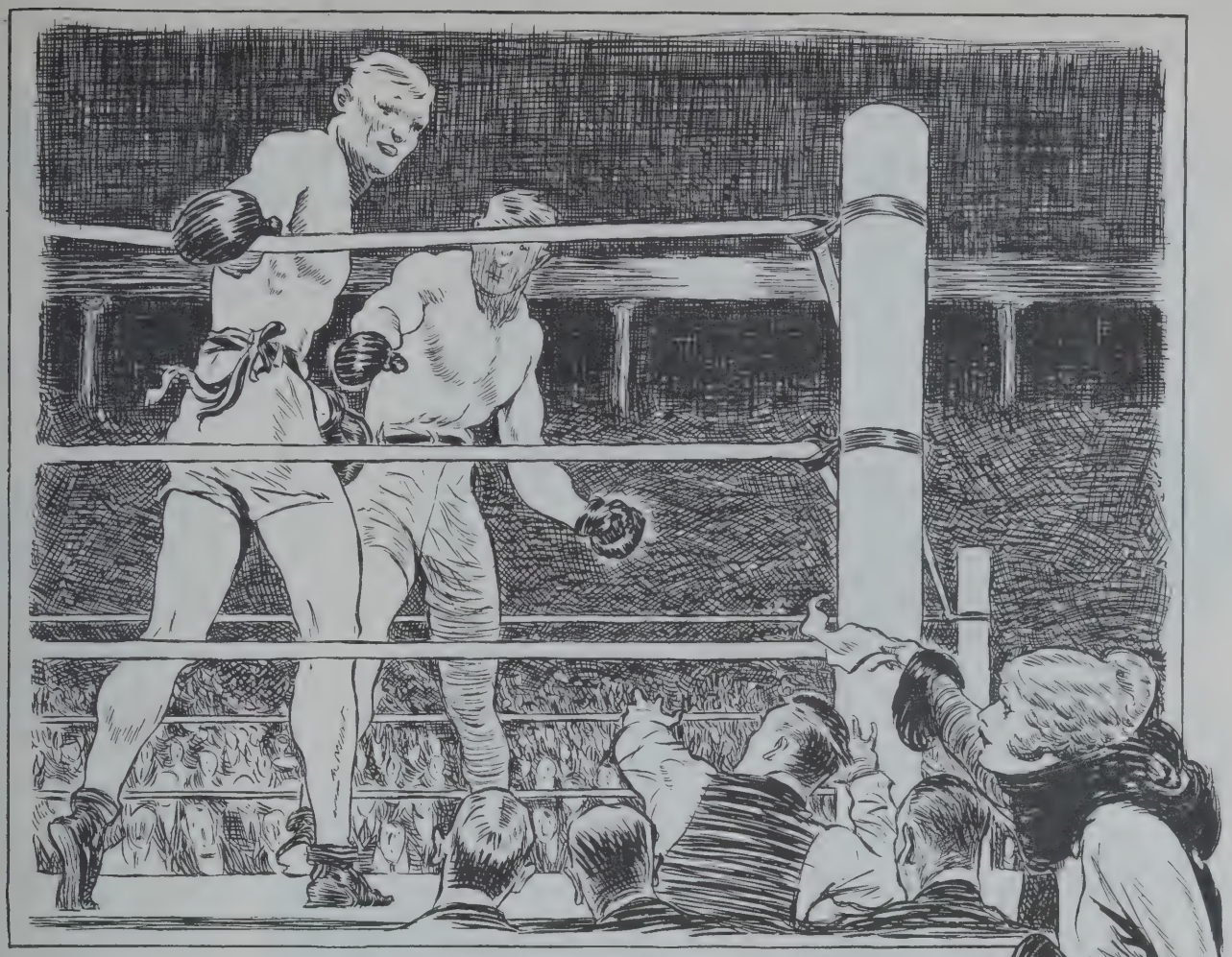
Hurricane murdered all competition.

It seems his own folks don't understand him either. When he first began to make important money, he tells me, delivering the last of the hash-browned potatoes to his own plate, he brought his people on to New York and set them up in a home in the Bronx which would make Nero's palace look like a deserted barn.

Hurricane dwells on this home as well as in it—he furnished me with the prices on everything connected with it from the furnace to the roofing. Considerable residence, as he describes it, and one a millionaire should be tickled to get his mail at, but still Hurricane's folks pick on him. Like the East Silo knockers, they think prize fighting is out of order and that Hurricane should go into business, now that he's got $4.75 for every wave in Tampa Bay. The way *they* look at it, he could buy a garage, or a chain of orangeade stands or start an opposition elevated railroad or something, but he most certainly should get out of the ring and become a solid businessman. Until he does, even his own folks are off him and he hasn't seen 'em for months, he wound up.

"Don't tell me any more, you'll have me crying my eyes out," I says, toying with a yawn. "Why unload all this on poor little me?"

Hurricane Sherlock gulps a couple of times and leans over the table.



Evidently *I* was who Hurricane was looking for. He turns to wave a careless glove to me.

"I'll tell you why I'm givin' you the lowdown on matters," he says, as serious as a fire in a powder mill. "I been catchin' your stuff at that telephone switchboard for weeks now, and believe me, kid, you're the buffalo's beard! The nifties you toss at them he-flappers which tries to make you, the wise cracks you pull day in and day out—well, all that sells me the idea that if anybody can help me, you're the baby. I'm just a big dumbbell which don't know nothin' at all except how to keep 'em from gettin' up off the canvas, but you pack more brains than they ever *seen* at Yale, get me? Won't you please be a pal and help me knock them yokels up in East Silo for a trip?"

Honest, I have to smile, he's so earnest. He seems to be hanging on my answer like it means life and liberty to him. My mind wanders back to Julius De Haven who asked me almost the same thing and who I boosted from the chorus to stardom. There's something pathetic about this big kid sitting opposite me now, who has money and fame and merely wants his home town to admit it. I'm no Miss Fix-it, but the idea of helping another member of the male sex solve a puzzle fascinates me. Maybe I'll hang out a sign after a while and go into the business of putting the boys over. But Hurricane's getting restless.

"Are you goin' to throw me down?" he asks anxiously, for all the world like an eight year old kid asking mamma for marble money.

"No," I says suddenly. "I'm not! I'll think this over and you drop into the St. Moe in a couple of days. I feel sure I'll have cooked up a scheme by that time which will make East Silo act like you're Harding the next time you enter the portals of the town!"

"You're immense!" says Hurricane. "Put me acrost in that slab and you can write your own ticket on what I'll do for *you!*"

So far Hurricane had kept in line whenever we were out together. What I mean is, he never even mentioned the preposition "love." That's a thing for which I was thankful. I sympathized with Hurricane and could take him as a friend—but that's all!

Well, when Hurricane Sherlock next appeared on the scene I was all set for him. I have given his case plenty of due consideration and I think I have the answer.

"Have they ever seen you fight in East Silo, Hurricane?" I ask him.

"No," says Hurricane. "Them hicks ain't saw a scuffle since the Civil War!"

"Great!" I says, and I'm really overjoyed, for now I know Hurricane's problem is childishly easy. In fact, it's no problem at all.

"Hurricane," I continue, "they have laughed you off in East Silo because they haven't got the proper angle on you. If they could only see you knock out an opponent and hear the frenzied cheers as you leave the ring, they'd go crazy over you and crazy over themselves for having turned out such a product as you in East Silo!"

Hurricane Sherlock looks pensive.

"That's a good thought, Cutey," he says finally. "But it's also a plain case of no can do. They don't allow boxin' in East Silo."

That slows me up for a minute—but only for a minute.

"Where do you fight next?" I ask him.

"Madison Square Garden, on the (*Continued on page 128*)

A New Mystery

The Lone Wolf

Illustrations by



Though Michael Lanyard is deeply in love with Eve, he tells her one evening that he can never ask her to marry him. He cannot ask her to share the precarious life of an ex-thief, whose reformation society will not take seriously, whom, indeed, society is only waiting to trap again in some real or fancied misdeed.

Eve impetuously denies this reasoning; and when Lanyard sees her home, she kisses him for the first time. Then he realizes that he must overcome all obstacles and make possible marriage with this woman he loves.

As he is walking home down Fifth Avenue, he unexpectedly comes upon Liane Delorme, whom he has not seen since his Paris thieving days. Liane, overjoyed, insists on his accompanying her to the Clique Club, a fast post-Prohibition drinking and gambling affair. She seems to know a mysterious lot about his new life and takes his reform lightly.

At the Club Lanyard is introduced to Morphew, Pagan, Mallison and the charming Mrs. McFee. He has seen Morphew often before, with instinctive foreboding; and this feeling is now justified when, left alone, Morphew bluntly proposes to Lanyard that the latter shall take to thieving again under his, Morphew's, protection.

Lanyard treats this proposal with contempt. Thereupon Morphew states that he will see to it that enough crimes are "planted" on Lanyard to send him to prison for life unless he comes to terms. As Lanyard in anger threatens to strike Morphew, the Club is raided by the police.

In the ensuing confusion and darkness (someone puts the lights out), Lanyard comes upon Folly, half hysterical, and promises to get her out. As they are going, suddenly appears Crane, New York detective and an old friend of Lanyard's. Crane pilots them through the police line and gets Lanyard's address.

Accompanying Folly home, Lanyard there warns her that Morphew's crowd is composed of bootleggers, blackmailers and thieves. As they talk, Liane and Pagan call.

Drinks are mixed by Pagan, who then launches into a long monologue, the gist of which is that he hears the Lone Wolf is in New York, at his old game; that he wonders whether this is not a case of ingrained habits of thievery subconsciously defeating

A Résumé of Parts One and Two:

THE action of the story takes place mainly in the New York of today and concerns:

MICHAEL LANYARD, THE LONE WOLF, *once prince of European jewel thieves, now a member of the British Secret Service on leave of absence in America.*

EVE DE MONTALAIS, *whom he loves as he has never loved before—a woman of beauty, of charm, of wealth.*

MORPHEW, *powerful New York bootlegger and director of criminals.*

PAGAN, *a satellite of Morphew's.*

MALLISON, *gentleman crook and member of Morphew's crew.*

LIANE DELORME, *demi-mondaine and one-time underworld acquaintance of the Lone Wolf.*

MRS. FOLLIOTT MCFEE, *who is piquant and inordinately rich, whose nickname is* FOLLY *and who lives up to it.*

Novel By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Returns

W. D. Stevens

a desire for reform; that such cases are well known in medical science. Lanyard is deeply angered by this subtle attack upon himself.

As he walks home, the conversation fills his mind. He also becomes aware of a strange and growing mental confusion; imagines himself wading through a sea of Folly's jewels; thinks how easy it would be to relieve his present poverty by taking them; and has a vivid delusion that he is strangling Pagan. At home, he falls on his bed in a stupor, half undressed.

He is awakened next morning with a splitting headache by Crane. The two are at a loss to account for his condition except by attributing it to the single drink of bootleg liquor mixed by Pagan at Folly's. Crane then tells the reason for his early call: Folly's jewels have been stolen. The detective hastens to exonerate Lanyard by saying that he had already searched the latter's clothing as he slept and had found nothing.

But after Crane leaves, Lanyard finds his shoes covered with mud like that in the excavation behind Folly's house; and in the tail pocket of his dress coat, which Crane had evidently overlooked, he comes on a packet. Opening it, he stands staring down at the stolen jewels of Folly McFee.



The Woman:
"What! You ain't my husband! Where is he?"

Part Three: CHAPTER VII

IN SEQUEL the life of Michael Lanyard knew some of its busiest moments; his modest lodgings became the stage of a scene of rare activity whose solitary actor figured as the restless axis of a whirlwind of garments. Then the air, clearing, disclosed the man clad decently for the street and stowing away in a safe pocket his most unwelcome treasure-trove.

Thus far he had gone about doing what he had to do in a measure automatically, as one will in times of extremity, putting off against an hour more opportune, when he might bring a clearer head to bear upon the business, too, the deliberate study which his troubles needed. Enough now to know the longer he delayed where he was, the more immediate his peril of suffering a second domiciliary visit by the police; who on this new occasion, beyond reasonable doubt, would be represented by agents less kindly biased than Crane, more skeptical and thoroughgoing in the matter of searching for Folly McFee's emeralds. It remained for Lanyard to prove appreciation of this fleeting smile of fortune by turning to good account the slender chance it granted to work out his salvation in his own time and way.

One detail he dared not slight, though it cost minutes each more precious than the last: he left behind him shoes and trousers from which every lingering suspicion of mud had been erased.

Some two hours later, after a tedious tale of twists and turns in the labyrinth of New York's several transportation systems, he left a train at the Mount Vernon terminal of the elevated extension and addressed himself to the tramp back to New York.

The sky was bright, the Indian Summer sunlight kind, the air inspiriting. By the time Lanyard had stretched his legs over a mile or two of by-roads—chosen for the long and lonely perspectives which enabled him to make sure he traveled with no other shadow than his own—he began to feel once more competent to ponder his fix and plot a way out.

No easy task; the problem posed by the fact that he had somehow, at some time in the course of the preceding night, unwittingly come into possession of stolen property, seemed open to solution only on one of two hypotheses, antagonistic, and neither at a glance more likely than the other. Failing his ability to turn up proof that another hand had rifled Folly McFee's safe and secreted its loot in his coat while he slept, Lanyard would have to become reconciled to the belief that he himself had stolen the jewels while in a phase of submerged

consciousness. Distasteful as was the bare suggestion, and human though the temptation was to adopt the more grateful theory and guide himself thereby, he still could not but falter; the other was all too possibly the true explanation.

One thing at least he might take for granted, that the drink Pagan had brought him was drugged. But here again the lane of likelihood developed a confounding fork—who could say whether the drug had been added to the drink by Pagan, or whether the whisky itself had been one of those deadly "synthetic" concoctions with which that bastard offspring of Prohibition, the bootlegging industry, had flooded the land?

If it were the whisky that Lanyard had to blame, Pagan, too, and Folly McFee and Liane Delorme must have suffered as severely, Liane even more, since she had made away with two drinks to Lanyard's one . . . A simple matter to find out the truth, given the woman's address. But she had neglected to say where she was stopping, and other than those whom under the circumstances he would hardly care to consult, Lanyard could think of nobody who would be likely to know . . .

And even though investigation might prove that nobody else had been so punished, and thus satisfy Lanyard that his drink alone had maliciously been doctored, such knowledge would not necessarily lead him nearer to the facts of the robbery. Comfortable though it was to impute to Pagan the mischief with the whisky, and assume that its object had been to throw Lanyard into coma and thus render it feasible to enter his rooms without his knowledge, smear yellow mud on his clothing and plant the plunder in his pocket, still it remained possible that the arch-intelligence which had decreed the administration of the drug, whether Morphew's or another's, had reckoned with even more diabolical cunning upon its breaking down those inhibitions which honor and faith and a good intent had imposed upon a nature perhaps—and for all Lanyard could assert to the contrary—irreclaimably a thief's.

Hashish was reputed to work like that, to act upon its victims precisely as an acid eats away lacquer, stripping off layer by layer the most stubborn crust of honor and habit ever indurated by conscience and civilized conventions, baring at last the primitive beast that lurks in every man.

No matter; though the identity of the thief must be a riddle still, to learn the truth about the whisky would resolve the primary doubts that were harassing Lanyard and leave him better advised concerning what further steps would be required to clear up the mystery altogether. The one thing now distinctly indicated was the need for action prompt, direct and drastic.

Lanyard had not forgotten that appointment for the following afternoon which he must be able to keep with a clear mind and a clean heart, unapprehensive of any sort of interference.

He began to foresee a program for the intervening night tolerably long and arduous. He had to hit upon some way to disembarrass himself of the emeralds that would clear him of all suspicion of ever having had anything to do with them. He had to acquit or convict Pagan of tampering with his drink—and in the event of the conviction which he anticipated with entire confidence, to invent and enforce some means of persuading Pagan and his lot that Michael Lanyard was a good man to let alone.

Now dusk was closing down upon the world in shade on shade of lilac, violet and blue, through which, moment by moment, the lights of the outlying city were blowing their blossoms of silver and gold. Directly ahead of Lanyard the electric sign of a roadhouse exploded its soundless salvo against the sky; and thus reminded that he needed food, who had so much to do ere dawn, he entered the place and dined with a frugality considerate of digestive powers sadly out of kilter.

Then in the dark of the young night he resumed his walk, and between nine and half-past might have been—only that he took precious good care not to be—seen at pause on the Lexington avenue corner of the block in which Folly McFee dwelt, quietly reconnoitering the approach to her residence.

The house stood on the north side of the street, nearer Lexington Avenue than Park, and, with windows diffusing a dim glow through discreet draperies, presented to the beholder the demure face that suited an establishment whose youthful chatelaine sported a sobriquet so apt and so alluring.

Observers less interested than Lanyard was then have been known to comment feelingly upon the impish trick houses frequently practice of keeping their own counsel. The shrewdest reader of façades would have gathered nothing informative from the aspect worn that night by the dwelling of Folly McFee, no clue as to whether its pretty resident were at home, or, if so, alone . . .

Lanyard hazarded a saunter past on the sidewalk opposite. Under more direct scrutiny the house remained as little communicative; the only profit he had of the maneuver was the assurance that nobody was skulking in any of the areaways over across from it, on the watch for the likes of himself. But then there was no conceivable reason why anybody should be; not even his most impassioned ill-wisher, much less an unimaginative police force, could have been expected to divine that any attraction could possibly draw this putative criminal back to haunt the scene of his alleged crime.

Nevertheless, Lanyard on gaining the Park Avenue corner merely crossed the street and continued his stroll through the next to the north, passing on the way the gaping foundation pit observed the night before from the windows of Folly's study, a survey of which from this new angle confirmed his belief that the thief need not have found it difficult to make his way into the back yard and swarm up to the roof of the extension. On the other hand, this aspect of the premises afforded Lanyard no least twinge of guilty reminiscence. Another circumstance that proved nothing; if his personal acquaintance with downright drunkenness was limited, he knew too well that it was quite possible for one to drink oneself into a state of alcoholic insanity and retain, on coming out of it, no memory of one's actions while in that condition.

Circumnavigation of the block having brought him again into the street upon which the McFee residence faced, but this time on its northern sidewalk, Lanyard's pace slackened; and idlest insouciance masked the surge of acute interest in him when, at twenty paces' distance, he saw the iron gate to its service entrance swing open and a maid emerge and make briskly off toward Park Avenue—a tidy figure in black dress, white apron and cap, taking letters to post at the corner letter box in time for the last collection.

Another freak of friendly fortune, or one of ill-favored fate? The thing was too confoundedly well timed, the invitation of that unguarded entrance too tempting. Indeed, when it occurred to Lanyard that his action might have been a thought precipitate, it was too late to turn back; he had already slipped into the service hallway and restored the door to the position, half on the latch, in which the woman had left it. To change his mind now and retreat would be to court her attention, who would already be on her way back from the corner . . .

The hallway was long, narrow, dimly lighted. At its far end a stairway led down to kitchen offices. Midway, a swing door communicated with the main body of the house. Through this Lanyard had no choice but to dart, reckless of what might await him on its far side; to linger where he was, meant immediate discovery . . . and the emeralds on his person!

The swing door gave upon a butler's pantry, at the moment empty. Another opened into the dining room, a third to the main hallway of the ground floor. Stacks of dishes in the pantry sink, no less than the clash of cheerful voices in the room adjoining, with Folly's rippling laughter clearly recognizable, told of a dinner party still in progress. The other living rooms, then, ought to be untenanted. The butler due to pop back from the dining room at any instant, Lanyard passed on to the entrance hall, and experienced a relief on finding it deserted that betrayed an old hand sorely out of practice; the day had been when he could have taken far more desperate chances without a tremor.

Even so, he wasted no gestures. To go the way he meant to go, he had the dining room door to pass, the risk to run of being seen. He edged to a point whence Folly's back was visible, with the door to the pantry beyond. Through this last the butler, a decent, plodding, British body, was taking his departure and an emptied decanter. Lanyard waited a minute, then coolly ran—or, rather, stumped—the gantlet of the open door, trusting to pass as the butler with some business in the front of the house. To the best of his observation his audacity served; the dinner party seemed to be finding itself much too amusing to have attention to spare for matters of domestic routine. But one swift glance askance noted that Folly was entertaining only Pagan, Liane Delorme and Mallison.

So much for Lanyard's solemn lecture on the dangers of questionable associations!

But could one fairly have expected anything better, when Folly had been given, subsequently, every reason to believe that she had entertained in that overnight moralist a felon unawares? This, presumably, was her way of consoling herself for having been so shamefully taken in: as gay a *partie carrée* as heart could wish, figuratively making merry on the very coffin lid of Folly's most recent bereavement . . .



Folly was fighting Mallison wildly but impotently. Neither one saw Lanyard.

Fragments were all Lanyard could garner of the talk, who had o time at all to spare, but what little he did overhear was ıstructive. Folly, he learned, was firmly declining to be down-earted; the police had given her every assurance that she ould be wearing her emeralds again within a few days at most. Ieantime she knew no lack of objects of bedizenment; the hief in his haste had overlooked a secret cache of treasure in the afe he had used so cavalierly, she had still the McFee pearls nd diamonds to don for protection against inclement elements; ı witness whereto, she was wearing them now. Challenged y Pagan to state what steps, if any, she had taken to safeguard hese against the chance that the marauder might return to cancel his oversight, Folly laughed the notion to scorn, but admitted that she meant to have the combination of the safe changed as soon as she could remember to phone its maker . . .

Communications all pitched in a key of the lightest banter. Folly, for example, was pleased to recount the antics of her maiden aunt when it dawned upon her that she had actually slept all through the visit of a burglar; the good woman had forthwith gone into hysterics and had come out of them only to pack herself off—at Folly's expense—to Atlantic City, professing the slender hope that a vacation from this theater of crime would mend a shattered nervous system. In view of which Folly was disposed to hold the loss of her emeralds a not unmixed affliction.

And when Pagan suggested that it might be good business for Folly to put a professional house breaker on her weekly payroll, Liane applauded his wit with a deep-chested laugh . . .

No more need to wonder how this last had fared after her two drinks of the liquor, a single dose of which had been enough to put Lanyard *hors de combat.* True, Liane might have been innocent of what was intended. But it wasn't easy to give her the benefit of the doubt.

As for Pagan, the penciled question mark against his name was replaced by a cross in indelible ink.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM a point close by the street door rose a flight of stairs which, taken in one swift and silent rush, introduced Lanyard to a floor by every indication devoted wholly to the most intimate uses of Folly. There were two major rooms, a bedchamber at the back of the house and a boudoir overlooking the street, linked by a short hall on which opened a bathroom and capacious clothespresses, all furnished with an extravagance that bespoke means ample to gratify the wildest whim of even a modern young woman. Folly's wardrobe alone would have given a dozen exacting women of fashion a choice of changes for every hour of the day and have left the first owner still ridiculously overstocked. And Lanyard, taking cursory yet comprehensive note of the endless detail of luxury which went to make up the Sybaritic ensemble of the rooms, told himself it would be unreasonable to expect their tenant not to fancy herself much more than merely a little.

His first survey, however, was an abbreviated one. He had gained little more than a bare grasp of the general arrangement when a light patter on the stairs drove him to cover in a retreat whose choice had been his first care—a clothespress stored with apparel for day wear exclusively, therefore the least likely to be used by night, and furthermore so situate that its door, left—as Lanyard found it—half an inch ajar, afforded a direct and wide-angled vista of the boudoir, and also, indirectly, by grace of a long mirror in the latter, a more fragmentary view of the bedchamber.

To his taste almost too cozily snuggled into a smother of garments whose subtle fragrance was most demoralizing, he lurked for many minutes, spying—as the mirror permitted—on the maid whom he had first seen in the street and whose present duty, it appeared, was to turn down the bedclothes and otherwise make the bedchamber ready to receive its mistress.

The quick, competent creature went about her work deftly and with a step so light that even ears trained to abnormal acuteness found it not entirely easy to keep track of her movements; so that, when she made an end and took herself off, the man in hiding wasted several minutes waiting to make sure that he had the floor all to himself again.

Emerging at length, however, he wasted no more, but turned directly to his objective of most immediate interest, that is to say to the safe which had provided the wits of last night's marauder with a test so trifling. And, Lanyard reflected, having inspected the thing, no wonder! When, he asked impatiently, would man learn anything from experience and cease



to put his trust and his treasures in repositories of such pregnable construction? A pretty, dainty thing, neatly fitted into the base of a period secretary, its door masked by a hinged frame wrought to resemble a tier of drawers, its "combination lock"—God save the mark!—capable of offering about as much resistance to trained talents as that of a child's bank . . .

Lanyard was proving all this to his own satisfaction, and indeed had already solved the combination by bending an ear to the fall of its tumblers, when the telephone rang.



Mallison made a dash for the door and found himself helpless in the grasp of Crane and the policeman.

The sharp trill of the bell sounded in the study downstairs; the extension instrument on the little desk in the boudoir gave only a muffled click.

Lanyard used a silk handkerchief on the face of the safe to smudge out fingerprints, closed the false front and moved lightly out into the hall, arriving at the rail round the stairway at the moment when the vocational singsong of the butler broke upon the conversation of Folly and her friends.

"Beg pardon, but Mr. Mallison is being wanted on the telephone."

With neither delay nor compunction Lanyard turned back to the boudoir extension and had its receiver at his ear when Mallison arrived in the study and breathed a melodious "Hello?" to the waiting wire. But when a strange voice answered him, feminine at that, the eavesdropper was taken with a twinge of mixed chagrin and distaste, who had hoped for something worse than this and more illuminating, who had hastily set his heart on gaining instruction from Morphew's pompously measured rumble, and who, finally, knew no delight at all in the prospect of prying upon some trivial affair of sentiment such as was promised by the cloying affection of this strange woman's salutation: "Is that you, Mally darling?"

Only the striking ambiguity of the reply she got helped Lanyard to overcome an impulse to hang up forthwith.

"Yes," Mallison pronounced too clearly, too loudly, and in a manner of cold inquiry that carried no conviction whatever, "this is Mr. Mallison speaking. Who wants him?"

"Clever old sweetie!" the unknown applauded with a confidential laugh. "I do hope she can hear you; but I suppose she isn't in the same room if you have to shout like that. Better soft-pedal it a bit, dear, or the little lady may get leary."

To this Mallison replied, again remarkably as to sense, and in accents of unmistakably mortified amazement: "Oh, for heaven's sake! you don't mean to say it's tonight? I don't see how I could possibly have let anything so important slip my mind . . ."

No less remarkably the woman pursued: "It's all right, then, dearie? I mean, everything is all set for the big bust?"

"Why, of course!" Mallison intoned distinctly, with a dying echo of the emotion which had colored his preceding response. "Of course I'll be there. But I shall have to go down on my knees and beg Mrs. McFee to forgive me—and I really can't quite forgive myself for being so forgetful."

"Gosh!" the other breathed in awed admiration, "got to hand it to you, kid, you stall so pretty. Well, our friend—*you* know—is getting impatient, so it's up to you to shake a leg. How soon shall I say you'll be ready?"

"Oh, but really! I'm afraid I can hardly make it under half an hour."

"Sure that'll be long enough?" Surprising solicitude seemed to shade the strange voice. "You know, dearie, we wouldn't for worlds crash in too soon, I mean before you get a good chance to do your very best dirty work. 'Cause the blacker the looks of it, the better the pay—and the surer."

"Oh, quite!" Mallison cheerily agreed. "But half an hour will do me famously."

"Good enough." A sly chuckle accompanied this commendation. "You're one little fast worker, all right, darling; I only wanted you to take all the time you need to turn out an artistic job. All right, then; I'll set the alarm for thirty minutes from



Lanyard
put every ounce of his weight and all his ill will to the other's jaw and Mallison crashed back across the table.

now—the zero hour! And mind you take good care of yourself, dearie. Ta-ta."

With elegance indisputable Mallison returned a musical "Au revoir."

Lanyard waited for the other receiver to refind its hook, then hung up in turn and took his seething mystification back to the head of the stairs, whence he could overhear the apologies Mallison was offering below.

"Do be charitable, Folly, and make allowances for my weak mind. I simply cannot understand how I could have been so great an idiot as to forget I'd promised Mary Ashe—Mrs. Stuyvesant Ashe, you know—I'd join a party she's made up for the Rendezvous tonight——"

"O Mally!" Mrs. McFee lamented. "How perfectly stupid!"

"I know—isn't it? But I promised over a week ago. And anyway, it's partly your fault, getting up this little dinner to celebrate your robbery and making me forget everything else I had on for tonight . . . Now please don't budge—and I don't need Soames to put me out, either. I know where I left my hat and coat and how to open and shut a front door all by myself."

"You can take my car, Mally, if you'll send it right back," Pagan put in generously. "Liane and I have got to hop along, too, in a brace of shakes. That is, you're welcome to it if you find it waiting. I told Ben to be back around ten."

"Thanks, old soul; but I'll have no trouble in picking up a taxi over on Park Avenue. Besides, it isn't nearly ten yet."

Pronouncing gracious but hurried good nights all round, Mallison was heard to pass through the entrance hall, in a more guarded and intimate tone, and a decidedly tender one, remonstrating with his hostess because she had insisted on accompanying him to the door.

"Consider the looks of it, Folly; Liane and Peter will think you've fallen for me at last."

"No fear," Folly returned with uncomplimentary composure. "They know better."

"Besides, anyone would think you didn't trust me . . ."

This rang a note so false as to cause the eyebrows of the secret audience to lift and knit in puzzlement. But Folly's frame of mind was too completely and openly petulant to permit of her being wary and discriminative as well.

"Trust you!" she mocked lightly. "I'd like to know why I should, the way you carry on with women . . . Oh! I'm not in the least taken in by this tale about Mrs. Stuyvesant Ashe, you know; I believe that's just bunk to cover up a heavy date with some other misguided female."

"How perfectly flattering!"

"You wouldn't think so if you knew my opinion of the kind of women that fall for you, Mally."

The two moved into Lanyard's field of vision and paused by the door, Mallison buttoning himself into his topcoat and leering down at Folly with a doggish air, the woman maintaining for his benefit a pout that was less than half put on.

"As if you'd care a snap if I really were deceiving you!"



"You couldn't." Folly tossed her head. "I'm not quite impleton enough to believe you mean anything you say to a voman, to any pretty woman, it doesn't matter who——"

"Now you *are* flattering me and no mistake!" Mallison lapped on his topper, gave its crown an artful pat that djusted it at the most killing angle, and managed a still ıore maddening smirk of complacence. "Believe you do care," e drawled . . .

"I care about having my party spoiled this way. Now Peter nd Liane are going to run, too, and leave me all lonely and ɔrn."

Mallison laid hold of the knob and opened the door, but put is back to the edge of it and rested so, unaffectedly loath to ɔrego the flirtation at its piquant stage of the present. His smile grew momentarily more personal and meaning; but some of its assurance might have been make-believe, considering the nervousness he betrayed in Lanyard's sight—though not in Folly's since she couldn't see them—by keeping his hands behind him and fiddling with the door knob. An impudent nod designated the two who had been left in the dining room.

"I'll come back if you like . . . after they've blown . . ."

"Mally!" Folly drew back, flushing. "Don't be a silly fool, don't say things like that to make me angry. I oughtn't to overlook——"

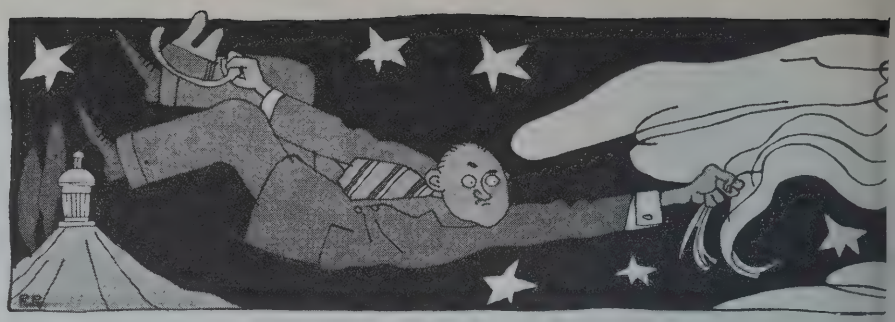
Of a sudden Mallison stood away from the door, permitting it to shut itself gently, and caught the woman in his arms. "I mean it," he breathed ardently to Folly's hair, holding her fast in spite of a notable absence of effort to escape. "I'm mad about you, Folly, simply mad about you—and you know it, you wild, sweet witch!"

"I know you're mad now," the witch replied neither wildly nor sweetly. "I may have suspected it before, but this proves it. Please let me go."

"Not a chance!" Mallison laughed confidently. "I've got you now where I've been wanting you, God knows how long! Folly dear—I'm simply desperate with love of you. Only say the word—I'll tell Mrs. Ashe where she can go and be back here inside half an hour, or as soon as I'm sure Peter and Liane have left. Folly! be kind to me——"

"Mally!" The cry was keyed low yet tense with indignation. A sudden squirm broke his embrace. Folly stood back, fending the man off with a firm hand. "Don't do that again, I won't have it . . . How dare you say, or even suggest, such things to me. You know I don't care the (*Continued on page 106*)

By BERTON BRALEY



A Declaration

COMES now Mr. William J. Hicks to the bar;
A college-bred chap and a Regular Guy,
And one of those millions of people who are
Not fitted with brows that are dizzily high
Nor painfully low; just the usual sort
Of normal American, given to sport,



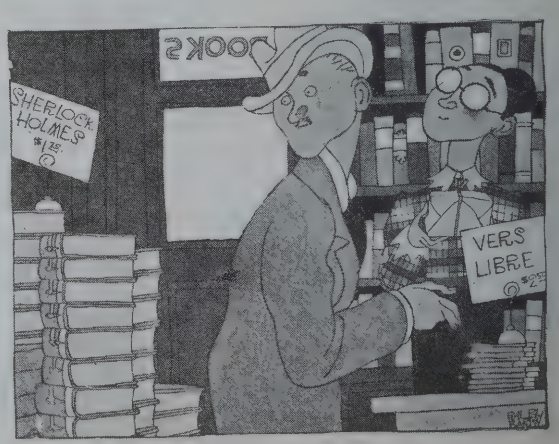
To love of his family, zest in his health,
A pride in the business that gives him employment,
A hope of acquiring some moderate wealth,
A liking for books and a sense of enjoyment
In plays and in music. Thus briefly we fix
The cultural status of William J. Hicks.

Comes, then, Mr. William J. Hicks, as before,
And facing the dais of Public Opinion
Deposes and says:
For a decade or more
I've lived as a sadly highbrow-beaten minion.
I'm one of a throng
That has cringed, right along,
Before the stern council of critics Olympian,
Who told me whatever I fancied was wrong;
And being, perhaps, just a little bit skimpy in
My classical knowledge
Since I was in college,
I've felt like a creature debased, ineffectual,
Who faces ukases of gods intellectual!
And so I have bowed
To dogmas avowed
By Mencken and Nathan and all of that crowd.
I've let Burton Rascoe convince me that I'm
A mental amœba still squirming in slime,
When I didn't fall for some novelist bird of
Great fame in a country I never had heard of.

I've taken the Nation, the Freeman, the Dial,
I've let some superior, self-assured cub lick
My mind into thinking my taste must be vile
Which didn't agree with the gay New Republic.
When Wilson and Bishop with didactic air
Wrote Jovian dicta for Vanity Fair,
So clever and cynical
High on their pinnacle
They have appeared, that I've felt I would score on
Test psychologic as scarcely a moron!

Whenever I went to a concert or play
I'd carefully read what the critics would say
Before I would venture
To praise or to censure;
And when their opinions and mine didn't jibe
I'd think, "They belong to an erudite tribe;
They know—and I don't—
And therefore I won't
Reveal to the world what an ignorant gink
I'm proving myself—so I'll say what *they* think!"

I'm fond of good pictures—or pictures that strike
My eyes with a touch or a color I like;
But always I learned
That what I called art
By critics was spurned
As "tricky," or "smart,"
Or "too photographic," or "too sentimental,"
Or "too oriental," or "too occidental";
Until I despaired
And humbly declared





Illustrations by
Ralph Barton

of INDEPENDENCE

"Before I shall speak of a picture that pleases
I'll see how it's treated by Royal Cortissoz."

And thus under fear of the critical lash,
I dared not confess that I favored such trash
As popular fiction or popular plays;
And, seeking "true culture," I spent many days
In ploughing through books that were Finnish, Roumanian,
Czecho-Slovakian, Dutch and Ukrainian;
Fiction as gay as a Cancer Week circular,
Featuring heroines drab and tubercular.
Till, ere these cheerful romances I threw aside,
All of my dreams were of murder and suicide.

Then I tried poetry, only to find
What I enjoyed wasn't near the right kind;
Verse that had meter
And rhythm and swing,
Making life sweeter—
That wasn't the thing!
No, I must read Amy Lowell, and frown,
Figuring whether to read up or down.
Or I must scan
Verse on this plan:
"Kiftan of Bifftan! Boozy, fat, fat,
Who's this? The Hoozis! Blind, bulky bat,
Howl, owl and prowl!"
I am telling you, that
Poem, though utterly incomprehensible
Is, in all verity, simple and sensible
When it's compared to some modernist luny verse
Which, so the critics say, shakes the whole universe.

I couldn't get it or make the stuff out,
So I concluded I must be a lout,
A terrible lowbrow, an ivory knob,
A member, in brief, of the greatly scorned "mob."
That wasn't the worst of my cultural slavery;



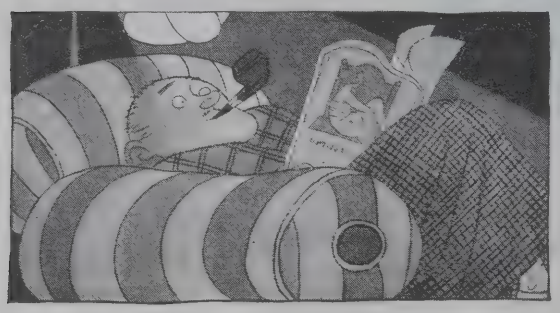
The "small group of serious thinkers," I found,
Regarded all games as a species of knavery;
Their pleasure consisted in sitting around
To talk of the various
Movements in art,
Or make multifarious
Efforts to chart



Trends astronomical
Sociological,
Themes anatomical
Aims pedagogical,
Freudian theories deep and complex,
Einstein, Debussy, Jung, Bergson and Sex,
Egyptian tombs of the dynastic period,
And other such subjects and things by the myriad.
And if one grew weary and said "Let's play bridge!"
They'd make you feel small as a flea or a midge
By saying, as if you were guilty of shame,
"Er—no, I'm afraid I don't care for the game;
It seems like a crime
To waste so much time,
In bridge, pool or poker, for money or chalk,
When one could spend all of those moments in *talk!*"

And so they would chatter of "things of the mind,"
And if they discovered that you were inclined
To talk now and then about automobiles,
Or baseball or football or table d'hôte meals,
Or servants, or "sealing wax, shipping or soap,"
They'd say that your brain was quite narrow in scope,

That you were a bourgeois, a dullard, a Babbitt;
And maybe it's true—but *they* also inhabit
A world that is narrow, and there they abide,
Expressing contempt for whatever's outside!



II

AND when, on a sudden, I realized this,
I said, "Let the Intelligentsia hiss!
I've cringed at their scorn for a number of years
But now I've rebelled, and to me it appears
That one can like Brahms, and be tickled at jazz;
Be thrilled by a Rembrandt, yet chuckle at Tad;
Like Whitman and Yeats without giving the razz
To popular minstrels whose verses are glad;
Prefer native art to the art that's exotic,
Be—well, sentimental and quite patriotic;
In brief, own a healthy and normal psychology
Without any shame or the slightest apology."

And so I broke free of each cultural trammel;
I said to myself: I've been meek long enough,
A fig for these logothete pundits who damn all
My natural tastes as "impossible stuff":
I'm sick of these highbrows
With uplifted eyebrows
Who, lacking the taste and the liking for play,
Have made quite a virtue of being that way.
I'm fond of romances and plays that are blithe,
The scorn of the critics shall not make me writhe,
The novels that harrow
Me down to the marrow
I'll read if I want to, but not by compulsion—
From dicta of critics I've had a revulsion.
They sneer at George Lorimer's Saturday Post
And think it's a proof of their learning to boast
They never have read it.
That's not to their credit,
For the Post gives its readers (a number gigantic)
More literature than the ancient Atlantic.
Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett—say, where are they seen?
The Nation, the Dial? Go on, quitcher kiddin',
You find them appearing in Hearst's Magazine,
Such writers as these are don't want their stuff hidden
In small publications too fine for the mob
But built for the smart intellectual snob.
No longer I'll hide
My liking for stuff that the critics deride,
I'll cheerfully wager the cash in my wallet on
Finding more art in McClure's, Cosmopolitan,
Collier's, Adventure, Pictorial Review,
Than shows in the magazines made "for the few,"
The organs designed for the self-chosen art set,
Who bow down to Mencken, tin god of the Smart Set.
Herewith I declare with a spirit unawed
That Art is a country both ample and broad,
With room for reality, room for romance,
For humor and satire; thus giving a chance
To Shaw and to Tarkington, Louis J. Vance,
Ring Lardner, Bugs Baer, Henrik Ibsen,
George Ade,
And all first class artists who work at their trade.

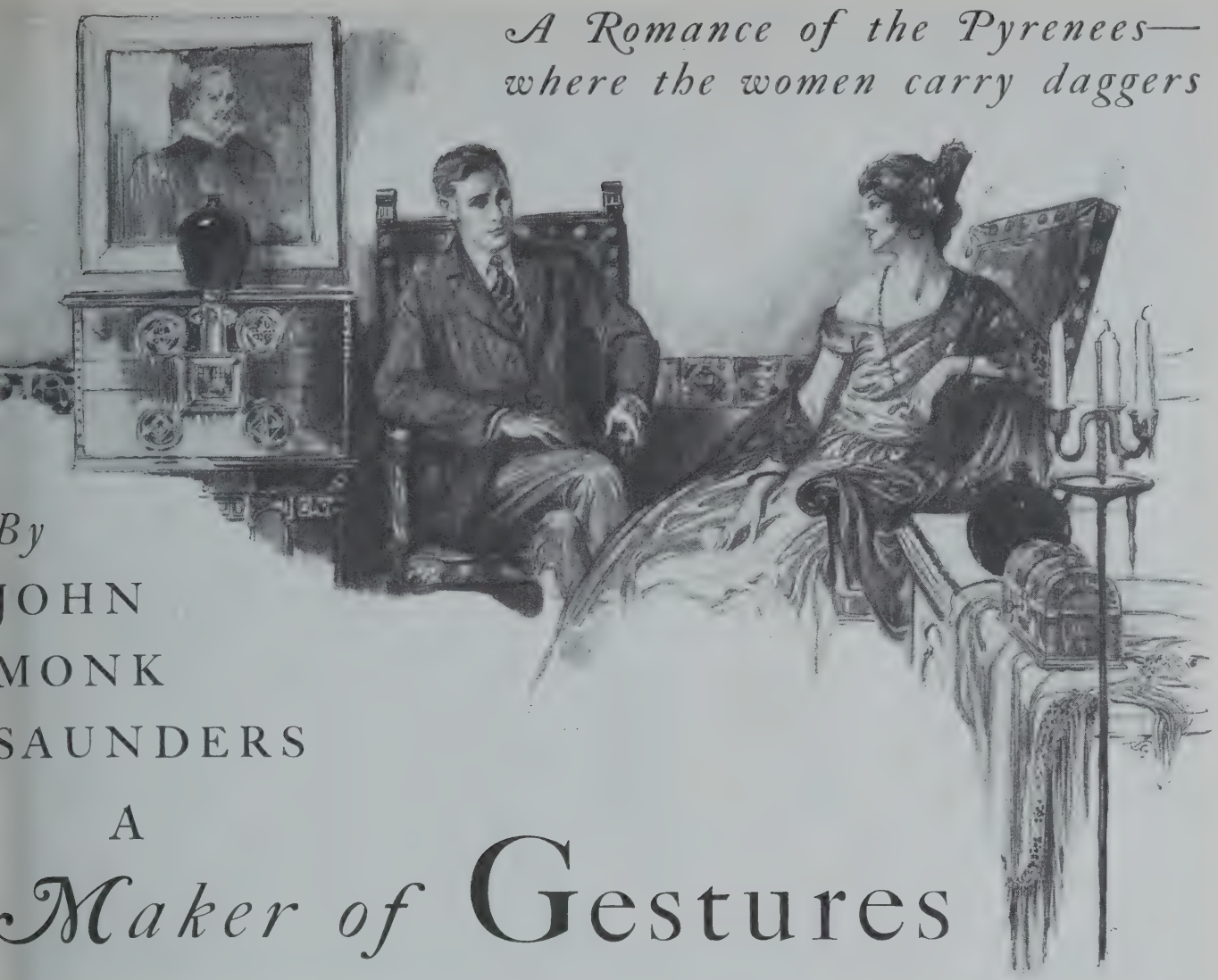
I also aver, say, asseverate, claim,
Announce and assert with no vestige of shame,
That one can conceivably like Julia Sanderson
Or Doctor Frank Crane and dislike Sherwood Anderson,
And still be entitled to stoutly defy a
Vicious indictment as social pariah.

I, William J. Hicks, being native and white,
Herewith do declare myself finally freed
From critical serfdom, which once put a blight
On most of my pleasures. Hereafter I'll read
Whatever I like and admit that I like it;
In pictures and music and things histrionic
I'll joy in what *I* think is art, when I strike it,
Nor ever be frightened by highly sardonic
And brilliant young Critics who sling a mean line—
Which doesn't prove their taste is better than mine.

I've laughed and I've loved and I've struggled and fought
I'm not wholly lacking the power of thought,
And, that being so,
If I get a glow
Of joy out of things that are highbrow or low,
I feel that I'm fully as sure to be right
As people who sneer with an air erudite
At minds that are "Puritan, crass, mid-Victorian!"
I'm getting so these are the terms that I glory in.
I'm one of the mob? Of the unthinking herd?
All right, so I am! But—one brief little word
Before I am done:
Life is short, Art is long,
And sooner or later the commonplace throng
Decides what shall perish in Art, what shall last,
When all supercilious critics have passed!



A Romance of the Pyrenees—where the women carry daggers



By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

A *Maker of* Gestures

Illustrations by John Richard Flanagan

IT WAS Monday and market day when Trench Gaylord arrived at Tardets, a mountain town high on the slopes of the Pyrenees. He stepped from the train into a brilliant pattern of color and life, into a triangular square surrounded by arcaded, steep-roofed houses of buff and mauve, filled with tiny temporary shops under cream and white and red awnings. Pots and jugs, earthenware of chrome yellows and browns, were set about on spreads of green canvas. Yawning baskets of Spanish weave overflowed with oranges and lemons; figs and raisins and dates lay in heaps upon woven trays. Panniers held pyramids of eggs and goats' milk cheeses. Mules stood at their carts under the deep arcades, the carts ranged wheel to wheel.

Gaylord paused, enchanted, to study the crowd thronging the market place. Here were the Basque people. The young men were undeniably handsome, in an unconsciously arrogant way, with fine foreheads, long straight noses and well shaped heads. They were compact of body and clean of limb. The short black jackets which they wore, the velveteen trousers, the clean white cotton shirts open at the throat, the scarlet sashes folded tightly around the hips gave them an air of grace and dash. The women were dressed in black; some had handkerchiefs twisted about their hair, some wore gold chains and lace mantillas.

In his room at the Hôtel des Pyrenees later, Gaylord was looking out across the river and marveling—at himself, for he had changed the ways and scene of his existence with the suddenness of fancy. The quaint voice of his tutor speaking in precise accents a week ago at Oxford echoed across his mind.

"As a writer you are supremely gifted, you have a fine ear for rhythm and quantity, you have imagination and an instinct for the color word . . . and you will never write anything of genuine merit."

There had been a polite pause.

"As to your ability," the tutor had pursued, "there is little doubt; as to your indolence there is no doubt."

"Ho-hum," Gaylord had sighed.

"My advice is that you forsake your habits and your friends, take yourself off to some far retreat for the summer vacation and turn out a creditable piece of writing. Write a poem for the Newdigate Prize. I suggest the Basque Provinces in the Pyrenees."

Gaylord's mind traveled back to the scene which had followed. He was in his rooms announcing the proposed pilgrimage to his coterie of satellites, a devoted group to whom he was an idol and an enigma. They envied him his brilliance, admired him for his good looks, worshiped him for his diffidence and allowed his superiority. They all knew of his affairs, inevitable wherever he went. Fragments of the ensuing conversation recurred to Gaylord.

"The Basque women are strangely and vividly beautiful."

"They have black hair and gray eyes."

In Gaylord's eyes a phantom flame had awakened.

Gregory had seen it, and said, "That's the last place on earth for you to go, Gaylord. Beware the mountain maids when you romance! If you go off by yourself among the Basques you won't come back." And they had wagered on it.

It wasn't the challenge of his tutor or the fatalism in Gregory's voice, or the restive genius within him which brought Gaylord to a strange land and an inscrutable people—it was the fascination of beauty.

His tutor would conclude that he had at last decided to make an intellectual effort. The satellites knew it for another whirl at adventure. At any rate it was a gesture, this hegira. He would be back at Oxford in the fall, he told himself.

In the late afternoon he left the hotel, walked through the town and started off on one of the roads leading into the hills. He found himself standing in the roadway staring at a great house set between two pretty white cottages. It was three stories high and had five windows across the front, facing the roadway. The shutters, the balcony and the wide eaves of the roof were painted a hedge-sparrow blue. A vine trailed in

vagrant pattern above the lower windows. The doorway was high and arched and was surmounted by a stone tablet upon which symbols were engraved. A gate led from the roadway through the wall into a grassed forecourt.

Gaylord walked rapidly back through the village to the hotel and got into conversation with the keeper. The great house up the roadway? Yes, he knew it well, everyone knew it. The home of old Hurja, a wealthy grower of grapes. Lived there with his wife and daughter; and the hotel keeper gave Gaylord a quizzical look, not unnoticed by Gaylord. Would it be possible to lodge there during the summer? The keeper couldn't say; no, house was not filled, only the three of them and an old servant. They all spoke French, too. The daughter was eighteen. Proud people.

In the early evening Gaylord sauntered down to the cabaret which the keeper had mentioned as the favorite rendezvous of the people on market days, and where, since the young men were in town, there was not a little liveliness and drinking.

It required a summoning of most of his moral courage to enter the lighted inn. It wasn't that he minded being the focal point of many curious pairs of eyes; he was not unused to that. In fact, he loved it, but under conditions or in situations with which he was familiar. There was much of the actor in Gaylord. He was able to stand apart from himself and watch his actions with an absorbed, detached interest.

He strode to the inn door, threw it open and swung inside, closing it noiselessly behind him as his eyes roved about the room. Clouds of smoke drifted hazily about; various groups of people filled the room, drinking, smoking, discussing, playing cards. There was a vacant seat well in the picture.

Eyes rose to him in sudden interest. They saw a tall youth, probably English, in a gray tweed suit, with knickerbockers, heavy stockings and stout oxfords, who carried a well shaped head gracefully erect, whose eyes, searching for a vacant place, suddenly arrested as they reached Hurja's daughter and straightway selected a seat from which a view of her was not hidden. They noted that he walked to it and sat down.

"Curious," thought Gaylord, "how one forgets one's act when one sees a pretty girl. She must be pure Basque. Black hair, straight black brows and lashes, dark skin, oval face—can never tell the age of these people, but she must be eighteen. Her arms and hands—what proportion, what strength, what modeling! Lord, the curve of her neck and shoulders! That must be her father with her—proud looking old gentleman; that is not her brother, though—lusty looking lad. Her lips are superb. Wonder if she's awake yet . . . surely . . . they mature quickly, these Latins. But she isn't Latin. Basque—well, she may not be awake but I'll wager . . ."

The oppressive weight of a dozen hostile glances roused him to the sudden realization that his concentrated study of this girl was flagrantly patent to everyone in the room. He saw the flicker of cold resentment in many eyes.

The youth at Yvonne's right was not her brother. He was Julio—and Julio had adored Yvonne during the years. The mine had been laid between moments. Gaylord had stared at Yvonne. Julio had seen that in Gaylord's eyes which stirred a fury within him. Gaylord looked into Julio's eyes and read hate. Both jaws tightened, both bodies tensed. Each sensed the danger in the other; each recognized a resolute enemy.

"We have hated each other for the same cause for seven thousand years," Gaylord was thinking. "He found my elementals in one glance. He must *love* that girl. So do I." Gaylord found that two wooden spindles in the back of his chair were cracking between his fingers.

Many thoughts in many minds:

"Is he mad, that Englishman, to stare so at Hurja's daughter?"

"Julio will slip a knife into his heart if he tries to approach her."

"There's trouble ahead now for those three."

"The stranger will never take her away from Julio—Julio will kill."

Gaylord thought: "They know me now; they anticipate every ruse, every excuse I would employ to speak to this girl. They are all watching me like hawks. I've created a critical situation for myself. The stage is all set for a *grande geste*."



Gaylord began ostensibly to sketch old Hurja's

Many eyes watched the stranger as he shifted his chair into a position to establish a direct view of Hurja's daughter, watched him as he boldly scrutinized her features. It was incredible. Julio was half rising out of his chair. It was inconceivable insolence. Gaylord held a straight forefinger professionally at different angles in front of his right eye as he appeared to study her. Hurja's daughter sat unperturbed as the atmosphere electrified about her.

Gaylord reached his left hand into his inner coat pocket and drew out a half-dozen lead pencils. From a voluminous side pocket he drew a large pad. Tilting his chair backward he placed the pad in his lap and began, ostensibly, to sketch Hurja's daughter.

Gaylord had at one stroke dissipated hostility and achieved standing. With the exception of Julio they all jumped to the same conclusion. "*Artiste.*" Julio sank back into his seat, stalemated. But his instinct mistrusted. The galvanism in the air dispersed.

The amusing part of it all to Gaylord was that he, Gaylord, could not sketch.

However, every move was expert, every stroke skilled. No one could have given more the appearance of an artist sketching than did Gaylord.

Very shortly, he knew, the more curious ones would pass behind him on divers errands, to peer surreptitiously over his shoulders at the work of art. Gaylord held his pad in his lap, shielded from too inquisitive eyes.

Julio chafed and fretted. Gaylord went on coolly sketching. The design growing on the pad might have been a Kansas cyclone or a cubist nightmare. If old Hurja had any feeling he did not show it.

Having completed the sketch to his evident satisfaction, with a few final, decisive strokes, Gaylord dropped his chair back on



daughter. No one could have given more the appearance of an artist. At one stroke he had dissipated hostility.

its four legs and returned the pad to his side pocket. No one had been able to see it. Julio's suspicions quickened, but he dared not test them openly. Gaylord beckoned the waiter, ordered white wine and, entirely at ease, sipped it slowly. When he again looked in the direction of the girl, she had gone, and with her Julio. The fine looking old gentleman was still there, in grave discussion with friends, watching oldish men playing cards.

The atmosphere in the room had changed, the younger men were becoming boisterous, the elders breaking up into smaller groups, some were leaving. Gaylord could move about unnoticed.

He made his way casually over to the table where Julio had sat, apparently interested in the card game. In time, using a stranger's prerogative, he asked the old gentleman, in French, a question about some play made, and receiving a courteous explanation pressed on into conversation. In which he discovered that the old gentleman was Hurja, who owned the great house, that the Beautiful One was his daughter, that his son had been killed at the Marne, early in the war. Gaylord was impressed with his dignity and his precision of speech. He found he could talk easily to him. He told Hurja who he was, whence he had come, what his plans and hopes were for the summer, his purpose to write, and finally in perfect frankness, his strange feeling about the great house and his desire to write there. Hurja was impressed. He liked the young Englishman.

His son's room on the third story across the front had been unoccupied now for a long time; he would speak to his wife and his daughter about it. Perhaps it could be arranged. The tariff? That could be settled later. He would let him know on the morrow. He was staying at the Hôtel des Pyrenees?

The next afternoon a note reached Gaylord at the hotel, written in French in a fine hand. It was from Hurja. Gaylord could come.

His entrance brought about his first meeting with the Beautiful One. He walked through the gate in the wall of the forecourt and was met at the door by Hurja, who led him into the great hall, a vast, empty place with a beamed ceiling and stone-paved floor. There was no furniture. Hurja was explaining. The various celebrations were held there, the harvest feasts, festivals of marriage and birth. He stopped. Two ladies entered, dressed in black; one was Hurja's wife, the other—Gaylord's heart jumped—Hurja's daughter. Hurja presented him. Gaylord bowed, took the hand of Madame Hurja and kissed it. Then he stepped forward and took Yvonne Hurja's hand. At the touch he felt his whole body tremble; he ceased breathing. He looked into level gray eyes.

He could never quite explain what happened then. Time stopped. A syncope of emotion arrested his thought processes. He had looked deeply, searchingly into Yvonne's eyes, and in a blinding flash he saw the awakening of recognition.

Each read in the other's eyes a perfect understanding. Yvonne Hurja, a Basque girl of the mountains, and Trench Gaylord, cultured and traveled—and wise—found that in each other's eyes which made them both tremble. Gaylord reeled. They knew each other for all time. He pressed his lips to her tiny hand and stepped away. Father and mother saw nothing. Old Hurja was speaking again but Gaylord heard him not. He could not look into the gray eyes again.

The bedroom which he was to have was spacious and exquisitely clean, with floors of polished oak, and was filled with massive old furniture.

"We are simple folk," Hurja was saying as he left Gaylord in his room. "We live simply, you may not find our customs agreeable, but I trust that you will be comfortable. We shall enjoy having you with us."

As the door closed behind him, Gaylord walked to the windows, threw them open and drew the air into his lungs in deep gulps.

He had seen the light. He had seen the light.

Below, Yvonne Hurja was crossing herself before the holy-water stoup, curiously bewildered.

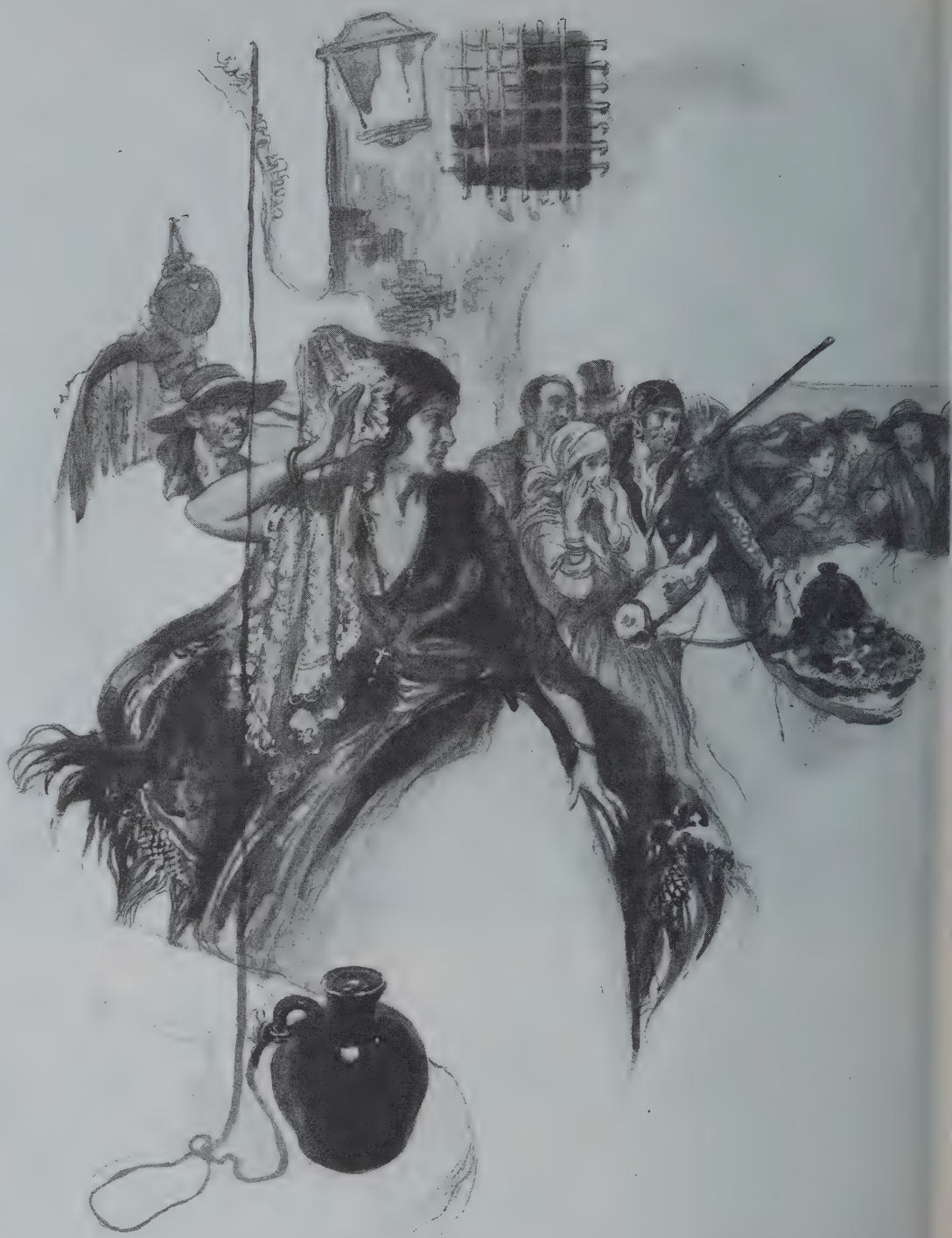
In the days that followed, Gaylord settled down to the writing of his poem. He arranged his room to his liking, moved the polished heavy furniture in such a way that it variously reflected the morning sun and cast somber shadows in the evening. He wrote on a dark-topped table near the French windows; at night he placed his pages between two huge wax tapers which lighted the table but surrounded him in gloom.

The actual writing of the poem to Gaylord was a piece of calculated workmanship. His books had come on. He studied his subject from every source, selected his major and minor themes, collected and arranged his material, made innumerable jottings and preliminary drafts and began the fastidious work of fitting and matching. He knew the craft. There would be no flaws in technique, his poem would be foot and accent perfect; as to merit of thought and tone, those were qualities not measurable, by himself.

He thrilled with an odd exultation. Five hundred lines of rhythmic beauty truly pitched, crystal clear—that was the image.

There began between Gaylord and Yvonne Hurja the strangest kind of relationship. Here in the same house were two people who held for each other a devastating love. Gaylord could not approach Yvonne without experiencing sensations which he had not known in his life. Yvonne told her story in her eyes, she knew and felt and understood. Gaylord made mad, tumultuous love to her with his eyes, and dared no further. He was at an impasse. Suppose he told her that he loved her. She knew that; what then? It was the beginning and the end. There was no way to turn, no road to travel. It was a light that blinded. Progress was impossible. Gaylord knew that there could be but one conclusion to such love, once they surrendered to it; but Gaylord read a deathless purity in Yvonne's eyes, and he knew that there would be no expediency, even if he attempted it. She would give him her life—for his life. He understood, and no word had passed between them. Yet marriage, to Gaylord, in the circumstances of his age and life, seemed futile folly.

There were times when he could scarce hold himself from taking her in his arms to tell her his love in words, but he dared not touch her.



Gaylord's hand dropped to his sash—and Yvonne knew what had to happen.

And the days went by and neither spoke of it. They trampe the hills together—he read to her, she told him old Basque fair tales and legends. From the first time she spoke to him i French she addressed him in the second person singula "tutoye'd" him. She spoke Basque, French and Spanish, bu knew no English. There was one amusing attempt to teac Gaylord Euskara, the Basque language.

"Magyar," he said, "is an atrocity. Finnish is a barbarity Any relation between those two languages is an absurdity." S she gave it up.

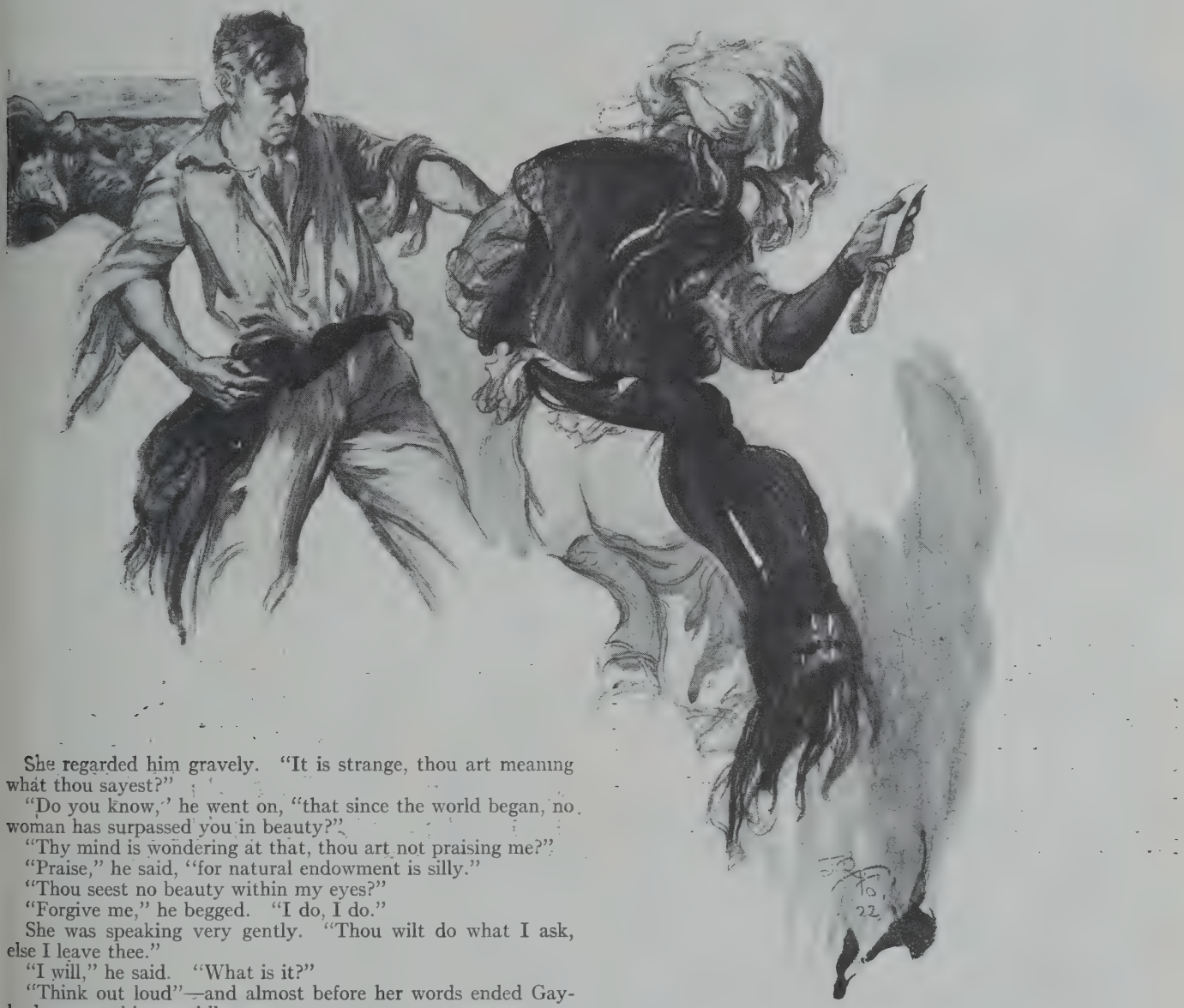
And so they journeyed down the days on a thread of gossame a slender thread that threatened to break and plunge them int the gulf below, whence there was no returning.

There was the day that Yvonne found the yellow drawing pa with the queer lines upon it—and recalled instantly a vision Gaylord tilted back in his chair sketching her while the roo looked on. So this was the sketch! Yvonne laughed, with better understanding of Gaylord.

There was the day when she saw the soft pine board with the deep knife blade gashes in its face, against the wall in his room, and knew that Gaylord practiced throwing the knife. She remembered Julio and the menace in his eyes.

There was a wondrous day when they two sat on a bank on the mountain side which rose in a long sweep behind them. Tardets lay below them, a city of mist and pale gold; snow sprays of wild cherry, blue spikes of monkshood, the rose of wild apple, caught the sun and bathed in fragrant radiance.

Gaylord could not still the tumult in his blood—and he walked on the edge of the precipice. "Do you know," he murmured, "that there is no one more beautiful than you?"



She regarded him gravely. "It is strange, thou art meaning what thou sayest?"

"Do you know," he went on, "that since the world began, no woman has surpassed you in beauty?"

"Thy mind is wondering at that, thou art not praising me?"

"Praise," he said, "for natural endowment is silly."

"Thou seest no beauty within my eyes?"

"Forgive me," he begged. "I do, I do."

She was speaking very gently. "Thou wilt do what I ask, else I leave thee."

"I will," he said. "What is it?"

"Think out loud"—and almost before her words ended Gaylord was speaking rapidly:

"One's nature does not change; she will be what she is now wherever she goes in whatever company she moves. She will not fit into any society to which I belong. If I take her away from her people into my world, she will be my lifelong problem—is it all worth it? I cannot live here. I do not quite belong; I think, I am not sure, but I think that I would grow to hate the mountains and the sun and the sky; I do not find charm in everyday living; I am avid of adventure and I cannot endure limitations; my impulses would torment me to madness within these hills. I cannot stay here, I dare not take her away with me. *Quoi donc?*"

Yvonne was breaking in gently: "Think out loud no more. Thy thoughts have sped past thy tongue—I know thy thoughts—I wanted to find if thou wert honest with thyself."

Gaylord's desperate reluctance held him in check and he said no more.

Now the village of Tardets was cognizant of Gaylord's frequent appearance with Yvonne, and Tardets was no more charitable in its conclusions than other villages. There came a night when Gaylord was brought to a consciousness of his position.

He had started writing early in the evening. It was midnight when he again looked at his watch. The white sheets of foolscap blurred before his eyes, the sentences trailed away uncertainly; the words uneven. The candles guttered in their sockets.

Gaylord rose and went to the windows, throwing them wide open, and stepped out upon the tiny balcony. A chiaroscuro of rare beauty lay before him. The moonlight streamed over the roofs of the village, throwing the church steeple into dark intaglio and the street below into a valley of shadow. The village itself seemed to be sleeping the tranquil sleep of a tired child.

Was that a shadow moving in the street below? Surely—no. Darn the candles, a flickering light is bad to write by. He closed his eyes for a moment, rubbed them and looked again, straining to penetrate the darkness. He would have sworn that there was a movement in the street below.

A wild medley of noise splintered the stillness of the night into a thousand quivering fragments. For once Gaylord was profoundly startled. Catcalls, shrill and insolent, whistles, trumpets, bells, crashed together with a furious cacophony of sound. Gaylord could distinguish cries, cries of derision followed by high pitched mocking laughter. Whistles screamed and slithered, horns blared and snarled and tore at the night air. Pans and drums clashed in maddening monotones.

He could see now that the street below in front of the houses was filled with people, people who were making the night hideous with appalling discord. His astonishment was giving way to hot anger. Were they all drunk—what was the reason for this? He stood leaning slightly over the (*Continued on page 120*)

Stories That Have Made Me

LAUGH

IT WAS Harry Graham who wrote the famous couplet describing the interior decoration of Skibo Castle, Scotland, as:

A style which Ruskin much enjoyed,
And christened Early German Lloyd.

He has also written a number of amusing books of verse and fiction, including "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," "Lord Bellinger" and seventeen or eighteen other published volumes of which the latest is "Biffin and His Circle." One of the characters in Biffin is a geographical song writer called Minter, who having made a hit with "I Want to Go to Wyoming," quickly follows it up with "Take My Ticket for Tacoma!" "How I Long to Be Way Back in Borneo!" "I Wish I Were in Washington." It seems reasonable, therefore, that Harry Graham is responsible for the following story. At any rate, an English friend of mine says he is.



Queen Mary and several members of the Royal Household were enjoying a concert by the band of the Coldstream Guards in the grounds of Windsor Castle. Always the first to encourage any originality in the arts of which military band music is reckoned one or at least .0031416, the Queen was particularly attracted toward a composition played with much dash and spirit and received with corresponding applause by the members of the Royal Household. Accordingly, she dispatched an equerry to inquire of the bandmaster the name of the unfamiliar composition.

During the absence of the equerry, there was much speculation as to the nationality of the composer. The Master of the Royal Buck Hounds was of the opinion that it was by Debussy. On the other hand, the Master of the Royal Stag Hounds professed to see in it some of the characteristics of Max Reger with just a dash of Arnold Schoenberg. Six Masters of Assorted Hounds declared for the Italian composer Zandonai, but Queen Mary herself secretly hoped that so interesting a composition had been written by the Englishman Delius or Goossens so that it might be placed permanently in the repertoire of the Royal Band Concerts. When the equerry returned, however, he bore the disappointing information that the composition was that of an American musician. It was entitled:

"I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Can"

STORIES about men who have lost their voices are usually easier to tell than to write. Here is one, however, about an old farmer in Georgia who could hardly speak above a whisper. He was leaning on a fence by the side of a country road watching a dozen or so razorback hogs in a patch of woodland. They were behaving in a most extraordinary manner, for every few minutes they would burst out of a gap in the fence, run across the road to another patch of woodland, and almost immediately afterward dash madly back again.

"What's the matter with them hogs *anyway?*" a passing stranger asked.

"They ain't nothing the matter with them much," the old farmer whispered hoarsely. "Them hogs belongs to me and before I lost my voice, I used to call them to their feed. After I lost my voice, when it came feeding time, I used to knock on this here fence rail with my stick."

He paused and shook his head solemnly.

"And now them cussed woodpeckers up in them trees has got them poor hogs plumb crazy," he concluded.

BANKING is a profession which calls for the exercise of a nice discretion unaffected by sympathy. A banker who would grant a loan out of sheer pity is no more to be trusted with the depositors' money than a surgeon could be trusted to perform an operation if he were habitually shaken with sobs of compassion every time he started to make an incision.

Fortunately for depositors and patients, neither bankers nor surgeons allow their feelings to run away with them when it comes to a professional job. Bankers are particularly and quite properly hard-hearted, especially Mr. Edward Gandy, President of the Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank of New Rochelle, N. Y.—don't look it up in the directory. It isn't there.

In addition to a hard heart, however, Mr. Gandy had a glass eye. It was made to order in Europe and Mr. Gandy was mighty proud of it, for it exactly matched Mr. Gandy's real eye, and in fact if it had not been that he could not forbear boasting about how much he had paid for it and how natural it looked, not more than the entire population of New Rochelle would have known that his glass eye was glass.

People who wear wigs are deluded in that way, too. As the barber said, sadly, "There are plenty of hairdressers who profess to make a wig, but when you've got it on, it looks nothing like a wig at all!"



However, not to digress from Mr. Gandy, he was approached one day by a depositor who desired a loan of a thousand dollars.

"Well, now, Mr. Briggs," Gandy said, "you keep a very small average daily balance—less than a hundred dollars—and you're not entitled to any loan."

"But I've simply got to have it," Briggs declared. "I've just buried my mother-in-law. My wife has been sick for months."

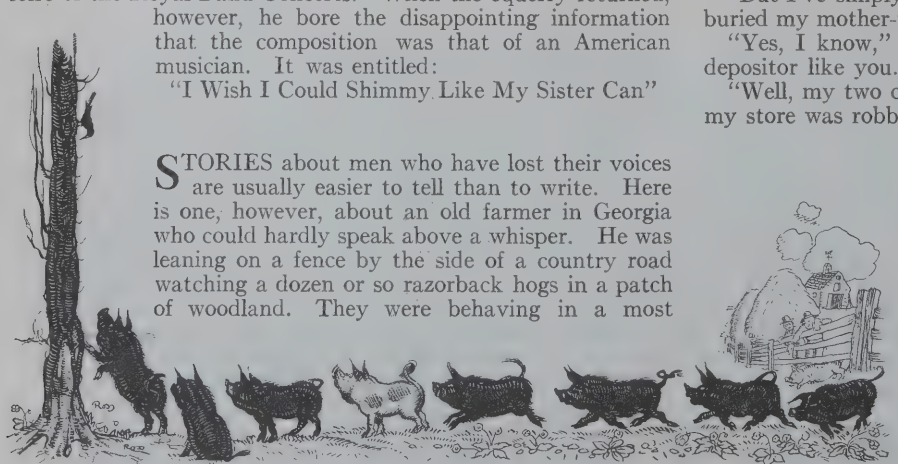
"Yes, I know," Gandy said, "but I can't make a loan to a depositor like you."

"Well, my two children have had their tonsils taken out, and my store was robbed last week," Briggs continued.

"That may well be," Gandy replied. "But you can't get a loan here."

"Now, listen to me, Mr. Gandy," Briggs went on to say, "if I don't get some money somewhere, it means ruin for me. I'll commit suicide, that's all!"

Mr. Gandy felt that he was slipping. If he permitted Mr. Briggs to continue the conversation, it looked as though he might make the loan. He thought of a scheme to let Briggs down easy. He had never boasted to Briggs about the glass eye and he felt confident that Briggs knew nothing about it; accordingly he proceeded to entrap Briggs.



By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by Gordon Ross

"Now, look here, Briggs," he began. "I'm sorry to see a man like you in such straits and I don't want to shut down on you absolutely, so I'll give you an even break. Did you ever know that I have a glass eye?"

Briggs simulated surprise, not to say astonishment.

"No, I didn't," he said, looking carefully at Mr. Gandy's natural eye. "Which one is it?"

"Ah!" Mr. Gandy replied. "That's for *you* to guess. And if you guess it correctly, I'll make the loan."

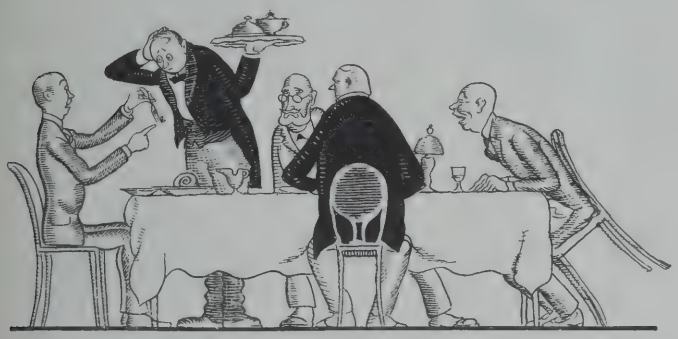
"It's the right eye," Briggs replied promptly.

"You're correct this time," Gandy said and forthwith instructed the cashier to place a thousand dollars to Briggs's credit after taking Briggs's note for the amount.

"Now, tell me, Briggs," Mr. Gandy said, after the transaction was concluded, "how did you find out that my right eye was the glass eye?"

"Because," Briggs replied, "compared with your left eye, it looked so kind and sympathetic."

NOWHERE can entomology be studied more successfully than in cheap Italian and French restaurants. Year after year Mr. Will C. Beebe goes to British Guiana and penetrates the well-



nigh impenetrable jungle in search of strange insects which can be found right in the village limits of Greenwich Village nestling among the leaves of a Romaine salad in the Ristorante Aurelio Saffi or masquerading in death as tea leaves at the bottom of a cup in any one of the hundreds of tea rooms conducted in New York by decayed gentlewomen.

Mr. J. F. Sayre, of San Francisco, says that some of the Italian resorts of his own fair city are particularly rich in specimens of the family *Muscidæ* and the order *Diptera*, of the sub-order *Brachycera* and of the subdivision *Dichætæ*. All these jaw-breaking names refer to but one animal—the housefly—and Mr. Sayre says that he knew of an instance where no less than three of them were served up in one omelette. It was at a luncheon for four and the host was not unnaturally annoyed.

"Look here, waiter," he said, "there are three flies in this omelette. Now I must insist that the next time I order an omelette for four here, you have either four flies in it or none at all. It's a damned hard matter to divide three flies equally among four people."

MY FRIEND MacLaren was rambling along the other evening something in this style:

The Scot, he observed, is a natural born linguist. There is hardly a language that he cannot pick up almost by ear, you might say, and speak it as well as a native.

For instance, the Scot has been speaking English for only a relatively short time—say five hundred years or so—and yet the purest English is spoken just as the purest Scotch is drunk right on the banks of the Clyde. Chinese has no terrors for a Scotsman. The English have great difficulty in mastering it, but not so the Scotch. For instance, there were two members of a Highland regiment taking part in the capture of Weihaiwei or Wei-Hai-Wei, during the Boxer Rebellion. Almost immediately they began to speak in Chinese, or at any rate the Chinese recognized it as such. The conversation was as follows:



SANDY: Weel! We hae Wei-Hai-Wei!

JOCK: Hae we?

SANDY: Ay! We hae!

PIDGIN English has nearly, if not entirely disappeared from the Pacific Coast. Nowadays the classic English of Berkeley and Palo Alto is none too good for the Chinese and Japanese of California. James J. Montague says that even twenty-five years ago pidgin English was on the wane in California. He was standing one day on a wharf in San Francisco watching the approach of a tramp steamer. The weather was foggy and Montague was therefore unable to make out what flag the steamer was flying. Beside him stood a Chinaman in native costume and wearing a pigtail.

"John," Montague said, "you catchee what piecee flag him fly?"

"I cahn't exactly make out from here," "John" replied, "but I rahther imagine it must be the house flag of that particular line. Certainly it doesn't appear to be any national flag with which *I* am acquainted, at least."

THIS story seems to render highly improbable the story about the Governor of Hong-Kong, the late Sir Henry Pottinger, his aide and the King of Siam. The King had arrived at Hong-Kong and was lodging with his suite at the best hotel there, and notwithstanding that it *was* at that time the best hotel in Hong-Kong, its office staff spoke and understood only pidgin English.

Sir Henry called to make his formal visit of welcome the morning after the King's arrival. He wore the gorgeous dress uniform of a Governor of Hong-Kong. The Governor's aide wore the equally spectacular uniform of a Colonel in the Household Guards.

"Inquire if His Majesty has risen," the Governor said to his aide.

"Very good, Your Excellency," the aide replied and walked across the lobby to the clerk's desk making no more noise in his progress than a regiment of United States cavalry.

His manner toward the clerk, however, was much less formal.



"One piecee king have got?" he inquired.

"One piecee king no have got," the clerk replied.

The aide returned to the Governor's carriage and saluted ceremoniously.

"I have inquired of the management whether or not His Majesty is at home, Your Excellency," the aide announced, "and I regret to say they inform me that His Majesty has gone out."

The Eminent Dr. Deeves

(*Continued from page 36*)

automobile could cover it in an hour or less. And Dougherty lived in a small city on the opposite bank of the river not ten miles north of where the refugee—if he succeeded in getting away from his warders—would cross on the ferry which plied between the shores. With a fair share of luck, one more main difficulty would be ironed out to smoothness.

The escape was simplicity itself; nothing delayed it and no alarm followed it. On the appointed day, just after luncheon had been eaten, young Shire came forth from the dining hall of the building in which he was lodged. On the lawn, as if by chance, he met the girl. Casually they walked diagonally through the grounds to where an elderly man named James Eggers sat on duty in his regular post alongside the main gates which opened in the east wall.

At a word from Miss Deeves, Eggers, touching his cap in salute, let them pass through. At least a third of the patients, including nearly all held to be harmless and known ordinarily to be well behaved, were allowed, under suitable escort, to leave the enclosure for cross-country strolls; a few even were permitted to accompany the attendants to the town. Their absence for hours, even for a whole forenoon or a whole afternoon, would not be regarded with concern. Shire, these last few months, had been listed in this favored group. True, by the regulations a nurse or a male keeper should now be with him. But in Eggers's eyes the daughter of his employer was, in effect, a qualified member of the administrative staff. If she elected to stand sponsor for this young fellow the responsibility would be hers.

Suspecting nothing, the gatekeeper watched them until they passed from his sight along the graveled drive that skirted the wall. He had not taken notice that Miss Deeves was very white and that she was trembling. His one glance of official scrutiny had been for the patient and about the latter the gatekeeper had seen nothing which was calculated to make him look a second time. He settled back in his chair and lighted his pipe. The warm soft air invited him to loaf and forget his private worries—if he had any such. He need not think again of the pair until toward evening.

An eighth of a mile away, under the rear wall of the compound, the girl's car, with oil cups and gas tank newly filled, stood where she had left it half an hour before. No one saw them mount to its seat; no one who knew either of the pair saw them driving southward along a back road to where it joined the turnpike running to the west. Westward then they traveled, going rapidly. In the run to the river they stopped only once; that was at a small railroad station, where Shire handed a rush message, which had been written beforehand, and a coin in payment, to a listless person serving there as train dispatcher and telegraph agent.

They drove on then, with speed, until they came to the edge of a slope where the shelving bank went down to meet the mile-wide river. The ferryboat, a clumsy, double-ended craft, was in midstream, headed their way but making slow work of it against the strong current. They would have at least twenty minutes to wait, and perhaps half an hour, before the boat landed and put ashore what freight she had brought and began her return trip.

Of pursuit before dark there was now little danger. Looking back frequently as they sped along, young Shire had seen behind him no signs to suggest a chase. By heavy odds of probability he was quite safe—certainly as safe as he could hope to be until he touched the soil of the adjoining state. Nevertheless, it was at his suggestion that the car was turned off the road into the thick fringing of hazel bushes and stunted haws that ran along the brow of the low ridge above the landing. Here in this shielded place they were out of sight of any save an especially keen-eyed passer-by. In part, this move was dictated by his instincts of prudence, in part by another purpose which he had in mind.

In due time the ferryboat came to bank, discharged her cargo, took on another and headed away again for the opposite shore. No automobile went aboard her, though, but only a couple of farm wagons and a dusty buggy. Nor was there a young man or a young girl among the foot-passengers. Three countrymen and an old woman and a small boy made up the list of passengers.

In his own automobile on the far shore waited Colonel Dougherty. He had received a telegram half an hour before; he had come swiftly to the crossing place to meet his friend. He waited and waited until nightfall, then drove homeward, alone and perplexed by apprehensions.

Along towards four o'clock of this same May afternoon Doctor Deeves sat in his library, which was a room opening off the reception hall of his cottage. Since luncheon he had been there, making final revision of the proofs of his book—the book that would live long after he was gone, bearing his knowledge down to enrich the learning of men in generations yet to come. Subconsciously he heard the front door open and close. Then his own door was flung open and there before him stood one of his charges, this young man, Stephen Shire. The famous specialist laid down his pen and reared back in his swivel chair; he was mildly startled by the intrusion. His patients did not have the run of his private residence, naturally. Even so, Doctor Deeves retained the unruffled magisterial air which he used in his intercourse with the inmates of his asylum.

"Well," he said, "what does this mean?"

"It means I've come back," said the younger man. He was breathing hard as though under great stress, and now Doctor Deeves saw that the intruder's face was streaked with dust and his clothing, too.

"You've come back, eh?" he said soothingly. He was accustomed to vagaries and hallucinations; he flattered himself he knew how to deal with them. Doctor Deeves was forever flattering himself on one count or another. "And where have you been?"

"Twenty miles away—and twenty miles back. I ran away from here—two hours and a half ago. Hold on!" He spoke out sharply as Doctor Deeves's hand reached toward a push button set in the wall just behind him. "You needn't ring that bell. Nobody at the sanitarium knows I got away, I think. I haven't been missed yet. Nobody need know. I came back of my own free will. And I brought her back with me."

"Her?" Doctor Deeves half lifted from his chair. He knew now he was confronted by realities, not by delusional fancies; a quick suspicion was rising in his mind. "Her? Who do you mean?"

"Your daughter, Hazel Deeves. It was in her car that I got away. I drove it—but she went with me. Wait—I didn't steal her—I didn't abduct her. She helped me get away. But we've both come back—God help us—yes, and God help you, too!"

"Why that? Where is she? What has happened, man?" Doctor Deeves was scarcely aware—and yet somehow was definitely aware—that he spoke now as one rational man to another rational man. He had shed his professional manner as a runner might shed a garment, hindering him. He was all the concerned father—the imperturbable scientist, with his pose of infallibility, had vanished utterly.

"She's upstairs in her own room—safe enough—she hasn't been hurt in any way. Sit down! Don't go to her yet. Wait until you hear what I have to tell you."

It was as though Shire gave his orders with due authority to give them. Mechanically the older man obeyed. All at once now the young ex-soldier dominated the room. He thrust his head forward, fairly flinging his words in the other's face. His intensity armed him with a sort of straightforward eloquence:

"Doctor Deeves, listen: I'm a sane man—you've got to believe that. And here's another thing you've got to believe because in another minute or two I'll be proving it to you—I love your daughter. And she loves me. If you'd been able to see anything except the things you're interested in, you'd have seen it months ago. But you—you couldn't see—you were blind. Oh, my God, how blind you've been!

"She loves me—she loved me well enough to plot with me to get away from this place today. We made for the river. I've got friends on the other side who'd have helped me prove my case—friends standing ready to provide me with funds until I could get back what rightfully belongs to me. Never mind that now. She loved me well enough to be willing to come back here after I'd gotten beyond your reach—to come back alone and face you and your anger.

"But I had a different plan in my mind. I didn't tell it to her, though, until we were within sight of the crossing. Then I told her—then I began to plead with her to go on with me to the other side and when we were on that other side, to marry me. That was what I begged her to do—at the first, until——

"But wait, I'll go back a little so you'll understand more clearly; I've been going ahead too fast in what I'm telling you.

"As we were making for the river I felt confident and overjoyed and not a bit worried over the final outcome. I was



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beating you at your own game; I was sure I could keep on beating you. The human being I loved best in all this world was with me, helping me. But somehow she seemed very much frightened. She kept trembling. She was as white as death. Suddenly I realized how frail she was and how wasted and thin. Like a little weak shadow! She kept looking about her on every side as though she expected enemies would be hiding behind every tree and every bush. I tried to soothe her.

"And then, when we'd got to the river and the ferry was in sight, coming toward us, I started to tell her the rest of my purpose; the biggest part of it. I told her I was no such coward as to induce her to help me get away and then let her come back alone to face the consequences. I told her how deeply I loved her and how sure I felt of my sanity and how certain I was of my ability to care for her. I begged her to go on across that river with me.

"She told me she couldn't. Not that she didn't care for me. I knew, without her telling me, that she cared for me. She said she couldn't go because she was afraid. I asked her what she was afraid of—was it me she feared? She said, no. She said—oh, listen, man, while I tell you what she said!—she said she must get back inside these walls here. She said this was the only place she felt safe. She said that away from here she was in danger. Still, I thought she was only overwrought, that the excitement had been too much for her. I asked her what danger there could possibly be.

"And she said—pointing with her poor shaking finger this way and that—she said: 'Stephen, they're squatting here in these bushes all about us. I can't see them but I can hear them and I know how they look. I didn't tell you of them before but now I must tell you. They have black masks on their faces and they've long, shiny blowpipes in their hands. They're waiting to blow their poisonous vapors at me. They'll destroy me when you're gone unless I go back and get inside the wall. They won't dare follow me in there. But out in the world, even with you, I'll never be safe, Stephen. There's only one place where I ever will be safe from them.'

"That's what your daughter, Hazel Deeves, said to me, Doctor Deeves!

"So I turned around and I brought her back—brought her back to the only fit place for her to be. And I came back because I love her, because I couldn't desert her now, because I want to be near her when she's cured.

"Oh, man, man, man, don't you see what you've done? You kept her here all her life with mad people about her. You didn't think that contact with them could hurt her—I heard her say months ago that that was your belief. And you—all so blind and besotted in your own egotism—you didn't see that her loss of flesh and her loss of spirits meant anything. You didn't see what was beginning to prey on her, didn't see that a strain or a shock might carry her across the dividing line. You, who are supposed to know so much of mental diseases, and she, your own flesh and blood, your own daughter—and still you couldn't see it—could you?

"But now, by God, you've got to see it! She's mad, Doctor Deeves, she's mad, I tell you. Go up yonder to her room—go speak with her and see for yourself. That's all. You'll find me here when you come back."

And Doctor Deeves went. He went running.

All the fire and force seemed to go out of the young ex-lieutenant in a puff. He fell down on his knees upon the floor, his arms on the littered desk-top and his face in his arms. He was still there fifteen minutes later when stumbling, fumbling footsteps sounded on the stairs outside the door. He lifted his head as the uncertain footfalls came into the room where he was, and seeing before him then a figure of a shrunken broken man, stripped of all arrogance, physically twisted by an anguish that racked and wrenched his frame and made years older in a breath of time, the young man for all his own grief could not but feel a pang of pity for the other.

You'd hardly have known this man, so marred and altered as he was, for the eminent Doctor Deeves.

There is another treat in store for you—Irvin Cobb's big story in the next COSMOPOLITAN. *It is one of those mystery stories that couldn't be written by anyone but Irvin Cobb.*

The Lone Wolf Returns

(*Continued from page 93*)

least in the world for you. And even if I did . . . But I don't want to be unfair. You've had too much to drink tonight. Do go now, please, go right away and don't come back till you're ready to beg my pardon."

"Oh!" The iced sincerity of the rebuff wiped away the self-confident smirk and set in its place a scowl dark with affronted self-esteem. "That's your style, is it, my lady? Virtue on a pedestal! And after the way you've led me on."

Folly held him briefly in a stare of incredulous disdain; her rush of color slowly ebbing. A slight gesture sketched inability to understand the man; in a voice of reproach and regret she said quietly, "Oh, Mally! how can you be so contemptible?"

The countenance of the dancing man grew darker still, his too full lips took on an ugly contour beneath their closely trimmed mustache of the mode. He seemed to contemplate, even with difficulty to refrain from uttering, some embittered and withering retort. Instead, he turned in dumb fury and flung out of the house. Thanks less to his temper and intention than to its automatic air check the door closed without noise other than the click of its latch. And hearing this sound, Folly gave herself a little shake of impatience and reasserted the wonted spirit of her countenance as she ran back to rejoin Pagan and Liane Delorme.

Their three voices were once more busy when Lanyard made his way back to the boudoir telephone and took a long chance with it, communicating to the central operator the number which Crane had left with him. But the turn of his luck was such that, though the connection was established all but instantaneously, the masculine voice that answered was not Crane's.

No, Mr. Crane wasn't in, and there was no telling when he would be in; maybe in ten minutes, maybe in ten days. But the voice was perfunctorily prepared to take any message that Lanyard might care to leave and see that it got into Crane's hands as soon as he did return, if ever.

"Tell him, please, Mr. Duchemin called him up." It was necessary to spell out that old alias which Crane would hardly have forgotten. "Say my business is urgent—Mr. Crane will understand."

"Want him to call y'up? What's yuh number?"

Without the least hesitation, in a single phrase Lanyard abolished the telephone installation at Folly McFee's: "Say there is no telephone. But give him, if you will be so good, this address." Lanyard detailed the number of the house and street and hung up. He had no fear that Crane would fail to draw an intelligent inference and guide himself by the light thereof. Nevertheless he would have been grateful for some assurance that Crane would get the message in good time . . .

Back at the head of the stairs he felt warranted in assuming that his daring with the telephone had not betrayed him. The hum of talk that rose from the diminished dinner party was constant, or punctuated only by laughter. For all that, Lanyard escaped discovery by the narrowest of squeaks; for he stepped out into the hallway only to find that Mallison had let himself into the house again and was slinking furtively up the stairs—was even then, indeed, halfway up.

Driven back to the refuge of the clothes-press, Lanyard pulled its door into position in the same instant that saw Mallison skulk into the boudoir.

It appeared from this, then, that one had not erred in mistrusting the "nervous" hands of the dancing man as they had played with the knob—and, one might no longer doubt, with the safety catch as well—what time Mallison had delayed, posing with his back to the door and philanderin' with Folly . . .

CHAPTER IX

NEITHER might he who unsuspected spied, through the crack of a closet door all but closed, on Mr. Mallison with many a gesture of quiet authority making himself at home in Folly's rooms, seriously question the presence of a practician adept in the grammar of second story work. Mallison's footfalls would not have ruffled the repose of an insomniac, the play of his hands was certain yet light as the flutter of butterfly wings; and what he had to do by way of making ready for what he purposed doing, he did with right professional economy of effort.

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It is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Order Fels-Naptha Soap today.

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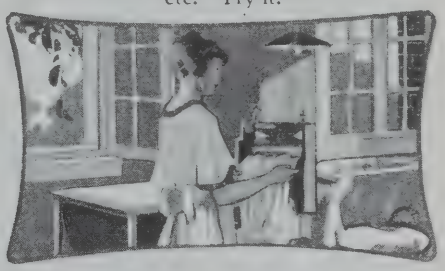
Makes dishes really clean

Fels-Naptha makes short work of a boresome job. Won't harm the most delicate pattern. Leaves no greasy streaks.



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The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves grease—cleans and freshens rugs, carpets, draperies, etc. Try it.

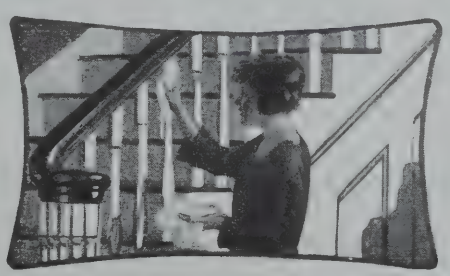


Fine for washing-machine

Fels-Naptha, in the washing-machine, loosens the dirt before you start to use the electricity. Chip it in and dissolve, or make a soap-paste.

The 10-Bar Carton

The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the carton shown above. Ten full-size bars, neatly packed. Directions inside each red-and-green wrapper.



Renews painted woodwork

Like a fresh coat of enamel, Fels-Naptha restores to woodwork the "smile" that dirt has masked.

To begin with, he did nothing at all more than stand still in the middle of the boudoir and study with glances keen, direct and comprehensive what one guessed were surroundings not wholly strange to him. And seeing him thus with his guard down, naked of all his petty social airs and graces and that shining garment of conceit which clothed the man like a woven armor when he was self-conscious, the hidden watcher began to suspect that he might have erred in his first rating, that the Mallison now revealed was worthier to be reckoned with than he had guessed. The Mallison of this minute was nobody's fool, knew what he was about, and—or Lanyard read every surface sign awry—was dangerously capable of proving at need a disconcerting knowledge of how to take care of himself.

With a muted grunt of gratification in the sum of his survey, the man passed through to the bedchamber, wherein his maneuvers were less readily followed, since the mirror in the boudoir revealed to Lanyard only a narrow segment of the adjoining room. This comprehended, however, the head of Folly's bed, and the small table beside it from whose drawer Mallison removed a pretty trinket of a silver-plated, pearl-handled pistol, extracting its shells, thoughtfully putting them away in one of his waistcoat pockets, and finally replacing the weapon with nice precision where he had found it.

Content, it seemed, thus to have done his bit for preparedness, Mallison sauntered back to the boudoir, stripped off his topcoat, folded it with meticulous care and hid it, together with his hat, on the floor behind a capacious lounge chair.

Then consulting his watch and with a yawn politely shielded registering time to kill, he strolled over to the secretary and stooped to inspect, with a flickering, sly smile, the safe built into its base. The tip of a fingernail discreetly pried open the blind front, leaving no treacherous trace, but after a show of hesitation the man seemingly decided not to disturb the safe itself, and restored the front to its former position. Private papers, with which the pigeonholes of the secretary were well stocked, next drew his interest, and he was betraying a mean disposition to tamper with them when the chance discovery of a hand mirror resting face up on Folly's blotting book diverted Mallison with a temptation which he didn't even attempt to resist. And he had finished disciplining an imperceptibly unruly eyebrow and had begun to practice a devastating smile, an artful variation of the infallible gleam-of-teeth suite, when a bell grumbled vigorously in the bowels of the house and was interpreted as a signal for strict attention to business thenceforward.

Mallison went at once to the door to listen, an occupation in which he had the man in the clothespress at a good disadvantage. The latter none the less contrived to infer from noises in the entrance hall that Pagan's car had duly reported and that its owner and Liane were saying good night. Then, as the rumor of their voices failed, Mallison recrossed the boudoir with swift but silent tread and passed once more from Lanyard's range of vision. The latter, however, recalled having noticed a handsome painted screen in that corner, and entertained no doubt but that Mallison was making himself small behind it.

To prove this guess well grounded, Folly herself entered in another moment and gave every evidence of being unaware of any alien presence as she faltered through the boudoir, casting discontented glances round as if in aimless search for something in the nature of an occupation for her thoughts. Unmistakably disappointed, and thereby the more frankly fretted, she drifted on to her bedchamber, from whose unseen recesses her voice and her maid's were presently to be heard.

What they said was of no moment—their bedtime dialogue of every day, varied only by Folly's decision to stay up awhile longer; she wasn't sleepy and had letters to write. So saying, she dismissed the maid and sulkily trailed back into the boudoir, bringing a sizable case of tooled leather which held, one surmised, the jewelry she had worn at dinner, and which she proceeded to put away in the safe that deserved its name so little, but only as a matter of habit, demonstrating that all faith in the contraption was dead by not troubling to shut its door and set the lock. In the pause that ensued, with a sigh of boredom Folly settled down in the chair before her secretary, and Lanyard ventured to widen the crack of the door a fraction.

The woman sat toying with a pen and more than half turned away from this observer, charmingly posed with all the unconscious grace that was native to the sweetly fashioned body which her negligee, a sheer web of lace threaded with ribbon, made so bare a pretense of covering. A lamp on the top of the secretary focused upon her head rays whose fairy gold turned the dusky tangle of her hair into a living nimbus and edged tenderly a neck and shoulders kissable in the sight of any man. Indeed, Mallison was hardly to be blamed . . .

He stole up behind the woman lost in thought without making a sound; the fire of his lips on her flesh was the first that she knew of his presence. Crying out in alarm and anger, she started up to find herself in his arms.

"Hush, dear—please!" Mallison entreated, trying to insure her silence by resting fingers lightly upon her lips. "The servants might hear——"

"Might!" Folly stormed, jerking her head away. "They shall!"

If Mallison had counted on such toleration as she had shown him by the street door half an hour earlier, his lamentable error was made manifest to him without an instant's grace. Folly fought him like a miniature fury, and to such effect that she was free while her defiance was still an echo in the room—free and swelling her throat with a scream when he plumped upon his knees before her and threw wide arms of subjugation.

"Please, please!" he begged, "don't call for help. I'll do anything you say, promise to be good and go quietly when you choose to send me away—only don't call your servants. Think what they'd think!"

"What's that to me?" Folly demanded. "What do I care what they think of you?"

"It's you I'm considering," the man protested. "It's what they'd think of you I'm worrying about. You can't imagine that they'd give you the benefit of the doubt . . ."

"Benefit of what doubt?"

"Do you suppose they'd believe I ever found my way up here without your invitation?"

"Is a woman always suspected of enticing the man who breaks into her house like a thief? I'll risk that!"

"No—for God's sake, wait, listen to me, Folly! I don't deserve to be thrown out, you owe me fairer treatment——"

"I owe you—*what?*"

"You're a woman, not a schoolgirl—you know what you've been doing to me these last few weeks, you know you've driven me half out of my head flirting with me."

"Oh?" Folly's sense of humor reasserted itself in a little laugh. "Why half?"

"Entirely, then," Mallison conceded sullenly. He got upon his feet again, but his attitude remained conciliatory, suppliant, though he persisted in seeking to defend himself at her expense. "If it's insanity to love you, then I'm mad enough—but God's my witness, I'm not altogether to blame. And you know that's true."

"And I'm to understand you stole back here tonight to tell me that?"

"No—but to beg your forgiveness for having acted as I did awhile ago. I couldn't leave things as they were between us overnight, I couldn't think of anything but how unfair you were when I lost control of myself for just one little minute and made you see how madly I love you. I had to come back and have it out, explain—arrive at some sort of an understanding."

"And you want me to believe you considered these your best overtures?" Folly uttered a cluck of contempt. "Before you go," she pursued, instinctively dragging across her bosom the inadequate protection of the negligee, "you might be good enough to explain how you did manage to sneak up here."

But Mallison merely uttered a sibilant "*Hush!*" and lifted a hand of warning.

Below, the grumble of the doorbell resounded with an accent imperative.

"What do you suppose that means?" the dancing man demanded in a whisper of apprehension.

"Somebody at the front door . . . How should I know?" The noise was repeated. A glint of distrust kindled in the woman's eyes. "What's the matter, Mally? Expecting somebody?"

"Nonsense. What a question! Who should I be expecting?"

"How do I know?"

"I was only startled . . ."

"Yes," Folly affirmed with tightened lips, "I noticed that."

A sudden confusion arose in the lower hallway, several people giving tongue all at once; evidently whoever it was that had answered the door had been instantly made the target of a storm of questions.

Folly's face showed a stamp of deepened misgivings and suspicion. "What on earth ——" she murmured.

Upon these words Mallison closed in on her again and made her captive in a tight embrace.

"What does it matter?" he insisted. "Stupid people bothering Soames; what do they matter to you and me? Folly, I love you, I'm mad——"

She was fighting wildly but impotently now, kicking, pommeling with fists that did no hurt, biting at the hand that closed her mouth. Downstairs the clamor rose to a pitch of angry disputation. Boldly Lanyard stepped out of concealment.



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—How you can rouse it

SLEEP, fresh air, the right food—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

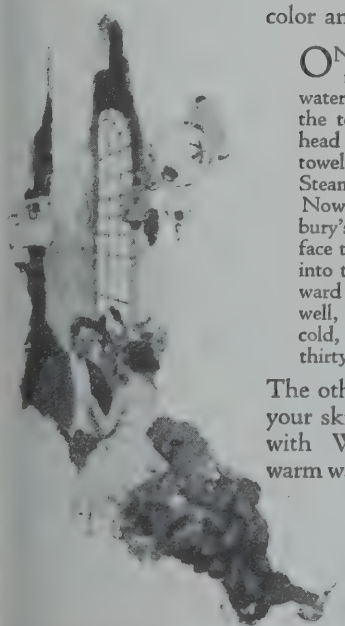
But your skin itself must be given special care, if you wish it to have the brilliant loveliness of which it is capable.

Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, use the following treatment to give it color and life:

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Neither Folly nor Mallison saw him until he caught the dancing man from behind, with calculated brutality broke the clasp of his arms round the woman's body, and sent him spinning and stumbling across the room to bring up against the farther wall with a crash that started his eyes in their orbits.

The disturbance below by this time had attained the proportions of a small riot. There were sounds of scuffling feet upon the stairs. Nearer at hand Folly was screaming. To this Mallison added the snarl with which, recovering, he took the offensive in turn, launching himself at his assailant's throat in murderous fury. Unhappily enough for him, Lanyard had wanted nothing better. They closed, grappled, for a breath swayed as one. Then Mallison felt one of his arms being irresistibly wrenched out of its socket, and to such exquisite torture yielded, perforce turning his back to Lanyard, who held him so another instant, then without warning released him.

With the racket of argument, physical and vocal, now loud upon the very landing outside, Lanyard dared not be merciful or give Mallison any fighting chance. As the man whirled round to launch a new onslaught, Lanyard's fist carried every ounce of his weight and all his ill will to the other's jaw. Lifted bodily by that terrific blow, Mallison crashed back across an occasional table, sweeping off and extinguishing a lamp, and collapsed, upon the floor.

Simultaneously the door flung open and four people broke into the boudoir, a struggling knot that instantly resolved itself into its elements; the McFee butler, with coat half torn from his back, with two strange men, one of rough-and-ready appearance, the other a type slightly more genteel, and a woman, a garish blonde of the synthetic school with hat over one ear.

The shaded light on the secretary alone remained to lend the several actors in this scene visibility. Lanyard stood squarely in front of it, his figure, to eyes new from the stronger illumination of the hall, hardly better than a silhouette. Folly, well out of harm's way on his one hand, was less kindly shadowed, in view of the extreme candor of her dishabille. Mallison, on the other, was screened from the invaders by the drop leaf of the table behind which he had gone down.

Thus chance set the stage and lighted it for a twist in the action of the piece unforeseen even by its first player and collaborating dramatist. For the bottle-made blonde with hat askew needed only a glimpse of that tall, slender and well poised shape, bulking black against the glow, to hurl herself across the room, fall weeping upon Lanyard's bosom and strain him passionately to the agitated abundance of her own.

"My husband!" she cried. "My husband! O Harry! how could you?"

And Lanyard suffered her.

CHAPTER X

HE WAS in no hurry; the truth would all too soon be her bitter medicine; if meantime to rest on him the burthen of her wrongs were any comfort to the lady, she was welcome. Still, he inclined to think it lamentable that he didn't know her well enough to reason with her in a friendly way about her taste in the question of scent for the hair. Chivalry he reckoned a fine gesture but a bit dear at the cost of asphyxiation . . .

For all that, the longer this unhappy creature continued blind to her blunder the better for Folly—for Michael Lanyard, too. He was far from enjoying any sort of confidence that the next dark turn of events would prosper his meddlesome hand; he was constrained by circumstance to count more heavily than he relished on the resilience of Folly's wits and their readiness to read his heart in respect of herself and play up to the cues which he must somehow manage to give her.

An anxious sidelong glance caught Folly thunderstruck and gaping, with eyes astart doubting their own dependability. The last man she had ever thought to see again, with his consent, and particularly beneath that roof, the alleged larcener of her emeralds last night, tonight figuring spontaneously in the dual rôle of knight-errant and spouse recreant!

He saw her so, and knew very well it could hardly tend but to make her bewilderment the thicker, yet an irrepressible devil of ribaldry in Lanyard prompted him to wag his head at Folly and make a comic mouth over the fair false limpet that had fastened upon his bosom. Not a little to his surprise, more to his encouragement, a gleam of lively appreciation broke through the clouds of Folly's confusion. But the limpet chose the selfsame moment to prove her protean versatility by shifting all at once into the guise of a shrew, thus rendering infeasible any further attempt to impart his mind to Folly through the medium of the speaking eye.

Abruptly and with a clever effect of casting Lanyard off by main strength, the strange creature struck a florid pose with arm leveled and eyes ablaze.

"There!" she rasped—and Lanyard wondered could this possibly be the voice that had so lately cooed endearments by telephone—"there he is, gentlemen! There stands my husband, the dirty hound that leaves me to cry my heart out at home while he steps out with fast society dames, like that shameless, half naked hussy there!"

The quivering index of denunciation picked out the shrinking shape of Folly in her informal attire, and the self-appointed censor paused to let this characterization bite deep. But when she offered to resume she half choked instead because an unpresaged glare of ceiling lights, thoughtfully switched on by Soames, revealed to her not the hang-dog mask of Mallison but an utterly strange countenance whose urbanity was shaded by an ambiguous smile.

A brief seizure of speechlessness was shared by the woman's companions and utilized by Lanyard to note the more salient features of the others, individually, against the chance of future need. There was no foretelling when some flash of temper might not precipitate a free-for-all of outcome highly problematical; it might be useful to be able to identify these precious impostors should ill luck throw one in with them another time. Commonplace scamps he accounted them, every one. Contempt for Morphew mounted; a scoundrel of really respectable caliber would have known better than to employ such cheap tools for even a simple job of villainy.

The woman was, or had been, a comely wench; but the strong light wasn't kind to her complexion, to such of it as she hadn't scrubbed off on Lanyard's waistcoat. Her skin roughed up through its thick wash of whiting and smears of carmine, skilfully painted contours failed to amend the viciousness of thin lips that dragged in their corners, more than belladonna and mascaro would be needed to restore the pristine charm of eyes grown hard with looking too long upon life stripped of all its loveliness.

And the men seemed her well suited associates: one, a thickset body whose eyes of a pig went forbiddingly with an undershot jaw, the other a figure of saturnine cast and seedy gentility set off by a cutaway coat and a standing collar slightly soiled.

Recognizing in neither of these a personality to call for the waste of two consecutive thoughts, Lanyard returned his attention to the woman, who recoiled a step instinctively as if afraid he meant to lay hold of her. "What!" she squawked in throaty disgust. "You ain't my husband!"

"Madame!"—Lanyard did her a grave bow—"the misfortune is mutual."

"But where is he? Where's my husband?"

"Madame has mislaid one?"

The mock told; with a slack jaw and clouded eyes the woman fell back another pace. "I guess," she stammered, "there's some mistake . . ."

"The conjecture does madame's intelligence much credit."

"It's Mr. Mallison she's after, sir." The butler Soames, schooled to view without any amazement the vagaries of a mad world of masters, and sensibly putting aside the immomentous issue of his inability to account for Lanyard, addressed himself to this last as to his one intellectual peer of the time being. "They would 'ave it 'e was upstairs 'ere with Mrs. McFee sir, and forced their way up in spite of all I could do."

"I quite understand, Soames—Mrs McFee, too, I am sure. You do understand don't you, Mrs. McFee, this is no fault of Soames's?"

Folly shook herself together and nodded vigorously; but Lanyard coolly forestalled whatever words they were that troubled her lips.

"Mr. Mallison is no doubt madame's husband?" he challenged the blonde female. "She had some reason to think she would find him here?"

"Just a minute, Grace." The rusty genteel half of her supporting company, now that he pushed himself forward, proved to possess a rather formidable manner, at once truculent and crafty. "Let me speak for you——"

"You have that right?" Lanyard inquired with pointed civility.

"I have been retained by Mrs. Mallison . . ." The fellow fished a passé professional card from a pocket and thrust it under Lanyard's nose. "I represent her in this case."

"Interesting—but perhaps irrelevant—*if* true. I mean to say"—Lanyard brushed the card aside, but not before his eye had caught the name *Hobart G. Howlin* in engraved script followed by the designation *Attorney-at-Law;* and all at once he became as ugly as he had theretofore been bland—"what of it?"

"We were led to believe Mr. Mallison was here——"

"You call yourself a lawyer and preten-



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Cleanse with this specially light cream

Feel the difference in your skin—instantly

HAVE you the fresh smooth skin you would like to have, or is your complexion dull, lifeless? Just the care you give it makes all the difference. Unless you keep it always fresh and pliant, it grows duller and coarser every year.

For real freshness and brilliancy in these days of city soot and dirt, you must give your skin much more than the ordinary washing. Pond's Cold Cream was specially developed to meet this need for a thorough yet soft cleansing. It contains exactly the right amount and kind of oil to penetrate the pores and bring out every dulling dirt particle that has worked itself in.

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This thorough cleansing never leaves your skin rough or heavy with cream. It is the special light consistency of Pond's Cold Cream that makes you definitely prefer it to the heavier creams. Smooth on this cream every night. Let it stay a minute, then wipe it off on a soft cloth. The difference in the feel of your skin will charm you.

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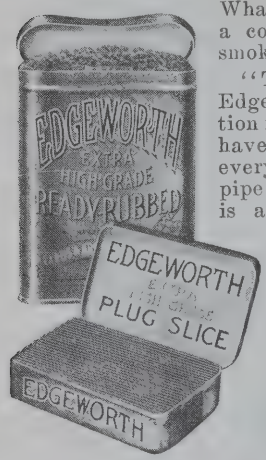
How about the corncob?

The old family meerschaum stirs no thrills in this smoker

"Dear Sirs and so forth," begins a letter we recently received from H. T. Spenser, Madison, Wisconsin, "I am cupping my hands in the shape of a megaphone and shouting a loud echo of approval to your correspondent who smokes a meerschaum pipe fifty years old.

"But I don't want him or any other smoker to get away with the idea that a meerschaum is the only pipe where Edgeworth is concerned.

"For, you see, I am a corncob smoker. What's more, I am a corncob-Edgeworth smoker!



"The corncob Edgeworth combination is hard to beat. I have tried almost every combination of pipe and tobacco there is and have yet to find one that can approach it for year-in-and-year-out pipe smoking.

"So if you're starting a Corncob - Edgeworth Clan, don't forget to put me down as a charter member."

We are continually being surprised by smokers who discover things about Edgeworth that we don't know ourselves. For instance, we never suspected that Edgeworth smokes any better in a corncob than it does in a briar. Frankly, we don't believe that it does. At any rate, we have any number of friends who claim that Edgeworth is the only tobacco to use in briars, in calabashes, in meerschaums, or in clays.

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At the same time we know there are any number of men who would like it if they only had a chance to try it once. That's why we are always glad to send free samples.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address on a postcard. We will forward to you immediately free samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. If you also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth if you should like it.

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that gave you any right to violate the privacy of this household?"

"It sometimes becomes necessary for a wronged wife to take the law into her own hands."

"Mrs. Mallison has been wronged, then? How sad."

"Mrs. Mallison," her counsel persisted, but with shaken bravado, "happens to know her husband has been spending too much of his time of late in the society of Mrs. McFee——"

"In brief—you have had the effrontery to force your way into a private residence in the hope of securing evidence for divorce proceedings?"

"You've got the idea."

"Oh insolent!" Folly flamed.

It was now again necessary for Lanyard firmly to put down interference with his diplomacy, lest it fail. "By your leave, Folly—permit me to deal with these gentry. Their account of themselves is much too ingenious to lose. If we let them rattle on—who knows?—we may learn something to their disadvantage."

At this the rogue of ruder mien concluded that he, for one, had had enough. "Come on," he mumbled, plucking at Howlin's sleeve, "le's get out o' this."

"Not so fast. You entered here by force: you will leave in the good pleasure of Mrs. McFee. And then Mr. Mallison will go with you."

"What's that?" the lawyer demanded. "Mallison's *here?*"

"We have no desire to deceive you."

"But where?" the slighted wife objected shrilly. "I don't see him . . ."

"How little married folk ever know one another! The dear lad's so shy, when he heard you on the stairs he made himself small. Half a minute . . ." Lanyard stepped behind the table to find Mallison in the first throes of coming to. An unceremonious hand twisted in his collar helped him find his feet. He swayed on them, glaring groggily around that ring of faces whose lips framed confounded murmurs, while Lanyard nodded politely to the self-confessed wife: "Permit me, Mrs. Mallison—your husband." More brusquely he added: "Now Soames—if you think you can find a policeman . . ."

The butler saluted this suggestion with unbegrudged respect, but the man who had lately been so anxious to go now moved in haste to intercept him at the door.

"Here," he growled in an effort, not too happy, to assert authority, "wait a minute, wait—a—minute, you! What's the grand idea?"

"What is your objection?" Lanyard countered.

"If you got any use for a cop, you don't have to look no farther. I'm a city detective."

"Splendid. You shall enjoy every opportunity to exercise the powers of your office. Nevertheless, Soames will proceed to fetch a policeman."

In a bluster of panic the self-styled detective elbowed the butler away from the door. "Wait, now! This is my job; if any pinchin's goin' to be done here tonight, I'll do it."

"To the contrary . . ." A hand slipped deftly beneath the skirts of Mallison's dinner jacket brought to light an automatic pistol of whose whereabouts Lanyard had become aware in the course of their struggle. "To the contrary, you will be good enough to stand back and let Soames do my bidding. Do you hear? And all of you"—a push sent Mallison reeling drunkenly into the ranks of his confederates—"all four of you will be well advised to raise your hands to the level of your ears."

A flourish of the weapon earned this good counsel prompt and unanimous respect, even Mallison proving himself sufficiently recovered to heed.

"Cut along now, Soames; and you might tell the policeman he will need assistance, with four prisoners to handle."

"Look here!" Mallison found his tongue in a splutter of spite and fear. "You're going too far, Lanyard, carrying things with too high a hand——"

"I know but one way to deal with blackmailers."

"And what about yourself—you damn burglar?" A new voice introduced itself to the dialogue. "Blackmailers?" it drawled. "Burglar? Fightin' words, folks, fightin' words!"

Soames, moving to execute Lanyard's instructions, had opened the door to find it blocked by a long, loose-jointed body. Now, hands in pockets, hat well back on his head, chewing the unlighted cigar of his custom, the detective, Crane, lounged in, with keen, ironic glances reviewing the several countenances so variously colored with emotion, until he perceived the presence of Mrs. McFee. Then he was quick to uncover his head and disembarrass his teeth.

"Your servant, ma'am. Hope you'll excuse the informality, but we found your front door standing wide open and figured maybe something might be going wrong. H'are you, Lanyard—business as usual, I see." A nod and wrinkling grin designated the pistol. "I'll tell anybody that don't know, you're the little guy that stages the quick comebacks." Over his shoulder, Crane called: "Come on in, Hoffmeyer—looks like we'd found us a regular job."

A brisk policeman in uniform stepped in from the hallway. And sensible of sharp relief in the easing of the tension Lanyard put down the pistol. "My friend," he told Crane, "never in your life were you more welcome."

"That's easy to believe; going on appearances we've happened along at one of these psychological moments, all right. No thanks to me, of course, Lanyard; I just naturally hiked right up here as soon as I got your phone message."

"You telephoned for Mr. Crane?" Folly demanded, eyeing Lanyard intently.

"He sure did," Crane affirmed.

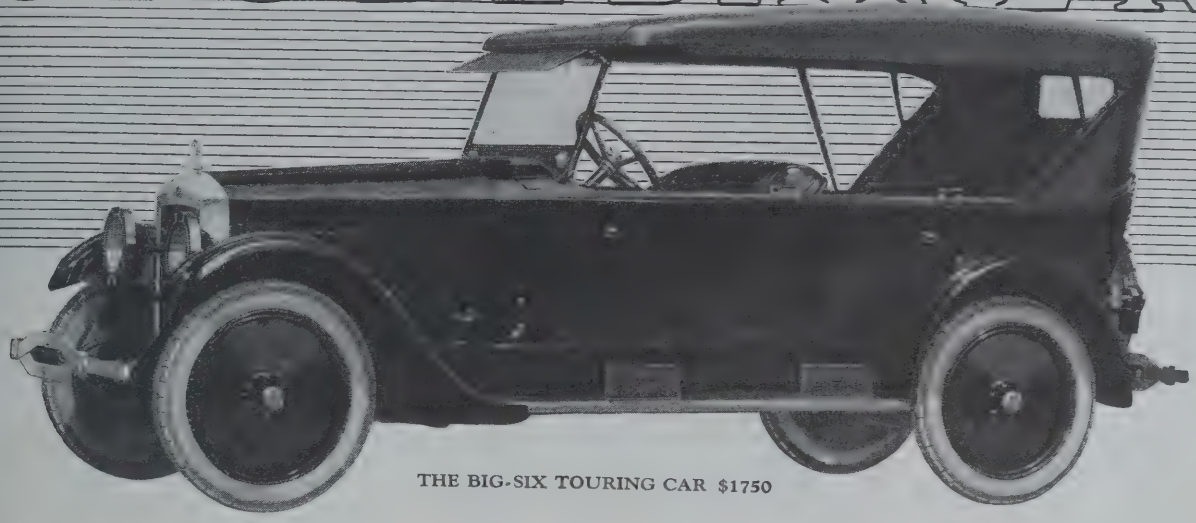
"At what time?"

"Half an hour or so ago, wasn't it, Lanyard?"

"Approximately. But I can fix the hour precisely; Mrs. McFee will undoubtedly remember when Mallison was called from the table to answer the telephone." Folly nodded, her eyes growing rounder. Lanyard laughed, with a wave of a debonair hand introduced the other woman. "You here behold the lady who was then, according to Mallison, Mrs. Stuyvesant Ashe. Now she accuses herself of being his wife. One or both of them would seem to be mistaken. No matter; after listening in on their conversation I felt warranted in calling up Mr. Crane without waiting to secure your approval."

"You called him up from here?"

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for "Clean Hands in Business"



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"But what would you?" With spacious show of naïveté Lanyard chos to misconstrue that almost purely rhe torical query of astonishment. "Admit tha I had hardly time to run out and hur up a sound-proof booth, madame, admi that I had no choice other than to remai here if I were to keep faith with you—an more especially when the telephone ha just told me enough to prove that this fin gentleman intended blackmail, whether o not we were justified in crediting him wit a graver offense against your hospitality."

The earnest eyes that held Folly's sa them fog with the confused play of though excited by these cunningly sown hints an implications. And not until she ha heard him out with a comprehending no for all comment, and the lips that ha been parted in breathless interest close without uttering a word to refute hi impudent assertion of an understandin which made Folly a party to his presenc in the house, did Lanyard again find i easy to breathe. But that nod, couple with her silence, testified to appreciatio of the fact that in tacit confirmation o his claim lay the one sure way to save he good repute, that to gainsay him woul be to lend color to the calumny implici in the intrusion of Mallison's "wife" an her accomplices.

If Folly wanted proof of this, she had i in another breath, when the seedy con spirator instituted a sharp counter-of fensive.

"Just a minute, gentlemen!" he insisted pushing in his sallow, excited face betwee Lanyard and Crane. "You go too fas We deny all these ridiculous allegations but particularly we deny that my clien is here in any sort of collusion with he husband. That malicious innuendo w flatly contradict and brand a lie out o whole cloth!"

"'We'?" Crane echoed, inquisitive bu otherwise indifferently impressed. "You 'client'?"

"I am counsel for Mrs. Mallison——

"You don't say? Bet anything sh deserves you, too." Crane showed Lan yard arched brows of dubiety. "Shyster?

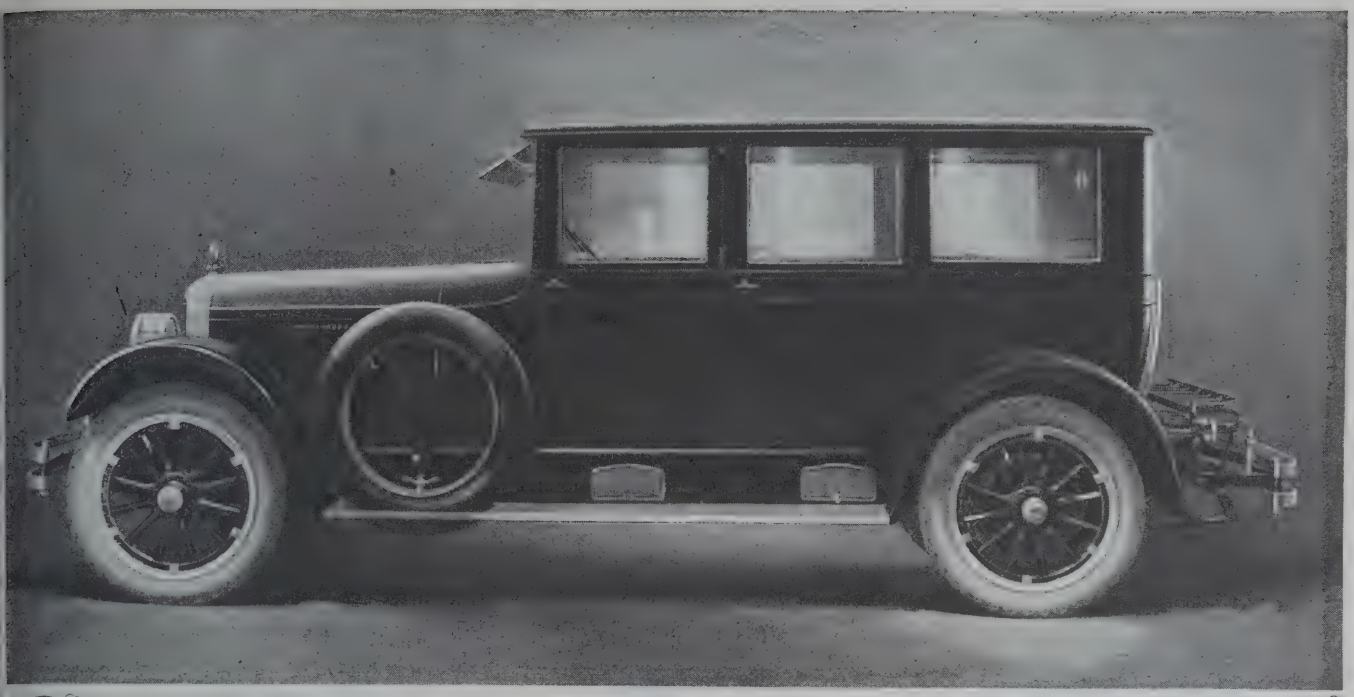
"Calls himself Howlin," Lanyard as sented impatiently. "If you like he' show you a card almost as shady as th business which engages his talents her tonight."

"I can afford to ignore slurs upon m professional standing which come fro such a source," Howlin retorted loftily "But my business tonight being th entirely legitimate one of looking afte the interests of a client, I can hardly b expected to stand by and enter no ob jections when I hear her slandered."

"I'll say you can't," Crane agree cruelly looking the lady up and down wit a glance so discerning that it caused a du flush to burn beneath her warpaint.

But now again Howlin considered th source and concluded he could afford t ignore constructive sarcasm.

"Mr. Regan here," he said, introducin the man who had styled himself a "cit detective," "has under my direction bee shadowing my client's husband for severa weeks. His report shows at least questionable degree of intimacy existin between Mallison and Mrs. McFe When, therefore, Mallison was seen t night letting himself into this house, usin a latchkey and without the knowledg



Our Ideal Paige of Enclosed Type

IT means much to us—and should to you—when we present this Paige Five-Passenger Sedan as our Ideal Paige of enclosed type. For our ideals date back to 1909, since when this close-knit organization of officers, directors and engineers has remained unchanged.

Our cherished ideals of beautiful enclosed bodies have before only partly found expression. Now the success of our Jewett increases our volume and reduces our overhead so that we can fully realize our finest ambitions at a reasonable price. And as such we present our Ideal Paige.

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PAIGE

(284)

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*Drawing and dialogue by Laurence Fellows, London.

of the servants, we had every excuse for assuming that an unexpected visit would produce certain results. Now, however, since we would seem to have been misled, we can only offer Mrs. McFee the assurance that my client stands ready to give her every satisfaction the law may hold her entitled to. I think that's all . . . " He turned confidently toward the door. "Now, Mrs. Mallison, if you're ready . . . Come, Regan . . ."

"What's your hurry?" Crane wanted to know genially, but quickly enough to anticipate the storm of words promised by Folly's gesture of violent protest. "You admit your liability for unlawful trespass, I take it?"

"If Mrs. McFee thinks she can induce any court in the land to call it that," Howlin stipulated.

"Outside of that, however, you've got nothing to fear?"

Mr. Howlin achieved a shrug which utterly abolished a suggestion so absurd.

"Then be good sports—why don't you?—and stick around awhile. Maybe you might be able to help us out in dealing with Mr. Mallison. Going on all you tell me, Mrs. Mallison don't owe him any good will; I judge she ought to be happy to see him come up with. How about it, ma'am?"

The person appealed to in a touching twitter looked to Howlin for guidance, and got from him a subtle sign which she may have misinterpreted; not without excuse, seeing that the situation was one of the extremest delicacy for all of them, and that the sacrifice of one to the salvation of the majority is a time-honored expedient with her kind.

"Ask me anything you want," she volunteered, waggling an indignant head and giving Mallison a poisonous look . . . "after the way he's treated me, the low cur!"

"That's handsome of you ma'am." Crane beamed benignantly upon the lady, and with little less warmth upon the unhappy dancing man. "I won't forget it, either. But first I'd like to ask Mr. Lanyard here a few questions, to sort of clear the ground."

"I object!" Mallison stuttered in rage and dismay. "I refuse to submit to these star-chamber proceedings——"

"Do you, now?" Crane commented with much interest. "Well, if you ask me, 'star-chamber proceedings' is a mighty nifalutin' name for what's going to happen to you right here and now, my lad; it's going to be a whole lot more like the third degree, if you know what I mean."

Mallison knew only too well; fear lent those ingratiating eyes, always so gentle beneath their long and silky lashes, the wickedness of a cornered rat's. "I protest!" he snarled. "I deny your right—"

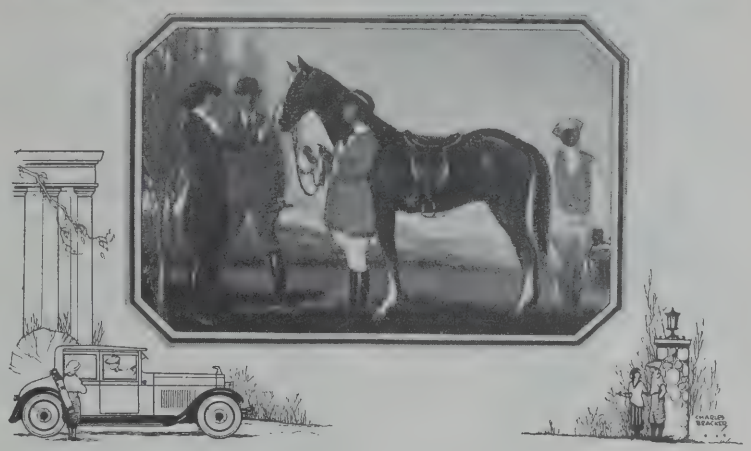
"You better hush. Hoffmeyer here don't like your looks nohow, he'll admire to improve 'em if you don't quit speaking out of your turn."

Mallison got a minatory grin from the patrolman and subsided at discretion, while Crane cocked a meaning eye at Lanyard.

"Now, Mr. Lanyard, if you'll just tell us what you know about how this man Mallison comes to be here . . ."

"Gladly." Lanyard had his story pat, it fell from a glib tongue. "I presume everybody present knows Mrs. McFee's emeralds were stolen last night from the

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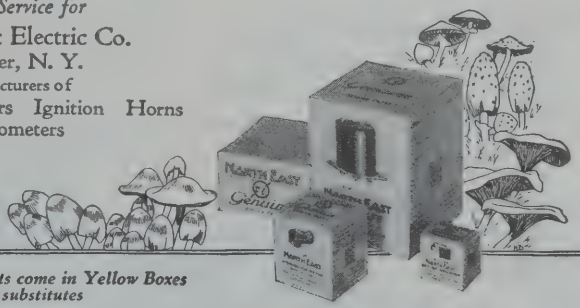
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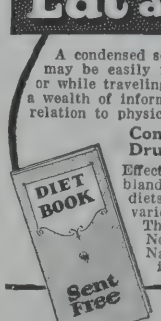
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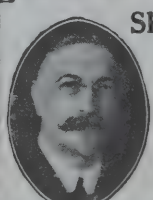
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safe in that secretary over there, under circumstances which caused a certain person to be suspected——"

"Why so modest?" Mallison interrupted vindictively. "Why so mealy-mouthed? 'Suspected' is hardly the word."

"I am desolated to disappoint monsieur; unhappily or not, as you may care to take it, Mr. Crane was able to establish my innocence this morning."

"Like hell he was!"

"Just one more nasty crack out of you, Mallison," Crane advised, "and I'll let Hoffmeyer do your wife a swell favor."

"Strangely enough," Lanyard pursued serenely, "Mrs. McFee and I, thinking the case over independently, arrived at the same conclusion: that Mallison probably knew as much as anybody about the theft. Mrs. McFee accordingly laid a trap—invited him to a little dinner party this evening, in the course of which she quietly let it become known that the thief had overlooked a valuable lot of jewelry which she meant to leave unprotected tonight other than by the safe which had once already been attacked with success. This made a second visit quite probable, if there were grounds for our suspicions.

"I on my part arranged to occupy that clothespress which you see with its door open; by leaving the door just off the latch, it was easy to keep direct watch on the safe. Toward the end of dinner Mallison received the telephone call which has been mentioned and made it a pretext for leaving before the other guests. He said good night to Mrs. McFee at the front door, but as soon as she returned to the dining room let himself into the house again and stole upstairs. He was hiding behind the screen in the corner when Mrs. McFee came up, but when she had put her remaining jewels in the safe and turned to go to her bedchamber, he blundered—made his presence known in a way she couldn't overlook. Then he tried to overpower her, to prevent her giving the alarm. I was obliged to interfere and had just succeeded in discouraging him when these people broke in . . ."

"Straight enough story, far as it goes," Crane approved.

But Mallison dissented wildly: "A pack of lies from beginning to end!" he termed it. To which Lanyard replied, with nonchalance quite unfeigned, that if they doubted his word they might ask Mrs. McFee. Neither was his confidence misplaced; quietly the young woman affirmed the substantial truthfulness of the tissue of misrepresentation which he had woven so brazenly under her very eyes and for her benefit as much as for his own.

"But one thing I want settled," she declared. "These people assert that Mallison used a latchkey. I say he didn't—unless he had one he had stolen. If they're right, I want that key. If they're wrong, I want that proved for my own sake."

"Reasonable enough request," Crane agreed. "How about it, Mallison? Got a little key to give up?" The dancing man shook his head, mumbling a negative. "You can save yourself a heap of trouble by forking it over, you know."

"I tell you I haven't got any key!" Mallison insisted with what seemed extravagant violence. Lanyard eyed him in deepening perplexity; some secret fear, inexplicable, unwarranted by known circumstances, seemed to be at work in the man, desperation was glimpsing in his haunted eyes. "Mrs. McFee knows I haven't," he stammered. "I won't be sacrificed to save her——"

"How's that?"

"Mrs. McFee," Mallison affirmed defiantly, "knows damn well I haven't got a key and never had one; she knows damn well she left the door fixed for me so that I could reopen it by simply turning the knob from the outside——"

"Oh!" Folly gasped, infuriated. "What a contemptible lie! Search him, Mr. Crane—I demand that this beast be searched and proved a liar. He must have had a key, he couldn't possibly have got in any other way."

Even while she was speaking events got in motion, not consecutively but all at once. Mallison, stung to frenzy by his fears, whirled on a heel and made a mad dash for the passage leading to the bedchamber. A sinewy hand at the end of one of Crane's long arms shot out with surprising readiness to clamp upon his shoulder and drag him back. He turned and fought wildly. The policeman, Hoffmeyer, cheerfully waded in to lend Crane needed assistance. Mrs. Mallison and Messrs. Howlin and Regan thought to profit by the general preoccupation, but were painfully surprised to discover that Lanyard, an instant since a dozen feet away, was now planted firmly in front of the hall door and smiling a bland smile over the sinister grin of Mallison's pistol.

They stopped. Simultaneously Mallison found himself helpless in an embrace which Hoffmeyer had fastened upon him from behind.

"Cut it out!" the patrolman growled. "You kick my shins again and I'll shake every tooth out of your fool head!"

Panting and twitching like a whipped animal, Mallison gave in and with eyes of blank hopelessness followed the clever work of Crane's hands as they turned out the contents of his pockets, one by one, and neatly arranged their plunder on the top of the occasional table; bringing to light, in addition to every man's horde of minor personal effects, a flat leather case which fitted neatly a lining pocket in Mallison's dress waistcoat and which held a light jointed jimmy of the toughest procurable steel with an assortment of skeleton keys designed to make the most modern of door locks tamely yield up its secret.

Mallison's countenance gave open confession of abandonment to despair when this damning find was made; yet Crane was not half finished with him. The next plunge of his fingers fished a tissue paper packet from a lower waistcoat pocket, which, being unfolded, disclosed the purloined emeralds of Folly McFee.

Crane clucked in astonishment, Folly gave an incredulous squeal of joy, Lanyard a graphic start and stare. The others present reacted variously, each according to his idiosyncrasy. Only Mallison made neither sound nor stir. But the eyes he turned toward Lanyard were a murderer's . . .

Next month—you will watch Morphew's most cunning trap apparently close on Eve and the Lone Wolf.

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The design of Dodge Brothers gear-shift takes into consideration the natural inclinations of the driver.

To start, you throw the lever forward. To reverse, you pull the lever backward. And when the car is running in high gear—which is about ninety per cent of the time—the lever is in a forward position, out of the way, where it does not interfere with passengers, robes, or luggage.

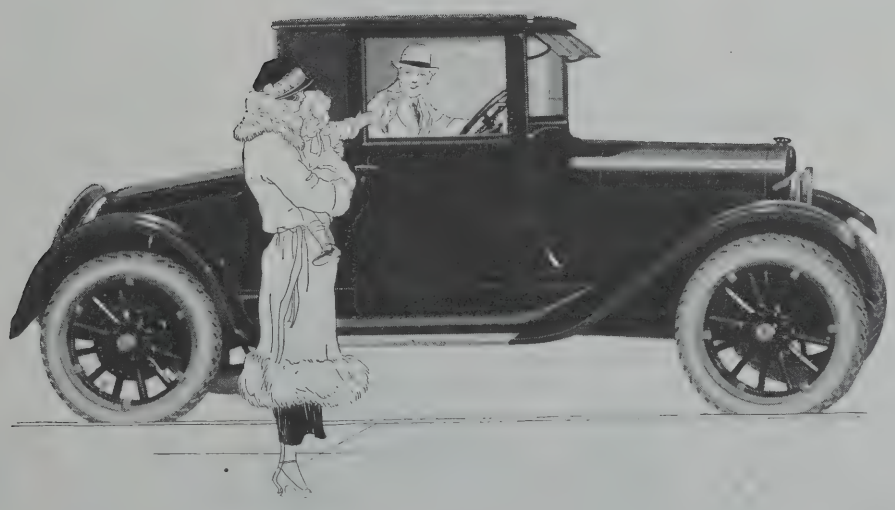
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Why they stick

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On a higher floor of the same building a corps of telephone operators worked all through the night, knowing that buildings around them were being washed from their foundations, that fire drew near, that there might be no escape.

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Some work in quiet laboratories or at desks; others out on the "highways of speech." Some grapple with problems of management or science; some with maintenance of lines and equipment; others with office details. But all know, better than any one else, how the safe and orderly life of the people depends on the System—and all know that the System depends on them.

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A Maker of Gestures

(*Continued from page 101*)

balcony, his hands gripping the rails; the blood surged to his head. He became aware of a pressure against his arm, and he turned to see a white hand on his sleeve. Yvonne was standing just inside the room, in her nightdress, a silken shawl thrown over her shoulders. The candles were out. She drew him into the darkness of the room.

"In God's name, what goes on?" he cried in her ear.

Yvonne reached her hand to his mouth and laid her fingers gently on his lips. She was extremely agitated.

"It is but a custom—it is but a custom," she was saying over and over.

"But what does it mean, why do they do it?"

"Pay no attention," she pleaded. "It is but an old custom."

"Pay no attention! They are driving me out of my senses. Tell me! What does it mean, tell me!" Gaylord was thoroughly exasperated. The tumult outside was in crescendo. He grasped her by both arms and shook her. Her white face gleamed cameo-like from her tumbled hair. The shawl slipped from her shoulders.

"Thou wilt not be angry—thou wilt do nothing?" she was whispering in desperation.

"Have you gone mad, too?"

Yvonne was striving to make him understand. She slipped her arms around his neck. "When they think there is something"—she faltered—"evil—in a house, something—not proper, they do that."

"And they think there is something evil in this house!" he cried in amazement.

Yvonne nodded. A flash of understanding came to Gaylord. "It is you and I."

He had known that eyes were upon him always. They did not understand him, with the inevitable consequence that they became suspicious of him, of his motives, of his purpose. It was only natural, Gaylord well knew, but that in itself was innocuous. This expression of the suspicion was vicious. Eyes had followed on his walks with Yvonne, doubtless had penetrated his room from the windows across the street and seen Yvonne there. Suspicion had hardened into screaming conclusion, and this was its voice.

Gaylord struggled with himself, trying to hold back his anger with petty reasonings. The noise after all was harmless, and it was customary. Be wise and ignore it.

A catcall, shrill and poisonous, sank into his consciousness like a barbed arrow. His fury rose. If Julio led this attack! Gaylord's chest rose and fell, his breath came sibilantly. The muscles in his arms swelled and his fingers worked. Yvonne, the fine, the sensitive, was being crucified by a mob of poltroons under cover of night. Old Hurja was probably biting through his lip with shame. He could hear Yvonne's voice in earnest appeal:

"Mind it not—it is their way—they do not approve."

"The cowards!" came through his teeth. "The rotten cowards!"

She tore herself from him.

"Do not say that! They are my people, my people, dost thou hear? Do not judge



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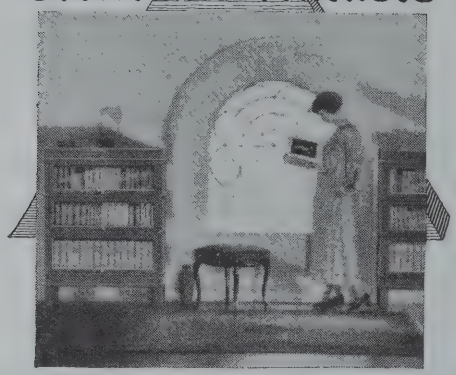
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them like that; it is the custom here for hundreds of years."

Gaylord gasped. She was defending them, defending the people who were shaming her.

"If thou wert brave thou wouldst ignore them. They are not to blame."

The whistles sneered at him, taunted him. Goaded him. The trumpets spat at him. Gaylord turned and ran to the balcony; they were grouped below. He could barely make out the outlines. He turned back, throwing off his coat, making for the door.

Yvonne stood in his way; he thought he merely pushed her to one side but she went spinning against the wall. His body charged with a heavy voltage of passion. Once in a public house along the river front at Oxford, a drunken waterman, taking offense at his appearance perhaps, had unaccountably slapped him in the face, and Gaylord had picked him up and hurled him across the room, carrying a wreckage of broken chairs and tables in his wake.

In a flash he was out of the room—and out of the side door. He was at the end of the street. Forty yards away he could make out the outlines of the group, bunched in the shadow.

He shot down the street as a runner off the mark, gathering the speed that had swept him down the Rugby fields; well into his stride, his pace was astonishing. Within five yards he lowered his head and catapulted into them, a driving force of one hundred and eighty pounds of compact bone and muscle. The impact was terrific. Men went down before him like ninepins at the smash of a mahogany ball; cannoned and collided with each other. Gaylord's body was taut as a bow cord. The serenaders were loose, relaxed. The wind was jolted out of those who were hit, leaving them gasping and sick. Gaylord's impetus carried him nearly through the group before he finally brought up, fighting. Every body was his mark and he knew how to hit. Not wild swinging blows, but straight driving smashes, all his weight behind, his fists smashing and smashing. Wherever he struck a man went down. Gaylord whirled and spun like a shadow boxer.

Had they known he was but one they could not have hit or held him; as it was, they thought they had been assailed by a dozen madmen. Some struck out and hit others who fought back and they milled together in a churning scramble. The noise changed to frightened cries and yells. Those who had gone down were getting to their knees and crawling away into the darkness. The group was melting off into the shadows. Pain, the dark, fear, took them each by the heart and they broke. They slunk and ran and crept away, bruised and bleeding.

Gaylord found himself suddenly alone, in a deserted street, standing in a wreck of drums and pans and twisted horns. The fever was dying out of his blood, the fury from his heart.

The noise and its authors were gone back into the night whence they came. A wave of hot regret hit him, that they should have done the thing they did, that he had retaliated in such a way.

Then it was over, and the only word he could find was "ridiculous." "After all," he was thinking, "I have played the clown. It is a matter of custom. I've be admitted to court and then turned my ba on the king." He walked slowly back the end of the street, let himself in the si door and mounted the stairs. He enter his rooms. The candles had been relighte The room was empty. Yvonne was go

Amongst the lads of the village t following day there were manifold explan tory accounts as to the origin of certa discolorations.

The midnight serenade with its curio conclusion was lost in the excitement ov the approach of an event of supre significance. Yvonne explained to Ga lord that the neighboring town w organizing a magnificent *mascarade* to given in Tardets. "It would be a festival she told him. Then he would hear mus and see dancing and costumes! In all t world there was no such carnival as t *mascarade* in Tardets. He was to wait a see! Gaylord was delighted with Yvonn fresh enthusiasm.

"And Zamalzain," Yvonne said, with strange look, "is to be——"

"Julio!" cried Gaylord and stopp laughing.

Julio had scarce been mentioned betwe them, but in both minds dwelt a knowled of the ever present danger. The villa knew of Julio's long, long suit and th hoped for him. Gaylord was an interlop Everyone knew that there but needed t hour which would bring the three togeth and—they shrugged shoulders expr sively—something would happen.

Zamalzain, as Gaylord learned, was t master dancer of the occasion. Juli grace and skill was celebrated through the valley; there could be no doubt as the justice of the selection.

"Hurja's daughter will make up her mi when she sees Julio dancing in costu that day," the villagers agreed.

The day arrived.

Gaylord was at his table writing in t early afternoon when the shouts and mus outside told him that the masquerade were approaching. He threw the windo open and stepped out on to the balcony the sunlight.

At the head of the procession, boundi and flying, came Julio. He wore on h head a turban of gauze crowned with pea and paste jewels, ornamented with ribbo which fell over his back. He danced Basque shoes, small and light; he had white stockings with red garters, whi breeches and a red coat, and he was astri a little wicker horse with a black head a arched neck. The horse had a sadd cloth of red fringed silk, had a bridle wi a silver bell and was without legs. T horse was winged. Upon this magic ste Julio was executing marvelous evolution

The dancing, gamboling, brilliant co tège followed by two's and three Blacksmiths in red coats and capes, whi trousers and yellow aprons, who carri nails and hammers to shoe Zamalzain horse. There was a character in fro coat and top hat with a sword and car there were peasants; there were tw Hungarians in velvet coats and breech top boots and bright cravats; knife grinde in great leather aprons; a gypsy gentlem carrying a gun and looking a despera robber leading a gypsy band; coppersmit with their donkeys loaded with pots a pans; doctors, apothecaries and beggars rags. The procession advanced into t



Beauty at Your Finger Tips

TODAY, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

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Pompeian Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

What a Little Care of the Skin Will Do

By Mme. Jeannette

Once I asked a friend why she bought so many hats. I couldn't help it, for each time I saw her she wore a new one.

"Because I am tired of my face," she said, "and since I can't change it, I can at least wear something above it that is pretty, and cheers me up to look at."

No wonder she was tired of her face, it looked so uncared for and unwholesome.

"How much time do you spend in a month, buying hats?" I asked. She could not say exactly, but admitted she was constantly shopping for them.

"And how much time do you give to the care of your skin?"

She shook her head in an annoyed way, and said, "Why bother with a face like mine?"

"If you would spend just a tiny fraction of the time you give to buying hats, on caring for your complexion," I told her, "you would save a lot of money, and be a far happier woman."

I told her to bathe her face with warm water (not hot) and then to cover it with Pompeian Night Cream, patting ingently with the tips of the fingers. Then with absorbent cotton softly remove the cream. All dust particles that may have collected during the day will be taken away and the pores allowed to breathe freely through the night.

Yesterday I saw her again—and what a change! The lines were noticeably fewer and fainter, all the dark patches had disappeared, and best of all I saw a happy smiling light in her lovely eyes!

"Well," I said, "I think I've seen that hat before. Haven't you bought a new one lately?" "I haven't bought a new hat this month," she laughed. "I've done just what you told me to do with Pompeian Night Cream, and I'm so interested in my improved looks now that I've forgotten all about new hats."

--:--

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town, to the market square to eat, to drink and to dance the ballet.

Gaylord ran back into his room to change his clothes, putting on white flannels and low white shoes. He slipped on a white cotton shirt and left the collar open at the throat, and finally in place of a belt he tied a red sash about his waist.

"Hell!" laughed Gaylord to himself, "I'm in the picture."

He started out of the room bareheaded, on his way to the square. At the door he hesitated, he saw Julio's eyes before him; he turned to the bureau and took out of a drawer the slim Spanish dirk his wrist had come to know well. He slipped it down between the waistband of his trousers and his shirt, beneath his sash, where he felt it lie flat against his body.

The market square was a phantasmagoria of shifting figure and color. The sides were banked with the villagers in their showiest holiday attire, applauding, clapping, encouraging the dance in the center where Julio was doing a succession of intricate steps. Gaylord caught sight of Yvonne and her beauty on this day staggered him. She was dressed in gleaming black, the sheer texture of her dress disclosing the smooth outlines of her slim body. A dazzling white mantilla gave a blue-black intensity to her hair. Her beauty, animated as it was now, made Gaylord gasp; the vivid redness of her mouth, her lips moving in quick Basque syllables, revealing flashes of her even teeth, the dark lashes half veiling the gray eyes, gave her an impossible beauty.

It became obvious to Gaylord that Julio knew where Yvonne stood, for he danced as if in the presence of a queen. He danced the goblet dance as no youth had danced it in the history of the village, and Gaylord knew, and Yvonne knew, and the village knew, whence came his inspiration. The crowd, as he concluded, applauded and applauded his triumph in burst after burst of enthusiasm. Julio walked to a place near Yvonne, among his cheering admirers.

The *farandole* was to follow, where the young girls would be asked by the masqueraders to dance in the square.

The dancers were forming in the square as the young men chose their ladies, the music started up and they began to wind, hand in hand, through the simple steps. But Yvonne stood at the side, and Julio had not broken away from his admirers. No one of the youths dared choose Yvonne —they knew Julio; and still Julio dallied, and the dance was beginning. For Julio, intoxicated with his success, the idol of the moment, was paying back to Yvonne the humiliation he felt she had brought him as a hopeless suitor.

"See," wagged the village tongues, "Julio ignores her—but he will ask her to dance in a minute."

Gaylord caught it all, saw Yvonne bite her lip and toss her head. The steps of the dance were simple, he saw that he could do them. He looked once more at Julio, stepped out of the crowd, walked to Yvonne, bowed and asked her to join in the dance with him.

Yvonne looked at him in amazement. The villagers gasped:

"The Englishman has asked Hurja's daughter to dance the *farandole!*"

Julio turned and saw. Yvonne reached up and took Gaylord's arm and they turned to enter the dance—and faced Julio.

"May I request thee to dance with me?"

"I am sorry," said Yvonne calmly.

Gaylord started to step past. Julio's temper broke into flame—it was the final insult. He flew at Gaylord's throat, the fury of his spring carrying Gaylord back into the crowd, which scattered instantly.

And then they fought, those two, such a fight as is still related about the firesides in Tardets. Julio held on like a madman and Gaylord fought and tore but could not wrench him loose. They rolled over and over on the cobblestones of the street, Julio in his gay costume with his fingers in Gaylord's throat. The music stopped, the dance broke up in confusion. Gaylord twisted and turned, tore and battered, but the steel fingers dug into his throat. The veins in his head were bursting when he finally got his knee against Julio's chin and forced him off. Once free, Gaylord whipped blows in Julio's face, left and right. Julio rushed in again and Gaylord beat him off. Gaylord met every rush with stinging blows, his shirt was torn into rags, his flesh scored with Julio's clawing fingers.

Julio came on again. Gaylord stepped back and lashed out with a blow that sent him whirling against the wall. Julio turned and his eyes burned with an evil flame. No one saw the movement or saw from what part of his clothes it came, but they all saw now that Julio's right hand clasped a knife.

Gaylord laughed madly, leaped away, his hand dropping to his sash. Yvonne caught the motion—saw again the smooth pine board with the deep gashes in Gaylord's room—and knew what had to happen.

The motley crowd of masqueraders was drawn back on both sides, in breathless intensity, watching the drama enacted before their eyes. The two men faced each other. They saw Gaylord's hand come out with a knife. The villagers saw Yvonne Hurja run between the two men and throw herself upon Julio, her body between Julio and Gaylord as if to protect him.

Gaylord was stunned. She was trying to save Julio's life, not his own. She was trying to save Julio's life! *So*, in the final test, it was *Julio!* She was crying in fierce warning to him in Basque, which Gaylord could not understand. Gaylord's heart, misunderstanding, cried out: "She loves Julio! She loves Julio! After all it is people to people, kind to kind."

It was true that Yvonne was trying to save Julio—but not because she loved him. She was afraid for him, for she alone knew his danger. She had not the slightest fear for Gaylord. To her Gaylord was—Gaylord. He would make no mistakes.

"You fool! You fool! He will kill you!" she cried.

And Julio threw her off. Gaylord swerved slightly and Julio's knife hurtled past. The crowd shrank away. Julio crouched back against the wall.

But the light had died in Gaylord's eyes. The figure against the wall had no meaning.

On the wall of the building at Julio's right hung a wooden sign on which was painted the red image of a goat. Gaylord drew back his arm, Yvonne closed her eyes. When she looked again she saw the knife sticking in the body of the goat on the wooden sign. Gaylord was walking rapidly out of the square. At Oxford they would have pronounced it "the Gaylo touch."

That evening he told Hurja he w leaving. He set about methodically arrange his books and papers and pack h clothes. He sat at his table between t two wax tapers till far into the night.

Yvonne came as usual with the flowe for Gaylord's room the next mornin She saw the traveling bags drawn out the closets.

Gaylord spoke to her indifferently, n looking. He strolled to the windows a turned slightly.

"And so," he continued easily, "I sh go back tomorrow. It has been so deligh ful this summer, the best I've ever had knowing you has alone made it wor while."

She looked at him through straight gr eyes. He stood at the tiny, half open French windows; the morning sunlig streamed slantwise over his head a shoulders, making an aura around his cri blond hair. She noticed again the poise his head, the straight lines of his nose, t curve of his nostrils, the graceful sweep his jaw. Behind his casual sentences s felt the stark surface of determinatio He was going back. The gray eyes gaz at him steadily with a cold level light. H was not going back—not yet!

"Thou must not leave me, Gaylor'."

"I am desolated, but I cannot stay."

"Thou canst not leave me, Gaylor'."

He turned his head slowly to face her lifted his hand in single, final gesture.

"I have no choice—it is finished, n work. I cannot remain longer. I lea you—life is like that."

Velvet words softly insistent. "Gaylo but decide for thyself now—else I do it stay!"

"I cannot."

He remembered it all so clearly afte wards, what happened there. She ha done it perfectly. Perhaps she had pra ticed it a thousand times. Perhaps it ha been born of the moment. It was beaut fully done. His astonishment was lost admiration. There had been no hesitatio no suddenness, no startling move, and happened just as the click of finality of h last word "cannot!"

Gaylord was looking at the handle, th polished black handle of a dagger, and stood straight out from his thigh. Th blade of that dagger, he knew, was buri a good six inches in his thigh muscles, th flat metal hilt pressed the weave of h trousers hard against the flesh.

He did not stir. He raised his cigaret to his lips and inhaled. The smoke traile lazily through his nostrils.

Yes, it was as swift as light. A brow hand shooting down to the edge of a skir a fleeting vision of a slim black-stockinge leg, a thin-bladed dagger twisted in a da red garter, the lightning flick of a slend wrist——

His eyes rose to look into gray on which said no word, but he heard, soft insistent:

"Thou wilt not leave me, Gaylor'; th wound will be dangerous for many day thou canst not ride nor walk; thou wilt lame. Thou wilt remain here."

Curious, thought Gaylord, it hadn hurt, just a sharp blow; it wasn't bleedin it wouldn't bleed till he pulled it ou Wonder if a muscle were cut. He look



Building to an Ideal

AS the stone is shaped to man's enduring use by the master builder, so, in the Firestone Cord, has material been fashioned to contribute to that vital need in human progress—transportation.

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again; no, the blade lay parallel to and not across the muscle threads. Wonder if she had thought of that. He wouldn't be lame long, anyway.

His leg would stiffen, it would be sore, and if the wound became septic—well, it was the part of wisdom to stay. It was a long trip out. Clever of her to choose his thigh. If it had been his side or his shoulder now——

Words again: "Thou wilt stay here and I will take care of thee, beloved, and there will be many days till thou shalt walk again."

"This is one of the things that doesn't happen," he murmured. He was still gazing in fascination at the black handle.

Clever of her to wound him like that. Come to think of it, how else could she have held him longer? He must go eventually, she must realize that—or did she? Did she only want a few more weeks to try to win him? And if not—what? Would she wound him again?

What courage, to hurt the man she loved! Nietszche had said something about that—takes greater courage to cause suffering than to endure suffering—she was probably strangling from the well of pity that was gushing from her heart. God! these Basques, the riddles of the earth. Her slim, black-stockinged leg, evanescent again; that lithe, round wrist. The picture was imprinted on his brain for all time. Black hair, gray eyes—what *was* the secret of her ancestry?

She carried a dagger twisted in her garter—and she used it on him, in hate, no—in fear, no—in love, yes.

What a rush of thoughts—had anyone else ever done that? After all, what an idea in an extremity. How utterly stupid otherwise. How had girls tried to hold men? Tears, good God! Wails, red eyes, twisted lips, shrill iterations. There she stood watching him intently, cool and gray-eyed.

He came back to himself with an abrupt start. Why didn't it burn, the knife? Why didn't he pull it out, why didn't he move, do something, say something? Couldn't spoil the picture! Gray-eyed One with the ivory black hair standing watching him with intense concentration—watching him who stood at the half opened window with her dagger in his thigh, while the morning sun splashed over him.

An Aubrey Beardsley print—that was it—he was standing in an Aubrey Beardsley print. It would vanish when he moved.

There was a great clattering on the stairs, a knocking on the door. Neither turned or spoke. The door opened. Gaylord's hand dropped instantly over the dagger handle. Yvonne's mother was in the room, chattering Basque. She saw the young Englishman standing at the window, one hand resting carelessly on his hip. She saw Yvonne motionless in the center of the room, regarding him. She chattered—why was she standing there? What was she doing? Must she spend the morning gazing upon him? Yvonne's eyes never wavered. Well, well, had she lost her senses, was she quite mad? Was it not time to go to market? They must be off at once. Silence.

Gaylord shifted his weight ever so slightly. The movement of his muscles carried the tip of the blade across the leg bone. Cold sweat beaded quickly on his forehead. The muscles of his jaw sprang into sharp relief under the drawn skin. The mother was saying in explosives that she was going downstairs to wait but for another minute. Would Yvonne come instantly—must she fall into a dream forever? Her mother turned and left, mystified.

As for Gaylord, he felt that his thoughts were lagging, surely. Was the sunlight fading? What was happening to the pit of his stomach? Why didn't he say something? Why didn't he move? Oh, yes, spoil the picture! The sunlight, the Gray-eyed One, himself, the black handle of a dagger, a black stockinged leg and a red garter.

He shifted his weight again and the point of the blade scraped——

Yvonne moved softly forward and took him gently in her arms as he slipped slowly to the floor.

The wound was kind. Within two weeks of its healing, Gaylord learned many things about Yvonne and about himself. He came to an understanding of the greatness of Yvonne's love for him, and the gentility of her character. There would not exist again for Gaylord such a love as Yvonne held for him.

What Gaylord did not know, and what Yvonne saw, was the gradual refining of Gaylord's spirit. Before the time was up she had found what she had long searched for in Gaylord's eyes, and it made her unutterably happy. She had won. Gaylord no longer looked at her calculatingly. He was direct and unreserved. What there was of the lotus-eater in him had disappeared. And when Gaylord still clung to his determination to go she cared not a whit. He *must* come back to her. She would let him go so that he might find in himself that which she saw in him.

Gaylord was surprised that she only nodded in acquiescence and smiled when he told her that he was going. She asked no question, said no word. She calmly accepted his statement that he was going back to Oxford. That was all.

Gaylord did not start directly back to Oxford. He went to Biarritz. Three months in the mountains; he'd have a little fling, just to find his legs again, watch the old wheel spin and see the ivory ball jump and look at the new smart gowns and all that sort of thing; might meet a few friends, even, though it was the slack of the season. Might do a bit of drinking, just to get into form again. Oh yes! an evening or two at Biarritz was the thing after a summer in the mountains. The bucolic poet would have his fling.

At the Hôtel du Palais in Biarritz he had a valet unpack and press his evening clothes. When he climbed out of his bath he stood before the pier glass and thoughtfully examined the cicatrix on his thigh. There was a symbol he would carry forever.

He went down to dinner and thought that he was once more himself, the gay, irresponsible spirit. He made a great business of ordering his dinner, chatting gaily to his waiter, but failed to awaken an interest. He tried to unloose his spirit and detach himself from himself with champagne, with indifferent results. There was no one with whom to share enthusiasm.

He made straight for the Casino after dinner and lost himself in the fashionable throng. Here was a *milieu* he could move about in! He was telling himself how exquisite the gowns were, how smart the women looked. He thought he was thirsting for his own language again but when he heard a heavy voice drawl: "My deah fellow, imagine black buttons on a white waistcoat. One cawn't possibly go that, y'know, 'strawdin'ry bad taste!"—it sounded trivial and unimportant. Either he, Gaylord, had lost his critical eye, or there was in the Casino that night a peculiarly ill-favored assortment of women. Search as he would, he could find no face that pleased or attracted him. He looked into faces that were dull and spiritless, he looked into eyes that were flat and toneless. He caught no response. He did not know that it was himself who was unresponsive, for always Yvonne's vivid beauty swam before him and made pallid and lifeless whatever of color there was in that pleasure seeking posse.

He found a place at the wheel and hazarded a few times on black and red, but whether he won or lost there came no answering emotion. All that he did was pointless, was unrelated, had no significance. He was gesturing to the sky, making signs at the sea. He wandered about and finally sat down in a lounge chair, puzzled with himself. The joy of being free, of being on his way again—where was it?

A village of mist and pale gold floated before his eyes, a sweeping mountain side of pink heather, a river of aquamarine running down to the sea. He saw a great house and a spacious room and a dark-topped table where he had come to feel his strength and know his power. He saw a procession of hours, trailing after each other—one by one—hours filled with the rapture of toil. He saw a succession of lines, lines of music and rhythm to which he had given permanent life.

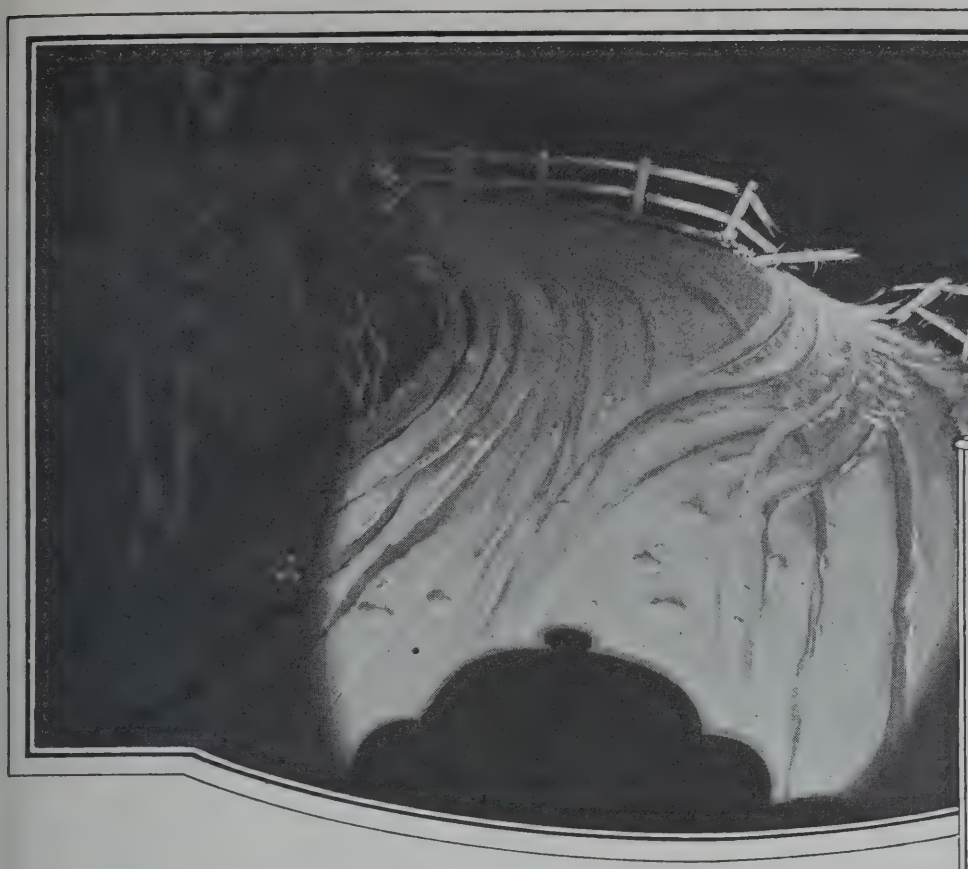
And a pair of gray eyes appeared before him, eyes that he could neither avoid nor deceive, and Gaylord bowed his head in acknowledgment. He knew. He knew for all time.

And one afternoon when the slanting rays of the sun were tinging the columbine a deeper purple, Gaylord returned to Tardets. By the paneled windows in the spacious room in the great house he found the Gray-eyed One, and he took her in his arms.

Later, there were articles in the London papers by the critics of the day, remarking upon the singular brilliance of the Oxford Prize Poem, which was, they agreed, "as fine in perfection of detail as it was in sustained magnificence of conception." A young writer of rare promise had appeared upon the literary horizon.

A volatile youth had deserted the ways of indifference.

If you want to go on an armchair journey to exotic Zanzibar, land of spices and perfumes, beautiful women and strange romance, get the May COSMOPOLITAN *and read the story by William Ashley Anderson*



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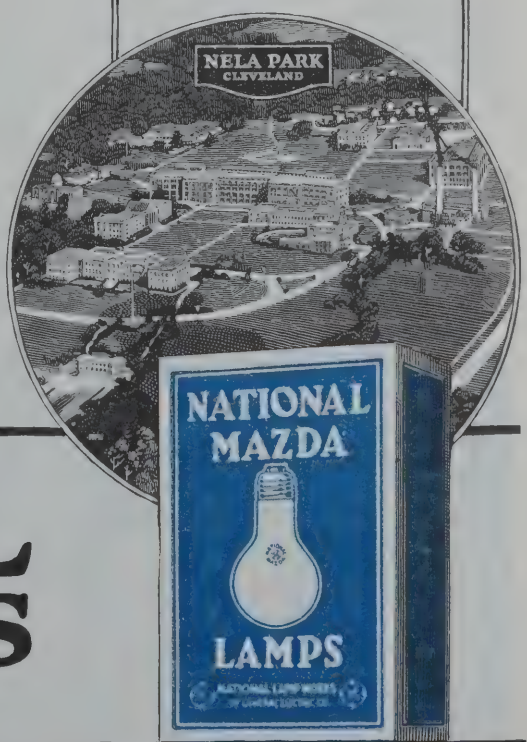
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Sherlock's Home

(*Continued from page 85*)

fifteenth," says Hurricane. "I'm supposed to step fifteen frames with a boloney by the name of Ignorant Eddie Biff. I'll smack him dead in a round!"

"Good!" I says. "Now, what you want to do is to make up a party of, say, twenty-five of the most influential citizens of East Silo. Get the mayor, the big banker, the political boss and people like that. Pay all their expenses to New York and back and get them ringside boxes at the fight. When they see you knock out this Mr. Biff and hear that crowd go wild over you, they'll realize that maybe Napoleon was a great man in his day, but *you* are the man for the ages now!"

I wound up as enthusiastic as a three-headed cat in a creamery, but Hurricane shakes his head doubtfully.

"They may be somethin' to that layout of yours, kid," he says, "but what you are losin' track of is the fact that it would set me back about a grand to bring them jobbies down from East Silo to see me step with this Ignorant Eddie Biff. I wouldn't spend a thousand bucks on them babies if it was a felony not to do it!"

"Very well," I says scornfully. "Then I hereby officially wash my hands of you and your troubles. Figure things out in your own way, I'm through! You poor fish, you should be willing to spend a *million* dollars if it will set you right in your home town. What's a mere thousand to you?"

"My right eye!" says Hurricane.

But he interrupts before I get a chance to bear down on him.

"If you actually think that bringin' them saps down to see me work will do me some good, I'll bring 'em down," he says. "Anything you say is kayo with me, kid, unless you tell me good by!"

Which is as near as Hurricane had yet come to making love to me.

Well, the large night finally arrives when Hurricane Sherlock is to massacre Ignorant Eddie Biff for the edification of his former townsmen of East Silo, N. Y. Among those present was me, of course, at Hurricane's urgent invitation. He had scrupulously attended to the details of my plan to make him a big fellow in his home town. I instructed him to have twenty-five representative citizens of East Silo at the ringside—Hurricane had *fifty!* I looked 'em over with interest, having no trouble in picking 'em out. They couldn't of made *me* believe they had come from anywheres else but East Silo if they swore different on a stack of—phone books.

The noisy crowd, the glare of the lights, the gory preliminary bouts and the general atmosphere of suppressed excitement—all brand new to the delegation from Hurricane's home town—gets under their skins a bit. But they're still openly skeptical of the importance of Hurricane Sherlock. Sitting behind 'em, I get *that* from snatches of their conversation, none of which is complimentary to the light-heavyweight champion of the world.

Promptly at ten P. M. Hurricane Sherlock climbs through the ropes to change all that.

A wild burst of applause greets my boy friend and I gaze at the jury from East Silo, prepared to see them clapping their hands off and beaming with civic pride. Instead of that, their hands are idle at their sides and there's a sneer on each and every face. While Ignorant Eddie Biff is hopping through the ropes to the accompaniment of a dead silence, I remember that it must of cost Hurricane a thousand dollars to bring these ten-minute eggs down from East Silo to see him ruin Eddie, but I figure that it will be a bargain if it puts him over in his home town. Then I sit back to enjoy the fracas.

The bell rang for the first round and amid a hush of expectancy Hurricane Sherlock danced lightly out from his corner with a contemptuous sneer for his plainly nervous vis-à-vis. Hurricane then peered through the tobacco smoke drifting over the ropes like he's looking for somebody. Finally, his gaze rested on my excited face and he brightened up. Evidently *I* was who he was looking for. I fluttered my handkerchief encouragingly at him, and with his old cheerful grin Hurricane turns his head and waves back a careless glove to me. As his head turned Ignorant Eddie Biff darted forward with the spring of a panther, smashed his right glove against Hurricane's chin, and—*the fight was over!*

Hurricane Sherlock, light-heavyweight champion of the world, has been knocked out with a single punch! Not only that, but *he has spent a thousand dollars to bring his enemies down from East Silo to see it!*

O sole mia!

Well, for a minute the big crowd just sat there dazed. They couldn't seem to put any faith in what their bulging eyes showed them—Hurricane Sherlock prostrate on the floor as cold as a winter breeze, five seconds after the bell for the first round. Whoever in that vast audience blinked an eye didn't see the fight at all!

Then with a roar like Niagara Mr. Pandemonium took charge and the panic was on. The cash customers who paid to see a long hard battle are fit to be tied and they yell their heads off with rage. Hundreds who had bet on Hurricane Sherlock become maniacs. They had nothing on me! Look at the terrible thing I have done to the now ex-light-heavyweight champion. By waving my handkerchief at him I got him knocked out, and by trying to help him I have brought his worst enemies there to see it!

Assisted by a couple of cops I managed to fight my way out a side exit to a taxi and I'm whisked home to spend a horrible sleepless night. All I can think of is what plans Hurricane Sherlock will make with regard to *my* disposal when he recovers from the sleeping sickness on that canvas. I certainly have gummed things up for your life and I don't mind telling you that I'm scared stiff!

I spent a lot of time the next morning arguing with myself as to whether or not I'd better stay away from the Hotel St. Moe till Hurricane Sherlock forgot what I had innocently did to him. But then I thought if I stayed away till he forgot *that* I'd have to stay away 200 years, so I decided I might as well go in, face him and be done with it. So that's what I did.

That morning was a fearful one for me,

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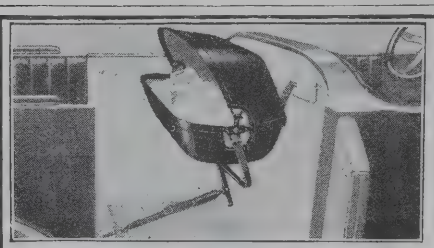
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honest it was! Every time I'd look up I'd expect to see Hurricane Sherlock towering over the board with first degree murder in each eye. The phone service at the St. Moe is at no time nothing to boast of, no more than it is in any other hotel, but *that* morning even my warmest admirers meowed about the way I treated their innocent requests for numbers. It was really a case of try and get a sensible answer from me, that's all!

Well, up till noon my unfortunate knight had not put in an appearance and I'm commencing to breathe normally again. As I'm going out to lunch I'm thinking is it possible that poor Hurricane is still slumbering on the floor of that ring from that horrible blow Ignorant Eddie Biff presented him with.

At that moment my heart stops beating for one terrible second. I have bumped square into Hurricane Sherlock in the lobby of the hotel!

Honest, I'm almost hysterical with pure fright and I gazed wildly around for assistance. I'm really afraid Hurricane may do me bodily harm. But to my dumbfounded astonishment, he's smiling and looks happier than happy itself. I feel I must say *something* or I'll scream, so I begin to stammer condolences. Still smiling happily, Hurricane cuts me off.

"That kayo was the best thing could of happened to me, kid," he says cheerily. "I would of got it sooner or later anyways—they all do. I don't care nothin' no more about what them yokels from East Silo thinks about me, either. What does them sapolios know? Say—up in that slab they think alligator pears will bite you!"

"I—I'm afraid I'll have to hurry on," I says, crazy to get away. "I am going to lunch and I must be back in——"

"That punch last night knocked me out of the ring into a swell taxi business and now I'm all jake with my folks," goes on Hurricane calmly. "You're goin' to eat, hey? Well, come on up to my home and chow with us. My folks will be crazy to see you—I told 'em plenty about *you*, kid!"

I tried to duck this invitation, but no chance. So to avoid attracting undue attention by an argument in the crowded lobby, I got into a taxi with Hurricane Sherlock, bound for his home. In view of what had just happened, I felt I owed him *something!*

All the way up in the cab Hurricane raved about what a swell family he has, but to tell you the truth I scarcely heard him. I had just about decided that Mr. Hurricane Sherlock has lost his attraction for me, now that he's no longer a champion—which had really been the only thing thrilling about him to me. What's bothering me is how to break the sad news to him. I am picturing in my mind the scene which is going to take place in his home. He's taking me up to meet his folks, undoubtedly wanting his dear old father and mother to see the lady of his choice and get their O. K. before he asks me will I quit the telephone switchboard to accept a position as his bride.

Honest, I felt awfully sorry for him. I know it's going to be terribly tragic. He might even break down and cry like a baby when he sees all his plans go to smash. But I can't help it—Hurricane Sherlock is *out* as far as I'm concerned. Why, I wouldn't dream of marrying him!

Well, we arrive at Sherlock's home. Hurricane asks me to wait in the parlor till he brings in his folks. The coming ordeal has got me so nervous that I've just about bitten my nails away. While he's in the next room I rehearse to myself the way I'll break the news to him. "I'm very sorry, Mister Sherlock," I'm going to say, kindly, "but I never thought of you in *that* way. I can't marry you, but——"

Just then Hurricane bounces into the room, half dragging a kind of plain-faced young lady who has two very dirty-faced kids hanging to her apron.

"Meet the wife!" grins Hurricane to me. "And the rest of my folks. Hey, Joey and Goldie, say hello to the lady!"

Curtain!

A story by H. C. Witwer is a sure prescription for the blues in any form. His next one will appear in an early issue of COSMOPOLITAN.

The Map Eaters

(*Continued from page 41*)

"Who won the race? Have you heard?"

"Indeed I have. Chicken Doyle has talked of nothing much else. It was George Corbin in the Crossland."

Jim closed his eyes. He wasn't sure whether it was a contraction of physical pain or merely mental anguish that made the world seem so suddenly black. There was physical pain all right and in a great many places, but the news that Corbin was the winner, even though he had expected to hear it, was a sickening blow to his newly awakened faculties.

Because Corbin and Jim were rivals for more things than the mere transcontinental automobile record. Perhaps the most important thing they contested for, though it was not nominated in the bond, was the favor of one Patsy May Keller, whom you may have seen last evening on the screen of your local theater. Patsy May isn't a star yet but she will be some day, and as it is she plays leads for some of the most expensive members of the male constellation. She had become acquainted with Jim and Corbin during the filming of a race play in which they had worked as "stunt" men. That was the year before and they were both still hanging on. There had even been considerable good natured teasing in the newspapers about their three cornered affair, which they had all accepted without resentment as so much free publicity. The best story of all was the one run from coast to coast in every daily paper with a sporting section just before the race. It was to the effect that Patsy was going to be waiting at the checking-in station in Los Angeles with a laurel wreath and other valuable consideration to be awarded to the victor.

It was probably all press agent "bunk"

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The new Oldsmobile Brougham gives you all these things, and at a price which is a direct challenge to every car in the same price class. How this is done will be explained in a moment—first, see just what the Brougham offers you.

The Chassis: Famous for its 40 horse power Four motor which has won numerous economy and endurance tests. Its 115" wheelbase is in marked contrast with the 110" wheelbase average of all competitive fours. (Write for official reports on the Four's record.)

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What advantages does Oldsmobile enjoy which make possible this wonderful Brougham at $1375? First, the advantage of twenty-five years' experience in fine car manufacture. Second, the benefit of the great General Motors Corporation facilities in engineering, research and purchasing.

Choose the Oldsmobile Brougham on the basis of its quality—and at the same time remember that it is the lowest priced fully-equipped car of this type on the market.



The rear compartment is large enough for a bag and several parcels In the hinged cover is a tray of tools

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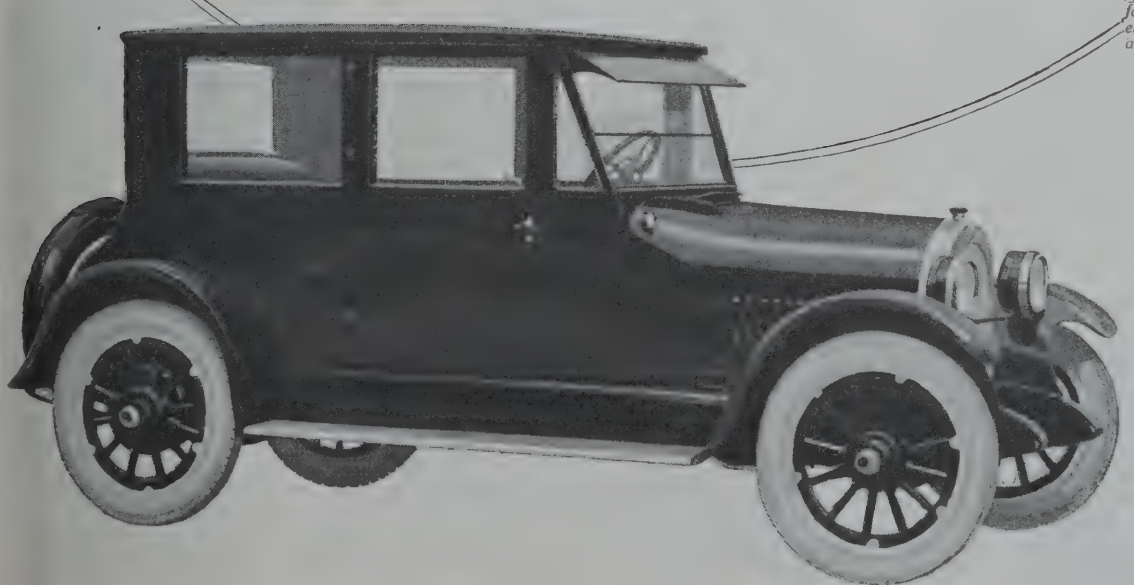
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but both Jim and George had made arrangements with their managers to be the drivers on the last trick of the race, and Jim at least had gone to the trouble and expense of purchasing a rather nice white stone set in a platinum circlet which he carried with him and planned to exchange for the aforementioned wreath of laurel, which he had been firmly convinced would be awarded to himself.

Well, that was out. He had a good ring and no place to put it. The thought of Patsy May as someone else's bride was very painful. She was sweet and vivacious. Charm and vividness were hers in a superlative degree. Even women liked her, which proves how nice she was.

And Jim Danger had never loved anyone else. In a life devoted to college athletics, warfare, automobile manufacturing and design and the racing of same, there had been only the one considerable emotional experience. Jim was shy with women, mistrusted himself and usually them.

Doctor Dan sat down by Jim's bed for a few minutes and talked cheerfully about his other patients in the neighborhood, mostly Indians, Mexicans and a few white babies.

"The doctoring business ain't so good nowadays since the men quit toting guns. I forgot to mention I'm the coroner, too, so I used to get paid after every scrap whether they were good shots or not."

Later in the day Sherry brought Chicken Doyle in, conventionally smudged with graphite. He expressed halting pleasure at Jim's recovery and mentioned in passing what a wonderful nurse Sherry had been. "She certainly knows how to make a man comfortable."

And he looked, when he said it, just the way Doctor Dan had when he was talking to her.

Jim sniffed cynically to himself; men were a bunch of mushheads, the way they would fall for the nearest girl. The doctor was perhaps excusable—he probably didn't see many good looking ones—but Chicken Doyle was city broke and had gazed on the world's finest, even on Patsy May herself.

"She's had a lot of experience, I guess in the nursing line," Chicken Doyle went on to explain, "on account of taking care of her brother. It's because of him they live out here, have ever since the war. He got something like a touch of tuberculosis and the government advised him to inhabit this climate if he wanted to live at all. She just gave up every darn thing and came out here to keep house for him, and he's nearly well now and can do anything that anybody else can so long as he stays in this climate. He's up Santa Fé way on business just now for a couple of weeks. This is his room you've got. Yep, she's a regular girl, I'm going to tell the world."

Jim Danger was perfectly willing to concede that she had many estimable traits of character. But you couldn't expect a man with a heart sore from recent defeat and a body wracked with aches and pains to get up and wave a flag about some perfectly strange young woman even if he did owe his life to her.

The jury was not yet all in, either. The foreman of a near-by ranch came to call that evening and was introduced to Jim. He was crazy about Sherry, too. You could tell it by the look he wore like a badge. He was all dressed up in store clothes which fitted him too tightly about the thighs, more muscular than ordinary from riding, and smelling very distinctly of a thirty-five cent grade of perfume which almost killed the odor of horse.

If ever a girl was given a bad start by press agents, Sherry was that girl. No man of any originality of character likes to be a part of a mass meeting.

That accounts for Jim's ungraciousness towards Sherry; that and the fact that he owed her a great deal. Anybody just naturally resents being under an obligation which he has no hope of repaying. Jim wished that he had been found by a man or at least by a married woman, preferably elderly, to whom there could be no question of payment in devotion. It was the devil of an awkward situation.

Jim felt that he was in a very false position. And yet to explain would only be more boorish than to keep still.

For Jim was in love—not successfully, he feared, but nevertheless "in"—and with another girl. The fact that he had probably lost her forever did not enhance the brightness of his outlook upon the world.

And then, all at once, part of his troubles cleared up.

The first news reached Jim by wire.

"Coming to see you—love, Patsy," it said, and then the Los Angeles paper which Chicken brought him surreptitiously from town the next day furnished the rest of the details.

> Patsy May Keller [the item read], film favorite and candidate for stardom in the near future, has decided that affairs of the heart cannot be settled like bets on the races. For a long time two famous automobile drivers, George Corbin and Jim Danger, have been rivals for Miss Keller's favor. Among their friends it was pretty generally understood that the recent Post-Inquirer contest was to have settled much more than the supremacy of one of these two drivers in tearing across the map of these United States.
>
> Whether it was really understood or not that the winner was to marry the fair film actress does not matter now. Miss Keller is apparently not going to wed Mr. Corbin, who actually won the race. He is returning to New York tomorrow and both parties deny the engagement which has been rumored.
>
> And on top of that comes the announcement that Miss Keller is going out to the little desert town where Jim Danger met with his accident and where he now lies at the point of death. She says she is going to nurse him back to health again.
>
> All Hollywood is excited over the unconventional and romantic behavior of one of its most popular members.

Jim clipped the item, which he put in his pocket, and destroyed the rest of the newspaper. He wasn't exactly sure why he did it. What he said to himself was that there was no point in advertising his private affairs to everybody. He was not egotistical ass enough to think that Sherry would care if she knew.

And yet——

IV

Neither the paper nor the telegram said just when Patsy May expected to arrive, but it seemed reasonable to conclude that it would be soon.

"If you feel up to a little longer ride than usual today we'll have lunch up Cañon Tintoro way. There's a group of pines on the brink that I'd like to show you."

Sherry, when she said that, did not know that it would probably be his last chance to go gypsying with her, but Jim thought that probably it would be and assented gladly to the plan for the proposed picnic. Now that he was about to be rid of the awkward situation into which he had skidded he had to admit that Sherry was lots of fun and he would miss her ingenuous companionship. Lately she had been taking him on short curative horseback jaunts through the near-by country which were pleasurable adventures in contentment. She had found an old broad backed slow-poke of a mare that would not run away from a dynamite explosion which she considered safe enough for her patient to ride. It was really absurd to coddle Jim so and he protested that he was almost well and as strong as ever, but it pleased Sherry to mother him and she finally overruled him.

"Look at that, now, Monsieur Danger." She pointed to the long stretch of tufted valley floor that lay between them and the haze-painted mesas. "Did you ever see a more gorgeous playground for fairies and giants and us?"

Jim's mare, an affectionate old thing, was rubbing her nose on the neck of Sherry's mount. This brought Jim behind Sherry but quite close.

"Aren't you thrilled?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, but he wasn't sure by what. He wasn't looking at the view. Perhaps it was the mellow warmth in the air, or the thundering silence of the motionless world, or, perhaps, the slim strength of Sherry's shoulders, or the way she sat on a horse. Saying a mental farewell to her as he found himself doing constantly he discovered more and more the heart-pulling glories of this girl. There was something compellingly vital about Sherry even if her voice did sound like a wonderful bronze bell with a clanking flaw in it.

"See that little trail which looks as if a carpenter had laid a white plumb line from that mountain to us? That's the way we are going. Some Indian with a super-accurate eye must have been the first to make this trip and everyone else has followed in his tracks."

The little mountain was a long way off and they were not in any hurry so Jim and Sherry did not stick so very close to the "crow-flies" course of that prehistoric red man whose sweetheart doubtless had lived at the end of the trail.

It was well past noon when they parked in Cañon Tintoro. There was a little brook bed at the bottom of it, usually entirely dried up but now boasting quite a respectable flow owing to the recent rains. The painted sides of the cañon, mostly soft red, were nearly straight up and down. There was a little slope at the bottom where decomposed granite from the cliffs had settled down and the floor of the cañon was littered with débris, some pieces as large as dwelling houses that had split away from the rock rim and hurled themselves down. The process of erosion was plainly visible at the palisades' edge right now. A series of granite pieces in a row like a train of box cars had been partly carved out of the face of the cliff and appeared to



The secret of having beautiful hair

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.



When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil — the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet-goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children— Fine for Men



Mulsified

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



Nature's Own Color

The soft, rich, green color of Palmolive Soap is the natural color of the rich oils from which it is blended.

Nature put the color in these oils, just as she does in grass and foliage.

It might as well be said that flowers, trees and grass are artificially colored as to say it of the green of Palmolive.

Palm and olive oils not only impart their color to Palmolive Soap—they also give it their own soothing mildness. The rich, creamy Palmolive lather is lotion-like in its effect on the skin. It is ideal facial soap.

The Springtime of Life

—How to keep that youthful bloom throughout the years

THE joyous time—the time of youth and blooming, when every young girl should charm the world with her flower-like freshness.

This greatest of all attractions is girlhood's rightful heritage as well as the most admired beauty of later years. The pretty girl will mature into the beautiful woman if she keeps that schoolgirl complexion.

Don't let it fade

All too often this alluring school-girl complexion is allowed to vanish with schoolgirl days. Yet simple treatment following school-days will retain it as the greatest attraction of mature years.

Be careful how you cleanse your skin—don't let harsh methods rob it of its natural delicate texture. Or, just as dangerous to complexion health, don't omit the daily washing with soap and water for fear that its action is too harsh.

Instead, choose the facial soap which you know is so mild and soothing that it keeps the most sensitive skin smooth and soft.

This soap is Palmolive, as millions of women already know. It is blended from Palm and Olive oils, known since the days of ancient Egypt as nature's beautifying cleansers.

These two rare oriental oils, by whose aid Cleopatra kept her youth, impart their mildness to the smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive. It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of the oil, dirt and perspiration which otherwise clogs the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness.

Used regularly, every day, Palmolive keeps your complexion fine of texture and free from blackheads and blotches. Yet it never robs the skin of its own beautifying oil provided by nature to keep it smooth.

Apply a touch of cold cream after gently drying your face with a soft, fine towel. Normally oily skins won't need it except possibly when the weather is very cold.

A low-priced luxury

If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its superfine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. While in Cleopatra's days Palm and Olive oil was the luxury of the rich, modern manufacturing methods, combined with world-wide popularity, makes Palmolive a low-priced soap.

We import these rare oils in enormous quantities and the Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the demand. Palmolive is only 10c a cake—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.



Palm and Olive Oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

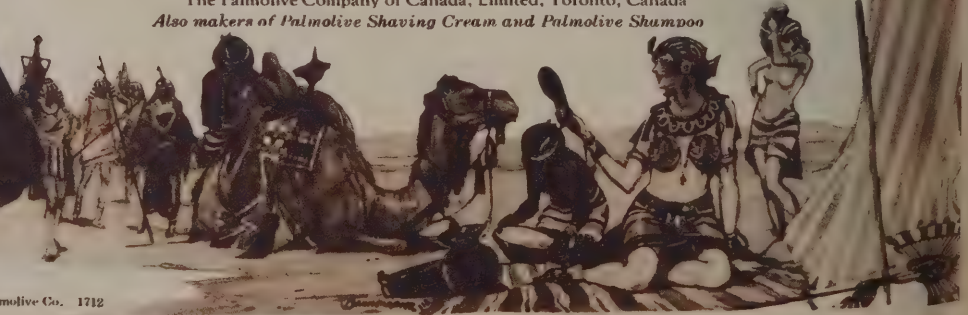
Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo



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be balanced insecurely on a too narrow shelf.

"They have hung like that for hundreds of years," Sherry told him. "I've been up there exploring and I found inscriptions written on them by the Spanish conquistadores who came up from Mexico in the sixteenth century to introduce among the Indians the civilizing ceremony of the gilded brick. Having been there that long we're safe in assuming they'll give us an hour for lunch. We'll have it here on this baby rock that looks a lot like a table if you have plenty of imagination."

It was a mighty good lunch. Sherry had put it up herself and she seemed to comprehend the masculine appetite like an open book. It was a gay lunch, too. Jim felt that being with her was almost a forbidden pleasure under the circumstances and he was enjoying it all the more just on that account. As for Sherry, she was nearly always cheerful.

Afterwards they sat and fed the remnants of the repast to mountain squirrels who came exploring, bold gray fellows with large tufted ears which made them look as if there were a strain of lynx in their ancestry.

Once while they were both offering something to the same squirrel their hands met and Jim caught and held hers. She made no protest, no effort to withdraw when the first fluttering attempt met with resistance.

Her acquiescence puzzled him. It would have been more familiar ground if she had insisted upon withdrawing—the first time. It seemed rather as if she considered that a struggle wasn't worth while.

Why?

As if it were easier to consent than to argue.

Jim had never met with anyone who did not skirmish. It left him holding something he did not know what to do with.

In a situation of that sort one has to go forward or back. Jim leaned towards her—his lips approached hers. But she was talking, talking impersonally as if she had not noticed his presumption.

"The shadows are filling up the cañon. It will be cold here soon when the sun gets lower. Listen! You can hear little crackles in the heated rocks as they cool off."

Jim didn't know that she was afraid, afraid that he would, afraid that he wouldn't, and was merely speaking to keep her fear from showing. So he listened.

Sure enough, you could hear something. It was a little like the distant, muffled "typewriter" fire of machine guns.

Jim looked around as if he expected to see smoke puffs.

Sherry laughed. "You can't see anything but it is uncanny, isn't it?"

Crack!

Jim happened to be looking in the right direction or neither of them would ever have known what made that sound.

He saw one of the box-car shaped pieces of rock on the narrow shelf above them begin to move.

It seemed like an hallucination, a part of a nightmare. One doesn't expect to see a part of the eternal hills let go and topple before one's eyes. Yet it was really happening.

They were directly in its path. It would hit the slope at the bottom of the cliff and roll its crushing tons across the spot where they stood. It was too wide to be escaped laterally. Several seconds would be necessary for even a good sprinter to run clear and only a part of a second was left.

As an automobile driver Jim was accustomed to thinking in terms of split seconds.

He had been a football man. Also he had seen the effect of exploding shells.

He struck Sherry in the chest with his shoulder as he dived for her and rolled with his arms around her body alongside the deeply bedded granite fragment which they had used as a table.

There was a rush of air, a whistling sound, a rumble the rock in the lee of which they were resting jumped suddenly downwards as if it were headed for China, and then——

That was all.

V

SHERRY was knocked out, unconscious, but only from the blow that Jim had himself delivered in throwing her to a place of safety.

He held her in his arms for a moment studying her face.

"Now, Sherry MacNeil," he said finally, "we're even at last. I've saved your life and squared accounts. After this I don't have to fall in love with you unless I want to."

He started to draw her close enough to kiss her unconscious lips, held her a moment just so, and then let her sink back again.

"It wouldn't be fair," he decided out loud.

A little water sprinkled on her face would do no harm, he concluded. To make her comfortable while he was gone to the stream to bring it back he took off his coat and rolled it up into a pillow to place under her head.

As soon as he was gone Sherry opened her eyes and bolstered herself up on one elbow, not so very dazed. In fact there was rather a happy look in her eyes.

She caught sight of a piece of paper that lay by the edge of her skirt, a bit of newspaper cut out neatly along the column, evidently a clipping that had fallen from Jim's pocket when he had rolled up his coat.

Sherry picked it up idly. Jim Danger's name in it caught her eye. She read the item through hastily and then, with a sigh, placed it in the inside pocket of the coat, which she rolled up again just as it had been.

Jim returned to find her staring wide-eyed at the blue sky above her. He threw away the now useless water which he had brought in his cap.

"That was a narrow escape for both of us," declared Sherry.

"You know it. One-tenth of a second more and we would have been killed."

"That wasn't what I meant. I was referring to what happened afterwards—before you went for the water."

Jim colored.

"Were you conscious?"

Sherry smiled. "Not quite. I was making up my mind whether to come to or not."

Jim: "Would you have been sorry if I had kissed you?"

He threw aside all pretense of not understanding her meaning.

Sherry: "It would not have been right."

"Why not?" Bluntly.

For reply she fished out of her bosom by a chain which she wore around her neck a rather old-fashioned gold locket which she opened and held toward him for inspection.

It contained a small photograph of a young man in the once familiar uniform of the A. E. F.

"Your sweetheart?" he questioned.

"The man I love," she replied.

"Dead?"

"Missing. But I know he will come back to me."

There seemed nothing further to say. Jim felt that already he had intruded too far on a private grief. Constancy such as Sherry's was rare in this day and age. He could do no less than respect it even if he could not share her optimism about the return of her missing loved one. It had been nearly five years since the war was over, too long for an ordinary hope to continue to exist.

He was glad that he hadn't kissed her. The whole thing was straightened out now. He was square with her, he had traded life for life and could go on about his own affairs.

It was the best way.

Only he wished he didn't feel a sort of an indefinable regret.

Regret for what?

VI

PATSY MAY KELLER was at the ranch house when they returned. She was being entertained by Chicken Doyle, who had apparently given her a very complete account of the adventure from beginning to end.

"I seem to have arrived just in time," she said upon meeting Sherry.

"Oh, Jim is completely out of danger!" Sherry assured the film beauty.

"He is now that I'm here," Patsy May concurred maliciously. "Jim, how soon can I take you back to civilization?"

"Right away," Jim decided.

It took no thought on his part to realize that it would be a hopeless situation to have Patsy May around pretending to be jealous even if there was no cause for it.

Besides, he didn't want to stay there any longer himself under the circumstances.

Chicken volunteered to drive the car the rest of the way to L. A. so there was no reason why Jim couldn't go with Patsy on the train as she wanted him to.

Doctor Dan agreed that it was all right for Jim to travel and even offered to take them over to town to the train in his moth-eaten flivver.

Patsy May was a lot more cheerful as soon as they got away from the MacNeil place. Her light was dampened considerably at the ranch. Sherry's presence cramped her style.

Patsy was an artist at love making and she used her smoothest wiles on Jim on the way to town. He couldn't help contrasting them, though, with the tantalizing, cool indifference of the girl he had left behind waving farewell from the doorway of an adobe house, the girl who had said after "Good by":

"I'm almost sorry you lost your nerve while I was unconscious."

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTE



It's toasted

This one extra process gives a delightful quality that cannot be duplicated

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

Sherry certainly had a way of leaving an itching spot in a man's memory.

What would her lips have been like?

VII

AT THE railroad station a young man got off from the very Pullman they were about to board.

"Wait a minute, folks," requested Doctor Dan, who was right there to see the last of them. "Here's someone you ought to know. Miss Keller and Mr. Danger, shake hands with Mr. MacNeil, Sherry's brother, who has been up to Santa Fé ever since you've been here."

Jim shook hands dazedly with the now robust young man. He was still trying to figure things out after he was on board the train moving west.

The young man he had just met was the original of the portrait he had seen in Sherry's locket.

Her brother!

Why had she let him believe it was the picture of a sweetheart?

VIII

THERE was a letter waiting for Jim at the Los Angeles Clegg Agency. It was from J. P. Clegg himself and he wanted to know if Jim cared to be one of two drivers to try, in a Clegg Four, to break the world's transcontinental record, just established by the Crossland.

It wasn't to be a race—merely a contest against time. Evidently the Crossland people were getting under the old man's skin a trifle and he just had to have something in the nature of a comeback for their jibes.

Jim, all enthusiasm, sprung the letter on Patsy May.

"You wouldn't do it?" she exclaimed.

"Why not? Automobile driving is my business."

"But, Jim, you can't be away that long. I want you here."

"I'm not a lap dog," growled Jim.

"No, but you're going to marry a—ahem—a famous woman who is going to need all of your attention."

"You don't expect me to sit back and do nothing for the rest of my life?"

"I don't see why you can't get a nice job in an office where I can call you up and tell you where and when to meet me for luncheon."

Part of what Patsy said was kidding because Patsy had a sense of humor, but there was just enough serious purpose back of it so that when Jim wouldn't give up the idea she made an issue of it.

When Jim went to New York to confer with J. P. Clegg his near-engagement was at an end.

No one's heart was broken, though.

Patsy May had her art.

And Jim had ideas.

Nebulous, teasing ideas.

IX

JIM left the post office in New York City at midnight with a mail pouch containing one lone, solitary letter for the Mayor of Los Angeles. Traffic had slowed down by that time. It was essential not to get arrested or to cause an accident in getting out of the big city.

Once across the river and out of Newark, zip! they went through New Jersey like lightning. Pennsylvania slipped under the wheels, too, that same night. King Tenny, the alternate driver, took her through Baltimore and across the Cumberlands. The roads were still good. Ohio came and went. Indiana too. Illinois. Concrete road. Seventy-eight miles an hour. St. Louis. Dirt roads through Missouri but not such slow traveling when dry. Hello, Kansas, and good by. A snatch of Colorado, scarcely noticeable under the wheels.

Raton, New Mexico, and the hard part of the test is begun. Slower pace through Santa Fé, Albuquerque, Gallup, slower but still breakneck and five times as fast as any tourist drives the old Santa Fé Trail.

The Clegg Four is forty minutes ahead of schedule. If she can hold the pace she can clear the Crossland record by a nice margin.

The Arizona State line. The driver of the racing car increases the speed. Then he slows down. He is looking for something.

He finds it.

It is on a horse standing by the roadside and it has a flag to wave to him as he goes by.

But he doesn't go by. He pulls up near the horse and lifts the goggles from his dirty face, revealing two white spots around the eyes. He is a terrible looking creature.

But the girl on horseback apparently recognizes him because she smiles a slow, cool, tantalizing smile and greets him in a throaty voice, a bronze bell with a clank in it.

"Hello, Jim."

"I hoped you'd be down to watch me go through."

"You knew I'd be here."

"I met your brother." Apropos of nothing.

She colored.

"He told me."

"Are you ever going to lie to me again?"

"I didn't lie—exactly. I merely let you draw a wrong conclusion—for your own good."

"Are you ever going to do even that again?"

"No—not unless it's necessary—for your own good."

"Anything to do this afternoon?"

"Nothing special. Why?"

"Chicken, give the lady your seat and take her horse back to the stable."

Chicken was out obeying orders almost before Jim ceased speaking.

Sherry demurred.

"Can't wait. Pile in! Argue afterward," Jim ordered. "Got to break a record this afternoon."

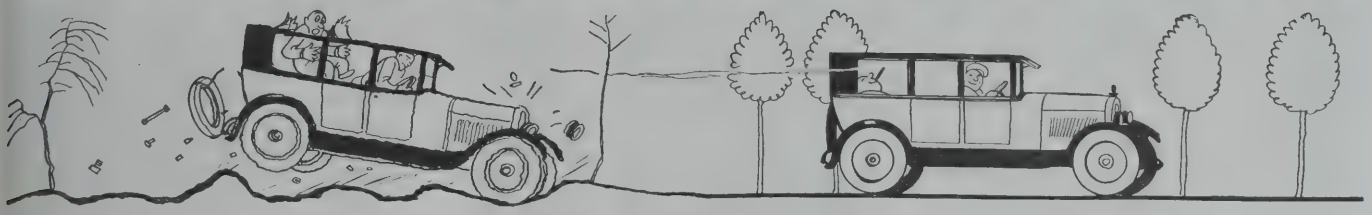
And they did.

Their first kiss was exchanged going forty-three miles an hour.

Which is very fast for that part of the country.

You will find the full humor and flavor of Frank R. Adams in his next story, plus an unconventional situation that will reach you right where your heart lies. See COSMOPOLITAN *for May, on sale at all news stands April tenth.*

Turn Bad Roads Into Good Roads!



DO YOU jolt your way over the streets and roads in your city and vicinity — cursing the commissioners at every bump?

Or is your motoring path made pleasant by well built, well kept highways?

Poor highways are not only a constant trial to every motorist, but they are a bad advertisement for the community itself.

Responsibility for the turning of bad roads into good largely rests with the motorists.

They are, in most cases, the leading citizens of every community. Their influence counts heavily, both as individuals, and in organizations such as local motor clubs.

Poor roads mean more to them than to people who don't own cars. It may be a selfish viewpoint, but the fact that bad roads mean a higher maintenance cost for their automobiles is, or should be, a consideration.

So, if you are a car owner, resolve that in 1923 you will do your share toward bettering road conditions.

Join in any movement that will bring the right sort of pressure on the highway commissioners.

If it is your privilege to vote for the office of commissioner, be sure to cast your ballot for the most progressive, the most honest candidate, regardless of party.

And last, but not least, don't protest against the extra taxes. You'll benefit from this taxation in the long run.

No other national magazine offers the motorist so much in the way of service as does Cosmopolitan. The motoring service department will give you all kinds of general advice in the maintenance and operation of your car. Write for:

Technical Information.
Advice on the Purchase of a New Car.
The Resale Value of Your Old Car.

Be sure to send a self addressed stamped envelope for your reply. Every inquiry receives personal attention.

A two cent stamp will bring you catalogs and instruction books of any standard make of cars.

You Need These New Motoring Booklets

There are many new features in Cosmopolitan Motoring Library for 1923. There are some new booklets; some of the old ones have been completely rewritten, and there are many revisions in all of them.

Write today for your complete set—or check the numbers of those you want on the coupon. Four cents each postpaid.

No. 1—Better Winter Driving.
No. 2—Selection and Care of Tires and Tubes.
No. 3—The Car's Electrical Equipment.
No. 4—Engine Carbonization.
No. 5—Motoring As A Cure For Nervous Disorders.
No. 6—Your Storage Battery.
No. 7—Brakes and Brake Relining.
No. 8—Chassis Lubrication. Tables giving oil capacities of transmission and rear axle.
No. 9—Advice On The Purchase of A New Or Used Car. Includes new prices on all models.
No. 10—Oil Pumping—How To Cure It.
No. 11—Spark Plugs. With complete table of spark plugs sizes used in 1923 cars.
No. 12—How To Become A Good Driver.
No. 13—What Makes The Engine Overheat.
No. 14—Getting The Most Power From Your Engine.
No. 15—Things The Tourist Should Know.
No. 16—Curing Engine Misfiring.
No. 17—The Vacuum System—How It Works.
No. 18—How To Stop Clutch Slipping.
No. 19—Lighting and Lighting Troubles. New Table.
No. 20—Motor Car Insurance.
No. 21—Better Service For Less Money.

4 cents each postpaid.

Cosmopolitan's Motoring Service

COSMOPOLITAN'S MOTORING SERVICE
19 West 40th Street, New York City

Enclosed is.....in stamps for which send me Booklets Nos.....
.....
.....
My car is.....
Name .....
Address .....

I would like to know the approximate resale value of my car.

Make..... Model.....
Year..... Miles Driven.....

ALCOHOL
as intended by law

WHEN our legislators prohibited alcohol for beverage purposes, the very important and beneficial external use of alcohol was wisely provided for.

As a matter of fact MIFFLIN Alkohol, the external tonic, is one of the most useful health and toilet articles to be found in any household.

Not only is it the most invigorating and refreshing of body massages (eminent physicians and osteopaths prescribe it for this) but cooling, comforting MIFFLIN Alkohol brings external relief to any number of ills.

MIFFLIN is alcohol at its best. It is actually improved for external purposes by the same process that unfits it for internal use.

A wonderful lotion that cools tender, burning skin and warms chilled, congested areas. Soothing, odorless, colorless — free from oily stickiness. Like talcum — you need MIFFLIN Alkohol every day.



Special Offer

At last alcohol has found its rightful place. To prove this to you, to show you the amazing number of comforts corked in this almost magic bottle, we suggest that you secure the 25c introductory size from your druggist.

MIFFLIN CHEMICAL CORPORATION
Philadelphia, Pa.

MIFFLIN ALKOHOL
(MASSAGE)
the external tonic



Colleen Moore, Goldwyn Star, famous for her expressive eyes.

The Girl with the Wonderful Eyes

ARE you that girl—the charming person who fascinates by a mere glance? You could be, if you had long dark lashes to emphasize the depth of your eyes.

Use WINX, the Liquid Lashlux. It will bead your lashes and make them appear darker and heavier. Easily applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper, it lasts all day, unaffected even by swimming or weeping at the theatre. Absolutely harmless.

WINX, the Liquid Lashlux (black or brown) 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote their growth, apply Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug or department stores, or by mail.

Send a dime for a sample of WINX, the Liquid Lashlux. And for another dime we will mail you a sample of Pert, the waterproof rouge.

ROSS COMPANY
74 Grand Street New York

WINX
The Liquid Lashlux

Miracles

(*Continued from page 71*)

"My watch keeps splendid time. But why? Is there anything I can do? Please ask me. I haven't a thing to do. I'm a stranger in Monterey. And I've just been seeing the sights. It's so beautiful here. I'd no idea. I wish you'd tell me if there's anything I can do."

"My uncle," said the girl, "who took care of me died day before yesterday. They've taken him to Castroville to bury him. When they come back we're going to decide what is to become of me . . . I can't work and there isn't any money. I don't even own this house."

Ruddy pulled a chair close to hers and sat down.

"Are they—the people I saw here awhile ago—relatives?"

She shook her head.

"Just neighbors. We didn't even know them well. We hadn't lived here very long. They are kind hearted people; but they are poor people and they don't want to be bothered with me."

"Haven't you any idea what you'll do?" Ruddy asked.

And he wished that he was at once a magician and a millionaire.

"I suppose," she said, and it took a lot of courage to say it calmly and sweetly, "that I'll have to go to some institution."

Ruddy groaned inwardly.

"Why can't you walk?" he asked. "What's wrong?"

"Nobody seems to know exactly," she said. "I just can't. I had scarlet fever and then I couldn't walk . . . We had some money then; but my uncle gave it all to doctors. He was a good man. He did his very best . . ."

Ruddy was rapidly finding himself face to face with his first really strong temptation. It was the kind of temptation which older and wiser men than Ruddy sometimes yield to. There had been brought to his notice a fellow creature, young, charming, beautiful, helpless and penniless. And the temptation was upon him to play Providence.

"Don't worry," he wanted to say. "Everything will be all right. You shan't go to an institution. *I'll* take care of you."

If he had felt perfect confidence in his ability to take care of her and to keep her from being sent to an institution he would have made the promise. But he had neither the means nor the experience which promotes confidence. At the same time he had to say something—*do* something. He couldn't go out of her life with a "Well, it's too bad, but don't worry, probably everything will come out all right. Good by." He couldn't. He felt that he had to make her some offer of personal service and sacrifice—even if it wasn't very much.

It was at this moment that he first began to wonder if the miracle man at San Juan was only a faker or if once in a while he actually did effect a cure, as all the applause and excitement had indicated. Now the wish to believe is the father and mother of belief, and Ruddy began to wish that the girl could see the miracle man and be touched by him and commanded to walk.

Then he told her about the miracle man.

"I couldn't get very close," he said, "but

he people in the front rows who actually saw the cures—they believed. And all he sick people who were trying to get to he miracle man believed. I don't know what you think about such things, but hey sure did happen in Bible times and suppose there's no reason why they houldn't happen now . . . In one place here was a big pile of crutches—people who'd been lame all their lives had thrown hem away—no more use for them."

He did not wish to arouse false hopes n her breast. He gave a sincere and honest account of his own impressions and his own skepticism. But the girl's eyes began to gleam with excitement. In the telling American of it, Ruddy had "sold" her the miracle man.

He perceived this and said: "Don't count too much on him. Maybe he can't cure everybody . . . But—it's only an hour and a half run in my car . . . There's no harm in trying . . . It's too late today—but if you say so I'll come around first thing tomorrow morning and I bet I'll get you to him no matter how thick the crowd is . . . I played halfback on my college team and somehow or other we'll get through . . . Will you go?"

She did not say "Yes. I will go." She looked at him in an adoring, worshipful kind of way and said:

"Oh please take me—please—please take me!"

III

If the young people had taken the trouble to read a copy of the Monterey Herald or the Cypress they would have saved themselves the long run to San Juan and return. They would have learned that the miracle man and the apostles with the gold-rimmed spectacles had been arrested and locked up on a number of charges such as vagrancy and conspiracy to defraud. They would have learned that the miracle man himself was suffering from a frightful cold in the head and a loosening of the vocal cords, accompanied by an almost total loss of his singsong voice, and that of this condition he found it quite impossible to cure himself.

But the young people would not willingly have been spared that long run in the bright fresh weather.

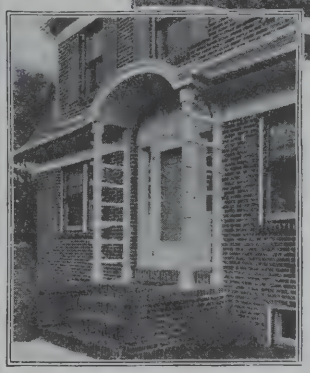
Ruddy had lifted the girl bodily out of her chair and carried her out to the car. All the way to San Juan and return he looked forward to lifting her once more, and having her thus for a little while in his arms.

All night she had been either in his conscious or in his subconscious mind. The feeling grew and grew in him that he had discovered an exquisite jewel, which because nobody claimed it belonged to him and was his to cherish and take care of.

When they reached San Juan and learned about the miracle man the girl was bitterly disappointed. Two very big tears came slowly out of her eyes and ran down her cheeks. But Ruddy bought sandwiches and hot coffee and brought them to her in the car, and comforted her.

"Suppose," he said, "that there was always going to be a car to ride in and somebody to lift you in and out of it? You should worry!"





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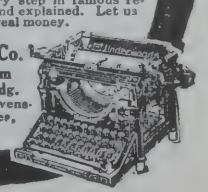
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Typewriter Emporium
2074 Shipman Bldg.
Montrose and Ravenswood Avenues,
Chicago

57

Heinz Baked Beans

taste different. They *are* different. *Different* from the first careful selection of choice, hand-picked beans down to the last step of oven baking and blending with Tomato Sauce and Pork. A perfect meal. Make them the staple dish in your home eating. Just heat and serve.

HEINZ oven Baked Beans



The temptation to play Providence overcame him. Caution and commonsense fled. He wiped away her tears with his own handkerchief and when he had finished his hand was trembling.

"I'm going to take care of you," he said, "always." And he went on: "I knew it was up to me the minute I saw you and learned you had nobody. But I was scared to say so. I was scared that you'd never get to like me enough and that you'd rather go to some old institution. But you wouldn't—would you? . . . I've got a little ranch, lots of tiptop pear trees, and the cutest little house. But that's not enough for one man to take care of . . ."

"You're just sorry for me," the girl broke in, "and—and you're stuck with me and you feel that you've got to do *something*." She shook her head and loosened two more tears, and she said, "I won't do it."

"Well," said Ruddy, "just let me return those dishes and we'll talk it over."

In a few moments he came back, cranked the car and climbed in. And as they pulled out of San Juan he said:

"Now we'll talk it over," and as the girl made no response he added, "*I'll* talk it over." And he did.

"You," he said, "have nothing to say about the matter. I'm sorry you can't jump and run and all that, but you can't, and that's why you can't even argue. I never liked any girl but you. I never thought any other girl was cute and pretty. I never wanted to be with any other girl. And now I've got you. You're in my power. If I choose to take you to my ranch and leave you there while I get a license, you can't help yourself. I suppose you could refuse to get married, as far as that goes, but I could keep you prisoner until you changed your mind. And you'd change your mind because I'd be so good to you you couldn't help it . . . The only trouble that I can see is that I like you and you don't like me . . ."

"I *do!*" she said suddenly.

"Yes—a lot! You like me so much that sooner than do exactly what I say you'd let them send you to an institution."

"The more I liked a man," said the girl, "the more I'd want to be fair to him—even if it hurt me."

The grade between San Juan and Salinas is very heavy, and the pace of the baby-blue flivver invited calm and reflection. For nearly half a mile of solid wild flowers Ruddy nursed his machinery, reflected and did not speak. Then the top of the pass being reached, he turned his car over to the one mechanism which never misses fire and whose clutch never slips—gravity—tested his brakes to see that all was well with them, leaned a little toward the girl and said:

"Suppose I take you at your word! Suppose I take you back to your house and carry you in and put you back in your chair and say good by and go away—and you know that I've gone away for good and all—what are you going to think, how are you going to feel? With no one to take care of you and no place to go?"

She started at once to answer him, but he cut her off short.

"You can't answer a question like that offhand," he said. "You've got to do some thinking and imagining. You've got to picture yourself back in that chair with the one person in the world who wanted to take care of you and work for you gone, and gone for good. You think hard."

Whether she thought hard or not is unknown. Probably she didn't, because usually people don't when they are told to; but she kept quiet and looked straight ahead of her for such a long time that Ruddy became worried. He was afraid that he had offended her. But he hadn't. For she said finally:

"This is honest truth. I've always dreamed that somebody like you would come along, and—and like me a lot, and take me away and be good to me. And in the dream I got well and was a wonderful help to him and we were always happier than other people . . . If you take me back to my house and go away and leave me I'll just die . . . But it isn't right for you to do anything else, and I won't let you."

He could not shake her determination. Her life was bound to be a mess anyway and she wasn't going to let him make a mess of his. She was stubborn, Ruddy thought, and unreasonable. By the time they had passed through Salinas and crossed the river and were well along the winding valley road to Monterey he believed that nothing would ever change her. And he was very unhappy.

He had begun the day with certain misgivings. He had not been sure of his own motives or sentiments. He had wondered if it was any feeling stronger than pity which had drawn him toward her. He was sure enough now. Pity was the least of his emotions.

He had found the one girl in the world for him. She was young, she was beautiful, she was good. He loved her immeasurably. He would always love her. And now that he had found her he was going to lose her.

He slowed the car and turned into a narrow dirt road.

"Mind if I have a squint at the ranch?" he asked. "It won't take long."

The first stretch of the dirt road was visible from the highway, then it passed between two rocky hills and became lost behind them.

They passed through the shade of some buckeyes, and in the sunshine beyond, blocking their progress, was coiled a large and probably a very amiable gopher snake. Ruddy, who hated the idea of hurting anything, stopped the car, dismounted and chased the snake into the bushes.

Then he climbed back into the car, but instead of putting it in gear he shut off the motor. The snake had given him a happy thought.

Nevertheless, though the thought was happy his young face looked rather white and stern.

He took the girl suddenly in his arms and held her tight and kissed her lovely face all over. At first she struggled quite desperately and almost frightened him into behaving himself. But just when fright was getting the better of him she stopped struggling and all her muscles relaxed.

If the struggling had frightened Ruddy rather badly, the next thing that happened frightened him much more. He felt her lips flutter against his. She had shut her eyes and kissed him back.

His arms loosened then, and he stopped kissing her. His voice when he spoke



They need not fade or yellow—*washed this way your pretty blouses keep their color*

They were the very last word in chic—your jacket blouse of demure printed crepe, that breezy slip-on model that went with you round the golf course, to say nothing of your costume blouse so rich in color!

And then—they had their very first laundering. Out they came a sorry, bedraggled sight. Colors streaked and faded, yellowed beyond all hope of salvaging.

Just one careless laundering can make any blouse lose its nice new look.

Don't let your pretty new blouses turn into old ones. Wash them with Lux. Follow the directions on this page—directions recommended by the maker of more than a million blouses.

Cut out this page and keep it. You will find you want to refer to it all the time.

No color too brilliant—no weave too frail

Colors that used to seem too difficult to launder, brilliant all-over patterns, even these are safe in Lux suds.

Lovely weaves—not to be resisted—come from these feathery suds with never a fragile thread fuzzed up or broken.

Not once but any number of times you can wash your pretty blouses with Lux without fear of harm to their freshness and color. Lux won't fade or streak them; it won't destroy the luster of beautiful silken fabrics or harm the soft finish of fine cottons. If your blouse is safe in water alone it is just as safe in Lux.

How to keep blouses from fading

Make sure that pure water alone will not harm your blouse.

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garment. Use fresh suds for each color. Wash very quickly. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Be careful to press satins with the nap.

For their own protection—they recommend Lux

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"Onyx" Hosiery
McCutcheon Linens
D. & J. Anderson Ginghams
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
Pacific Mills Printed Cottons
North Star Blankets
Ascher's Knit Goods
Carter's Knit Underwear
Jaeger Woolens
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Send today for free booklet of expert laundering advice, "How to Launder Silks, Woolens, Fine Cottons and Linens." Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 79, Cambridge, Mass.



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Lux for washing dishes! *At last* you can wash them without coarsening your hands. Even though they are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won't harm them. It is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! A single package does at least 54 dishwashings. Try it.

COOKS *THREE* THINGS AT ONCE



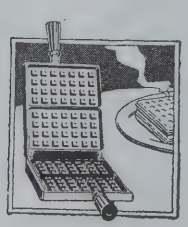
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YOU can prepare an informal supper on the Armstrong Table Stove right at the living-room table—crisp waffles, creamed oysters on toast, club sandwiches, or any tempting hot dish!

This remarkable stove *cooks three things all at the same time.* The heating unit is in two parts. You cook above, between and beneath—boil, broil, steam, fry, toast, and bake wonderful waffles! And the Armstrong Table Stove, with its distinctive square shape and snowy white enamel which heat does not tarnish, harmonizes with your nicest silver and china.

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ARMSTRONG
TABLE STOVE
Cooks 3 things at once

sounded quite rough and masterful, even in his own ears.

"You *will* be bad to me, will you?" he said. "And send me away! When I love you for keeps! And always will . . ."

His breath failed him.

He held her thereafter very snugly in his left arm and with his right hand he pressed her head against his breast and caressed it.

Another miracle had been accomplished and nothing more was said about institutions.

When Ruddy's mother and father heard that Ruddy had married a beggar maiden who couldn't walk they were terribly upset and angry. But when they had seen her drifting about Ruddy's little house in a wheel chair, and keeping house better than thousands of women who have nothing the matter with them except laziness, selfishness and stupidity, and when they had eaten the dinner she cooked for them, and heard her singing while she was cooking it, they changed their minds and their hearts toward her, and when they went back to their home town they boasted about her to all their friends.

The pear trees did splendidly that year. And there wasn't going to be any trouble about money.

There is just one more miracle to relate. And that miracle isn't the baby. The baby wasn't a miracle. He was just a natural, normal, rambunctious, powerful and somewhat self-willed and self-centered baby who reached this world of tears in a perfectly normal and natural way. But the chances are that he worked the miracle.

He was so young at the time that his happy little mother had not yet left her bed for her wheel chair, and he was in the next room being attended to by his father. Either Ruddy was clumsy or the baby believed the moment to be well chosen for self-assertion. Whatever the reason may have been, it is a fact that the baby suddenly began filling his healthy lungs with blasts of air and letting the same out in ear-splitting screeches.

Ruddy was badly rattled and badly in need of help. He gave one despairing look toward the door of the girl's room, and the look of despair changed to a look of wonder.

For the door had opened and the girl had opened it and was standing in the doorway. Standing!

She took two more steps—wobbly, drunken steps. And then Ruddy caught her in his arms and carried her back to her bed. They were both wildly excited, and the baby, left to his own devices, had stopped screeching.

"The moment he began to cry like that," she said, "I knew that I could get to him."

She was all out of breath and so was Ruddy.

"Isn't love too wonderful?" she said.

And Ruddy agreed that it was and he added something equally trite of his own.

"It's the only real miracle there is," he said.

Each of Gouverneur Morris's stories is new and surprising—as you will find the next one in an early COSMOPOLITAN

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THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
CAPITAL $1,000,000
L·W·SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Ukridge's Dog College

(Continued from page 64

saw you at your rooms my scheme was o specialize in performing dogs for he music halls—what you might call rofessional dogs. But I've been hinking it over and now I don't see why shouldn't go in for developing amateur alent as well.

"Say you have a dog—Fido, the house- old pet—and you think it would brighten he home if he could do a few tricks from ime to time. Well, you're a busy man, ou haven't the time to give up to teach- ng him. So you just tie a label to his ollar and ship him off for a month to the Jkridge Dog College, and back he comes, horoughly educated. No trouble, no orry, easy terms.

"Upon my Sam, I'm not sure there sn't more money in the amateur branch han in the professional. I don't see why ventually dog owners shouldn't send heir dogs to me as a regular thing, just s they send their sons to Eton and Vinchester.

"My golly, this idea's beginning to levelop. I'll tell you what—how would be to issue special collars to all dogs hich have graduated from my college? omething distinctive which everybody ould recognize? See what I mean? ort of badge of honor. Fellow with a og entitled to wear the Ukridge collar ould be in a position to look down on the loke whose dog hadn't got one. Gradually would get so that anybody in a decent ocial position would be ashamed to be een out with a non-Ukridge dog. The ning would become a landslide. Dogs ould pour in from all corners of the ountry. More work than I could handle. lave to start branches. The scheme's olossal. Millions in it, my boy! Mil- ons!"

He paused with his fingers on the handle f the front door.

"Of course," he went on, "just at present 's no good blinking the fact that I'm ampered and handicapped by lack of nds and can only approach the thing on small scale. What it amounts to, ddie, is that somehow or other I've got get capital."

It seemed the moment to spring the ad news.

"I promised him I wouldn't mention ," I said, "for fear it might lead to dis- ppointment, but as a matter of fact eorge Tupper is trying to raise some apital for you. I left him last night arting out to get it."

"George Tupper!" Ukridge's eyes immed with a not unmanly emotion. George Tupper! By gad, that fellow is ne salt of the earth. Good, loyal fellow! true friend. A man you can rely on. pon my Sam, if there were more fellows out like old Tuppy there wouldn't be l this modern pessimism and unrest. id he seem to have any idea where he uld raise a bit of capital for me?"

"Yes. He went round to tell your aunt out your coming down here to train ose Pekes and—— Why, what's the atter?"

A fearful change had come over



The Price

Of pretty teeth—Just film removed

Millions have found a delightful way to beautify the teeth. You see the results now wherever you look—in teeth you envy, maybe.

Perhaps no other creation ever did so much to enhance women's beauty. Or to bring about a better dental era. You owe yourself the test we offer here.

That dingy film

You can feel your teeth now coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Most teeth had film-coats under old methods, for old tooth pastes do not effectively fight film. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, for film is their major cause.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people, under old methods, escaped those film-caused troubles.

New methods found

To meet that situation dental science searched for ways to fight film. Two ways were finally discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Found other needs

Modern research also found two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

A delightful test

You will find a test delightful. And it will probably lead to life-long benefits, both for you and yours.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free 1086

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Deltah Pearls recreate all the Beauty of the true Orientals

Necklace SEVILLE

Illustrated above, splendidly exemplifies Deltah superiority. A new and super elegant quality of indestructible pearls. Safety clasp of white gold set with genuine diamond and genuine onyx—the very latest combination.

24 Inch $35

Other Deltah Necklaces

Carmen 24 inch $21
Elvira 24 inch $31
Martha 24 inch $51

Deltah PEARLS
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Hope Sapphires

Deltah Pearls are made by the producers of the Heller Hope Sapphires and Hope Rubies. These are true precious stones, identical with the fine, natural sapphires and rubies in every respect excepting origin and price. The reasonable cost of Hope stones places the everlasting beauty of the sapphire and the ruby within the reach of everyone. Your dealer will gladly show you jewelry mounted with Heller Hope Sapphires and Heller Hope Rubies.

L. HELLER & SONS, Inc.
358 Fifth Ave., New York
Paris—40, Rue Laffitte

Ukridge's jubilant front. His eyes bulged, his jaw sagged. With the addition of a few feet of gray whiskers he would have looked exactly like the recent Mr. Nickerson.

"My aunt?" he mumbled, swaying on the door handle.

"Yes. What's the matter? He thought if he told her all about it she might relent and rally round."

The sigh of a gallant fighter at the end of his strength forced its way up from Ukridge's mackintosh-covered bosom.

"Of all the dashed, infernal, officious, meddling, muddling, fat-headed, interfering asses," he said wanly, "George Tupper is the worst."

"What do you mean?"

"The man oughtn't to be at large. He's a public menace."

"But——"

"Those dogs *belong* to my aunt. I pinched them when she chucked me out!"

Inside the cottage the Pekingese were still yapping industriously.

"Upon my Sam," said Ukridge, "it's a little hard."

I think he would have said more, but at this point a voice spoke with a sudden and awful abruptness from the interio of the cottage.

It was a woman's voice, a quiet, steel voice, a voice, it seemed to me, that sug gested cold eyes, a beaky nose and hair lik gun metal.

"Stanley!"

That was all it said, but it was enough Ukridge's eye met mine in a wild surmis He seemed to shrink into his mackintos like a snail surprised while eating lettuce.

"Stanley!"

"Yes, Aunt Julia?" quavered Ukridg

"Come here. I wish to speak to you.

"Yes, Aunt Julia."

I sidled out into the road. Inside th cottage the yapping of the Pekingese ha become quite hysterical. I found myse trotting, and then—though it was a war day—running quite rapidly.

I could have stayed if I had wanted t but somehow I did not want to. Som thing seemed to tell me that on th holy domestic scene I should be an i truder.

What it was that gave me that impre sion I do not know—probably vision, the big, broad, flexible outlook.

As naturally as a spring bubbles water, the pen of P. G. Wodehouse bubbles cool, crisp humor. His next COSMOPOLITAN *story is pure mental refreshment.*

The Brinkerhoff Brothers

(*Continued from page 79*)

sister from Herculaneum, they dissolved into big fluffy tears. And there was great ado of removing the spectacles, which had become entangled in the veiling, and Oscar, who stood by, kept reaching out his hand and drawing it back.

She was his now. More than anything else he wanted to untangle Trina's spectacles from her wedding veil and fit them back on the dear little red welt on the bridge of her nose. That little red welt was his now. His hand kept moving backward and forward like a shuttle.

And already Henry, standing by, was hurting with the sense of his thirdness.

The Oscars went to housekeeping in a four room flat on Kennerly Avenue. There had been talk of a room for Henry. Trina, in fact, had marched up to his door one evening while Oscar stood at the foot of the stairs waiting, and knocked. Henry with his entire going to bed at loose ends since Oscar was remaining out on the porch so late, a-wooing, had already removed one shoe and was staring at the wall. The knock startled him and he limped to the door, opening it an inch.

"It's me, Henry. Trina."

He was horribly embarrassed and linked his foot in the white balbriggan sock up behind his knee.

"Oh!" he said. "Trina! Joost a minute. I'm in bed almost," and closed the door its half-inch.

"Never mind, Henry. I can say it from here." And then Trina began to recite, Oscar's eyes down at the foot of the stairs burning up against her back.

"Henry, we want you to come and live with us. We've got to know because we're going hunting tomorrow for a flat with the extra room."

It was a peculiar thing about Trina voice. Just say "Herculaneum" as if yo vocal chords were strung along your front bone and you have it. The rise to the antep nultimate syllable of Trina's home town co tained the full range of her vocal inflectio

Poor Henry. Listening to her voi now, every shade of it started him tre bling. It was like tearing something close as his right side off of him, leavi him bleeding, that Oscar should go. wanted that room in Oscar's home. Wai ed it with a sob in his throat.

"Why, Trina," he said, "that's goot. abbreciate it. But young married coupl, it's an old saying, they got it best themselves."

"Now Henry, there's a room waiting you say the word."

If he said the word! He wanted to, it it stuck in his throat and the little grunts his breathing tumbled over themselv. He wanted more than anything he had ev wanted in his life, that room in the home his sharer of eloquent silences. But te plating on Trina's voice was so pitifu thin, and well, Henry knew, deep down his heart where he kept the little adder ca thought resolutely tucked away, that Os r and Trina should have found the flat wh his room in it first, and then swept, rat r than interrogated, him.

And so he stood rubbing his wh stockinged foot against the back of his g, wanting to say yes. Wanting to, ad instead only repeating what he hoped e would not accept from him.

"If I thought I wasn't in the way—"

"We've got to know, Henry. There a four room flat over on Kennerly just s s fine. But it's no trouble to look for a e room flat."

"O Trina, Trina," sighed poor Henry's heart.

"No trouble at all, Henry."

"I know that young married couples they like it best sometimes alone. I wouldn't be in the way, I could promise you that, only I'm afraid it's not right——"

And then for the first time Trina's voice lost its pie-pan shallowness and came out with heartiness.

"Well, Henry, I don't want to insist, you're so used to it here, but remember, that extra plate and knife and fork are always waiting for you on our table in our home. 'Always welcome' is our motto."

And Oscar at the bottom of the stairs, drunk on the phrases "our table," "our home," "our motto," had his little adder of discomfort too, but which he would not so much as let lift its head.

After all, both Trina and he had done their best. Henry's ways were set. But well the little adder down in Oscar knew—it knew.

Gaunt, lank, unlaughing Oscar. Life had been the color of horsehair and the smell of damp hassocks for him. He wanted his Trina in their flat where he could have her nearness for his very own.

And so the next day the four room flat in the two family house on Kennerly Avenue was rented and announced at the supper table to many a "Now aren't you sorry you turned us down," and "See now, Mr. Hoity Toity, what you're missing," flung merrily to Henry, who grunted and grunted as if he really believed the indictment.

And how Trina, who for almost the twenty-eight years of her life had lived with the married sister in Herculaneum, worn her cast-off clothing and cooked for a family of five and three farm hands, did blossom.

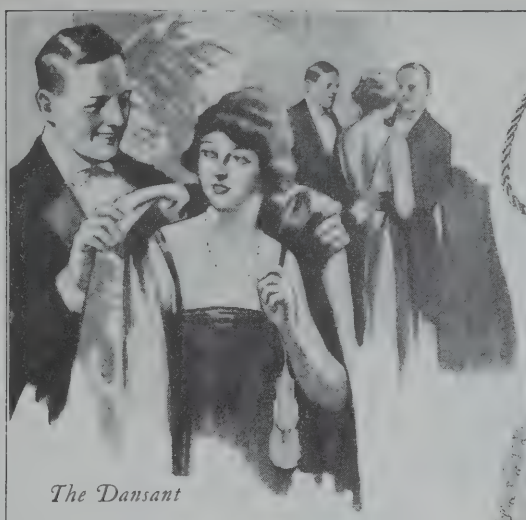
It was a pleasure to see her thin, nervous face pinken up, and because she had never in all her experience known the intoxication of handling money, she spent lavishly on the furnishings of the flat. A little too lavishly. There was a hundred and thirty-five dollar phonograph with a balcony front mahogany case for the parlor, and the dining room set, Mission finished oak with colored glass in the buffet doors, cost two hundred and seventy-five. And Trina could not resist a life size plaster negro boy, in such true to life ragged trousers you could almost want to mend the rents, and holding half a watermelon in the form of a card receiver, to stand between the folding doors.

But there was the five hundred dollar wedding present, half of his savings, from Henry's and Oscar's own nest egg which from the years of natural penury was nicely around a thousand, that could easily stand the strain.

And so they were married and Henry moved up to the third floor, in what Mrs. Burby called her "single gent room," and except that there was one collar and cuff box on the chiffonier now and the velvet framed photographs of the dead and buried Brinkerhoffs reposed on the Kennerly Avenue mantelpiece, there was not much change in the daily scheme of things for Henry Brinkerhoff.

Even the deceased Burby, who looked like Brigham Young, had followed him upstairs, and the red velvet rocker that bulged with old springs.

It was as natural that every act of



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1765

Henry's should fall into routine as it was that his Monday, Wednesday and Friday pipe should alternate with the remaining days of the week. It happened that his first dinner at the home of the Oscars was on a Friday evening, and thereafter, ticktock, Friday evenings it continued to be.

With this exception of the one evening a week, the old after-dinner intervals were his, pretty much as they had always been, tilted up against the house on his straight-back chair in summer and in the winter reading his Home Edition beside the gas lamp in the Burby reception hall.

He was quiet, and more than ever Henry had come to love the swoon-like depths of his silence.

Almost from the beginning things did not go so well with the Oscars.

In the first place, Oscar sprained a ligament in his leg the second month, reaching from a ladder to hang an oval picture with a convex glass to it, of Queen Louise on the stairs. Trina had bought it from a man at the door.

For the first time in twenty-one years Oscar missed a day on his route, but after that he hobbled with a cane and managed pretty well.

Then didn't the new hat rack in the hall do the top-heavy act of toppling over on a boy who was delivering some curtain rods from a neighborhood hardware store, breaking his collar bone and banging him up pretty badly. There was some talk of a law suit but Oscar settled finally for fifty dollars and almost an equal amount in doctor bills.

Well, that blew over, and when Henry came on his Fridays it was to find a state of beatitude that gave him the same hottish feeling he had experienced when Oscar had laughed that first morning and had shown his long, seldom exposed teeth. Positively, it was embarrassing to see Oscar's hand linger too long on Trina's if she so much as passed him the syrup jug.

Once he walked in on them playing clip-clap-clop with the palms of their hands, and another time at the supper table, when the electric current gave out and came on so suddenly that it revealed Oscar and Trina breaking apart from having taken advantage of the darkness to embrace, he was so embarrassed that he could scarcely look up again during the meal. Not so much for himself as for Oscar. Dark, narrow Oscar in this ridiculous plight. It was kinder somehow not to look.

And he didn't. As the months wore on, for every time that Oscar's hand lingered too long over the syrup jug, Henry would be assiduously looking out of the window, and when Trina stumbled once over a rug and landed plump in Oscar's lap, and, knowing Henry, to his supreme embarrassment, could not get up for laughing, Henry rose hastily from his chair to pretend to search for something among the uncut pages of Lives of Famous Men which Trina had bought at the door, on "monthlies."

It was after the first year that things turned not so good in earnest. Trina, true to Henry's unwitting prophecy, developed "bearing down pains." It was pitiful to see her newly acquired pinkiness recede and the circles and a little crop of water bubbles come out under her eyes. At first

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ıe tried the sample remedies thrown round at front doors by old men carrying anvas bags like sowers. It was no unsual thing for Oscar to come home and nd her with the potatoes peeled but not ying, sitting on the edge of the kitchen able poring over booklet testimonials om beneficiaries of this or that pill.

Pills. Trina was a great believer in their fficacy. But when these minor remedies iled, and Trina would pause in the midst f her sweeping to clutch at the small of er back, for all the world like the "before aking" pictures on the pamphlet, Oscar ook to bringing home drug store remedies. nce Mrs. Sydney on Newstead Avenue, ho had had an operation, recommended home brew of herbs and some sort of itters, giving Oscar the first herbs from er own store of them, and for a while it eemed that the mixture would do the ork; but one morning Trina just could ot get up until, as she put it, she had laid ome of the backache out of her—so Oscar repared his breakfast and hers and carried in to her and came off his route at eleven o see how she felt.

After that Trina no longer got up for reakfast and Oscar became quite adept t puttering over the stove, even taking a and at the evening meal while Trina was o poorly. Once while frying himself a iece of his invariable breakfast beefsteak, ıe gas stove exploded up into his face ith quite a report, but there was no damge and the stove was repaired. He learned ıe trick of corn bread too, tying one of rina's aprons about his waist and stirring or dear life.

Poor Trina. That first year or two she ied. Valiantly. Nailing up lace shelf aper with her face screwed with her comlaint. Surprising Oscar with the oilcloth n the stairs laid when he came home one vening. Gilding the imitation gas logs ı the imitation gas grate and running up o greet him that night all smelling, as scar put it when he kissed her between ıe smears of gilt, "just like a little anana."

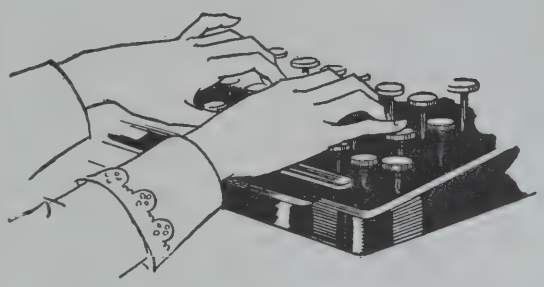
And Trina loved being a little banana nd she loved her home and her sovereignty ver it. With a stack of unwashed dishes the sink and the bedroom pretty undy, she liked to putter in the parlor, ecure against the whanging voice of her ster, or the dirty little yanking fingers her nieces and nephews.

And how that parlor seemed to become naller and smaller as Trina jammed it ller and fuller. It came to have somehat the look of a small boy fairly ammed with bonbons and about to be ry uncomfortable.

Trina could no more withstand the ont door canvasser than she could o many of the cone-shaped chocolates hich Oscar brought her now, as he ed to bring them to Bettina. At r front door by the easy signing of a ip and fifty cents down, she negotiated r a dozen cabinet size photographs of rself with colored enlargement. "Little t" carpet sweeper came that way, and course the Queen Louise and the Lives Great Men. Also a brown pottery rdinière which contained her rubber tree, glossy leaved beauty which she tended e a baby, washing the leaves in milk to ake them shine.

Then the sick headaches set in. "Sikdicks" as Henry came horridly to know

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them from Trina's pronunciation. The surest barometer of Trina's state of head came to be the fold of flesh between Oscar's eyes.

When the brothers met, as they did each morning at the livery stable for their horses and runabouts, Henry could tell at a glance by that worried furrow if the cloud of one of Trina's all too frequent sikkedicks hung over the land.

"Not so goot with Trina today," was about Oscar's summing up of it, or, if it happened to be Friday: "You should stop by at Finney's for the bread tonight, Henry. I'll bring some smelts from the community market. Trina's got sikkedick."

And off they drove in opposite directions, the long narrow buggies somber as deacons and in a way distinctly resembling the brothers themselves. Oscar with the worried dent between his eyes. Henry settling down low in his seat lulled with the sedative order of his life. More and more as the sense of his brother's eruptive little home, with the sink of unwashed dishes and Trina often with her hair in a pug and her shoes slattern, began to grow on him, Henry clung to the simple geometry of his scheme of things. The long identical evenings. Seven-thirty breakfasts with never an ado. The little room with the burnt wood collar box and the alternate pipe airing on the window sill. Nobody's headache.

Henry, whose loyalty to his brother was like a non-drip candle that burned a perfect cone-shaped flame, long and unwavering and white, came to castigate himself soundly for his many invading states of mind toward Trina.

For instance, he wanted honestly and whole-heartedly to sympathize with her "sikkedicks" although he had never experienced one and could not remember that his little mother had ever sallowed under the complaint; it was evidently a malady that could wrack the victim and cast him aside like a rag doll. But for the life of him Henry could not help a major sensation of disgust when he arrived at the flat to find Trina with her eyes looking spilled and the lids just far enough over the pupils to rob them of any expression whatsoever. Sort of like a baby's who sleeps with his eyes not quite closed.

How that "sikkedick" predominated the house! Henry could feel it when he set foot on the lowermost step. The smell of camphor or witch-hazel or whatever it was that Trina daubed up her brow with. Oscar, tiptoeing clumsily over boards that creaked under rugs, and looking outlandish in the gingham apron about his middle as he puttered away at supper. Trina in the unæsthetic headcloth, pinned over with a safety pin in back and forever holding on to the small of her back as if she were broken and in danger of falling in two parts.

Deep dyed disgust of her filled Henry. There was something not nice about her "heddicks." Something almost not—clean. People with decent reticences didn't have them, or at least if they did never dragged them about in public that way. There was something that offended Henry horribly about her sick eyes and the way she would grab up Oscar's hand suddenly and press it to her brow. Oscar sitting meanwhile stiff and embarrassed and going on with his other hand at whatever he was



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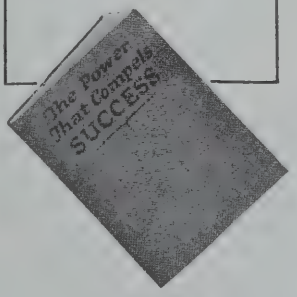
A Few Actual Examples

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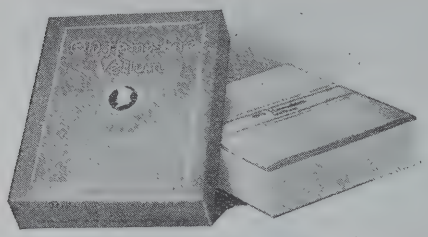
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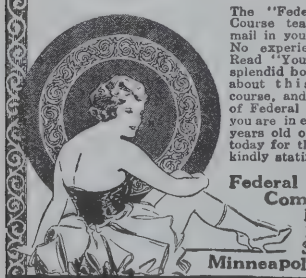
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doing, as if nothing had happened. Only up against her brow Trina could feel the little tremor of sympathy from him which he so shamefacedly concealed from his brother, who upon such occasions and many similar ones immediately sought retreat among the uncut pages of the Lives of Great Men.

And then she could be testy with Oscar. That almost killed Henry. One evening, when he tried to make her lie down instead of standing, sick and staggering over the pungency of frying smelts, she cried out to him: "Oh, go to the devil! I can't call my hired girl in to fix supper, can I? Somebody has to do it."

And another time, ministering to the crick in her back he spilled liniment down it and she cried out in pain, "Great big boob, you!" And then a few minutes later when Oscar came into the parlor, that looped up smile on his face, smeared over the hurt, as it were, it was all Henry could do to keep the tears from splashing down on volume four, the Lives of Great Men.

On the other hand, Trina on her good days was the loving and honoring and obeying wife whom Oscar had so solemnly taken at the altar. Babying him, smoothing his widening bald spot and serving him in a hundred nervous little solicitous ways. Neither was she without a very definite kind of affection for her brother-in-law, calling him Grunty, and on her well Fridays she invariably had kale boiled with ham-end, a dish of which he was inordinately fond.

Sitting alone in his side yard evening after evening tilted against the brick wall, pipe in its slow journeys from his knee to his lips, Henry was tireless at his cogitations about Oscar, pondering for hours upon these new and secret places in his brother's life. Places no longer of the pool. Places that Oscar never by word or act revealed to him. To what extent was Oscar realizing the nervous unæsthetic woman who was his? Trina bit her finger nails. Trina let her corsets and tired looking bits of clothing droop over chairs from day's end to day's end. She was fast losing what looks she had, too. Her arms were so bony now, from their incessant darting to and fro, no doubt, and the water bubbles beneath her eyes pulled at her expression.

More than once when Oscar walked to the corner with Henry as he did on Friday nights, Oscar's eyes, as they parted with just "Goot night," had ridden through the darkness with Henry into the waiting quiet of Mrs. Burby's room as if they too had wanted to come.

Was Oscar envying Henry?

One October morning, when the brothers met at the livery stable, Oscar's face, which if one thought about it at all was usually the color of strong burlap, presented this day the peculiar ashen of rope instead. Dry. Fibrous. Without the suggestion of blood running through it.

"Oscar?" cried Henry, putting startled interrogation into the word.

"Trina had the doctor last night. Next Saturday morning. St. Anthony's Hospital. Operation."

That was all. The brothers rode their ways that morning with the whips in their sockets unflecked. It was misting and above the storm curtains their faces looked out squarely. For all the world like gaunt Abraham Lincolns.

Trina came through splendidly. In fact, her first two months out of the hospital she gained flesh so rapidly that Oscar spanked her one evening as she passed him to water the rubber plant and called her "Fatty." All her skirt bands had to be let out and gussets set into her waists. The "sikkedicks" persisted, but not so frequently, and except that it remained impossible for Trina to feel well enough to get up to prepare Oscar's breakfasts, conditions in the little flat improved.

Indeed, Trina, who came to love afternoon "movies," could return home quite flushed and pretty looking often barely in time to throw together the evening meal and as she put it, "redd up the place a bit."

Oscar indulged her love of entertainment, often providing the ticket for Mrs. Burby too, but there was a little pinch in the household. Trina's operation and doctor bills had mounted to over six hundred dollars, and then on top of it, with the mechanical gesture of a firm which has turned into a corporation, Henry's salary was raised to fifty dollars.

Not Oscar's. He had been falling off, you see. Irregularities. Trina's operation and expenses had taken him off the route daily for weeks. Oscar's collections were not up to mark.

And the first thing Henry knew, Oscar, white with the ignominy of it, was at him for a loan. Four hundred dollars, which he gave over, cheerfully.

The first hundred was paid back within the six months, but Trina, still lavish with the *élan* of one unaccustomed to handling money, had her heart set on one of those newfangled washing machines which had appeared at the door, and Oscar, with Henry's wide indulgence, let the payment of the second hundred lapse a month.

But before that month had rounded out an event stalked in that fairly knocked Oscar over the head with a slapstick.

Trina was with child. For three months, with a reticence not at all typical of her, she had carried this secret from Oscar, finally sobbing it out to him one evening because she could not eat her dinner.

He sat stunned, with his hand on her humped little shoulders as she told him, and he kissed her and Trina cried and cried and wanted it and didn't want it and cried and cried some more.

But it was almost two more months before Oscar could bring himself to tell Henry, and then only because Trina was developing a querulousness that needed justification and because Oscar could not see the second payment on that four hundred clearly ahead.

Oscar told him on the corner one Friday evening as they parted.

"That's goot," was all Henry could find to say over and over again as they wrung hands and parted. "That's very fine. That's goot."

But all the way home in a wild kind of pain for his brother, Henry kept asking himself over and over again, was it so goot? Was it?

It wasn't, because Trina's baby was born in such agony of travail that Oscar, standing waiting through the black aisle of the night, finally laid his head down on the parlor table and sobbed in long audible tearing sounds like corn husks rasping off the ear. Sobs that cut him in two—and Henry.

At high noon of the next day, in the midst of Trina's cries and entreaties and callings upon God, her son was born. It was Sunday, and straight through the chime-lit morning the brothers had waited side by side on two stiff-backed chairs in the parlor.

When the nurse placed his son in Oscar's arms, he began to laugh sillily again and in the manner that had so frightfully embarrassed Henry that time at breakfast. So sillily and so full of hysteria that Henry, without so much as glancing at the little living bundle of his nephew, hurried over to the shelf that bore the Lives of Great Men.

It was two months before Trina set foot out of bed. Three before the nurse could be dismissed, and then for another month Mrs. Burby did all the cooking, sending it over by Henry or Bettina in buckets covered with paper napkins.

There was not much left of the spick-and-span newness of the little flat of three years before. The furniture had dulled and the carpets. The rubber plant had one lone leaf, and Trina's erstwhile pride, the black plaster boy, had a crack in his face that bisected it on the diagonal.

They were bitter days, those first few months of the life of Oscar's son. Trina, poor girl, shattered in health and nerves. Oscar at his wits' end and deeper in debt to Henry than ever.

And the baby. Well, Oscar's son was the kind of child over whom people bend pitying heads and say: "Poor little fellow, he may outgrow it. They often do, you know." His head was too large. So large that it drooped tiredly like an enormous mushroom on a slender stalk, the little chin resting against the chest. A sweet unfretful baby with a little harassed face that said, "Why?"

And how fiercely and with a famished love that blazed color into her thin cheeks, Trina tended and nursed and suffered of the cruel steel braces they put under his chin.

And Henry and Oscar de-daddling that child! It was to laugh, the solemn two of them, grimacing, trying to awaken that mysterious star of light that meant recognition in the poor little eyes that were set on top, almost like a frog's. Doing "this little piggy went to market, this little piggy stayed at home," the only nursery rhyme they knew, to each and every finger and each and every toe.

But Oscar's son regarded them blandly, almost as the mushroom a little too heavy on its stem might have.

"He knows me," cried Oscar, knowing it not to be true.

"The little fellow smiled at me," cried Henry, knowing that he hadn't smiled at all.

"He's muvver's darling darlingest," cried Trina, her eyes beautiful with the stardust of being a mother.

And so the months wore on and Trina's strength came back slowly, if at all, and the boy Buster's big head lolled on its puny stalk and expenses kept just a little bit ahead of Oscar.

And there the flat stood, dirty and cluttered from one week's end to the next except when Mrs. Burby came over and lent a hand, or Oscar and Henry tidied a bit on Friday evenings, or Trina with her old bearing down pains again dragged herself around in her nightgown

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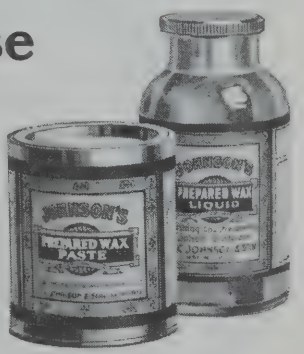
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and slip-slopping slippers, dusting and trying when she could to have a decent snack of supper for Oscar when he came home tired.

But at least little Buster seldom cried and through the long days would lie almost meditatively in the tender cove of his mother's arm, and with every visit of the doctor a trail of good cheer like a slant of sunshine was left over the house.

"Don't you worry over that youngster. I've seen them a whole lot more backward than he is develop into bust-roarers."

And Trina's eyes would fill with gratitude and Oscar clear his throat and offer a cigar.

"And you too, Mrs. Brinkerhoff. You're going to gradually get back your strength and be three times the woman you were before the birth of this young rascal."

"Oh doctor—dear doctor!"

And yet the weeks dragged on so, and one day because Oscar could endure no more—she had acquired the habit of whining at him from the bed to do this and not for God's sake to do that—a flash of anger smote him in his eyes and he slammed blindly out of the house. At least slammed for him. Running down the front steps and closing the lower door on a burst of ejaculation that sounded to Trina as she lay there appalled, terrifyingly like damn.

That afternoon at about five-thirty it happened.

Trina, jerked strangely enough into awareness, not anger, had pulled herself together and with little Buster under one arm was frying a mess of flounder for supper. Oscar liked flounder. She had cleaned the front room, too. Tied a ribbon bow around the crack in the jardinière that contained the rubber plant, and for the first time, at least since Buster was born, her blonde hair was crimped and held in place with her rhinestone combs and she wore a dimity dress with a sash made of the same material.

Oscar had frightened Trina. Tears of self-pity spurted more than once as she probed into the fish with her fork, but she squeezed them back. All her intuition told her somehow that this was not the time for self-pity. Therefore the rhinestone combs and the dimity dress. Trina was not all fool. So she tasted back her tears and poked at the flounder and leaned to raise the gas flame . . .

It happened in a smear and a bang, a roar and a spurt of flame, the very gas burner that had once popped into Oscar's face flew out with a great stain of fire over Trina as she stood there clutching her baby under one arm, her dimity sash standing out like a butterfly doused into nothing by the very first flame.

"Baby—Oscar—oh God—oh——"

When Oscar came home the house was filled with neighbors and the stairs smelled cold and charred.

They were in the act of dressing Trina's arm, which was held in the air like a dreadful signal when Oscar entered the bedroom, and so Henry, coming in to Friday night supper some five minutes later, found his brother in a dead faint on the floor, a neighbor trying to force water down him, but which ran off instead into a long mandarin mustache down his collar.

By ten o'clock Trina had not regained sufficient consciousness to feel her pain and the baby too lay in a torpor that was merciful to it.

But once more the doctor was optimistic.

"There's a good fighting chance for both of them. No flame swallowed and eyes safe."

Inferentially, when the bang came Trina had displayed sufficient presence of mind to toss the baby well out of the flare and in some way her own dodge had saved her eyes and throat. So far so good. At this early hour there was no foretelling further developments, but there were too many people about. The doctor and the nurse shooed them all out like flies, Henry included.

He walked home through a September evening that was whitish with starlight. The Burbys were on their square of front porch. Gabble-gabble as usual. He cut across to the lawn for his chair, which was tilted and waiting against the side wall of the house.

He felt as a man must after he has lost a great deal of blood. Rather as if life had a circular motion to it; and the cushions of his fingers were shirred as if they had been long in water.

There stood his silence, waiting for him. Deep and cool as a well. It was almost as if he could lave it refreshingly to his face the way he did with water in his morning wash. And upstairs waited his room, with the burnt wood collar box exactly as it had stood since Oscar's marriage, and his Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday pipe airing on the window sill.

He lighted his Monday, Wednesday and Friday's.

Pu—pu—pu—pu——

Poor Oscar's pipe scheme was all awry. Sometimes he borrowed a few puffs off of Henry's, for the sweetness.

Oscar, who had fallen out of the order and quiet as a child might fall headlong out of a window. A great wave of bitterness made Henry's face wry, as if he were tasting something horrid. Oscar, who might so easily be sitting there now beside him. Oscar, who loved the tick and tock. Oscar, whose neat, square-toed shoes were broken and grinning now. It stabbed Henry to see him in these. His brother's shoes had always been as firm toed and punctiliously blacked as his own. And now . . .

Suddenly a thought smote Henry. A gadfly of a thought that swam across the darkness and hung brilliantly and twenty times its natural size, right before Henry's eyes.

What if Trina should die?

Trina, who was a drain, and poor little Buster, whose head would probably always be too large for his body. A brilliant, persistent gadfly of a thought that was almost a hope, which try as he would Henry could not banish. Even when it receded and became smaller, it glittered so in the darkness! What if Trina should die? Oscar back once more in the well ordered quiet. The second story room again with the twin collar boxes—the deceased Burby's eyes—almost human—what if Trina should——

To throw off this thought which lighted and glittered, Henry began to walk again toward Kennerly Avenue. It was after eleven and the streets quiet so that his footsteps sort of followed him down the sidewalks.

There still was a light in the bedroom of the Oscar flat. He could see it from the side of the house as he approached. Was Trina better? Henry tried to buoy himself with this hope and ran up the porch steps insisting to himself, "I hope Trina's better. I hope Trina's better."

The screen door was unlatched and the parlor dark. But in the bedroom the center gas was burning full size into the stifling etheric atmosphere. Oscar was on the bed edge bending over, and Trina with her arms, bandages and all, locked about his neck so that her head, bandaged too, was lifted from the pillow, was talking in her highest and most nervous voice. The strand of hair, discolored with iodine, hung loose of the binding gauze.

Henry, who feared that she might be delirious, stood off in the darkened parlor to tremble and to wait.

"Am I going to die, Oscar? Is my baby going to die? I won't go alone."

"Why Trina, of course you are not going to die. You are a little burnt, that's all. You and baby. Joost a little burnt."

"I ought to die, Oscar. Me and baby. And relieve you. You've had so little out of it, Oscar, but worry—and drain—oh—oh—poor Oscar—poor Trina—I ought to die—but not without baby—I can't go alone—I know I ought to die—for you——"

"Don't say that Trina. Don't say that!" cried the Oscar whom Henry, standing out there trembling in the darkness, had never seen before. "Don't say that. Don't die. Live, Trina. You and baby, live for me! I couldn't go back to things without you. Live, Trina, you and baby. Live. Live."

And to Henry's horror, as he stood there with the goose flesh shuddering over him, Oscar pitched forward against Trina so that she had to hold him even with the bandaged part of her arm from crushing over on the sleeping little Buster, his words tumbling, crashing, slithering over each other like coals down a steel chute.

"Live, Trina, live! For me—couldn't—go back—to things without you. Live, Trina—you and baby—live."

And her voice, a banner of it, waving: "We'll live, Oscar. We'll live. We'll live."

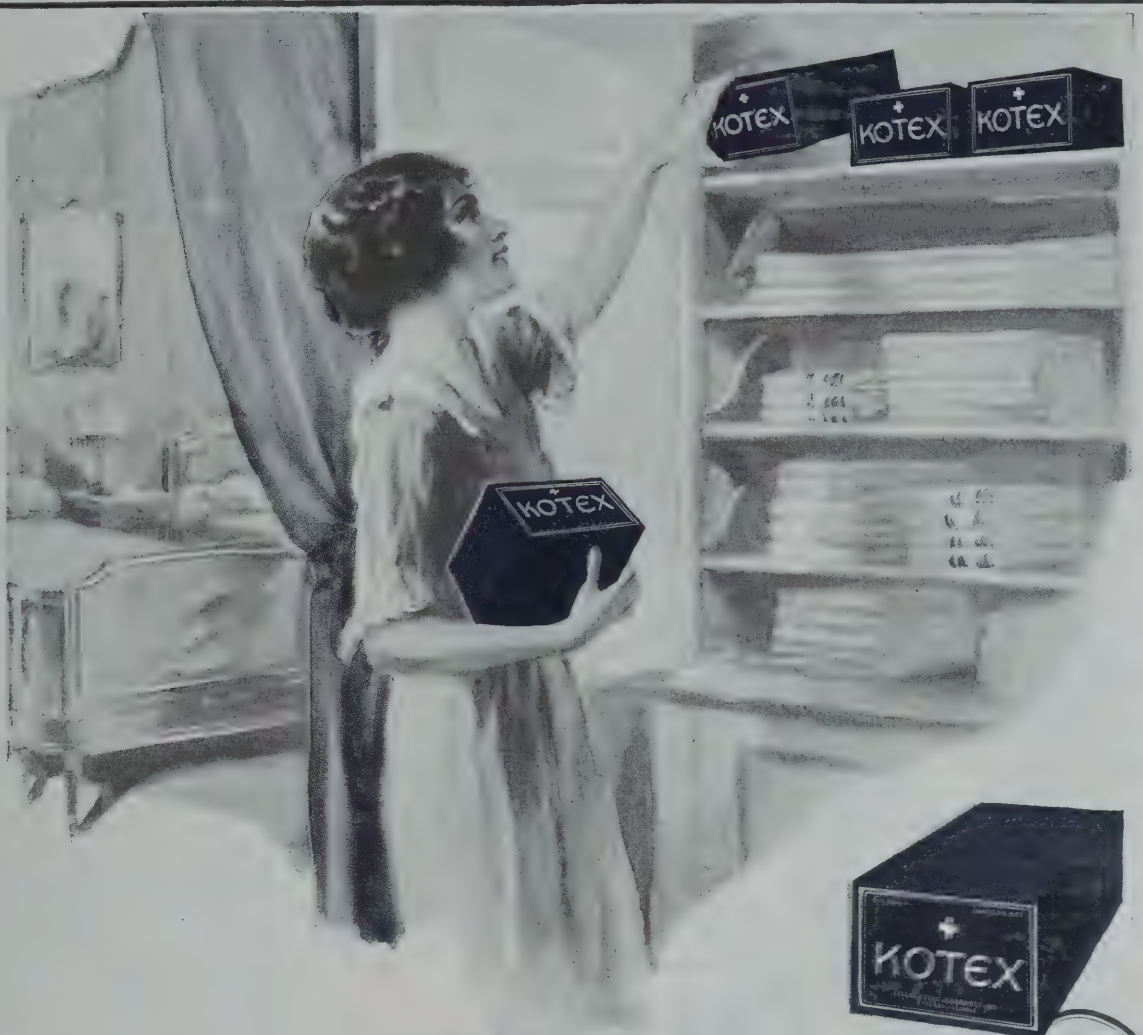
Somehow Henry got down the stairs again, stealthily, and out into the whitish darkness. There were no pedestrians and by the time he reached home again church chimes were tilting out a solemn midnight.

Up in his room, seated there on the side of the bed, the eyes of the deceased Burby that were almost human focused upon him, clump went one of Henry's shoes. And then very much later, clump, the other. And still he sat round-backed and looking at the silence.

Henry, envying Oscar.

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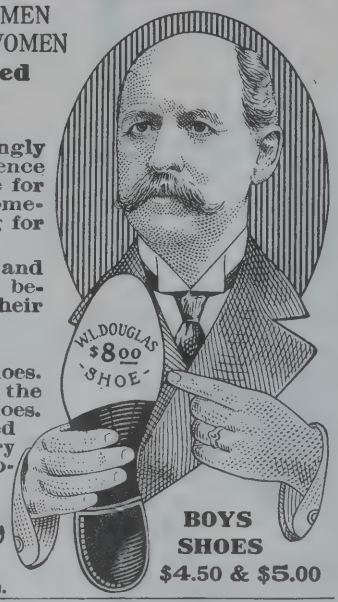
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The Hope of Happiness

(*Continued from page 49*)

"I think," said her father, "it might be as well to begin refusing again. What about him, Shep?"

"He's a good sort, I think," Shepherd replied after a hasty glance at his wife. "But of course——"

"Of course, he's divorced," interposed Constance, "and he hasn't been here long. But people I know in Chicago say he was well liked there. What is it he has gone into, Shep?"

"He came here to open a branch of a lumber company—a large concern, I think," Shepherd replied. "I believe he has been divorced, father, if that's what's troubling you."

"Oh, he told me all about the divorce!" interposed Leila imperturbably. "His wife got crazy about another man and—biff! Don't worry, dada; he isn't dangerous."

When they had gone upstairs to the library for coffee, Leila lighted a cigarette and proceeded to open some letters that had been placed on a small desk kept in the room for her benefit. She perched herself on the desk and read aloud, between whiffs of her cigarette, snatches of news from a letter from one of her girl friends. Shepherd handed her a cup and she stirred her coffee, the cigarette hanging from her lip. Constance feigned not to notice a shadow of annoyance on her father-in-law's face as Leila, her legs dangling, occasionally kicked the desk frame with her heels.

"By the way, Leila," said Constance, "the Nelsons want to sell their place at Harbor Hills. They haven't been there for several years, you know. It's one of the best locations anywhere in Michigan. It would solve the eternal summer problem for all of us—so accessible and a marvelous view—and you could have all the water sports you wanted. And they say the new clubhouse is a perfect dream."

Shepherd Mills's cup tottered with a sharp staccato in its saucer. He had warned his wife not to broach the matter of purchasing the northern Michigan cottage, which she had threatened to do for some time and had discussed with Leila in the hope of enlisting her as an ally for an effective assault upon Mills.

"It's a peach of a place, all right," Leila remarked. "I wonder if the yacht goes with the house. I believe I could use that yacht. Really, dada, we ought to have a regular summer place. I'm fed up on rented cottages. If we had a house like the Nelsons' we could all use it."

She had promised Constance to support the idea, but her sister-in-law had taken her off guard and she was aware that she hadn't met the situation with quite the enthusiasm it demanded. Mills was lighting a cigar in his usual unhurried fashion. He was aware that Constance was in the habit of using Leila as an advocate when she wanted him to do something extraordinary, and Leila, to his secret delight, usually betrayed the source of her inspiration.

"What do the Nelsons want for the property?" he asked, settling himself back in his chair.

"I suppose the yacht isn't included,"

Constance answered. "They're asking sixty thousand for the house and there's a lot of land, you know. The Nelsons live in Detroit and it would be easy to get the details."

"You said yourself it was a beautiful place when you were there last summer," Leila resumed, groping in her memory for the reasons with which Constance had fortified her for urging the purchase. "And the golf course up there is a wonder, and the whole place is very exclusive—only the nicest people."

"I thought you preferred the northeast coast," her father replied. "What's sent you back to fresh water?"

"Oh, dada, I just have to change my mind sometimes! If I kept the same idea in my bean very long it would bore me terribly."

Constance, irritated that Leila was proving so poor an ally, tried to signal for silence. But Leila, having undertaken to implant in her father's mind the desirability of acquiring the cottage at Harbor Hills, was unwilling to drop the subject.

"Poor old Shep never gets any vacation to amount to anything. If we had a place in Michigan he could go up every week-end and get a breath of air. We all of us could have a perfectly grand time."

"Who's all?" demanded her father. "You'd want to run a select boarding house, would you?"

"Well, not exactly. But Connie and I could open the place early and stay late and we'd hope you'd be with us all the time, and Shep, whenever he could get away."

"Shep, I think this is only a scheme to shake you and me for the summer. Connie and Leila are trying to put something over on us. And of course we can't stand for any such thing."

"Of course, father, the upkeep of such a place is considerable," Shepherd replied conciliatingly.

"Yes; quite as much as a town house, and you'd never use it more than two or three months a year. By the way, Connie, do you know those Cincinnati Marvins Leila and I met up there?"

She knew that her father-in-law had, with characteristic deftness, disposed of the Harbor Hills cottage as effectually as though he had roared a refusal. Shepherd, still smarting under the rejection of his plan for giving his workmen a clubhouse, marveled at the suavity with which his father eluded matters that did not impress him favorably. He wondered at times whether his father was not in some degree a superman who in his judgments and actions exercised a Jovian supremacy over the rest of mankind. Leila, finding herself bored by her father's talk with Constance about the Marvins, sprang from the table, stretched herself lazily and said she guessed she would go and dress.

When she reached the door she turned toward him with mischief in her eyes. "What are you up to tonight, dada? You might stroll over and see Millie! The Claytons didn't ask her to their party."

"Thanks for the hint, dear," Mills replied with a tinge of irony.

"I think I'll go with you," said Constance as Leila impudently kissed her fingers to her father and turned toward her room. "Whistle for me at eight-thirty, Shep."

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Both men rose as the young women left the room—Franklin Mills was punctilious in all the niceties of good manners—but before resuming his seat he closed the door. There was something ominous in this and Shepherd nervously lighted a cigarette.

He covertly glanced at his watch to fix in his mind the amount of time he must remain with his father before Constance returned. He loved and admired his wife—there was something almost filial in his attitude toward her—and he envied her the ease with which she ignored or surmounted difficulties.

Connie made mistakes in dealing with her father-in-law and Shepherd was aware of this, but his own errors in this respect only served to strengthen his reliance on the understanding and sympathy of his wife, who was an adept in concealing disappointment and discomfiture. When Shepherd was disposed to complain of his father, Connie was always consoling. She would say:

"You're altogether too sensitive, Shep. It's an old trick of fathers to treat their sons as though they were still boys. Your father can't realize that you're grown up. But he knows you stick to your job and that you're anxious to please him. I suppose he thought you'd grow up to be just like himself; but you're not, so it's up to him to take you as the pretty fine boy you are. You're the steadiest young man in town and you needn't think he doesn't appreciate that."

Shepherd, fortifying himself with a swift recollection of his wife's frequent reassurances of this sort, nevertheless wished very much that she had not run off to gossip with Leila. However, the interview with his father would be brief, and he played with his cigarette while he waited for his father to begin.

"There's something I've wanted to talk with you about, Shep. It will take only a minute."

"Yes, father."

"It's about Leila"—he hesitated—"a little bit about Constance too. I'm not altogether easy about Leila. I mean"—he paused again—"as to Connie's influence over your sister. Connie is enough older to realize that Leila needs a little curbing as to things I can't talk to her about as a woman could. Leila doesn't need to be encouraged in extravagance. And she likes running about well enough without being led into things she might better let alone. I'm not criticizing Connie's friends, but you do have at your house people I'd rather Leila didn't know—at least not to be intimate with them. As a concrete example, I don't care for this fellow Thomas. He's too old a man for Leila to become interested in. To be frank, I've made some inquiries about him and he's hardly the sort of person you'd care for your sister to run around with."

Shepherd, blinking under this succession of direct statements, felt that some comment was required.

"Of course, father, Connie wouldn't take up anyone she didn't think perfectly all right. And she'd never put any undesirable acquaintances in Leila's way. She's too fond of Leila and too deeply interested in her happiness for that."

"I wasn't intimating that Connie was consciously influencing Leila in a wrong way in that particular instance. But Leila is very impressionable. So far I've been able to eliminate young men I haven't cared to have her run around with. I'm merely asking your cooperation, and Connie's, in protecting her. She's very headstrong and rather disposed to take advantage of our position by running a little wild. Our friends no doubt make allowances, but people outside our circle may not be so tolerant."

"Yes; that's all perfectly true, father," Shepherd assented, relieved and not a little pleased that his father appeared to be criticizing him less than asking his assistance.

"For another thing," Mills went on. "Leila has somehow got in the habit of drinking. Several times I've seen her when she'd had too much. That sort of thing won't do!"

"Of course not! But I'm sure Connie hasn't been encouraging Leila to drink. She and I both have talked to her about that. I hoped she'd stop it before you found it out."

"Don't ever get the idea that I don't know what's going on!" Mills retorted tartly. "Another thing I want to speak of is Connie's way of getting Leila to back her schemes—things like that summer place, for example. We don't need a summer place. While your mother was living we had a place in Michigan and gave it up because you children got tired of it. The idea that you can't have a proper vacation is all rubbish. I urged you all last summer to take Connie East for a month."

"I know you did. It was my own fault I didn't go. Please don't think we're complaining; Connie and I got a lot of fun just motoring. I think, father, that sometimes you're not—not—quite just to Connie."

"Not just to her!" exclaimed Mills, with a lifting of the brows. "In what way have I been unjust to her?"

Shepherd knew that his remark was unfortunate before it was out of his mouth. He should have followed his habit of assenting to what his father said without broadening the field of discussion. He was taken aback by his father's question, uttered with what was, for Franklin Mills, an unusual display of asperity.

"I only meant," Shepherd replied hastily, "that you don't always"—he frowned—"you don't quite give Connie credit for her fine qualities."

"Quite the contrary," Mills replied. "My only concern as her father-in-law is that she shall continue to display those qualities. I realize that she's a popular young woman but in a way you pay for that, and I stand for it and make it possible for you to spend the money. Now don't jump to the conclusion that I'm intimating that you and Connie wouldn't have just as many friends if you spent a tenth of what you're spending now. Be it far from me, my boy, to discredit your value and Connie's as social factors!"

Mills laughed to relieve the remark of any suspicion of irony. There was nothing Shepherd dreaded so much as his father's ironies. The dread was the greater because there was always a disturbing uncertainty as to what they concealed.

"About those little matters I mentioned," Mills went on; "I count on you to help."

"Certainly, father, Connie and I both



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will do all we can. I'm glad you spoke to me about it."

"All right, Shep," and Mills opened the door to mark the end of the interview. . . . In Leila's room Constance had said, the moment they were alone:

"Well, you certainly gummed it!"

"Oh, shoot! Dada wouldn't buy that Nelson place if it only cost a nickel."

"Well, you didn't do much to advance the cause!"

"See here," said Leila, "one time's just as good as another with dada. I knew he'd never agree to it. I only spoke of it because you asked me to. You never seem to learn his curves."

"If you'd backed me up right we could have got him interested and won him over. Anybody could see that he was away off tonight—even more difficult than usual!"

"Oh, hell! You and Shep make me tired. You take father too seriously. All you've got to do with him is just to kid him along. Let's have a little drink to drown our troubles."

"Now, Leila——"

Leila had drawn a hat box from the inner recesses of a closet and extracted from it a quart bottle of whisky.

"I'm all shot to hell and need a spoonful of this stuff to pep me up! Hands off, old thing! Don't touch—Leila scream!" Constance had tried to seize the bottle.

"Leila, *please* don't drink! The Claytons are having everybody of any consequence at this party and if you go reeking of liquor all the old tabbies will babble!"

"Well, darling, let them talk! At least they will talk about both of us then!"

"Who's talking about me?" Constance demanded.

"Quiet yourself, dear! You certainly wore the guilty look then. Let's call it quits—I've got to dress!"

She poured herself a second drink and restored the bottle to its hiding place.

CHAPTER IV

BRUCE rang the Hardens' door bell on his first free evening after meeting Millicent at the Country Club, and as he waited glanced toward the Mills's house in the lot adjoining, vaguely wondering whether Franklin Mills was within its walls. In spite of himself he had been unable to efface his memory of the man; every word and gesture, even the tones of Mills's voice in the few minutes they had stood together with Millicent in the club lounge, had made an ineffaceable record. His curiosity as to the man was satisfied; he would not again put himself in Franklin Mills's way.

He had tried to analyze the emotions that had beset him that night when he had taken the hand of the man he believed to be his father. There was something cheap and vulgar in the idea that blood speaks to blood and that possibly Mills had recognized him by some sort of intuition. But Bruce rejected this as preposterous, a concession to the philosophy of ignorant old women muttering scandal before a dying fire. Very likely he had been wrong in fancying that Mills had taken any special note of him. And there was always his mother's assurance that Mills didn't know of his existence. Mills probably had a habit of eyeing



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For the thousandth time Bruce renewed his determination to hold his ground. He liked the town; his heart warmed under the general friendliness and he was hardly likely to find another opening so promising as that offered by Freeman.

The middle-aged woman who opened the door was evidently a member of the household and he hastily thrust back into his pocket the card he had taken out, stated his name and asked if Miss Harden was at home.

"Yes, Millie's home. Just come in, Mr. Storrs, and I'll call her."

But Millicent came into the hall without waiting to be called.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Storrs!" she said, and introduced him to her mother, a tall, heavily built woman with reddish hair turning gray and a friendly countenance.

"I was just saying to Doctor Harden that I guessed nobody was coming in tonight when you rang. You simply can't keep a servant in to answer the bell in the evening. You haven't met Doctor Harden? Millie, won't you call your papa?"

Millicent opened a door that revealed a small, cozy sitting room and summoned her father—a short, thick-set man with a close trimmed gray beard who came out clutching a newspaper.

"Shan't we all go into the library?" asked Millicent after the two men had been introduced and had expressed their approval of the prolonged fine weather.

"You young folks make yourselves comfortable in the library," said Mrs. Harden. "I told Millie it was too warm for a fire but she just has to have the fireplace going when there's any excuse, and this house does get chilly in the fall evenings even when it's warm outside."

Harden was already retreating toward the room from which he had been drawn to meet the caller, and his wife immediately followed.

Both repeated their expressions of pleasure at meeting Bruce; but evidently in the accepted fashion of American parents when their daughters entertain callers, they had no intention of appearing again.

Millicent snapped on lights that disclosed a long, high-ceilinged room finished in dark oak and fitted up as a library. A disintegrating log in the broad fireplace had thrown out a puff of smoke that gave the air a fleeting pungent scent of burning wood.

The flooring was of white and black tiles covered with oriental rugs in which the dominant dark red brought a warmth to the eye. In one corner stood a grand piano, and beyond it a spiral stair led to a small balcony on which the keyboard of an organ was visible. Back of this was a stained glass window depicting a knight in armor—a challenging, militant figure. Even as revealed only by the inner illumination its rich colors and vigorous draftsmanship were clearly suggested. And it was wholly appropriate, Bruce decided, and altogether consonant with the general scheme of the room. Noting his interest, Millicent turned a switch that lighted the window from a room beyond with the effect of vitalizing the knight's figure, making him seem indeed to be



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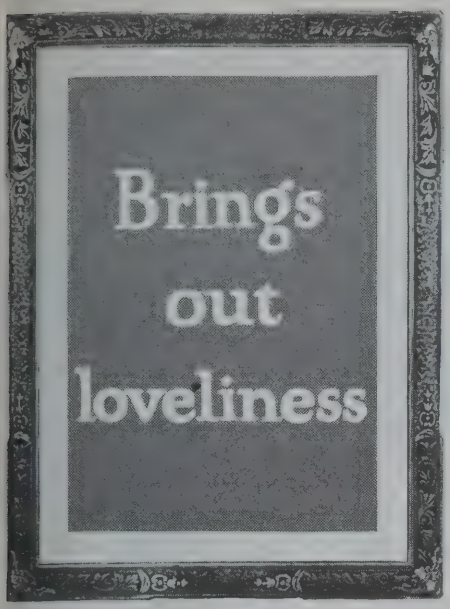
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gravely riding, with lance in rest, along the wall.

"Do pardon me!" Bruce murmured, standing just inside the door and glancing about with frank enjoyment of the room's spaciousness.

The outer lines of the somewhat commonplace square brick house had not prepared him for this. The room presented a mingling of periods to both architecture and furnishing, but the blending had been admirably done.

"Forgive me for staring," he said as he sat down on a divan opposite her with the hearth between them. "I'm not sure even yet that I'm in the twentieth century."

"I suppose it is a queer jumble; but don't blame the architect! He, poor wretch, thought we were perfectly crazy when we started, but I think before he got through he really liked it."

"I envy him the fun he had doing it! But someone must have furnished the inspiration. I'm going to assume that it was mostly you."

"You may if you'll go ahead and criticize—tear it all to pieces."

"I'd as soon think of criticizing Chartres, Notre Dame, or the hand that rounded Peter's dome!" Bruce exclaimed. "Alas that our acquaintance is so brief! I want to ask you all manner of questions—how you came to do it—and all that."

"Well, first of all one must have an indulgent father and mother. I'm reminded occasionally that my little whims were expensive."

"I dare say they were! But it's something to have a daughter who can produce a room like this."

He rose and bowed to her, and then turning toward the knight in the window gravely saluted.

"I'm not so sure," he said as he sat down, "that the gentleman up there didn't have something to do with it."

"Please don't make too much of him! Everyone pays me the compliment of thinking him Galahad but I think of him as the naughty Launcelot. I read a book once on old French glass and I just had to have a window. And the organ made this room the logical place for it. Papa calls this my chapel and refuses to sit in it at all. He says it's too much like church!"

"Ah! But that's a tribute in itself! Your father realizes that this is a place for worship—without reference to the knight."

She laid her forefinger against her cheek, tilted her head slightly, mocking him with lips and eyes.

"Let me think! That was a pretty speech but of course you're referring to that bronze Buddha over there. Come to think of it papa does rather fancy him."

When she smilingly met his gaze he laughed and made a gesture of despair.

"That was a nice bit of side-stepping! I'm properly rebuked. I see my own worshiping must be done with caution. But the room is beautiful. I'm glad to know there's such a place in town."

"I did have a good time planning and arranging it. But there's nothing remarkable about it after all. It's merely what you might call a refuge from reality—if that means anything."

"It means a lot—too much for me to grasp all at once."

"You're making fun of me. All I meant was that I wanted a place to escape into where I can play at being something I really



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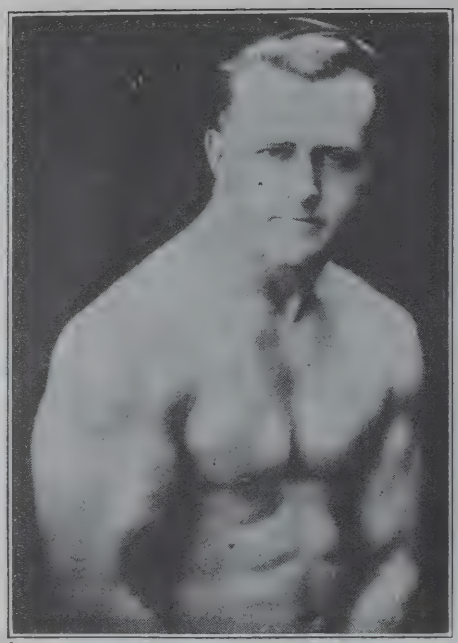
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am not. We all need to do that. After all, it's just a room."

"Of course that's just what it isn't! It's superb. I've already decided to spend a lot of time here."

"You may, if you won't pick up little chance phrases I let fall and frighten me with them. I have a friend—an awful high-brow—and he bores me to death exclaiming over things I say and can't explain and then explaining them to me. But—why aren't you at the Claytons' party?"

"I wasn't asked," he said. "I don't know them."

"I know them, but I wasn't asked," she replied smilingly.

"Well, anyhow, it's nicer here, I think."

Bruce remembered what Henderson had said about the guarded social acceptance of the patent medicine manufacturer and his family; but Millicent evidently didn't resent her exclusion from the Claytons' party. Social differentiations, Bruce imagined, mattered little to this girl, who was capable of fashioning her own manner of life, even to the point of building a temple for herself in which to worship gods of her own choosing. When he expressed interest in her modeling she led the way to a door opening into an extension of the library beyond the knight's window, that served her as a studio. It was only a way of amusing herself, she said, when he admired a plaque of a child's profile she confessed to be her work.

The studio bore traces of recent use. Damp cloths covered several unfinished figures. There was a drawing board in one corner and scattered among the casts on the wall were crayon sketches, merely notes, she explained, tacked up to preserve her impressions of faces that interested her.

They went back to the fire and were soon running skimmingly through all the arts, lingering as they found ground of common interest. He was struck by her freedom from pretense; when he touched on something of which she was ignorant or about which she was indifferent, she did not scruple to say so. Her imaginative, poetical side expressed itself with healthy candor and frequent flashes of girlish enthusiasm. She was wholly natural, refreshingly spontaneous in speech, with no traces of pedantry or conceit even in discussing music, in which her training had gone beyond the usual amateur's bounds.

"You haven't been to see Leila yet? She asked you to, and if you don't go she'll think it's because of that little unpleasantness on the river. Leila's altogether worth while."

Bruce muttered something about having been very busy. He had determined never to enter Franklin Mills's house and he was embarrassed by Millicent's intimation that Leila might take it amiss that he didn't call.

"Leila's a real person," Millicent was saying. "Her great trouble is in trying to adjust herself to a way of life that doesn't suit her a little bit."

"You mean——" he began and paused because he didn't know at all what she meant.

"I mean that living in a big house and going to teas and upholding the dignity of a prominent and wealthy family bores her to distraction. Her chief trouble is her way of protesting against the kind of life she's born to. It's screamingly funny, but Leila just hates being rich, and she's terribly bored at having so much expected of her as her father's daughter."

"His standard then is so high?" Bruce ventured, curious as to what further she might say of her neighbor.

"Oh, Mr. Mills is an interesting man and he worships Leila; but she worries and puzzles him. It isn't just the difference between age and youth——" She paused conscious perhaps of the impropriety of discussing her neighbor with a comparative stranger, but Bruce's gravely attentive face prompted her to go on. "He's one of those people we meet sometimes who don't seem—how can one put it?—they don't seem quite at ease in the world."

"Yes," he said slowly, "but—where all the conditions of happiness are given—money, position, leisure to do as you please—what excuse has anyone for not finding happiness? You'd conclude that there was some fundamental defect——"

"And when you reach that conclusion you're not a bit better off!" she interrupted. "You're back where you started. Oh well!" she said, satisfied now that she had said quite enough about her neighbor and regretting that she had mentioned him at all, "it's too bad happiness can't be bought as you buy records to play in a machine and have nothing to do but wind it up and listen. You have to do a little work yourself."

"We've all got to play in the band—that's the idea!" he laughed, and they amused themselves by giving all manner of ludicrous turns to the illustration.

To escape from the thought of Mills Bruce asked her whether she ever played for an ignorant heathen like himself.

"You're probably a stern critic," she replied, "but I'll take a chance. If you don't mind I'll try the organ. Papa and mamma always like me to play some old pieces for them before they go to bed. Afterwards I'll do some other things."

In a moment she was in the balcony with the knight towering above her, but he faded into the shadows as she turned on the lights in the studio below. Bruce's eyes at once became attentive to her golden head and clearly limned profile defined by the lamp over the music rack. She seemed suddenly infinitely remote, caught away into a world of legendary and elusive things. The first reedy notes of the organ stole eerily through the room as though they too were evoked from an unseen world.

The first things she played were a concession to her parents' taste, but she threw into them all the sentiment they demanded—the familiar airs of "Annie Laurie," "Ben Bolt," and "Auld Lang Syne." She played them without flourishes, probably in deference to the preferences of the father and mother who were somewhere listening. To these she added old revival songs—"Beulah Land," and "Pull for the Shore"—these also presumably favorites of the unseen listeners. He watched her aureoled head, the graceful movement of her arms and shoulders as she gave herself to her task with complete absorption. She was kind to these parents of hers; possibly it was through her music that she really communicated with them, met them on ground of their simpler knowledge and aspirations.

He was conscious presently of the fact



This woman is seldom invited to go out; she is lonely all day long—



While this one has a calendar that is crowded with interesting, delightful engagements.

Which of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO WOMEN live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' income are about equal. They *seem* to have the same chance of social success and happiness.

And yet, one of these women is invited seldom to go out. She belongs to no set or club or society. She is lonely all day long.

The other women is always the center of a group of friends. Her calendar is full of engagements. She is sought after as a guest and admired as hostess.

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Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

Any woman who knows something of literature and science, of travel and biography, will find herself becoming more and more attractive.

"I can understand that," you may say, "but I have no chance now to go to college. I cannot spend long hours in a library, nor afford to buy hundreds of books."

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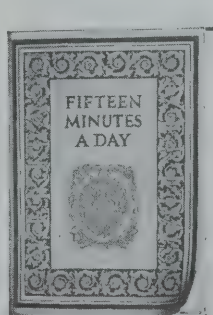
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ring of a bell followed by the murmur of voices in the hall. Someone entered the room and sat down quietly behind him. Millicent, who had paid no heed to him since mounting to the organ, was just beginning the Tannhäuser overture. She followed this with passages from Lohengrin and Parsifal and classical liturgical music touched with a haunting mystery . . .

She came down slowly into the room as though the spell of the music still held her.

"I shan't say anything—it might be the wrong word," he said as he went to meet her. "But it was beautiful—very beautiful!"

"You were a good listener; I felt that," she replied.

He had forgotten that there had been another listener until she smilingly waved her hand to someone behind him.

"So I had two victims—and didn't know it! Patient sufferers! Mr. Mills, you and Mr. Storrs have met—I needn't introduce you a second time."

It was Franklin Mills, then, exercising a neighbor's privilege, who had arrived midway of the recital and taken a seat by the door.

"Mr. Storrs is a perfect listener," Mills was saying as he shook hands with Bruce. "He didn't budge all the time you were playing."

Bruce resented Mills's coming, or more truly it was the manner of his entrance, pointing as it did to an intimate relationship with the house, that he resented. The man's easy, gracious manners, the intimacy implied in his chaffing tone as he complained that she played better when she didn't know he was in the house, irritated Bruce. He had been enjoying himself so keenly, the girl's talk had so interested him and he had been so thrilled and lifted by her music that Mills's appearance was like a profanation. It was not jealousy, he tried to assure himself, but indignation that the man who in years gone by had done a foul and hideous thing, should thrust himself upon the attention of so rare and lovely a being as Millicent Harden.

They were all seated now, and Millicent spoke of a book Mills had sent her which it happened Bruce had read, and she asked his opinion of it before expressing her own. Very likely Mills was in the habit of sending her books. She said that she hadn't cared greatly for the book—a novel that discussed the labor question. The author evidently had no solution of his own problem and left the reader in the air as to his purpose.

"Maybe he only meant to arouse interest—stir people up and leave the solution to others," Bruce suggested.

"That was the way I took it," said Mills. "The fact is nobody has any solution short of a complete tearing down of everything. And that," he added with a smile and a shrug, "would be very uncomfortable."

"For us—yes," Millicent replied quickly. "But a good many millions would probably welcome a chance to begin over again."

"What with," Mills demanded, with his quick laugh, "when everything had been smashed?"

"Oh, they'd be sure to save something out of the wreck!" said Millicent.

"Well," Mills remarked, "I'm hoping the smash won't come in my day. I'm

too old to go out with a club to fight for food against the mob."

"You want us to say that you're *not* too old," laughed Millicent; "but we're not going to fall into that trap!"

"But—what is going to happen?" asked Bruce.

"Other civilizations!" Mills replied, regarding the young man with an intent look. "We've had a succession of them, and the world's about due to slip back into chaos and perhaps emerge again. It's only the barbarians who never change; they know they'll be on top again if they just wait."

"What an optimist you are!" cried Millicent. "But you don't really believe such things."

"Of course I do," Mills answered with a broad smile.

She made it necessary for Bruce to assist her in combating Mills's hopeless view of the future, though she bore the main burden of the opposition herself. Mills's manner toward the young people was one of good-natured indulgence; but Bruce was wondering whether there was not a deep vein of cynicism in the man. Mills was clever at fencing, and some of the things he said lightly no doubt expressed real convictions.

Bruce was about to take his leave when Mills with assumed petulance declared that the fire had been neglected and began poking the embers. Carefully putting the poker and tongs back in the rack he lounged toward the door, paused halfway and said good night formally, bowing first to one and then the other.

"Come in again sometime!" Millicent called after him.

"Is that impudence?" Mills replied, reappearing from the hall with his coat and hat. In a moment the door closed and they heard the sound of his stick on the walk outside.

"He's always like that," Millicent remarked after a moment of silence. "It's understood that he may come in when I'm playing and leave when he pleases. Sometimes when I'm at the organ he sits for an hour without my knowing he's here. It made me nervous at first—just remembering that he *might* be here; but I got over that when I found that he really enjoyed the playing. I'm sorry he didn't stay longer and really talk; he wasn't at his best tonight."

Bruce made the merest murmur of assent, but something in Mills's listlessness, his quizzical, mocking tone, the very manner of his departure, affected him disagreeably.

He realized that he was staying too long for a first call, but he lingered until they had regained the cheery note with which the evening began, and said good night.

II

When he reached the street Bruce decided to walk the mile that lay between the Hardens' and his apartment. His second meeting with Franklin Mills had left his mind in tumult. He was again beset by an impulse to flee from the place, but this he fought and slowly vanquished.

Happiness and peace were not to be won by flight. In his soldiering he had never feared bodily injury, and at times when he had speculated as to the existence of a soul he had decided that if he possessed



You, too, can retain your charm and health throughout the years

"Honestly, Mother, every time I come home and see you I make the same wish deep down in my heart—that I'll retain my health and charm through the years as you have done. Remember what Eleanor Palmer asked at my wedding, 'Which one of you is the bride?' It wasn't flattery, either. Tell me—what *is* your secret?"

"It isn't any secret, Dorothy. Well, yes, I suppose it must be in a way—otherwise there would not be so many women of middle age who are tired, listless, worried about their health.

"It's tragic to see them age so rapidly. And in most cases I believe it's so unnecessary. True, the cares of motherhood are wearing but mine have been as exacting as those of most women who have lost their charm and vigor.

"You know I have been careful about just a few things. Every day I rest and relax even if for only five minutes. I don't eat unwisely. I exercise regularly.

"Last but by no means least, I have always been exceedingly careful about one thing to which many women do not pay proper attention—feminine cleanliness that is *antiseptically* clean."

The importance of feminine hygiene

Women today understand hygienic laws better than they did yesterday. Intelligent observance of those laws is the surest recipe for growing old gracefully and happily. None of them is more important than feminine cleanliness—personal hygiene.

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Why Not You, Too?

No matter what your occupation, there is bound to be some portion of your day when you are free or can arrange to have an hour, even a half-hour, to devote to other interests. Our plan is so adaptable that it offers an opportunity to every woman—from school-girl to grandmother.

Get Your Spring Wardrobe at Our Expense

With the Spring come new expenses to meet. But Springtime brings also the desire for greater activity—we are in a fever to be about something new, to buy new things, go to new places. We long to be out of door and to take up new work.

Let The Rainbow Club show you how you may doubly enjoy your outings in the Spring sunshiny days, by making them profitable as well.

Join The Rainbow Club

Membership in the Club brings with it such a feeling of security. You can plan for your needs and always know how you are going to get the extra dollars with which to satisfy them.

Wouldn't you like to know more about us? It costs you nothing to join. You need no experience and no previous training. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to me, or write me a letter telling me all about your needs. I am eager to show you the way to make more money to save or spend.

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such a thing he would not suffer it to play the coward. But this unexpected meeting at the Hardens', which was likely to be repeated if he continued his visits to the house, had shaken his nerve more than he liked to believe possible. Millicent evidently admired Mills, sympathized with him in his loneliness, was flattered perhaps by his visits to her home in search of solace and cheer or whatever it was Mills sought.

The sky was overcast and a keen wind whipped the overhanging maples as Bruce strode homeward with head bent, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat. He hummed and whistled phrases of the Parsifal, with his thoughts playing about Millicent's head as she had sat at the organ with the knight keeping watch above her. After all, it was through beautiful things, man-made and God-made, as his mother had taught him, that life found its highest realizations. In this idea there was an infinite stimulus. Millicent had found for herself this clue to happiness and was a radiant proof of its efficacy. It had been a privilege to see her in her own house, to enjoy contact with her questioning, meditative mind, and to lose himself in her entrancing music.

The street was deserted and only a few of the houses he passed showed lights. Bruce experienced again, as often in his night tramps during the year of his exile, a happy sense of isolation. He was so completely absorbed in his thoughts that he was unaware of the propinquity of another pedestrian who was slowly approaching as though as unheedful as he of the driving wind and the first fitful patter of rain. They passed so close that their arms touched. Both turned, staring blankly in the light of the street lamps, and muttered confused apologies.

"Oh, Storrs!" Franklin Mills exclaimed, bending his head against the wind.

"Sorry to have bumped into you, sir," Bruce replied, and feeling that nothing more was required of him he was about to go on, but Mills said quickly:

"We're in for a hard rain. Come back to my house—it's only half a dozen blocks—and I'll send you home."

There was something of kindly peremptoriness in his tone, and Bruce, at a loss for words with which to refuse, followed, thinking that he would walk a block to meet the demands of courtesy and turn back. Mills, forging ahead rapidly, complained good naturedly of the weather.

"I frequently prowl around a little at night," he explained; "I sleep better afterwards."

"I like a night walk myself," Bruce replied.

"Not afraid of hold-ups? I was relieved to find it was you I ran into. My daughter says I'm bound to get sandbagged some night."

At the end of the first block both were obliged to battle against the wind which now drove the rain in furious gusts through the intersecting streets. In grasping his hat Mills dropped his stick and after picking it up Bruce took hold of his arm for greater ease in keeping together. It would, he decided, be an ungenerous desertion to leave him now, and so they arrived after much buffeting at Mills's door.

"That's a young hurricane," said Mills as he let himself in. "When you've dried

out a bit I'll send you on in my car."

In response to his ring a manservant appeared and carried away their hats and overcoats to be dried. Mills led the way to the upstairs living room, where a fire had been kindled, probably against the master's return in the storm.

"Sit close and put your shoes to the blaze. I think a hot drink would be a help."

Hot water and Scotch were brought and Mills laughingly assured Bruce that he needn't be afraid of the liquor.

"I had it long before Prohibition, of course; everybody has to say that!"

In his wildest speculations as to possible meetings with his father Bruce had imagined nothing like this. He was not only in Franklin Mills's house, but the man was graciously ministering to his comfort. And Bruce with every desire to resist, to refuse these little courteous offices, was meekly submitting. Mills, talking easily with legs stretched to the fire, sipped his drink contentedly while the storm beat with mounting fury round the house.

"I think my son said you had been in the army; I should say that the experience hadn't done you any harm," Mills remarked in his pleasant voice.

"Quite the contrary, sir. The knocking about I got did me good."

"I envy you young fellows the experience; it was a ghastly business but it must mean a lot in a man's life to have gone through it."

In response to a direct question Bruce stated concisely the nature of his service. His colorless recital of the bare record brought a smile to Mills's face.

"You're like all the young fellows I've talked with—modest, even a little indifferent about it. I think if I'd been over there I should do some bragging!"

Still bewildered to find himself at Mills's fireside, Bruce was wondering how soon he could leave; but Mills talked on in leisurely fashion of the phenomenal growth of the town and the opportunities it offered to young men. Bruce was ashamed of himself for not being more responsive; but Mills seemed content to ramble on, though carefully attentive to the occasional remarks Bruce roused himself to make. Bruce, with ample opportunity, observed Mills's ways—little tricks of speech, the manner in which he smoked—lazily blowing rings at intervals and watching them waver and break—an occasional quick lifting of his well kept hand to his forehead.

It was after they had been together for half an hour that Bruce noted that Mills, after meeting his gaze, would lift his eyes and look intently at something on the wall over the bookcases—something immediately behind Bruce and out of the range of his vision. It seemed not to be the unseeing stare of inattention; but whatever it was, it brought a fleeting look of perplexity to Mills's face. Bruce began to find this upward glance disconcerting, and evidently aware that his visitor was conscious of it, Mills quickly shifted his position.

"I must run along," said Bruce presently. "The storm is letting up. I can easily foot it home."

"Not at all! After keeping you till midnight I'll certainly not send you out to get another wetting. There's still quite a splash on the windows."



What about the men?

AN intelligent young woman in Cleveland sat down to her typewriter during noon hour the other day, and wrote us the following:

"Gentlemen: Please hand this letter to the man who attends to your advertising.

"I have been a lot interested in reading what he has to say about Halitosis (unpleasant breath) because it all hits so close to where I live eight hours every day.

"It's the man I work for who is the offender, and I am simply hoping and hoping every day that he will see one of your advertisements and that it will do him some good! You see I don't dare mention it to him.

"I'd clip out one of your advertisements and hand it to him if I didn't need my present job as badly as I do.

"If you have any suggestion, I'd be glad to have it.

Yours truly, G. S."

* * *

So there you are, Miss G. S. If this advertisement helps you out, we'll all be happy.

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.



She wrote this during her noon hour

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For **HALITOSIS** *use* **LISTERINE**



Danger Lurks in the Hidden Trap

The hidden toilet trap, if unclean, is unhealthful. No brush can reach it. Sani-Flush does!

Sani-Flush cleans the trap! Purifies it. Destroys all foul odors.

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He rang for the car before going downstairs, and while he was waiting for the chauffeur to answer on the garage extension of the house telephone, Bruce, from the fireplace, saw that it must have been a portrait—one of a number ranged along the wall—that had invited Mills's gaze so frequently. It was the portrait of a young man, the work of a painstaking if not a brilliant artist. The clean-shaven face, the long, thick, curly brown hair, and the flowing scarf knotted under a high turnover collar combined in an effect of quaintness.

There was something oddly familiar in the young man's countenance. In the few seconds that Mills's back was turned Bruce found himself studying it, wondering what there was about it that teased his memory—what other brow and eyes he had ever seen were like those of the young man who was looking down at him from Franklin Mills's wall. And then it dawned upon him that the face was like his own—might indeed, with a different arrangement of the hair, a softening of certain lines, pass for a portrait of himself.

Mills, turning from the telephone, remarked that the car was on the way.

"Ah!" he added quickly, seeing Bruce's attention fixed on the portrait, "my father, at about thirty-five. There's nothing of me there; I take after my mother's side of the house. Father was taller than I and his features were cleaner cut. He died twenty years ago. I've always thought him a fine American type. Those other——"

Bruce lent polite attention to Mills's comments on the other portraits, one representing his maternal grandfather and another a great-uncle who had been killed in the Civil War. When they reached the lower floor Mills opened the door of a reception room and turned on the frame lights about a full length portrait of a lady in evening dress.

"That is Mrs. Mills," he said, "and an excellent likeness."

He spoke in sophisticated terms of American portraiture as they went to the hall where the servant was waiting with Bruce's hat and coat. A limousine was in the porte-cochère, and Mills stood on the steps until Bruce got in.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Mills," said Bruce, taking the hand Mills extended.

"Oh, I owe you the thanks! I hope to see you again very soon!"

Mills on his way to his room found himself clinging to the stair rail. When he had closed the door he drew his hand slowly across his eyes. He had spoken with Marian Storrs's son and the young man by an irony of nature had the countenance the high-bred air of Franklin Mills III. It was astounding, this skipping for a generation of a type! It seemed to Mills that after he had turned off the lights his father's eyes—the eyes of young Storrs—were still fixed upon him with a curious disconcerting gravity.

The further you read in "The Hope of Happiness" the more you will be gripped by the simple, straightforward power of the developing plot. You won't want to miss the next instalment.

The Garden of Peril

(*Continued from page 27*)

I could. But it's a rotten situation for Doria. She—she cares so much for that sort of thing," he sighed, adding quickly, "all women do, I expect."

There was a short silence before he continued moodily:

"The bettin' against me is pretty steep, but the old man's on his last legs too. He'd live forever if he could, to keep Doria out, but we have it on the authority of the family doctor that it's only a matter of months now, weeks even. So, if I can only hang on a bit"—his somber gaze ranged across the open veldt, glorious now with sunset hues—"long enough to let her be mistress of Scawnshane . . . even for a few months," he muttered.

To Peril it seemed terrible, this competition of two stricken men for length of days, but one thing was certain: this sick man at least had no selfish motive in his longing. A great pity for him surged in her.

"Of course you are going to get better," she said in a strong confident tone. "You don't know how wonderful Uncle Bruce is. But you must make up your mind, too, and try for your own sake."

The expression of mocking weariness on his face was a melancholy thing to witness.

"Fifty thousand a year's not much good to me, personally. It can't put back the clock and give me yesterday—nor retrieve the constitution I've ruined. Even if it could I should waste the lot, I expect, as I've done before."

He grinned cheerlessly.

"Punch and I, when we came of age each had eighty thousand pounds apiece. And a few years later I had a larger windfall. And where is it all now? 'Gone into the *Ewigkeit*' as the Boche says. And Punch is glad enough to get a policeman's job at six hundred a year, while I—Well, as you see I have to think twice about a couple of hundred pounds for a car to take the air in."

He laughed mirthlessly.

"We can't help it. It's in the Heseltine blood to waste money, to play pitch and toss with health and happiness. We're fatal men, Miss Kelly. Never have anything to do with us."

She smiled her serene and gentle smile at him, got out a pack of cards from the drawer of the tea table, and began to shuffle them.

A strangely fascinated look crept into Heseltine's eyes as he watched her hands. He loved the very sight of a pack of cards. They meant life to him—men, women, money flowing through the fingers, wine in the bowl, the sands of life flying through the glass—but glittering, sparkling, scintillating, as they flew! He laughed again.

"Punch can talk till all's blue about the charm of the veldt, but, like me, he always loved the lamp-posts. The Heseltine

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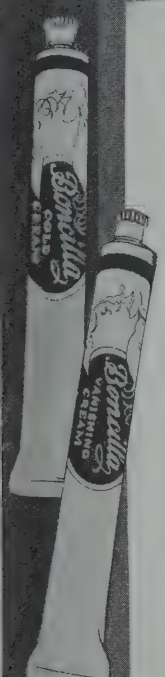
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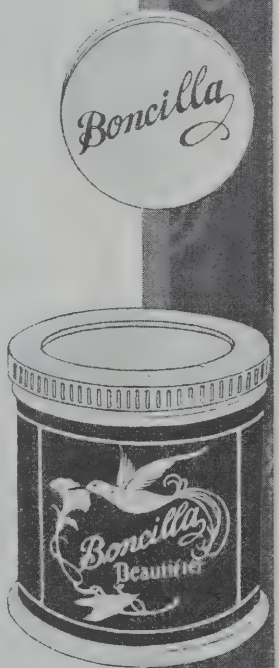
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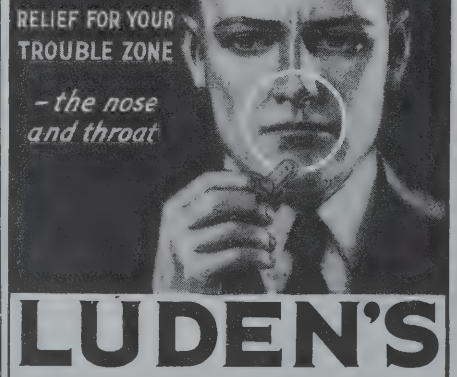
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taste runs to the delights of civilization—not to the dry bones and husks of the desert. Poor old Punch! It's hard on him not having enough to keep his end up. However, no Heseltine was ever a money-maker."

"Why didn't he have the same fortune as you?"

"The Law of Property stepped in. My father was the eldest, his the youngest son—and a parson at that. Parsons never have a bean to leave. The eighty thousand Punch got through so heftily came from a great-aunt, and once that was gone he hadn't a hope."

"But he has health and strength," said the girl softly.

Heseltine looked at her.

"You're right, that's something! And a darned good looking face thrown in. What do you say?"

"I have not met your cousin."

"Ah! You must though. He'll be back with Doria before long. It's a blessing she's taken to old Punch or she'd have been bored stiff up here. The villain of the veldt, she calls him, though he keeps telling her veldt is pronounced with an *f*, and that it's his business to 'run in' villains, not to *be* one. However——" He sighed. "I know why he's taken so whole heartedly to *her*."

Peril did not ask why. She seemed lost in thought. But the sick man, obsessed by his subject, rambled on:

"She means Europe to him—all that he can't have. Paris, Monte, Ascot, hunting with the Pytchley, steeplechasing, skiing in Norway. We're all great skiers in our family, I must tell you. My brother Dick is in the Engadine now, having the time of his young life."

"The excitement of sport must be wonderful," said Peril slowly. "And I suppose it is true that in the war these were the men who fought like heroes?"

"They were all heroes — especially Tommy, who gets precious little sport except a game of football on Saturday. But war is the greatest sport of all, and to a man like Punch it must have been meat and drink, even when he hated it most. I know he used to come back from France at the top of his form—and always with some fresh gadget—the M. C.; another bar to his D. S. O., or something or other from the French. Punch never yet went short on glory, I can tell you. It's only fortune that gives him the go-by. And now that fame's all over back he sits in exile on the veldt!"

He laughed, looking away at the horizon with his miserable derisive eyes. Scarlet and primrose splendor had faded now but from the hills long lavender colored shadows were stealing down, assembling like ghosts in the marshes, moving slowly on the town.

"Shall we play a game of piquet?" suggested Peril gently, at last.

"Yes—let's." His glance grew kinder, softer as it came back to her from the distance and rested on her with a man's affection for a sweet child.

"You're a soothing kid, Peril!" This was a new departure, and he hastened to add with an impish smile, "Can I call you Peril, please, because I am going to die soon?"

"Of course you can, but I shall tell Uncle Bruce if you say another word about dying—and apropos, I think we'd better

go indoors now, because the mists are rising and he doesn't like those mists for his patients."

So it was in the drawing room that they settled to their game, and there later, in the half-light, the returning riders found them. Punch Heseltine entering from the veranda, behind Doria, got an unforgetable picture of his cousin's profile, brooding hawklike over the cards—those gay emblems of pleasure that had bankrupted more Heseltines than one—and beyond, etched against the shadows, the delicate outline of a girl.

His eyes still held the dazzle and allure of Doria Heseltine, the type of woman who meant to him all the things he couldn't have, but that did not prevent his mind from receiving an impression of something in the room, exquisitely composed of light and darkness, something clear and pure . . . like white flowers in the cool gloom of water.

"Don't let us have the lights," Doria's voice rose plaintively from the deep sofa into which she had sunk. "I feel unspeakably dusty and disheveled. But—Keable! Bring some drinks. You'd like a cocktail I know, Punch?"

"A sundowner would be grateful and refreshing." He wandered over to the card table. "How are you feeling now, old man?"

The game was finished and the girl had risen, crushing a big hat down on to the darkness of her hair. Pam Heseltine, with his sardonic chuckle, introduced them to each other.

"My cousin the Policeman—Miss Kelly, my nerve specialist."

Punch heard a soft laugh, but the girl's face remained seductively obscure under her wide hat.

Then Keable came in with decanters and a cocktail shaker on a silver tray, and the Policeman's task was to "fix a drink" for everybody—everybody, that is to say, except the girl, who, on being gayly rallied by Doria for not conforming to this excellent custom of her country of thirst-quenching at sundown, was heard to say, in a young, warm voice:

"But water is so lovely when one is thirsty."

In the spontaneously derisive but good-natured laughter that broke from all three, the Doctor entered, and began to scold because his patient was still up instead of being comfortably tucked into bed.

"I know, Doctor," murmured Doria sipping her cocktail indifferently. She did not really care about drinks, having far too much regard for her complexion. "But he *is* so naughty—never pays the slightest attention to what I say. I can do nothing with him, can I, Punch?"

To everyone's surprise Doctor Kelly startled them by raising his voice and saying roughly:

"I *must* have a nurse in this house." Adding almost brutally, "That is, if you want your husband to get well, Mrs. Heseltine."

"If I want my husband to get well!" cried Doria in the silence. Her glass clashed on the table and she stood up to her tall length. "If I want——" Heartbreak rang in her voice. "Oh, *get* a nurse! *Get* a nurse, now, at once, tonight!" She burst out crying.

There was instant hubbub. Her husband, greatly distressed muttering,



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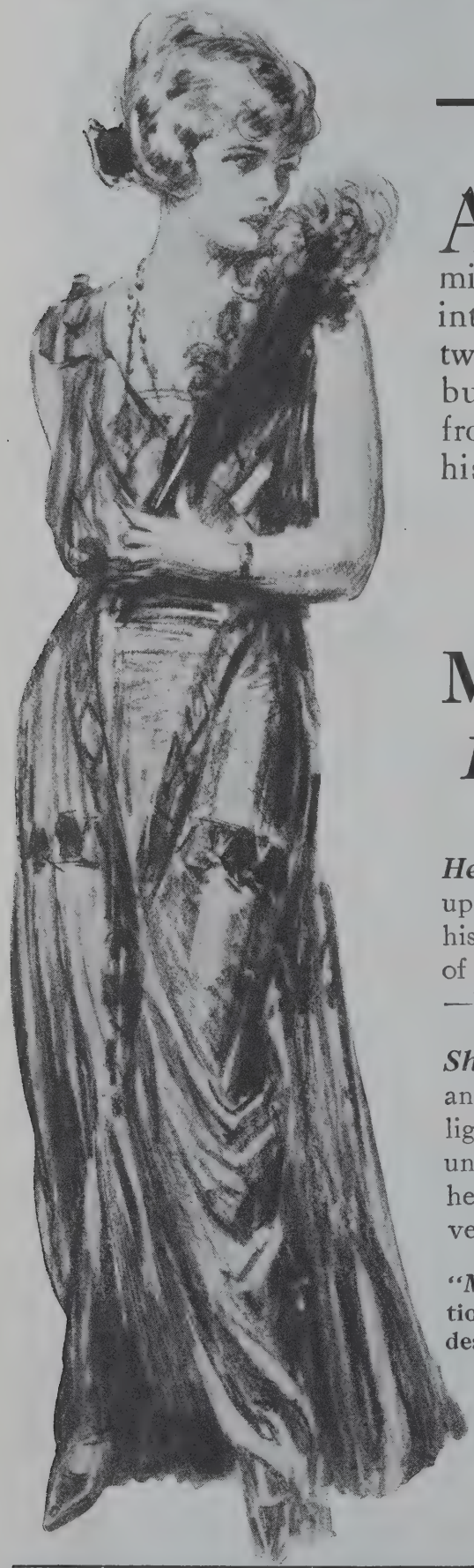
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"Doria, old girl—Dorie!" Keable running in; the Doctor patting the weeping woman's shoulder; Punch Heseltine trying to make her drink her cocktail. Eventually she retired with her maid, Punch took Pam off to bed, and the Doctor busied himself telephoning to the hospital for a nurse.

In the general *mêlée* Peril disappeared without anyone's noticing. Later in the evening, when they were parting at The Hill gate, Punch Heseltine remarked casually to the Doctor:

"I hardly realized you had a daughter living here with you!"

"She's not my daughter," Bruce Kelly had returned to his usual vague and dreamy manner. "She's my pool of lilies."

A strange saying for Punch Heseltine to take back with him to camp and ponder. A pool of lilies! Yes, something like that he had thought of when he came out of the hot dusts and mists of the African evening into the quiet drawing room. Something white and fresh . . . and the cool gloom of water!

But he did not ponder the matter long, for he was already late for his engagement in the town, a "stag party" with poker to follow, that would probably last till dawn, and be far more to the point than cogitating like a fool upon things that were not for him and wouldn't satisfy him if they were. Nothing satisfied him in this hell of a world, nor would in the next, he doubted, as he slung his clothes in every direction and hurried into fresh ones, growling at the boys who stood about him with garments and things in their assiduous hands, while outside sounded the creak of the saddle being put on a fresh horse.

And as he cantered rapidly back through the darkness down the Umtété Road he deliberately pushed thoughts of women out of his mind. Or tried to. They were not for him.

Men were his portion—and a damned good portion too! Happy nights of cards and good fellowship, and no regrets afterwards! If prospects and purse went to rack and ruin, all right, and no one's business but his own. No reproaches from anyone, certainly not himself.

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> And shouted ere he drained the cup:
> "Ho! Comrades, let us gaily dine,
> Tonight with Plato we may sup!"

If that attitude of mind was good enough for him during four bloody years in France it ought to be good enough here in this dead-and-alive hole where there was little doing for a free-lance bar the cards, the cup, and flirtation with other men's wives.

From the last felicity it was indeed his habit to refrain. Not exactly for want of temptation—in Rhodesia that would be never lacking—but because his taste in women happened to be fastidious and distinctive.

They must be good-lookers of course—that went without saying, beauty being an essential in women. But he liked 'em to be either one thing or the other—good or bad.

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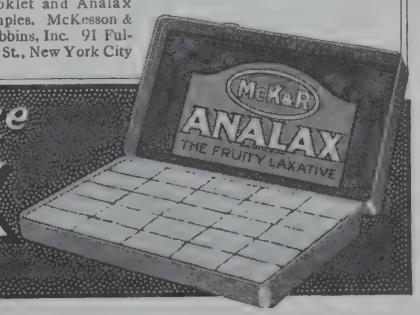
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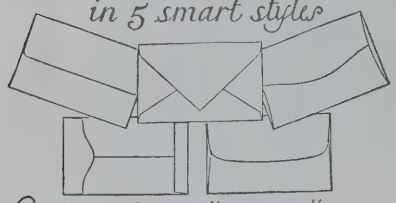
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ones who kept home unsullied and husband unsuspecting whilst still contriving to kindle hope in the philanderer's breast by an occasional kiss and a bright promise for the morrow. Not for him were such as these, in the shadowy ends of verandas and the dark "sitting out" corners of ballrooms. By no means because he was a Joseph trembling for the welfare of his coat, but merely and solely because he was so constituted that it took something rather wonderful, in both love and war, to make his pulses quicken by the hundredth part of a second; and he had, much to his regret, so far found no one in Rhodesia likely to perform this stimulating service for him.

No one . . . that was to say . . . well, no one for whom his pulse could *legitimately* be permitted to bestir itself to unwonted activity. He wasn't going to swear, of course, that Pam's wife . . .

This stage of his thoughts brought him to a part of the road where it divided, one way leading to Marshways, the other to the town. He gave a restless long look at the flickering lights of Minto Lodge before he turned his horse towards Umtété.

No—he wasn't going to swear that, by Jove! He could not honestly lay his hand on his heart and swear. But then she, *was* Pam's wife.

If she hadn't been—if she *hadn't* been—why then, he'd have had her out of the saddle this afternoon and into his arms. He'd have drawn from her lips the meaning of that look she had given him more than once, and especially in the moment of saying:

"There are men whom women recognize from the first . . . as master. Men to make the greatest sacrifice for with joy! Men to commit crime for, even."

What the devil did she mean by that? and the look in those eyes turned on him? Corking, wonderful eyes. God! It was no use pretending his pulses didn't stir in that moment. He had felt his own eyes darkening and throwing back the man's answer into hers; his hand had reached out for her bridle. The horses stood still; her lovely lips took the shape of a kiss; they were alone on the empty veldt . . . a fitting place to take a woman into your arms, and seal her to you with your mouth on hers!

Yet nothing had happened. He had remembered in time who she was. His cousin's wife! Poor old Pam, tied by the leg, dying perhaps. Pam! more like a brother than a cousin, and a pal always.

Yes—he had remembered, and flinging himself off his horse started tightening the girths or loosening them or something. By the time he'd finished and mounted again he was captain of his soul once more—such as it was!—and so was she of hers, apparently.

They had ridden on.

And after all she must have been fooling him! Trying him out, perhaps? Either that or he had misread her. Else what did that scene in the drawing room mean? That reproachful bitter cry of hers at the Doctor:

"If I want my husband to get better!"

That at least was not fooling. No acting about that. A real cry from the heart, if ever he'd heard one. She loved Pam.

Well, well! women were mysterious,

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unfathomable. No man could expect to know what they were up to, perhaps, what they meant. Yet . . . he was not in the habit of making mistakes like that . . . not one of those fools who imagined every woman ready to tumble into his arms! No. There were certain signs and calls. Sophisticated men and women understood each other in these crises of the senses. Doria was not a child, any more than he was, to send out those unspoken messages from eyes and lips—by accident. Yet all the while she loved Pam!

Well, quite right, too. Pam being her husband, it was meet and fitting so to do. And what he, Punch Heseltine, had got to do was to keep the fact well in the foreground, and furthermore to put a tight rein on himself in future, keep out of the way, in fact.

For there was no doubt that Doria possessed a special lure for him. That kind of edition de luxe of woman always had and always would, especially when he came upon her out in the wilderness.

It was the fragrance, the atmosphere, the *je ne sais quoi* of Europe that did it—that old continent he never had the money to stay in long enough! For Europe without money was unthinkable. He could rough it anywhere in the wilds. He didn't mind working, fighting, struggling, starving even, at any old game in far lands. But Europe was his playground.

No doubt if he ever had money enough he'd get sick of it and pine to get back to the veldt, but he'd like to have the chance of that, by God! Another fortune to blow in! But as that was the last thing in the world likely to happen, would he *ever* get rid of this burn in his blood for it? . . . and for such women as Doria?

That question still remained unanswered when nine hours later at the jade and amber point-of-day he was back on the Umtété Road.

It had been a topnotch night, good play, excellent company, and his luck was in; they had drunk "till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots" and the dawn stepped into the room, shaming the lights.

Yet as he rode past The Hill and looked up at the white walls of the house set there, silent, sleeping, among trees and green, scented things, he was conscious of a great emptiness in his life—an aching nothingness.

"A pool of lilies!" he muttered bitterly to himself.

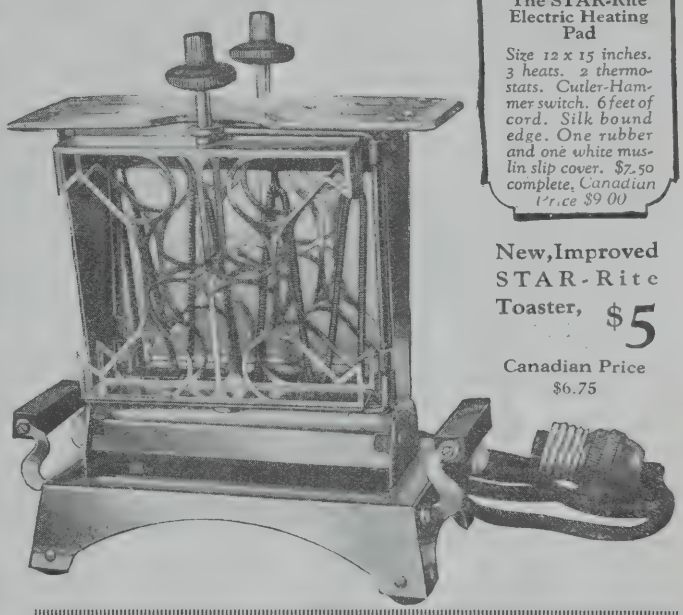
One morning about a fortnight later, before the blaze of the noontide heats had begun, Peril in her blue linen laboratory smock visited a certain enclosed part of the garden where the herbal plants grew. It was kept locked and no one but she and the Doctor ever entered it. He called it his garden of peril, and with good reason, for it held sufficient magic to cure every diseased mind and body in Rhodesia, by the simple process of transporting them to the Elysian Fields.

But all that grew there was not poisonous. As you walked down the thickly clustered paths you brushed against rosemary, thyme, fennel, valerian, myrtle and rue, caught the clean healing odors of mint, camomile and tansy, and the aromatic sweetness of basil, balm, woodruff, "boy's-love," marjoram and bergamot. You could

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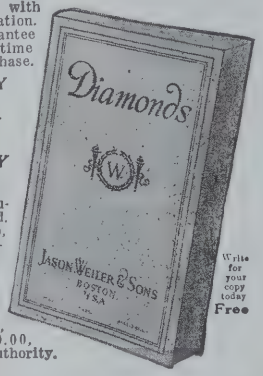
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The sinister plants stood apart, numbered like criminals with little tin discs. Many of them had come from Malayan swamps, forests of Bolivia, jungles of the Congo and Ceylon. Strange lustrous-leaved things, some. Others sluggish looking with blossoms that seemed to eye the quiet garden viciously. Some had an exquisite virgin air. Others held themselves royally, wearing their fruit like jewels.

Such was one of those Peril had come seeking—a proud plant with glossy leaves and berries like pendent rubies; the other crouched evilly over white, puffy berries. Yet the dull white berries were the antidote to those brilliant red ones.

It seemed to Peril, as she gathered them into separate baskets, a wonderful thing that nature should arrange for two plants from different ends of the earth to ripen at the same time, compounding together to produce a valuable tonic drug; even as arsenic and strychnine have tonic value when rightfully prescribed. These two plants were among the Doctor's most cherished possessions, and she knew that an extract of them was being used in the experimental injections on Pam Heseltine. For all Bruce Kelly's prescriptions were not to be found in the British Pharmacopœia, by any means, though he had contributed certain distinguished additions to that classic work.

Very preciously, then, she garnered her little harvest, testing each berry to see if it had reached the required maturity, for many were still green. But one at least had over-ripened, and bursting in her fingers, spread over them a bright magenta stain.

Instantly a voice behind her gave a gay delighted cry:

"What a heavenly color! I *must* have a tea gown of it. Do give me a spot on my handkerchief." Doria Heseltine, leaning over the gate, extended a wisp of muslin and lace. But Peril shook her head decisively, while she wiped her hands on a cloth.

"You mustn't touch that. It's poisonous."

"Poisonous! But it's like Pam's famous injection stuff—only a much more gorgeous color."

"I dare say," said Peril guardedly. "Anyway Uncle Bruce has often warned me of *this*. He says it wouldn't kill me at once; I should just fade away a little bit every day, under his eyes."

"And couldn't he save you?" asked Doria, breathless and horrified.

"Oh yes, he could save me!" laughed Peril serenely, "if he knew what I'd been up to."

Doria laughed too, but she could not keep her eyes from the bright stain on the cloth.

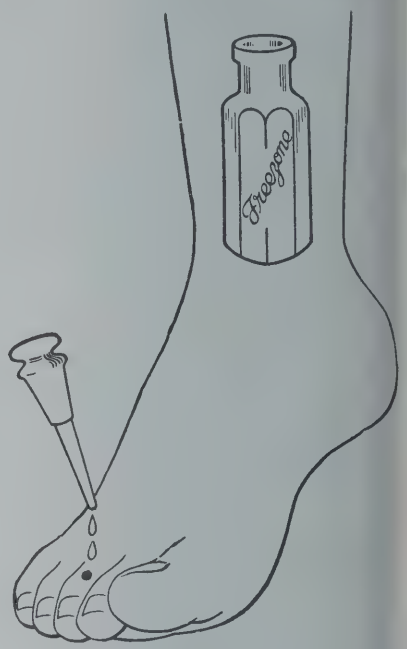
"It's like sloe gin. I simply must have a garment of it. A sloe gin tea gown—with a band of sable across the breast, next to the skin."

Peril came out of the herb garden and locked the gate. She wondered what Mrs. Heseltine wanted. It was unusual for that lady to brave the hot morning sun.

As they sauntered down the sloping path towards the house Doria gave a deep sigh.

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Both Are Embarrassed—Yet Both Could Be At Ease



And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. Indeed, can there be any discomfort greater than that of not knowing what to do at the right time —of not being sure of one's manners? It is so easy for people to misjudge us.

THEY started out happily enough at the beginning of the evening. He was sure he had found ideal companionship at last. She was sure that she was going to impress him with her charm, her cultured personality.

But everything seemed to go wrong when they entered the restaurant after the performance at the theatre. Instead of allowing her to follow the head waiter to their places, he preceded—and when he realized his mistake he tried to make up for it by being extremely polite. But he made another humiliating blunder that made even the dignified waiter conceal a smile!

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. He is wondering whether he is expected to order for both, or allow her to order for herself. She is wondering which fork is for the salad, which for the meat. Both are trying to create conversation, but somehow everything they say seems dull, uninteresting.

They will no doubt be uncomfortable and ill at ease throughout the evening, for it is only *absolute knowledge of what is right and what is wrong* that gives calm dignity and poise. And they do not know. She finds herself wondering vaguely what she will say to him when they leave each other at her door—whether she should invite him to call again or whether he should make the suggestion; whether she should invite him into the house or not; whether she should thank him or he should thank her for a pleasant evening. And similar questions, all very embarrassing, are bothering him.

The evening that could have been extremely happy, that could have been the beginning of a delightful friendship, is spoiled. He will probably breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves, and she will probably cry herself to sleep.



Shall she invite him into the house? Shall she ask him to call again? Shall she thank him for a pleasant evening? In rapid confusion these questions fly through her mind. How humiliating not to know exactly what to do and say at all times!

How Etiquette Gives Ease

Are you always at ease among strangers, are you always calm, dignified, well-poised no matter what happens, no matter where you chance to be? You can be—if you want to. And you *should* want to, for it will give you a new charm, a new power. You will be welcomed in every social circle, you will "mix" well at every gathering, you will develop a delightful personality.

By enabling you to know exactly what to do at the right time, what to say, write and wear under all circumstances, etiquette removes all element of doubt or uncertainty. You know what is right, and you do it. There is no hesitancy, no embarrassment, no humiliating blunders. People recognize in you a person of charm and polish, a person following correct forms and polite manners.

Every day in our contact with men and women little problems of conduct arise which the well-bred person knows how to solve. In the restaurant, at the hotel, on the train, at a dance—everywhere, every hour, little problems present themselves. Shall olives be taken with a fork or the fingers, what shall the porter be tipped, how shall the woman register at the hotel, how shall a gentleman ask for a dance—countless questions of good conduct that reveal good manners.

Do *you* know everything regarding dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, etiquette at the wedding, the tea, the theatre, the garden party? Do you know how to word an invitation, how to acknowledge a gift, how to write a letter to a titled person? Do you know what to wear to the opera, to the formal dinner, to the masquerade ball, to the luncheon?

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With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, you need never make embarrassing blunders. You can know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times. You will be able to astonish your friends with your knowledge of *what is right* under all circumstances.

A great deal of your happiness depends upon your ability to make people like you. Someone once said, "Good manners make good company," and this is very true. Etiquette will help you become a "good mixer"—will aid you in acquiring a charming personality that will attract people to you. Because you will rarely be embarrassed, people who associate with you will not feel embarrassed—your gentle poise and dignity will find in them an answering reflection and you should be admired and respected no matter where you are or in whose company you happen to be.

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"Pam is being extraordinarily obstreperous. He says he is better and wants to go out for a ride. Do you think he ought?"

"For a ride!" Peril stared in astonishment, then said: "Sit down, won't you, while I put these things in the surgery and wash my hands. I won't be a minute."

When she got back Doria had settled herself comfortably in a basket lounge with a cigarette, and Valpy was arranging the eleven o'clock tea tray beside her elbow.

"I mustn't stay."

Mrs. Heseltine never took morning tea. This was one of her complexion rules and not always an acceptable one. She looked longingly now at the dainty tea pot and the crisp golden scones and her tone was petulant.

"I just want the Doctor to come and cope with Pam. You see, he really *is* doing marvelously, and I simply can't bear it if he goes and spoils everything, as he will if he rushes things. He'll undo all the good those wonderful injections are doing."

"He mustn't be allowed to do that," said Peril in her tranquil way.

"Allowed! I should think not!" Doria exclaimed. "If he isn't a fool, think of it! We may be starting for England again in a month or so."

The girl stared at her eager tone, but only for a moment. She remembered then what Pam had told her of all that his health meant to Doria—apart, of course, from a wife's natural solicitude for her husband.

"But he must go slow," she murmured.

"Oh, I know! That's what makes me so angry with him. As things are, you see, we may be called home at any time. Family reasons, you understand."

Yes, Peril understood. It was unnecessary for Mrs. Heseltine to continue with a bored little air:

"My husband is heir to a great name and estates, and the succession is pending. We heard this morning that it is only a matter of weeks before we may have to give up our carefree life and take over all sorts of tiresome responsibilities." She made a gesture of disdain. Peril made no remark, but she remembered very vividly Pam Heseltine's sardonic smile when he said, "Doria cares for these things—all women do, I expect."

"So you see," continued Mrs. Heseltine, "the doctor simply *must* come down and make Pam behave."

"But Uncle Bruce had to go into the country this morning. Didn't he send you a message? I know he meant to, as he cannot be back before five."

Doria looked blank.

"What am I to do? He simply takes no notice of me—or of nurse."

"Could *I*—do you think?" Peril suggested diffidently, but Doria laughed scoffingly.

"My *dear!* I tell you no one can manage him except the Doctor." She added thoughtfully: "Unless it's Punch. *He* could. But how am I to get hold of him? Our telephone has broken down. And then, he has neglected us so lately!"

Peril knew that. She had missed the beat of his horse's feet on the road, ever since one dawn a fortnight ago; and had realized that he must be taking a short cut to Umtété.

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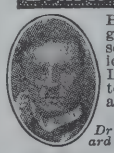
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"You could telephone from here," she said slowly.

"Of course! I never thought of that!" Doria dropped her cigarette and laid an impulsive hand upon Peril's arm. "*You* do it. I'm such a fool on the phone. Just say the Doctor's away and nurse needs help with Pam."

It was not easy to refuse so simple a service, but Peril felt a curious unwillingness as she went to the instrument in the hall. She got the camp without any difficulty and spoke in her calm unhurried fashion.

"Hello! Is Major Heseltine there? I am speaking from The Hill . . . Yes, Doctor Kelly's."

A moment later a strong careless voice spoke into her ear:

"That you, Doc?"

"No," her answer went back cool and clear, "Miss Kelly speaking. Mrs. Heseltine asked me to telephone. The Doctor is away, and they need help with Mr. Heseltine."

"Need help? Is he worse?"

"Oh no! much better I believe. But it seems he insists on going out for a ride, and they think you might be able to reason with him."

There was a short silence, then he said somewhat curtly:

"I'm rather hard pressed just now—unless they absolutely need me"—but before he had reached this point Peril had felt herself gently pushed away and the receiver taken from her hand.

"Of *course* we need you, Pam." Doria's voice was tender as a caress. "Do you think I would bother you otherwise? . . . I *know* you are frightfully busy—they've told me so every time I rang up . . . *Three* times this morning—in vain! Do you never mean to come again, Punch? And do you think it quite fair? . . . *Only a week or so*'? How *can* you say that? . . . It seems an eternity——"

Peril hastened out of hearing; but she could not help wondering whether the telephone at Minto Lodge had broken down whilst Mrs. Heseltine was in the act of ringing up the Camp three times, and—in vain"! At any rate, Doria sauntering now from the hall looked contented as a blue-eyed Persian kitten that has just had a saucerful of warm milk; and having unfurled a white umbrella about the size of a small marquee, she proceeded to tuck herself under it and bade her hostess a pleasant adieu.

Afterwards Peril continued to sit listlessly under the trees, stroking Evvie, her little bush-baby. Usually, after breakfasting with the dawn, she had an excellent eleven o'clock appetite; but this morning Valpy's buttermilk scones went unappreciated. Presently the ring of a horse's hoofs came out of the distance and beat smartly along towards Marshways. She sat very still until the last echo of them had ceased; then she pressed Evvie to her breast, as if it had been a real baby, and gave a deep sigh.

Doubtless Major Heseltine succeeded in restraining his cousin's obstreperous activity and making him see the unreasonableness of trying to ride before he could walk.

But the funny part of it was that Pam should declare to Peril some days later that the whole thing had been no

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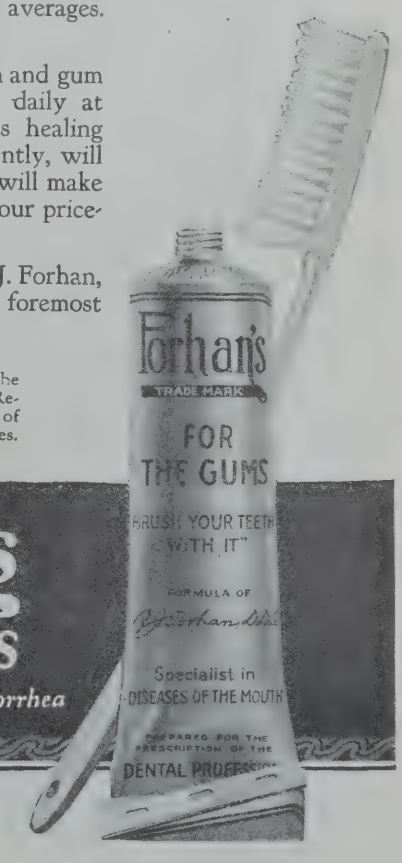
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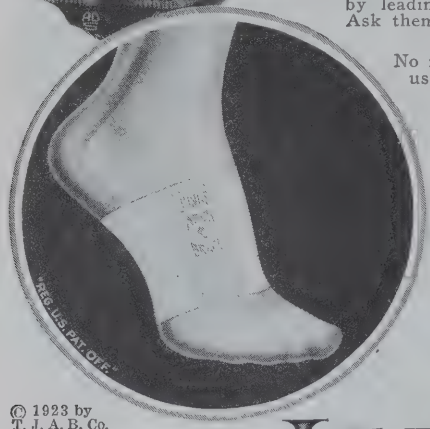


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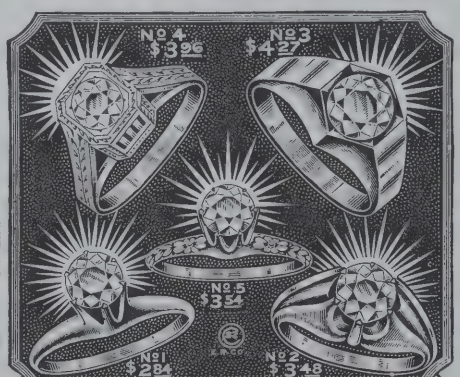
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more than a lark, and that he had neve entertained the faintest idea of mountin a horse or that Doria took him seriously Moreover, it came out quite casually tha Doria herself had been the one to receiv the Doctor's message that he would b away all day. Perhaps she had forgotte this when she came seeking him, at Th Hill, an hour later! However, the onl person in a position to consider all thes pieces of the puzzle, and to wonder wh some of them did not quite fit, happene to be one whose habit was of tran quil reflection rather than constructiv criticism.

Enough for her—more than enoug perhaps—to note that the riding partie (of two) had recommenced. In the coo of the day, and again in the cinnamon colored dusk which should surely be th property only of lovers, Doria's silve chimes rang on the Umtété Road, minglin with the deeper notes of Punch Heseltine' voice.

That man did not laugh much. Whe he did, it was curtly, like one with secret source of irritation, or grimly, a if in self-mockery. And when he rod alone the set of his jaw was neither amuse nor felicitous. Peril and her little bush baby Evvie both knew this.

But how should Mrs. Heseltine's moo be other than that of the lark at Heaven gate singing, when every day and from a sides she was the recipient of congratula tions on her husband's wonderful retur to health? It was fitting surely that sh should glow with happiness, and that pe ple should exclaim more than ever at h beauty, and bow the head and bend th knee to her sweetness and light.

As for Pam, Umtété was proud of hin But prouder still of its own special geniu Bruce Kelly. Even *he* must have felt stir of pride, though he gave no sign, unle by looking a little more baldish, reddis stoutish and vaguish than ever.

Never was such a change seen in a ma as in Pam Heseltine. His cough had gon flesh, color, appetite increased daily; an cynical despair had been replaced by th light of hope and a touching gentlenes After all, when a man, grown used to th creak of the gates of death, is sudden reprieved and shown instead a vis of life and prosperity, he would be poor stuff if it didn't fill him wit gratitude. And Pam had never bee of poor stuff—only wild stuff, and ga stuff, and stuff that adventurers a made of. All the Heseltines were lik that. Their trouble was that the couldn't sit still. They would rath commit follies, blunders, extravagance and lose their all in the committin than do nothing. Perhaps Pam wou be like that again when completely r stored to himself, but meantime he w chastened, humble and like a child in h delight of returning strength to long limb and wasted muscles.

The régime, however, was drasti Bruce Kelly stood no nonsense. Drin were cut down to a minimum, strict di enforced. The magic injections we given twice a day, followed by three hou of prone repose.

Peril usually went down after the secon treatment, in the late afternoon, and s with the patient. This relieved the nur and also gave Keable a period of recreati which she generally utilized by going to s

Valpy, with whom she had struck up an intimacy. Doria of course would be away on her rides. Everyone would be away, in fact, and no sound in the quiet house save the soft monotony of Peril's voice reading Shelley and Adam Lindsay Gordon.

Pam had never been much addicted to verse, but he now declared to Peril that he loved it. Fortunately she did not hear his remark to Punch that he could stick even Bolshevik propaganda composed by Lenin and published in the Russian language, if it were read to him in a voice like spring water flowing over the strings of a harp.

Punch could not but be struck by this poetical simile coming from an unpoetical source. He thought it remarkable too that Pam's metaphor should symbolically resemble the Doctor's.

Spring water. Lily pool. Both cool, sweet, fresh things that a dark, fevered, weary man might seek! Then he laughed his curt, furious laugh. What had *he* to do with cool sweet waters? His taste was for wine.

And wine was his for the taking. Wine in an exquisite goblet offered itself, sparkling, leaping to the lips, daring him to drink. And he dared not drink. Something in him forbade that blood-treachery. Yet . . . he had ceased to absent himself from temptation. He looked into the cup daily. Daily his lips drew nearer.

It was strange that he should never have seen Peril nearer or clearer since that first evening in the shadows. Always she had just gone when they returned from riding. Only echoes of her remained—scents from bunches of sweet herbs she brought daily; her odd, charming name, spoken affectionately by nurse and patient; and again, Pam's allusions to spring water and the music of harps.

Punch Heseltine did not know why these things should disturb him, even interest him. But they did.

Then one evening something further happened.

Fate's little games with human pieces never stand still. They are progressive and must be played to the end. And the slightest, most unsuspected of incidents and things serve as gambits.

Doria and he had got back later than usual. It was practically dark when they dismounted at the gate, and as he swung her from the saddle an unexpected movement brought her into his arms, her lips almost to his.

But what might so easily have happened did not happen. For in the same moment someone in white, swift and wraithlike, came through the gate behind them, and sped down the road. Doria sprang away, the horses plunged, the grooms came running.

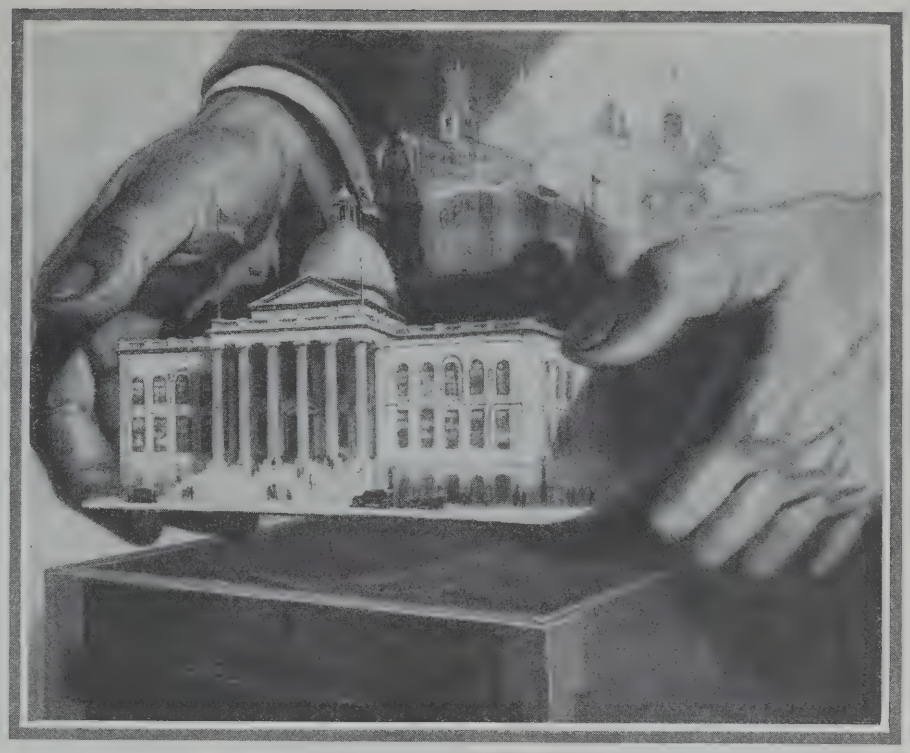
And when they got into the drawing room the first thing he saw was a big shady hat hanging by its veil to the back of a chair.

Pam, smoking a cigarette, with his nurse, indicated it cheerfully.

"My nerve specialist has forgotten her hat. A job for you, Punch, on your way home."

"Why should Punch bother?" Doria spoke with a fierce petulance. "She can get it tomorrow when she comes."

"And get sunstroke in coming," protested Pam.



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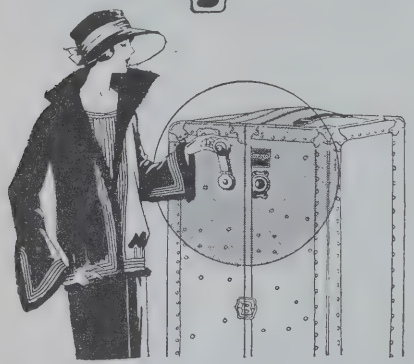
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But Punch had already taken hold of the hat, and he was one of those who do not easily relinquish what they have laid hands on. Doria's opposition only determined him the more upon the errand.

It had come to that between them—trial of strength. Gradually he had been discovering in her, behind that fragile, childlike air, an amazing quality of resolution; and in turn imposing upon her an iron quality of his own. Today, out on the veldt, things had come to a climax; an unspoken climax of course, as everything remained unspoken, even while the crimson and purple banners of desire flaunted back and forth between them. In those tumultuous silences, when only their eyes and pulses spoke, she had tried to break him to her wishes as she had broken men time and again.

All her life she had been engaged in this entrancing pastime of making men slaves to her beauty, just for the short mad pleasure of it while it was new. And here was one who resisted enslavement, even while she knew that he was mad for her! Refrained from the secret, luscious fruit she held to his thirsty lips!

What held him back? At first she did not know. It never occurred to her. Then, with a fuller knowledge of the man, she divined it.

Loyalty. But, loyalty to a man to be put before love of her! He must be punished for that. Yes, she would terribly punish him—later. After the first tense sweetness—when she had wearied of him as she always wearied.

Meanwhile she felt a thrill, an enthralment in the game, never before experienced, and all that was in her of witchery she exercised, all that she had of sweet ensnaring graces she used. Siren eyes mocked his backwardness, seducing lips smiled at his scruples. She scorched him with the fire that ate her, and felt in turn the heat of flame in him. She tempted and tormented him to breaking point, and—well, he simply didn't break, that was all.

True—there at the gate, just now, she had *almost* won! But the passing of *that hateful girl* . . .

And now she almost hated him—realizing that such a man could be loved. But love was not in her scheme and never had been. Pleasure, yes, sweet short draughts from the secret cup of passion; but no more. Always she had withdrawn unscathed from these hidden liaisons, a little bored perhaps, but only with the man—never with the pastime.

The things she *loved* were different. Power, place, position, riches. Those were things to love. And Pam's health she loved, because it meant those things—Scawnshane, and the Marquisate of Kenchester.

This was the kind of woman Doria Heseltine was. But at last she had met her Waterloo. For in the hour that Punch Heseltine, true to some fine thing in his nature that would not be betrayed, balked at blood-treason, he dominated his cousin's wife.

The knife she had aimed so often at men's hearts, relentlessly, successfully, and so happily in her own immunity, began to take a backward curve towards her own.

With the girl's hat in his hand Punch opened the gate and let himself into that dim dewy place of tall trees and gentle English scents.

The paths were outlined with whitewashed stones, but sometimes he stepped upon some mass of fragrance that had overflowed, and an aroma of silver thyme arose, cutting the air like the cry of a lute. The still night seemed yet full of sighs. Away up the hill were the lights of the house, but he did not hurry towards them. He liked this garden of purple darkness and whispering leaves.

But suddenly a different sound smote his ear, a soft moaning sigh, with something human in it. And it was quite close by.

He took a few more silent steps and found himself on a sort of terrace; faintly outlined objects looked like chairs; something swayed gently from the trees. A hammock—and a slim line of whiteness in it, from which issued those sobbing sounds of distress. A girl was lying there, deeply weeping.

He stood still, intensely embarrassed. What should he do? Go away as silently as he had come? But something kind in him did not agree to this. Something strong and tender in him desired to give comfort.

He put out an impulsive hand and it touched other hands pressed to a face—all drenched and drowned with tears, the floods of tears only youth can pour out in its sorrows.

She started wildly at his touch, and there was terror in her cry:

"*Who is that?*"

"Punch Heseltine," he answered gently, reassuringly, and sat beside her in one of the shadowy chairs. "I brought your hat."

After a moment's tense silence, to his surprise a soft sob fell out of the hammock, then another and another. She had resumed her weeping, as if she could not help it. Like a child she had to weep her sorrow out. But he could not bear it. His heart in turn was shaken by those long shuddering sobs.

"Don't—don't!" he implored. "What is it? Can't I help?"

"My little bush-baby is dead. A dog tore it to pieces while I was away." So brokenly and childishly she said it, and dissolved once more into her flooding tears.

His heart too seemed to dissolve. He wondered how anyone on earth could comfort children for their poignant sorrows—why anything so sweet as a child stayed in such a devil of a world at all.

"I'm so sorry—don't cry any more, dear."

He said it simply and naturally. She had turned him into a child too. Like two children sitting there in the darkness they were.

He took one of her wet, cold little hands and held it strongly in his warm one. For a moment it seemed to strive like a caught bird, and his heart stirred strangely to that movement; then it curled in his and was still.

They were both still. But a hurricane of sensation and emotion began presently to sweep and pierce him—shame for the base fires that had scorched his soul these past days, joy in his freedom from an unpardonable sin, thankfulness for loyalty and the love of cleanness . . .

All this from the feel of a girl's hand curled in his! And then a cooling peace,

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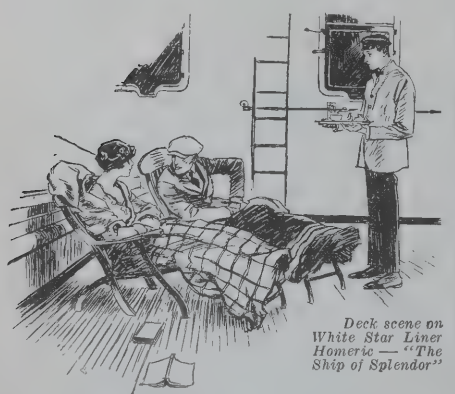
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winging out of space and nesting in the fastnesses of his heart.

The mellow boom of a dinner gong echoing through the garden broke the spell. The girl slid to her feet, took the hat from his hand, thanking him shyly, and in a few moments he was riding home.

He neglected an engagement for dinner and cards that night and dined alone in camp, an uncommon proceeding for him. But he had things to think about—new things, fresh vistas to contemplate, a program of action to construct that would take him away for a while from Umtété—at least until his cousin had completed his cure and left for home.

It is always when men take upon themselves the onus of their own destiny, give signs of trying to fashion the future for themselves, that old Fate, at her most ironic, makes an idle but significant gesture, just to show that she is still there, with fateful gifts in her hands.

Just as Punch had finished his plans and calculations for that night at least and was on the point of retiring to bed, a constable entered with two delayed wires that had been brought in by a runner. One came from the C. C. of Police and dealt with a matter long impending—a tour of inspection in Northern Rhodesia, and for which he required Punch's company and immediate attendance in Buluwayo, with a view to an early start. That was *that,* then, and most definitely accounted for the next two months or so of Punch's existence, without regard to any plans formed by himself. But the second wire exhibited an even more imposing and dramatic gesture on the part of Fate. It proved to be a cablegram sent from London by the firm of solicitors that had served the Heseltine family for centuries:

"Regret to ask you break news to Mr. Pamfreville Heseltine that his brother Richard was killed yesterday on Cresta Run St. Moritz. Lord Kenchester shattered by blow desires us remind you of your position in case of non-survival of present heir."

Stunned and puzzled, Punch read and reread. At last he realized that the people at home did not know yet of the changed condition of Pamfreville Heseltine. They were expecting to hear of his early demise. And then, by reason of the tragic removal of poor young Dick, it would be his—Punch's—turn to step into the expectation of Scawnshane and the Kenchester title!

At that he could not help a smile.

"Not much of the 'non-survivor' about old Pam now," he thought. "He's a hot number, as they'll pretty soon discover."

When it comes to writing Romance, colored with mystery and tinged with the wistfulness of real men and women, Cynthia Stockley is a magician. The next instalment of "The Garden of Peril" proves it. See May COSMOPOLITAN.

Discipline

(Continued from page 57)

B Throop wint into permanent quarthers in a nice *barrio* on the shore of Lake Lanao an' we took up the humdrum life of garrison throops until one bright day a fanatical Moro declared for a new deal. He descinded upon our *barrio* almost as naked as the babe unborn, smeared from head to foot with coconut oil so that no man might hold him, an' carryin' a whoppin' big two-handed *campilân.*

"He arrived in the horse lines wit' a whoop and hurray, hamstrung two horses, cut a sojer in two halves from shoulder to belt, and shtarted chasin' the stable police, who were unarmed, in an' out among the horses an' the stables.

"I was in command of a squad groomin' at the far end of the picket line, when I heard the cry of '*Juaramentado!*' which is a word, once hear'rd in Moro land, that is never forgotten. It is a sure sign of death, for once a Moro runs *juaramentado* nothin' but death will shtop him. The Mohammedan devil is out to kill all the unbelievers he can before rifle fire wafts him to his Moslem paradise.

"I was washin' me bridle with one eye on the squad at the time, an' I had the bridle apart and was scrubbin' it in a bucket of warm Castile soap suds, preparatory to saddle-soapin' it, which to my mind is the only way to treat a good bridle, when the scrimmage shtarted; an' before I could make a move that black-toothed fiend was coming shtraight at me in big India rubber jumps.

"'Gwan, ye divil,' says I, an' seizin' the fir'rst weapon ready to me hand, I hur'rled it at him. Be the same token 'twas the contints of the bucket I was squatted beside an' I gave him three gallons of shtrong soap suds full in the face an' lepped aside.

"Then I threw the bucket at him as he missed his fir'rst cut at me; as I shtarted to run, I saw that the lye in the suds had gotten into his eyes an' for the moment he couldn't see.

"So with that I changed me tactics. Shtraight at him I run an' swung a beautiful right to his colorado maduro jaw. That took the conceit out of him, an' whilst he was gropin' around, blinded be suds an' tears, I kicked him in the belly. That stretched him, an' he dhropped his *campilân,* which I picked up immediately and used for the purpose for which *campilâns* were fir'rst invinted. I split his pompadour as nately as a barber might an' as a sign to others of his ilk to observe the treaty of peace, Johnny had him buried with a pig and promoted me to sergeant.

"A week later a detail of seven throopers and a corporal, camped down at the landin' where the *cascos* from across the lake docked with supplies for our garrison, was set upon in the dead o' night. 'Twas a surprise attack and unprovoked. The man on guard was sneaked upon an' butchered quietly; then the rest of the detail with one exception were kilt in their beds, the outpost pillaged an' the carbines an' pistols of the murdered men taken, together with their belts and ammunition.

"Little Rat Hosmer was the one man who escaped. He'd gotten out of bed and gone down to the kitchen for a dhrink of water, an' if he'd lear'rned nothin' else in Mindanao he'd lear'rned that a wise man is he who never neglects to carry his pistol and dumdum his ammunition.

"The Rat shot his way through the mess and escaped in the dark, and at daylight he was back ag'in with Johnny and the throop.

"Johnny looked at his dead sojer bhoys and comminced to cry.

"'Look at this, sir, an' laugh,' says the Rat, and led him down to the kitchen where four dead Moros lay. 'Twas quite dark, sir, an' I had but six shots an' only four men to shoot at, else I'd have evened the score,' says the Rat apologetically. 'At that I didn't do a half bad job, for this snaggle-toothed son of Allah was not unknown to me in life,' says he, toeing one of the departed. 'He's a *sub-dato* of Sultan Saman, and Sultan Saman dwells in that big *coto* yonder across the lake, where the smoke is now. He is be way of livin' in a big mud fort.'

"'We will call on the Sultan Saman to return his henchmen and ask for an explanation,' says Johnny.

"So we gathered up our dead and buried them, tossed the Moros in a bull cart and started around the lake shore to call on Saman.

"We arrived in the cool of the morning an' Sultan Saman looked over the top of his mud fort and he was very polite to Johnny, but neglected entirely to invite him in.

"So Johnny climbed up on the mud wall, took the Sultan Saman be the arm in a most fraternal manner, an' waltzed him down among B Throop, for a look at what we'd brought him.

"'Sultan,' says Johnny through his interpreter, 'do you happen to know these dead men?'

"'I do not,' says Saman.

"'That is most unfortunate, Your Highness,' says Johnny, 'because it disappoints me greatly, and whin I'm disappointed nothin' will cure me but a dead Sultan. Saman, you're a liar. Your men did this, and I want the murdherers. I want them now.

"'Send word to your second in command to send out the men and the carbines and pistols they stole from me sojers after murdhering them. For this is murdher, Saman. Were my losses the fortune of war I should not complain, but there is peace between your people and mine; hence this thing is murdher.'

"Saman swore by the beard of the Prophet no men of his had done this thing. It had been the work of outlaws—of Pulajanes over whom he had no control.

"Johnny took out his watch and held it carelessly in his hand.

"'Those men and the stolen arms will be turned over to me within one hour, Saman', he said. At the end of that time I shall attack and nothing that lives in here shall continue to live, once me men get inside this fort.'

"In fifteen minutes we had our men. Not a rifle or pistol was missing, and the prisoners numbered twenty-eight. I have always felt that Saman played fair with us, for Johnny would have been satisfied with half that number.

"We rode away until we came to a dry



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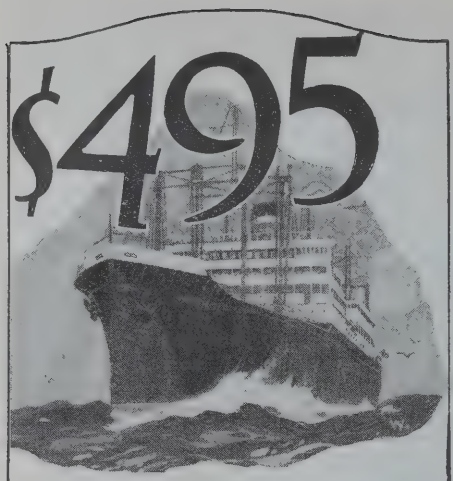
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rice field and there we halted. Ould man Melody rode up to the captain.

"'What shall I do with the prisoners, sir?' says he.

"'I'm afraid they're goin' to prove an embarrassment to us, sergeant,' says Johnny plaintively, 'unless we find some work for them to do. Prisoners should be made to work, sergeant. Here's a nice, open field, with not a bush in a hundred acres under which a jack rabbit might hide. Is Sergeant McMurdo there?'

"'He is, sir.'

"'Am I mistaken, or is McMurdo the man who was runner-up for the rifle championship of the army last year?'

"'The captain is not mistaken.'

"'Well, detail Sergeant McMurdo and ten men to take charge of these prisoners and put them to work cutting wood. We might be passing this way ag'in some day and need firewood. Out of compliment to McMurdo he has my permission to select the detail himself.'

"'Yes, sir,' says ould Melody an' attinded to the matther. The throop rode on, leavin' McMurdo and his ten men—of which, thanks to a rating as sharpshooter, I was one—to superintend the cutting of the wood.

"Fifteen minutes later we rejoined the throop, and I think Johnny must have been expecting us, for he'd halted the throop and was restin' with the men in the shade.

McMurdo rode up to him, dismounted, snapped into it and said:

"'Sir, those prisoners attempted to escape. They refused to halt when ordhered to do so, and I ordhered me detail to open fire on them, but only afther they had run at least two hundred yards, headed for the timber. I gave them every chance, sir, but they wouldn't stop, so twenty-eight new faces are now whining around the divil.'

"'Such unfortunate incidents are to be regretted, Sergeant McMurdo,' says Johnny. 'I sincerely hope, however, that what has happened this day will prove a lesson to every one of the twenty-eight. That will be all, sergeant.'

"Like Johnny, we all thought it would be. But it wasn't.

"Eight months later, down in Zamboanga, we hear'rd the echo. It arrived in the shape of a cablegram from the commanding general of the Department of the Philippines to the commanding officer at Zamboanga, instructing him to relieve Captain John H. Packard, B Throop, —th Cavalry, of his command and to place him under arrest in his quarthers forthwith, awaitin' the action of a general court-martial which would shortly be convened to try the said Captain John H. Packard for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gintleman in that the said Packard had been charged with having, on a certain date, and at a time when a state of war did not exist, wantonly put to death by rifle fire twenty-eight Moros in the vicinity of Lake Lanao, etc., etc.

"I happened to be in the ordherly room when the news broke on Johnny. He read the ordher aloud and his face went white enough as he read it.

"'I—I—never thought it would leak out,' he protested. 'I didn't care if it reached headquarters in Manila because the commanding general can be trusted to undershtand. The rules of war as promulgated at The Hague Conference were not meant to include Moro murderers, because the Sultan Saman wasn't represented at the historical conference. No, men, this thing comes shtraight from Washington, where they can never possibly undershtand the only method of handling a Malay.

"'Why how could I try those men? In the fir'rst place, I didn't have any authority to try them, and in the second place, I didn't have time. In the third place, they were guilty as hell, because their chief admitted it and sent them out to me with the shtolen arms, evidence of their guilt.

"'A trial by anybody would have been a mockery. They were charged when I got to the gate of that mud fort and served my verbal John Doe warrant on the Sultan, and they were tried and convicted the instant the Sultan gave them up.

"'What if the Sultan did explain that he was sorry, that these men were kinsmen of the *juaramentado* chap Ryan had killed a week before; that they merely sought reprisal? My job was to play the game as the Malay plays it—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. To a Moro mercy means weakness and death is nothing at all.

"'They expected to be executed because they deserved it. They knew the code. The Sultan expected it and has even now doubtless forgotten the episode. But news of it has leaked to Washington to some civilian in Congress, and the Secretary of War, who also is a civilian, has cabled the ould man to make an example of me.

"'No, that means a bobtail out of the service and perhaps ten years in Leavenworth.

"'The politicians tried to get old Hell-Roaring Jake when he employed the water cure to get the guns. And he got the guns too! Got them in the only way anybody ever gets anything out of a Malay—by force. It didn't occur to the politicians, of course, that old Jake was saving a lot of American lives and that war is never a strawberry festival.

"'Later the politicians tried to get Pershing for that affair at the Volcano. Said he slaughtered Moros, women and children, and we all know the women and children were with their men in the crater and they wouldn't come out and the Moros opened fire. High explosive shell and shrapnel are no respecters of age or sex.

"'But now, at last, the politicians have got a human sacrifice for the altar of publicity! They'll get me as sure as death and taxes. I'm only a captain of cavalry!'

"And when he had said that, Johnny had to sit down.

"Ould Melody tossed his frigid blue eye at me and I fled, and in about an hour the top came into the squad room and called McMurdo outside. They had a talk, and then McMurdo came inside and called nine men and meself outside. Be the same token the eleven of us constituted the detail that had given those twenty-eight Moros a two-hundred yard running shtart for the timber.

"The news was all over the throop be now, of course, and McMurdo came to the point.

"'Which one of you blackguards

blabbed?' says he. 'Somebody wrote home, describin' the affair in detail and using the names of all of us. The account appeared in a New York newspaper, a Senator read it and commenced throwing fits. He threw one in the office of the Secretary of War and half a dozen more on the floor of the Senate, and the Senate has demanded a showdown from the Secretary of War, who has demanded a showdown from the commanding general of the Department of the Philippines, who has demanded a showdown from Johnny. Now, then, who has ruined our Johnny? The story leaked from some wan of the eleven who did the job. Who was it?'

"There was silence for a bit, and then Felix McSheehy commenced to weep.

"'So 'twas you, Felix, you good for nothin' poet!' says McMurdo. 'I might have known it. Ye're the writin' man of this outfit. Hum-m-m-m! I recall now that you were a newspaper writer in civil life. You wrote a poem a day, so you told us—bad luck to you! Why in blue blazes didn't you stick to poetry? Your letter writin' it is that has bobtailed the finest officer and gintleman the army ever knew.'

"'It was a poem,' says poor Felix. 'Sure, 'twas a most shtirrin' an' dramatic episode an' me hear'rt thrilled to relate the tale of it in shtirrin' verse an' immortalize B Throop.'

"'You ass! You blitherin' ass!' says McMurdo. 'Who did you send your brain child to call upon?'

"'To me ould city editor,' says Felix. 'I didn't think—I didn't mean a bit of har'rm, sergeant, honest I didn't.'

"'Shut up!' says McMurdo. 'Not another peep out of you or I'll break the back of ye in two halves. Now, thin, you of the pale pink thoughts, where did you lear'rn to shoot? If you hadn't been an expert rifleman I'd never have picked you for that day's sport.'

"'I used to sojer in the New York National Guard,' says poor Felix.

"McMurdo groaned. 'Potting and poetry is his specialty, so it is,' says he. 'Now, thin, Felix, me brave lad, what would you give to save the throop commandher?'

"'I'd give me life,' says Felix. 'I'd throw it away like an ould sock to save Johnny. Poor divil! Did he ever do me a day o' harm? He did not. God forgive me, I must have been crazy!'

"'You were, Felix, and what's more, ye're crazy shtill. That much I'll admit on the witness shtand.'

"'So will I, sarge,' says poor Felix.

"'So say we all of us,' says I, chippin' in for the fir'rst time, for I saw the drift of McMurdo's mind. 'Felix, this poem of yours is not founded on fact but on a disordhered imagination due to a diet of canned salmon, prunes an' black coffee. Is it not a fact, Felix, that in all your bor'rn days ye never saw a dead Moro?'

"'I'll swear to that on a stack of Bibles seventeen hands high,' says Felix, like the good cavalryman he was.

"'Then go yer way and have done with these poetic ravin's of yours,' says McMurdo, an' give the rest of us a wink. 'Ould Melody an' Gus Schultz, who used to be a lawyer's clerk, are batin' the brains out of the throop typewriter now, makin' out an affidavit. Lave us go down into the town and have a couple of quarts



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of ice cold beer. Felix, the dhrinks a on you.'

"Whin we came back from our dhrinl there was a notice on the throop bulleti board ordherin' every man in the throc to report at the ordherly room.

"We reported an' whin we got there wh should be there but the summary court ofi cer of the regimint and him empowered t administer oaths and witness affidavit And one afther the other, crowdin' on eac other's heels, we signed that blessed afi davit an' swore to it, black lie that it wa an' whin we'd signed we were all feeli that virtuous we were fit to desert Throop an' take holy ordhers.

"Whin the precious document wa all signed an' sealed, McMurdo took over to Johnny's quarthers an' handed to him.

"Poor Johnny's hear'rt was broke a faith, at sight of him, McMurdo con minced to swear like a pirate an' in a mo outrageous manner. He forgot he was throoper an' that Johnny was an offic an' a gintleman. Sure the poor man mu have been quite beside himself, for wh does he do but grab Johnny be tl shoulder an' shake him like a terrier wou a rat.

" 'Come out o' that, Johnny boy!' sa he. 'Arrah, don't be puttin' dogs windows. Come Sunday, God'll sir Monday and ye'll always have someboc to take care of ye. The original of th document has gone to the commandi officer here, and Sergeant Melody has si a friendly Moro interpreter out to tl Sultan Saman with the information th if one wor'rd of this leaks out of his distri B Throop'll come out an' lay the cou thry waste. Sure, how can they convi ye without evidence? Here, here, la here's the evidence an' to blazes with legislators!'

"Three days later Johnny was facin' at rethreat ag'in an' afther the flag h come flutterin down an' the band h marched back to barracks, the lad shto lookin' at us, an' the chin of him worki an' up an' down an' sideways. Six fe in front of him ould man Melody shto at attintion, with his hand at the ri salute, waitin' for Johnny to return t salute before he'd let his hand dhrop. B Johnny's eyes was rovin' up an' down t throop front and he couldn't see that was embarrassin' the top. Afther a lo time, however, a little smile come over t face of him an' his glance met the top Up come his hand to the brim of h s ca paign hat.

" 'Sergeant Melody,' says he, 'dism this throop of damned vagabones a liars.' "

First Sergeant John Ryan glanced aga at the newspaper he had been holding through his recital.

"And I see here," he concluded, "th a judge refused to sind a pickpocket the county jail, provided the pickpock would agree to enlist in the Unit States Army. Mother of Moses! T army's not a reformatory! How a you going to inculcate *esprit de cor* in a pickpocket?"

In an early issue of COSMOPOLITAN *you will find another gem of a story by Peter B. Kyne.*



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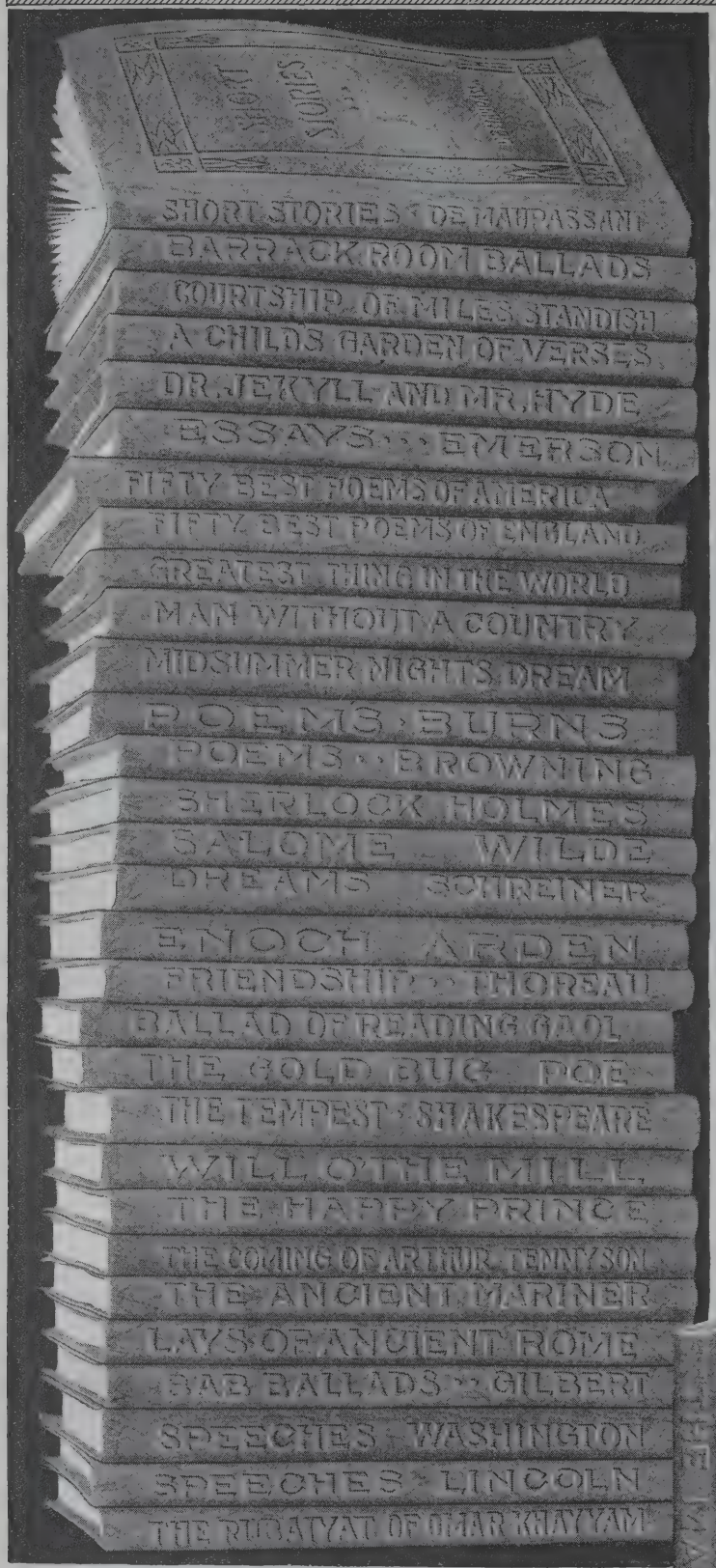
IRENE FRANKLIN, Star of "*The Greenwich Village Follies*," says: "*I have found Mineralava unequalled in its gift of skin health.*"



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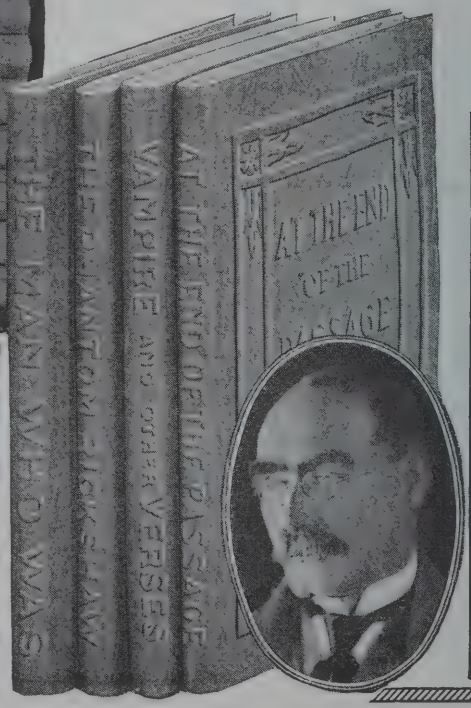
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COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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Next Month

All those in whose homes

Ma Callahan

with her big heart, her homely wisdom, and her Irish wit, was an eagerly awaited guest every month, will be glad to know that

KATHLEEN NORRIS

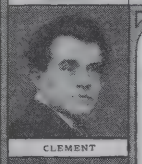
has written a new series of Irish stories *from life, the first of which will appear in*

COSMOPOLITAN for JUNE

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VOL. LXXIV
No. 5
COSMOPOLITAN
MAY
1923

What People Call Success

by S. E. KISER

DENY yourself the pleasures youth would claim,
Count every moment precious; never rest;
Let profit-getting be your only game;
Be sure to banish pity from your breast;
Choose eagerness for money as a goad
To drive you daily to new enterprise;
Don't pause to gather flowers beside the road,
Be quick to see where your advantage lies.

BREAK briskly through whatever bars your way;
If sentiment assails you, fling it back;
Be sure to be some richer every day,
Let greed be not among the things you lack;
If you can get refinement as you rush
It may not hurt your chance to be refined,
But never hesitate to crowd or crush;
Have one intention always in your mind.

LET love, if you must love, be notning more
Than incidental to the end in view,
Or use it as a key to Fortune's door,
Adjust it to the purpose you pursue;
Beware lest golden hours be vainly spent
In setting tender loveliness to rhyme;
See beauty only where a charm is lent
By wealth enough to make it seem sublime.

BE selfish when you must; be friendless, cold;
Let nothing keep you from the goal you seek,
Where boldness offers dividends, be bold,
And miss no chance to pounce upon the weak;
Become a driving power, a mighty force,
Be firm, be strong, be keen, be pitiless;
You'll miss the finer things of life, of course,
But you may win what people call success.

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Cast Your Bread *Upon the Waters and*

By GEORGE ADE

GET a large kit bag for the money orders and be ready. Soon the melancholy pilgrims will be headed eastward.

They will move in vast droves and over them will hang dull clouds of mistrust and apprehension.

Never, since the first migration across the parched foothills of Asia, has there been a movement in mass which seemed so faltering of purpose or so plainly headed for disillusionment.

Slaves of custom and tradition, they somehow feel that every prosperous American is under sentence to gather up a lot of real money and go to Europe and conduct a gift enterprise until the letter of credit is gnawed to the core.

As summer wanes into autumn they will come back to us, plucked down to the pin-feathers. The most numerous souvenirs of the benevolent invasion will be black-and-blue marks.

They will tell, in plaintive tremolo, that the old world is a dreary panorama of wrecked fortunes, groaning tax-payers, starving children and despairing statesmen. Dying men clawing at one another in dungeons.

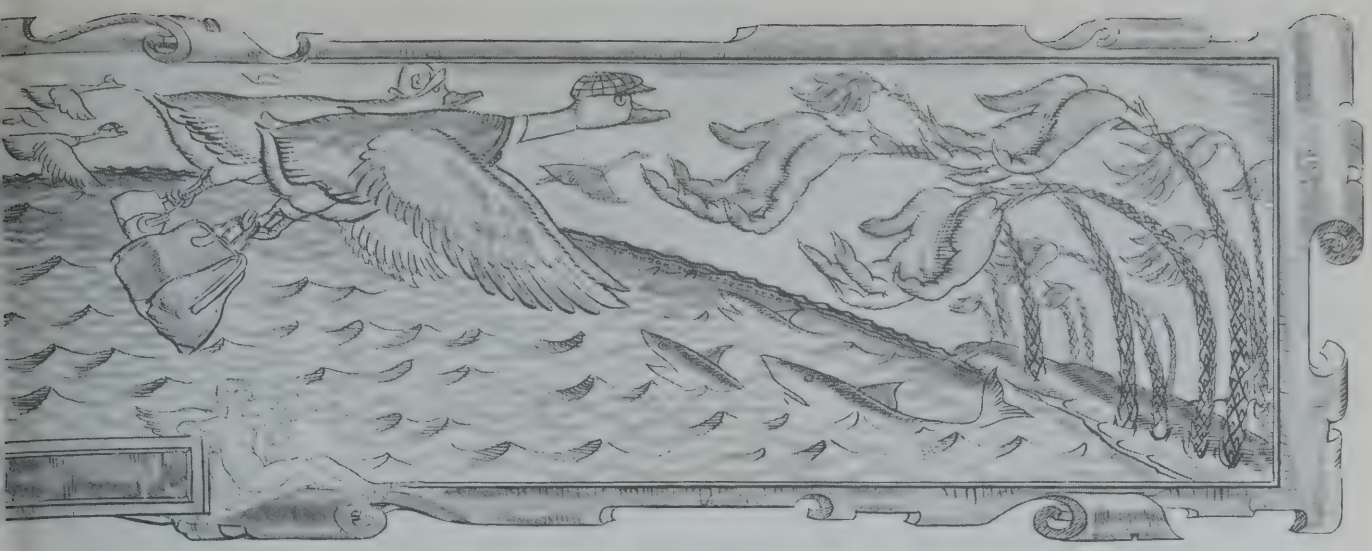
Europe is nerve-racked and anæmic, retaining just enough energy to insist that the U.S.A. is to blame for everything. The Yankee tourist circulates timidly through an atmosphere of dislike and distrust, broadcasting his dollars even while he advertises his unworthiness.

Each returned traveler brings back a serial tale of woe involving demoralized service by common carriers, overcrowded trains, grand and petit larcenies at hotels and restaurants, greed ruling where once gaiety was supreme.

They say it is not the same Europe and they suggest that our countrymen are foolish to cross an important ocean and fight their way through new boundaries just to be annoyed and divided up.

Theoretically, Europe is about to kill the goose that lays the golden egg, but we happen to know that the goose is well named and a glutton for punishment.

Europe's attitude toward us is a puzzler. We put much into the recent fracas and took out nothing except a headache.



It Will Come Back as Ptomaine Poison

Illustrations by

Gordon Ross

Our steady job has been to rush food to anyone, anywhere, who complained of hunger. And even as our generous tourists are sprinkling beautiful dollars through every destitute province, the beneficiaries continue to regard us as money-grubbers and Shylocks.

Europe needs the money but she should play fair with our helpless and gullible relatives.

The trouble is, the aggregated millions which pour into Europe every summer are not organized or safeguarded.

Therefore, let us organize a Society for the Protection of American Travelers. We will call it the S. P. A. T. and every member in good standing will be known as a "SPAT" and will carry a card, to be brandished, if occasion demands, at any bandit wearing a frock coat.

The membership fee will be nominal. New members will be recruited and instructed during the outbound voyage. They will be given addressed envelopes in which to enclose specific reports on extortion, misrepresentation and neglect.

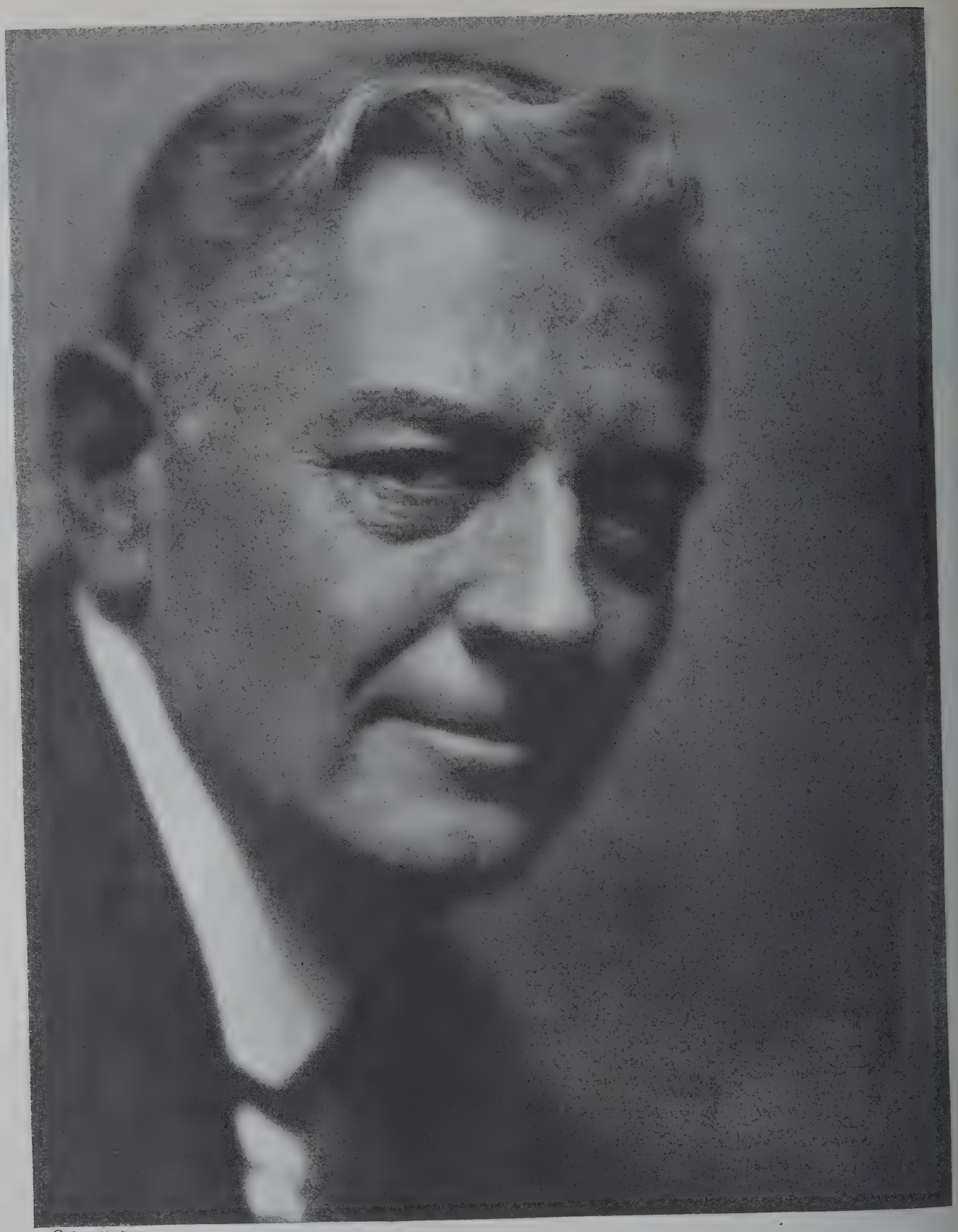
The Society will investigate the complaints of 1923 and every member visiting Europe in 1924 will receive a confidential report as to localities, routes of travel, hotels, shops and restaurants. The tricky and dishonest ones will not be recommended.

If there is accumulated evidence that certain cities or certain hotels or any organized agencies catering to travelers have been brazenly unfair to Americans, the punishment may be made swift and certain. And the wails of penitence will be heard halfway across the Atlantic!

If the suave swindler who did you so neatly the last time you were over knows that you are going to report him to 100,000 of your countrymen, he will be palsied with fear and his methods will become, for the moment, approximately honest.

Just say: "Look out for me. I'm a SPAT!"

I know nothing will come of it, but isn't it a lovely day-dream? And, oh, how many lads with whiskers are hoping, over there, that the blamed thing never will be organized.



© Pirie MacDonald

PETER CLARK MacFARLANE

himself knew the man whose story, a true Human Document, he begins on the opposite page

A Story from LIFE that Surpasses FICTION



PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Who Gathered the Facts and Wrote the Story Calls It

Mercy

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

FOR some months the writer, under commission from COSMOPOLITAN, had been gathering material for a novel based on religion. This quest took him widely over the United States and in the course of it he came on a most astounding life story. The facts, briefly communicated, evoked the following telegram from the editor of COSMOPOLITAN.

Am intensely interested in that story of Robert N. Wills. Think it is great human document. There is opportunity to present situation which will be of great benefit to humanity in general because it is most impressive story of tolerance I have encountered. Ten years ago, or even five years ago, it would have been impossible for people to understand, but I believe that now with your presentation as fact story it will be fine thing to publish.

(Signed) Ray Long

The writer heartily agreed with Mr. Long that, instead of tionizing these facts, it was our duty to set them before the blic with all their naked force; *provided* full honor could be ne to the tragic central figure in this moving drama while at e same time protecting the privacy of those friends and loved es who had watched with him through his Gethsemane, who d trod with him to his Golgotha and who now rightfully revere memory as something at once sacred and inspiring. To ure this, all that proved necessary was to alter the names of lividuals and leave this remarkable series of incidents unplaced ographically.

With no more preliminary, I set down the first fact—that bert N. Wills was born somewhere in the United States, with inherent gift for friendship, and that he grew up with a passion preach. He struggled through a small university and into a ological seminary. Having married a country village maiden fore he went away to school, he acquired in the course of time o small sons and a diploma. Graduating from the seminary, he was called to his first pastorate, which was located in the hamlet of A——.

Physically Wills was of the "dark, interesting type," with coal-black hair and olive skin; he was above the medium height, symmetrical of figure, cordial in manner, magnetic in personality, very human—just a big, full veined, happy hearted, affectionate country boy through whose dark eyes the grace of God shone brightly; and all his endowments were dedicated to the ministry of the Word. His work prospered pleasantly and the little church was exceedingly proud of Robert N. Wills. It felt that in him it was enjoying the labors of a great man in the days of his obscurity and it basked pleasantly in the warm rays of its golden opportunity.

But one day a chilling shadow fell. While Mrs. Wills, with her two small sons, was away on a visit to her parents, the Reverend Robert N. Wills disappeared—and with him, the pretty, dark-eyed organist!

Shocked inexpressibly, the bereaved church went into mourning for its fallen idol, for his fair young victim and for the aching, stunned, desolate heart of the wife and mother who came back to a revelation of shameful betrayal that was at first unbelievable. The church marveled that flesh so fair could prove so false; that character so strong and bold could melt as wax in the hot flame of passion. It sighed heavily and took up sadly the burden of its grief, quite after the fashion of a simple country folk, and struggled forward once more as it had for half a century, but with the added burden which accrued from the memory of a young leader's perfidy.

Yet, strangely, there were some who could not call it that. Somehow there had been a warmth of affection, a glow of good intent in the eyes of Robert N. Wills that caused those who had known him most intimately and suffered most in his departure, to regard him more in brotherly sorrow than in outraged anger.

But hardly had the church in A—— done with its grieving for the lost leader when another small church, in the next state

but one, got for itself a wonderful young pastor with a beautiful, somehow appealing little wife, who played the organ skilfully and whom everybody took to from the first sight of her. But besides rejoicing in its attractive young minister, this church in B—— prided itself on having *discovered* him—in the very worldly calling of a newspaper reporter. He had come first to the church one prayer meeting night, directed to gather news of a projected revival meeting.

He had proved a neighborly, interested young fellow who manifested a knowledge of revival meetings; and almost before the church knew, or he knew, he was on his feet and speaking to them—humbly, earnestly and enthusiastically, to the edification of all, so that the members felt their souls burn within them as he volunteered his own suggestions for the success of their campaign for souls. Oddly enough (if anybody here could have known about the little town of A——) this young reporter's first name and middle initial were the same as those of its defaulting pastor, Robert N.; but his last name was Walton—Robert N. Walton.

"You ought not to neglect the gift of exhortation that is within you, my young brother," counseled a gray-bearded elder, beaming placidly.

But young Walton had begun already to look flustered and a little provoked with himself.

"No, no!" he deprecated, swallowing hard. "I—I didn't mean to say anything"; and he shied away, out of the meeting and out of the church.

But the people could not forget. They dragged the young newspaperman back next Sunday, they dragged him into the Sunday school; they got him teaching a class; and once, in the absence of their minister, they actually got him into the pulpit. Frightened apparently, overcome by modesty, giving a most moving manifestation of humility, the young man's soul nevertheless flowed out in what seemed to these small town folk words of fire and power.

"You are a marked man, Brother Walton," declared the old elder, voice sepulchral in its solemn depth. "Marked of God!"

"H-how?" stammered the reporter, almost staggering. It was an unhappy phrase, that—*marked of God*. After its utterance he involuntarily looked behind him.

But the whole congregation was crowding up now to congratulate him upon his talk. Sermon, they called it. They admired him frankly and were peculiarly drawn to him—wonderingly sorry for him, too; for they had never seen a man so embarrassed by a compliment. He, indeed, was looking over their shoulders to where a young woman stood, straight and slim, pale and frightened as himself at all this pother over his little pulpit talk. As quickly as possible the young reporter got away from his new-made, embarrassingly vocable friends, and with the waiting girl hurried from his triumph as from something dire and appalling.

The church, all agog, immensely satisfied with itself for that day, heard with dismay upon the next that the reporter had left town, having obtained a position upon a larger paper in a considerable city; but they remembered him and his fiery pulpit power.

Being an ultra-Protestant denomination, highly congregational in its form of government, the little church's action had to conform only to its own judgment; and when their own minister resigned the old elder was appointed a committee of one to go in search of the newspaperman. He found him prospering unbelievably, city editor now and earning almost as much in a week as the little church could pay for a month. Yet the elder talked to him long and earnestly in the bare parlor of his rented home, a structure so modest as to make it apparent that these two could not be spending all his earnings upon themselves.

"The Lord has marked you with this rare endowment, Brother Walton," concluded the elder tenaciously; "and you owe your life to His service."

The dark face of the city editor grew a shade darker. In his eyes was a strange light that the elder took for conviction of duty; he saw that he had touched the man and he pressed his plea.

The half convinced one lifted his glance to where sat the woman—*the* woman!—twisting her hands, her face wistful behind the elder's hoary head. There passed between the man and the woman a freighted look. Love and passion had fused them at the first; love and passion and a sense of aloneness together bound them now, for they had defied the conventions of man and the laws of God; and yet they felt somehow close to God. They had been brought near by sorrow, for a child had come and it had been taken. Her beauty was paler now, yet finer, because of what motherhood and grief had etched into it; and because there was one thing he could not give her—yet; the man had been trying to give her all else that was.

"God is calling you, my brother!" urged the elder in that sepulchral but rather tender voice.

"I wonder if He is?" asked the dark eyes of the husband to the wistful eyes of his wife. "I wonder if there could be mercy like that in His heart for a sinner like me."

"Oh, yes, yes! He is. There . . . there must be," shouted the brown, liquid eyes of the woman.

Walton sat awhile thinking, thinking—of himself darkly, of this woman fondly, of another woman remorsefully, of two children who called her mother but had now none whom they could call father. He thought of it all and shuddered in the soul of him—a situation he had created and was powerless now to uncreate. Then he thought of what it was the old elder held out to him. To him—least among men—had been extended an opportunity to retrieve other men's lives though his own remained unretrieved.

There surged up in him once more the "call to preach"—a thing which the man who has not felt it can never quite understand and which the man who has can never quite explain. Once an old actor said to the writer, away back in his own barnstorming days, "Nobody should be on the stage who can make a living off of it." So perhaps no man ought to preach who can by any means escape it.

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else," sings Kipling; and when once you've joyed in the urge to stand up and exhort your fellows to better ways of living; when as a humble, quaking, doubting messenger of the Most High, you've gone where there was sickness or mourning or deep trouble, and there tried to speak the consoling word, to do the helpful thing; when you've read to dulling ears the message that is hungered for when all other messages have palled; when you've been amazed to find the broken-hearted gather strength from your weak, unworthy self and wring your hand in lasting gratitude as if you'd brought some supernatural help to them—it's a thing you'll want to keep on doing. You'll do it and you'll do it. You'll spend and be spent to the end of your life and get out of each day of it a compensation that you would not trade for all the wealth of the Rockefellers and the Fords combined.

That is the *call to preach!* This city editor felt it irresistibly, although to answer it was to place his peace in jeopardy—and how much more he could never have surmised. But he did answer it.

"I'll come, Elder!" he decided, and his lips clamped tightly.

A little cry escaped the woman, a cry that the elder thought was of joy; and it might have been. But the face of Robert N. Walton was graver when he had spoken and his shoulders bowed themselves as if beneath a load.

Yet apprehension seemed to have been unnecessary. For five whole years he was permitted to minister to those devoted people in the little town of B——, with his faithful companion playing the organ between mothering two baby boys, who came along in a perfectly natural rhythm. For just one example of young Walton's success then: five of the sanest, strongest young men of the town were induced by him to enter the ministry, and each of them occupies today a distinguished position in one of the great communions of America.

And yet this happy work was doomed—doomed to end abruptly and mysteriously, with Robert N. Walton disappearing from the town of B—— almost as Robert N. Wills had disappeared from the hamlet of A——.

Still, the mystery rather oozed out of the disappearance when it was learned that he had gone only two hundred miles to a charge in the flourishing city of C——, which claimed fifty thousand and boasted a metropolitan air; for the folks at B—— had always known they must lose their paragon some day. So now—even though his departure had been startlingly unconventional—they reconciled themselves with proud boastings that their late minister would make his mark, even in a city.

Not that Robert N. Walton promised to be a great pulpit orator. No. But he possessed pleasing gifts of impassioned utterance and this city of C—— speedily awoke to the fact that it had now a distinctly *man's man* in one of its pulpits—an excessively human person who never wore his clerical clothes or his clerical manner except where the occasion demanded it.

"You don't look like a minister," protested a businessman one day. "You look like a good fellow."



The reporter was speaking to them—earnestly and enthusiastically, so that the members felt their souls burn.

"A minister *is* a good fellow," suggested Walton, with a ght smile; "though he doesn't always know how to show it." It became speedily the general judgment that Walton *was* a od fellow; yet in all his contacts with men he lifted them. hen he sat with his coat off in his preferred spot in the bleachers, when he bared a muscled arm in his favorite bowling alley and)sed his slow smile on all around, all seemed somehow to ighten—conversations, manners, characters even. There was,), with all his modest affability, an essential dignity. Nobody -pped him on the back, and yet men liked to get close to him as there was tonic in his presence.

Most amazingly did they tell him the deep, dark secrets of their lives, the sins they had done, the sins they were doing and could not cease from doing; and Walton flung out his hands to them and hung on tightly. They got a feeling that he did not shun them because they were sinning or had sinned, but that he loved them, and they believed that if they clung tightly to him in return he might be able somehow to help them.

So for years Walton's influence percolated through this industrial city like human radium; and how far it had traveled, just what it had come to mean, was witnessed when one day there called at his study a tall, overdressed, full-chested man with small

eyes, a large nose and a dreadnaught chin, whose ostentatious manner was modified by an attempt to be affable and ingratiating.

"Stall is my name," announced the caller.

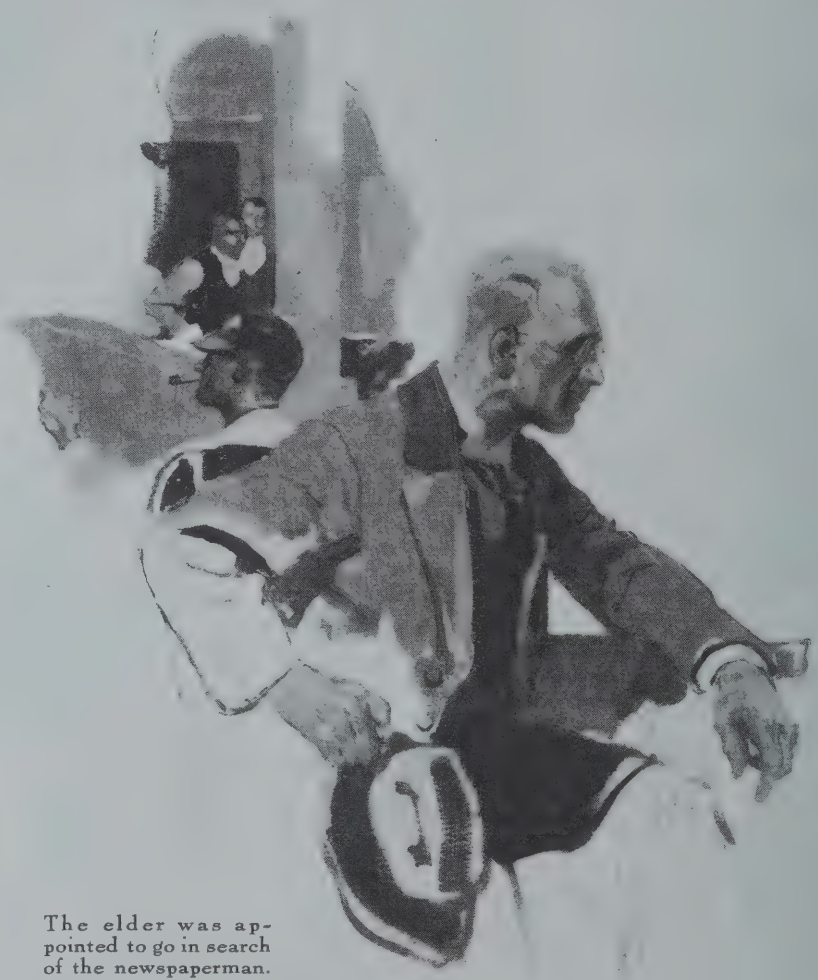
"Yes, I know," said Walton. "You are in politics."

"Have a cigar," acknowledged Mr. Stall, with a bland bow and the proffer of his silver-bound morocco case.

Walton, among his other humanities, was fond of a good cigar. He selected one and passed it experimentally beneath his nose. "Evidently not a campaign smoke," he smiled.

"Well, in a way it is," admitted his visitor. "Yes, Doctor Walton"—and the tall gentleman who was in politics hitched his chair closer, while attempting still to appear casually at ease. "Some of the—some of the boys—ahem, have been urging me to run for mayor. But I thought—well, I thought I would just kind of like to have a talk with you about it, Doctor."

"*You* for mayor?" The smile had gone out of Walton's face; he lowered his brows somewhat and from under them shot one of those through-and-through glances of which he was at times unexpectedly capable.



The elder was appointed to go in search of the newspaperman.

Under this glance Mr. Stall squirmed, for by it, in it, he felt himself weighed and found utterly wanting. Yet by this time the eyes of the minister had softened and he was looking his visitor over with a sort of solicitude for that gentleman's personal welfare.

"I—I wouldn't think it would be worth your while—a man of your interests—to muddle himself up with a race for mayor—not in this town, no!" suggested the clergyman, as if his convictions on the subject strengthened the more he thought of it; yet as he finished speaking he manifested the supreme tact of looking, not at the political aspirant, but at the swift forming ash on his cigar. For at all times Walton manifested great knowledge of the ways and habits of men—whoever they were—great sympathy for and subtle understanding of the temptations and impulses of men. Especially did he avoid hurting their feelings—even those whom his duty compelled him to oppose. So now he wished to avoid hurting Mr. Stall.

"No?" ejaculated that gentleman, slightly surprised, considerably crestfallen; yet managing in a moment strategically to conceal the most of both. "Well, of course," he admitted in suspended tones, then reached for his hat, "I—I didn't want to make up my mind without consulting you, Doctor."

"Now that was mighty fine of you, Stall," assured Mr. Walton, with a level glance that without being a bit hard was most unalterably firm. "Drop in any time. Thank you for the cigar." And he shook hands just as if he really liked Mr. Stall; and neither is there any doubt that he did. As a matter of fact, that gentleman could hardly avoid liking him, even though as he went down the steps he was laying his cherished mayoralty dream away in moth balls until such time as it might please God to call the Reverend Robert N. Walton to service elsewhere. That was the way it had been done.

And this was what had come to the ex-newspaperman in a ten years' ministry in C——; a position of such prestige and power that no man would dare run for office in the city or the county without the stamp of his approval. Yet never once did he let himself go in a burst of honest pride over the standing he had achieved. On the contrary it seemed to frighten him; for his always painful modesty became more noticeable as whiter and whiter beamed the light that played upon his deeds. He was widely recognized as one of the most effective and successful ministers in a great denomination, and yet never once had his picture been allowed to appear in one of its weekly papers—neither in any daily newspaper, if one had taken time to think of it.

Never once had he appeared upon a district or state convention program of his denomination. Again and again his name was enrolled for such honor; again and again one reason or another, each seemingly legitimate, fortuitously prevented his appearance. These failures began to pique and disappoint his members; yet if Sister Brown was ill or Deacon Jones was passing through a business crisis, so that the pastor would leave neither the one nor the other, who could arraign that innocently devoted man who would rather fulfill the law of Christ than splurge in a convention address? Nobody—absolutely nobody!

Even when he stunned his people and shook the very city by his sudden resignation and almost overnight departure, there were those who could understand it. They said: "Why, Brother Walton always leaves that way. He's just so tender hearted he can't stand these long drawn out good byes."

Whatever the reason, the fact was clear that on one Lord's Day he was the accepted and revered shepherd of the flock in C——, and on the next he was preaching his inaugural discourse in D——.

But this time the pastorate was in a city of a million—sure testing place of pulpit quality. Moreover, this church in D——, while it had plenty of the humbler folk in it, yet was more or less of a rich man's church with the rich man's traditional way of doing things—by proxy, through the medium of a check book—hiring people to serve God for him, sending a substitute to the battle front in the war with sin and poverty.

"No more of that for you men," commanded Robert Walton boldly when he had called his chief pillars together. "No hired workers in this church but me. Calls on the sick, work among the poor, looking after the broken-down and discouraged, carrying the social gospel to the slums of this city—you men must do your personal share of that your personal selves—if you understand!"

This group of good men and strong blinked a little uncertainly, quite sure that they did not understand. There was a United States Senator in that group. He was also a capitalist. There were executives in some of the greatest industries in the world sitting in that church study.

"This church cares how its members and the neighbors of its members get along," Walton was expounding, fervidly. "It is your duty to manifest that care. Tomorrow afternoon, Senator Jones, instead of going to your club to chat and read the afternoon papers, or out to the links, I want you to take these names of people who work in your steel mills and go and call on them in their homes, find out why this boy was not in Bible school, why that girl was missing from Christian Endeavor,

why that mother has not been at church for two Sundays, nor ner husband since I've been here."

For that was a part of Robert N.'s notion of church organization. His church lay on the dividing line between the residences of the well-to-do and a section of industrial homes; and he had his membership card-indexed and the follow-ups were in his hand.

"Some of the women from down there may be calling on Mrs. Jones, Senator," the minister explained, still serious, still innocently matter-of-fact, "to know why she has been absent for three Lord's Days. If they do, I want them received. They may even be as free in offering suggestions about how the Jones family life might be reorganized so its members can get to church as Mrs. Jones would be about suggestions to them. If so, I want them listened to."

Walton smiled on the Senator as he said this, but it was still a serious smile—over a perfectly astounding suggestion—yet not so unreasonable, once it was considered from a thoroughly Christian point of view; but—highly revolutionary nevertheless. Still, Senator Jones was a big enough man to be thinking very deeply about it, as about what had been proposed for him to do. He gaped slightly and studied his list, then lifted his eyes and studied his pastor.

Walton's words had been those of an autocrat. But he had not spoken like an autocrat. Above all, his expression, under the Senator's scrutiny, was not that of an autocrat. And here I must let the reader into a secret. Myself, I knew this Robert N. Walton in this period of his life, his day of his ministry of power. I knew him and honored him, no more suspecting than the people of his church that there might be a dark spot in his life.

But, accustomed to look rather deeply into the faces of men, had noted something. In his eyes were two areas of shadow, so elusive that it was impossible to determine whether they were projected from within or reflected from without—but there they were, imparting to his every glance a look of hastening and humbled pride that seemed to me highly appropriate and revealing in the eyes of a very consecrated minister. There was also about his lower lip a peculiarity. When Robert N. Walton looked at you very straight, very earnestly, his lower lip fell away from his teeth, not loosely but on an even line from corner to corner of his mouth, a little like the expression of an animal at bay; yet there was nothing displeasing in it. It was spiritual, rather, and I know now it was the reflection of a soul at bay. With that expression in his eyes and on his mouth, Robert N. Walton couldn't seem autocratic, but he could look the most powerful appeal into the soul of a fellow being that I have ever experienced.

So now, as he looked at this church board, composed in part of great business executives, and told them that for the good of their own souls they ought to get out and do personally some of the work they had been accustomed to hire thirty dollar a week men and women to do for them—told them, in effect, that *ersatz* Christianity was all wrong, wasn't Christianity at all—he made them feel this in their souls. The United States Senator, under that modest, convincing gaze, felt it and twisted in his chair, but felt also his inability to mend. With sorrowful eyes he confessed both his failure and his inability, by saying:

"Brother Walton, I would give anything in the world if some pastor had talked to me like that twenty years ago. Now it's too late."

Walton looked at the Senator with tears. "It's *never too late*, Brother Jones!" he said, the words tearing themselves out from somewhere inside with a sound as if it cost a heart's agony to utter them.



He found Walton city editor now and earning as much in a week as the little church could pay for a month.

And this new board, sensing but not understanding, felt themselves humbled as in the presence of one who served at greater cost than ever one of them had served—one who spared himself nothing; and they, in his pastorate, spared themselves less than they ever had before.

But—religious work in a great city moves slowly. It is preaching to a procession. A Gulf Stream of humanity flows by; and into that stream Robert N. Walton filtered himself. But always with that shadow in his eye and from year to year growing larger, the ominous thing it stood for more imminent, more threatening with each twelvemonth. For the edifice he was building towered steadily higher. He could no longer keep his picture out of the public prints.

To make matters worse an international convention of his denomination was coming in this very city of D——. Yet through all the work of getting ready to entertain that convention, Walton bore a wheel horse part; for he was that kind of man. His people, his fellow ministers, the community at large depended on him; and never yet had they depended in vain.

But when the work was done, when all was ready and delegates by thousands were pouring into the city, Robert N. Walton was quietly slipping out of it.

He had managed another of those sudden resignations of his. And so, while convention platforms thundered with the message of a militant gospel and vast pavilions rang with the refrains of the mighty hymns of his church, one of those who had worked humbly and earnestly and passionately for the success of that historic gathering was listening from afar, looking on from a distance, wistful yet fearful; for there can be no doubt that Robert N. Walton fled breathless from the convention city; that Peter, after he had denied his Lord, leaving his garment in the hand of the young man who plucked at it in the garden, and flying naked, was not more panic-stricken.

Restlessly, unhappily, the fugitive essayed two short, sterile pastorates; and then, with a great sigh of relief, fell into the arms of a warm hearted folk who could love him as he wanted to be loved, and who would let him love them as his heart must love. This new ministry in the city of E—— promised to be his crowning work—a ministry of maximums, with not a cloud upon the sky; for there was now a thousand miles and a quarter of a century between him and that—that from which he shrank! Here the dark shadows went out of his eyes and that look of a soul at bay began to be seen less frequently upon his lips.

But, ah, the intuitions of women! One Sunday morning, as the brown-eyed woman sat at church, in the sixth year of their residence in E——, there came over her a sudden inexplicable chill of apprehension; she gave one quick, startled glance around her, hoping to discern what eye had stabbed her, but could not. She shivered and breathed a prayer, then turned her great, shiny eyes hungrily up to Robert. He was preaching one of his most compelling sermons, warm with the compassion of a heart that had been bruised till it was tender, bruised by its own mad passions.

Robert, all undivining, finished this sermon and, after the benediction, went according to his habit to the lobby where, with a handkerchief about his wilted collar and perspiring throat, he began to give all of his vitality that was left in cordial hand clasps to friends and strangers alike—strangers preferred. Among these strangers today were two women, trembling under the excitement of a great discovery; at the same time they were steadying themselves with considerable resolution. One of them took the hand of Robert N. Walton, but instead of shaking it held it while she looked straight at him and announced in a low, firm voice:

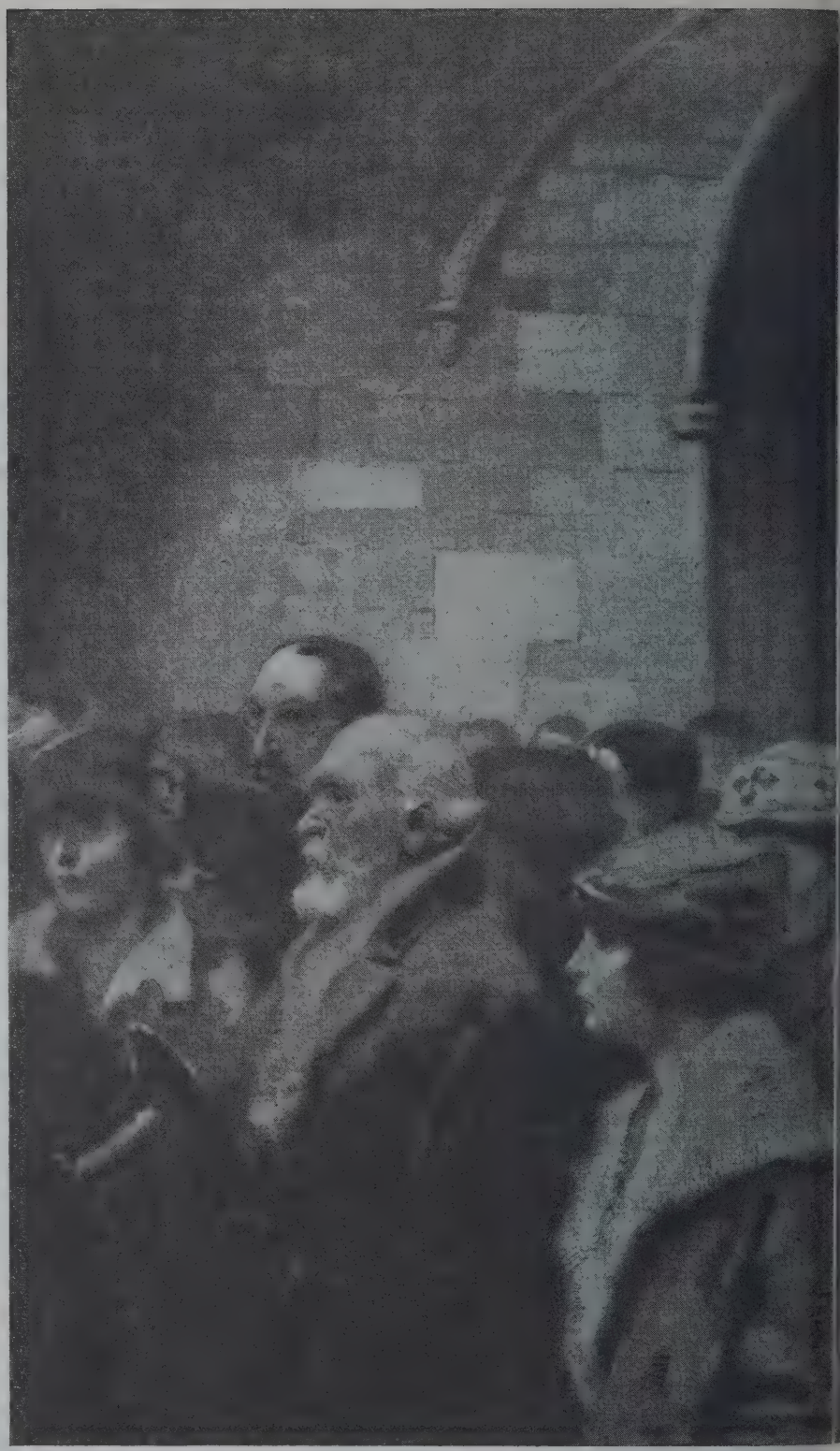
"You are Robert N. *Wills*."

The minister stood taut from head to foot for an instant studying the face before him, perhaps for features that he might recognize, perhaps for signs of mercy.

"Yes," he answered decisively, but in a voice just as low; then shook the hand he held and dropped it.

But the first lady presented the second. "How do you do, Brother Wills?" the latter inquired; but her voice too had been low. "I enjoyed your sermon," she said; and the two passed on; but with the shadowy spots again in the eyes of Robert N. Walton and that expression of a soul at bay once more about his mouth.

However, the minister continued shaking hands. He manifested his usual concern for the welfare of each person who spoke to him; he thanked gratefully those who made kindly comments on his sermon; he saw his deacons taking the addresses of all strangers; he even manifested presence of mind enough to make sure that they got the addresses of two particular strangers.



The minister stood taut from head to foot, study

When the sexton came up to consult him about the placin extra chairs for the usual Sunday evening crowds, he answe him with conscientious detail—though suspecting that, for h there would be no evening service.

Even the Sunday dinner in the Walton home was carried quite as usual. If the man at the head of the table talked lit ate little, that was nothing uncommon; for he seldom did m of either immediately after preaching. Yet from time to t the woman at the other end of the table noted him narrow When the meal was over, when the sons had taken themse away to read and the inevitable Sunday guest or two had parted, she followed into the study, pretending to be wiping hands upon her apron. In reality she was wringing them.

"*Has it . . . has it come?*" she gasped.

Her husband's constricted lips could frame no word, bu nodded and sank into the Morris chair with a groan—the M chair the ladies' aid society had presented him that Christ past.



the face before him, perhaps for features that he might recognize, perhaps for signs of mercy.

"Oh! . . . Oh, Robert!" the woman cried. "Now? After all these years? It seems so . . . so unjust." Her face was white, her eyes avoided his.

"Unjust to you—yes," replied her husband, who by now had found his tongue. "But nothing can be unjust to me," he reproached himself bitterly, striking his breast.

Yet after that the two stared at each other dumbly, the same thought rising in both their minds. For a quarter of a century their sin had hunted them from place to place, threatening the work that providentially they had been permitted to do; and they had allowed themselves to be so driven—unprotesting, feeling that it was right that they should be hounded by their past; but now protest was beginning to be born. The man's heart was here too deeply attached to think of having its tentacles torn out by the roots once more. Something in him rebelled at being driven from his last and greatest field.

"Mama," he proposed desperately, "let's go and talk to those women."

"Yes—let's," she responded bravely; "right—right now."

They went; but at first the women received them doubtfully. Yet as Robert Walton pleaded—with the white, wistful face of his companion, wasted now with twenty-five years of mothering, seconding every word—as he pleaded, something in his air of deep sincerity touched them, some perception of the real hopelessness of retreat for him dawned upon them, and with it came a certain sense of awe at pulling down that wide structure of faith which had been built upon this erring nature of his—something of all this convinced the women of a duty quite unexpected.

"What good are you going to accomplish, exposing me?" the dejected minister argued in conclusion. "I would have exposed myself if I could have seen how it would do anything but harm."

"We won't expose you!" exclaimed one of the women impulsively. "We'll keep your secret, Brother . . . "

"Brother *Walton!*" joined in the other woman tactfully.

The minister and his wife arose and (*Continued on page 153*)



The Dash After

By BERTON

Illustrations by

MR. and Mrs. Montgomery Lloyd
Had money enough so they were not annoyed
By hearing the wolf at their domicile's door;
They simply were well-to-do folks, nothing more.
They had a nice house and a good looking car
And a maid, when she'd stay—but you know how they are!

The Lloyds were a couple not modish or snappy
But rather—well, bourgeois and humdrum and happy.
Their children were two,
Herb, fourteen; and Sue,
A ten year old maiden with eyes that were blue.
Whatever life brought them they made quite the best of it
And worried but little about all the rest of it.

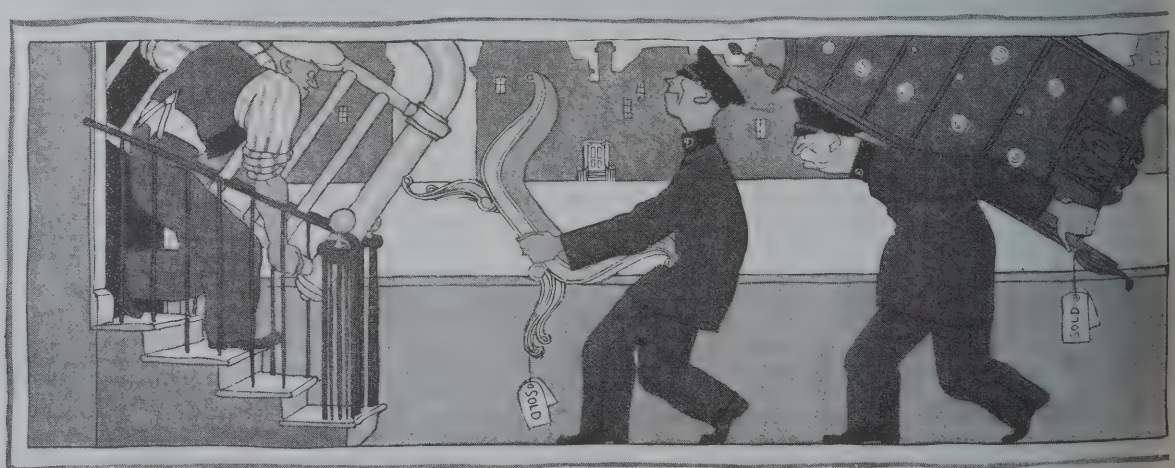
Then one day a friend came to visit. Alas!
She posed as a friend, but a snake in the grass
Could scarce spread more hideous
Poison insidious
Than she, as she lingered for several weeks
And filled the Lloyds full of a yen for antiques!

"Oh Mabel," she sighed (were a serpent to hiss
It could not breathe toxins more deadly than this),
"Oh dear Mabel Lloyd,
I cannot avoid
Regretting that you, with your *wonderful* taste
Should let all your artistic sense go to waste;
I can't understand how you've failed to discern it,
you're
Losing your soul 'mid this commonplace furniture.
This house of yours here
Has no 'atmosphere,'
It's furnished exactly like homes by the myriad,
There isn't a piece that belongs to a *period.*
Please let me lend you a book I have got,
Entitled, 'Antiques—Which is Which, What is What!' "

II

THUS nurtured, the virus
Spread quicky enough.
The Lloyds grew desirous
Of Period Stuff.
They haunted the auction rooms, searched up and down
The musty and fusty old shops of the town,
They motored to bucolic hamlets to seek
A possible bargain in something antique.
They pored over catalogues. Half of their mail
Was letters from dealers who offered for sale
Stuff that was guaranteed "Pure Renaissance,"
"Sheraton," "Louis Quatorze," "Louis Quinze";
They constantly babbled
Of "lintels," and gabbled
Of "highboys" and "lowboys" and "Seventeen fronts"
Of inlay, mosaic and other such stunts.
They talked of "patina," whatever that means,
Of "panels" and "stretchers" and lacquer and glaze,
While Monty Lloyd dug way down deep in his jeans,
For it is the husband who pays and who pays.
Meanwhile, to make space,
For the Antiques to grace,

The home of the Lloyds, week by week, day by day,
The secondhand dealer was carting away
Great overstuffed sofas and overstuffed chairs
And Mission style tables and oak chiffoniers,
And bedsteads of brass—very costly affairs—
And bright bird's-eye maple suites, cherished for years:
Montgomery Lloyd had once paid quite a lot for them
And—if you've known secondhand dealers — you'll guess



The PERIOD

BRALEY

alph Barton

How much, from those vultures, he finally got for them.
hatever you say, it was probably less!

owever, in time, all the house was refurnished
With valid antiques boasting various ages,
hich, rubbed up, repaired, reupholstered and burnished
By artisans drawing imperial wages,
esented a spectacle highly artistic
hich made antiquarians wax eulogistic.

The pride of the Lloyds
Was quite beyond "woids,"



xcuse my Manhattanese, frequently I'm
bit up against it when seeking a rhyme),
They beamed and they glowed
And constantly showed
eir treasures to visitors, dwelling upon
ie quests they had made and the lengths they had gone
To get this buhl cabinet, that secretaire,
This Chippendale chair and that Florentine chest,



This bombe front bureau of worm-eaten cherry,
This fauteuil, that rococo table. A guest
Was in for a heavy and long dissertation
On all that's pertaining to home decoration!

III

TIME passed. "It's a sort of a way that time has"
(As Artemus Ward said, a long time ago),
It fox-trots along as if stepping to jazz;
The Lloyds lost a bit of the glamour and glow
Which first had affected them
When they had trailed their antiques and collected them.
Somehow or other they presently found
That though all the pieces they'd gathered around
Would certainly please any true antiquarian
They were not exceedingly utilitarian.
For Herbert, their boy, was a natural kid
And when, with his gang, he'd go romping amid
This period stuff in his blithe boyish way
The Lloyds had some shocking repair bills to pay.
And sweet little Sue,
Though meaning to do
Of course, no particular damage or harm,
Would perch herself, oftentimes, up on the arm
Of a period chair,
Which cost fifty dollars or so to repair.

Montgomery Lloyd
Himself was annoyed
To find that, when weary from business in town,
There wasn't a couch in the house he could flop on,
There wasn't a chair he could suddenly drop on,
He had to use caution in sitting him down.



The key wouldn't open the Florentine chest,
You couldn't quite trust the refectory table,
The four-poster bed often broke up their rest
Collapsing with him and his slumbering Mabel.
The Chippendale chairs gave his spine many twinges,
The drawers of the highboys and lowboys all stuck,
The doors of the cabinets shrieked on their hinges,
The grandfather clock never properly struck.
Whenever a neighborly party assembled
Among their Antiques, both the Lloyds fairly trembled;
They just couldn't give their guests friendly attention
Because every move they made caused apprehension
That something they sat on or leaned on, perhaps,
Might suddenly fall in a state of collapse.

Thus woe and unhappiness crept on them clammily,
Spoiling the peace of this middle-class family.
Their nerves were unsettled, their tempers grew sharp,
They'd constantly bicker and quarrel and carp,
They seemed to be headed for nervous prostration,
When, luckily, there came a warm invitation
To visit old friends in a Middle West town.
"Let's go," remarked Monty, "I'm feeling run down.
Let's go and see Bill and his wife. It'll be
A rest for yourself and the children and me."

IV

BILL QUINN and his wife
Were well fixed in life
In fact, like the Lloyds, they were nice, pleasant folk,
Midway between those who are wealthy—or broke.
Their dwelling was ample,
Well built and well placed,
A typical sample
Of middle-class taste,
And furnished, as well as the Quinns seemed to wish,
With sets and with suites made in Grand Rapids, Mich.
Is ample and sturdy and comfy and deep
And never collapses to wake them from sleep;
While Herbert and Sue
Romp all the house through
With Mary and Jimmy Quinn, jumping about
On furniture most undeniably stout.
Although, as the Lloyds aver, often enough
It hasn't the "aura" of Period Stuff.
Thus, ere they depart,
All their babble of Art
Has planted the lure of Antiques in the heart
Of the Quinns, who begin right away to aspire
To period pieces, and greatly desire
More knowledge of Heppelwhite, Adam, and such
—And where they can buy it, and also How Much?

V

OH the black heart of Man! Oh the boundless ingratitude
Displayed by the Lloyds in their subsequent attitude!
For when they returned to their own domicile,
Soothed, calmed and refreshed in a wonderful style
By life in a home
Which, from cellar to dome,
Was furnished with comfort, whatever it lacked
In treasures antique—very easily cracked;
Yes, after returning
From joyous sojourning
Where chairs could be sat upon, beds could be slept upon
Tables could even be heavily leapt upon,
Drawers didn't stick and the various hinges
Worked without any rheumatical twinges;
Yes, after that visit,
O Honor, where is it?
The Lloyds sent the Quinns that insidious book
"Antiques; Which is Which, What is What!" and they took
Particular care that the Quinns shouldn't rest



Yet when, after greetings which follow such meetings,
The Lloyds were ensconced in the guest room's seclusion,
They sighed, "It is sad the Quinns' taste is so bad.
Such furniture! Strewn round in reckless profusion!
Those overstuffed sets, and those Mission iniquities!
We really must teach them to purchase antiquities."

The Lloyds then proceed in
Some two or three weeks
To bring to that Eden
A craze for Antiques,
While Monty Lloyd sprawls on the overstuffed chairs
In comfort and ease; and the bed his wife shares
Till they got the frenzy and went on the quest
For Antiques galore!
Oh I greatly deplore
The fact, but it's true, that the Quinns got the fever!
And then Monty Lloyd, the base, wicked deceiver,
Contrived, through a dealer, to sell his collection
With some indirection
To Quinn.
A serpent's reward for regard and affection!

And now, if you happen sometime to drop in
To visit the Lloyds, you will find that their home
Though lacking, perhaps, all the art you might wish
Is furnished with comfort, from cellar to dome,
With stuff manufactured in Grand Rapids, Mich!

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

A story of the Place called HOME

The Guests of Honor



Mary Ann was her father's favorite.

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"IT COULD be done," said Juliana, "by simply turning the sit-drawing room into the dining room, and beginning late."

"Making the bedrooms the garage and the kitchen the foyer," Dan Rutherford said good-naturedly.

His wife shot him a dagger look.

"Oh, Dan!" she said, in a tone blended of patience, protest and contempt. "If that's the way you are going to look at it, we might as well give up the whole thing *now!*" she added, bitterly, yet with a watching eye.

"I can imagine changing the 'sit-drawing room,' as you call it——" Dan was beginning, taking his pipe out of his mouth, when his wife interrupted him.

"I called it the drawing room long before the Cruikshanks and the Lessings came to the Point," she asserted defensively.

"You called it the sitting room," stated Dan inflexibly.

"Well, I don't care what I called it," Juliana conceded hastily. "The thing is, are we going to entertain these people who have been so tremendously decent to us, or are we not?"

"In the strict sense of the word, any dinner you and I gave to the Cruikshanks, the Lees and the Lessings would entertain them, all right," Dan diverged. "It would entertain them enormously to see old Lizzie——"

"I'd have Kate helping Lizzie!" Juliana said quickly.

"I see. And what do we accomplish by having it begin late, as you said?"

"Begin at eight," Juliana elucidated, beginning to revive. "That means that we sit at the table at least two hours, talking and dawdling, and then it's ten, you see—not but what they could play bridge if they wanted to——" mused Juliana in an undertone.

"But you and I don't play bridge, Jule."

"No, I know. But they could!"

"Why not just talk?" suggested Dan.

"Oh, we can't—very well, with people like that! We don't know their friends, and they don't know ours. They're so much older than we are. They'd much rather play cards," Juliana decided.

"I don't see why the deuce we have to give them a dinner at all," said Dan, returning to his original position.

Juliana promptly returned to hers.

"Because they've been so wonderful to us, Dan, giving the children so many lifts, and sending you a card to the club even after we didn't join it, and having us to lunch that day——"

"Yes, but that wasn't in any way a formal invitation, dear. We were at the club and the Lessings simply included us in their group, everybody did his own ordering——"

"But they paid for us all, Dan!"

"Yes, I know. But——"

Dan's face, up to now merely the pleased, dreamy face of a man enjoying the leisure of pipe, basket chair and garden sweetness upon a spring afternoon, grew somewhat more sober, and he turned toward his wife in some seriousness.

"The thing is this, dear," he said. "You and I have been here ten years—there was nothing at the Point but a few old shanties when we came."

"Exactly—we're the old residents!" Juliana supplied triumphantly.

"Well, so is old Crooker, the oyster man, if you come to that," Dan reminded her with his maddening irrelevance. "Anyway," he resumed, "you and I bought two acres down here for eight hundred dollars, and the whole house cost only four thousand more. Now, two years ago, along come these rich and fashionable families, to 'discover' the Point, and they fence and they build, and their boathouses cost more than our whole home, and their clubhouse more than any other in the world, and—well, we try to keep step with them! I think it's a mistake. Why——"

"Keep step with them, Dan—why, that's just the one thing I *don't* do," Juliana said quickly and proudly. "They *know* that you are a writer—beginning to be a writer—and that we have no money, and only Lizzie to help me, and that you clean your own car and I make the girls' dresses. That's just why they—

well, why they like me," finished Juliana, childishly shy over the self-praise, and flushing eagerly in self-defense.

She was so pretty, in her blue enveloping apron, with the dark curls of her soft hair framing her blue eyes, her wide expressive mouth and her pink cheeks, that Dan was distracted from the matter in hand. Juliana was a vital, slender, fiery sort of person, to whom things mattered tremendously. Dan, long and lanky, with tousled, bushy light hair and kind, short-sighted blue eyes, was eternally amazed at her vigor.

Dan had a little money, and his sketches and essays and scenarios and poems and articles and one-act plays earned him a little more. He loved writing them, he loved idling about the garden in the wake of one or more busy, flushed, important babies, he loved helping Juliana cook, and puttering with the car and the rabbits and the roses and the gate hinge. Dan liked faded bathing suits, and gipsy suppers on the sands, and second-hand bookstores, and long, dusty, rambling walks up and down unfamiliar lanes.

Left to himself, he would have been as unconscious of the Lessings and the Cruikshanks and the Lees and all the other smart folk who had so suddenly taken possession of the old Point as were the sea-gulls on the reef beyond it. They did not come until May, they were gone again in September, there were plenty of woods and beaches left for the Rutherfords to enjoy in peace.

But Juliana was acutely aware of their nearness. Juliana at first had laughed at them and told Dan who their ancestors had been and why they were upstarts, snobs, parvenus, and *nouveaux riches*. Juliana, sweet, joyous, unspoiled little Juliana, had been a Joy of Maryland, and the fact meant something to her. She was aristocrat to her finger tips, whether she was cranking the disobliging old car or putting up the crab apples.

And after a few months the millionaires of the Point found it out, and then Juliana stopped calling them names and they became tremendously important to her. Everything they did interested her, and she had her Grandmother Joy's old sampler framed, and got out two old swords, which she crossed above a tattered gray uniform, over the square piano. She began to give the children an early supper alone—the children, whose spilled bowls and tippy high chairs had been a feature of the Rutherford meals for many happy years!—and she and Dan dined also alone, in state, by candlelight, an hour later, and she began to read fashionable weeklies and to identify an occasional dog-showing or cob-riding woman in them with great excitement.

"For we really do belong to that class," she said once.

"Oh, no we don't, darling, we haven't any money!" Dan said, hungering for the old silly ways of wandering and basket dinners.

"Money, Dan! As if it was only money——"

"What else is it?"

Silence. Then Juliana said with a sort of quiet triumph, and in an undertone, as if to herself: "Then I'd like to know why they're so charming to *me*. I have no money!"

Now, to Dan's horror, she wanted to give a dinner to some of them. She cited the yellow tablecloth Betsy had brought her from Lyons, the white bowl with yellow marigolds in it and the Quimper candlesticks with yellow candles in them. She alluded to Lizzie's chicken curry, which was really Juliana's chicken curry, served by Lizzie.

There was no dining room in the Rutherfords' rambling little cottage, but there was a small square apartment, half porch, half pantry, where they had their meals when rain drove them from the real porch.

Juliana decided they must make this porch into a sort of sitting room and turn the pleasant old farmhouse parlor into a dining room just for the occasion of the dinner. She kept repeating to Dan the phrase "perfectly informal and simple," but as the days went by somehow the whole thing began to be more and more complicated.

She kept a list; it was always within reach. She conned it worriedly for days. On it she had written, "Mary for beaten biscuit, curtains, Tarcys, curry powder, earring mended, Chinese lanterns, coffee cups."

From time to time she added, in agitated penciling, "powder puffs, salted almonds, mend chair, telephone."

Dan, sympathetically if unintelligently aiding and abetting all her efforts, found the last detail interesting.

"I'm going to ask the operator not to put any calls on from eight o'clock to eleven," Juliana announced capably.

"But darling, nobody ever calls then!"

"Ah, but somebody might, and then we should have Barbe trailing down in her nighty! I declare," mused Juliana, in a mood of rare honesty, "I declare I despise myself for making a fuss like this! It does seem so—so utterly middle-class, somehow——"

"It'll get the house all cleaned up and shipshape anyway!" Dan assured her helpfully.

"It seems—middle-class," Juliana offered, using a word that to her represented everything undesirable.

"Mother always does this for company," Dan said, innocently pointing the dart, "washing the china, you know, and making coconut cake."

Juliana flushed, partly with shame and partly with resentment. Coconut cake, indeed! She was going to have real *baba*, drenched from a surviving and unregenerate bottle long hidden cellarward.

"I'll tell you a party I liked!" Dan remarked suddenly, from a moment of silence, as he rubbed the old temple candlesticks that he and Juliana had found upon a memorable day of browsing about the lower East Side. "Remember the day it rained so, and we had pans all over the place to catch drips, and we were going to have corn meal mush for lunch, and the Babcocks came in with half a ham and some cherry preserve, and you made the biscuits that puffed up exactly like popovers? Wasn't that an orgy?"

"I never *will* know what I put in those biscuits," Juliana murmured, momentarily distracted. "We *did* have fun that day," she conceded. "But there is no reason," persisted Juliana, answering perhaps some vague misgivings of her own, as well as Dan's frank distaste for the approaching party, "there is no reason why we shouldn't like the Cruikshanks, the Lees and the Lessings just as well as freaks like the Babcocks!"

"Don't you think money does make a sort of distinction—a sort of caste?" Dan suggested, wondering if there wasn't a good editorial in the idea.

"Not a bit!" Juliana said swiftly. "Look at my cousin Lily. Lily is Mrs. Rosecrans's secretary, she goes everywhere, she buys millions of dollars' worth of stuff and all the shops bow down before her, she speaks six languages and at Christmas they gave her a cottage—a house, if you please, at Westycove—that's what they think of Lily, and she hasn't a cent!"

"But they don't ask her to their dinners, Toots."

"Because she doesn't want to go! You know you hate rich people, Dan," said Juliana, tired and nervous, and with some little feeling, "and you're always different, with them. You're awkward and you're unnatural—you know you are!"

"I know it. They cramp my style!" Dan said humbly. "I think all this is such bunk," he added without venom. "Why can't we have a cold ham and a salad and sit in the garden, if it's a decent evening, and eat at half-past six as we always do, and hand 'em out napkins that don't match and the old Tom and Jerry cups——"

Juliana leaned her head on her hand and rested her elbows on the table where her small supply of silver was spread for polishing.

"My—*heavens!*" she breathed, patiently. But to Dan's somewhat clumsy apologies she paid no attention; Dan saw that the matter was beyond words.

While he raked and swept out-of-doors, hanging the new lanterns on the porch-sitting room, tying up unruly rose bushes and piling wood neatly, Juliana toiled within. She washed plates, rubbed silver, counted napkins. She cleaned the spare room, where the women guests would presumably lay wraps and prepared the dressing table for their beautification. She bundled the children's animals and paper dolls and boxes of precious rubbish into a terrible old hall closet that was already overcrowded by winter coats, rubbers, sleds, the sewing machine and the broken rocker, and crammed the sideboard drawer and the closet beneath with all sorts of small odds and ends that must be swept from view: the cribbage board and the playing cards and the children's school books and napkin rings, and the camera and films, her knitting, Dan's other pipe, the thermos bottle, the garden scissors, the gloves she used when weeding, the dominoes, the postal scales, the baby's place tray, an ornamented telephone list and other matters.

"We've simply outgrown this disgraceful place!" Juliana said violently as she toiled. She bought new playing cards, and had Dan mend the card table leg that always stuck, and she had an old Swiss come out from the village two miles away to start the clock that had not run for three years.

Lizzie caught the excitement, and burned one of the napkins and brought the cornice crashing upon her head when it came to hanging the clean curtains. And the children participated excitedly by respectively spilling a bottle of furniture polish



"Dan, if you only——" began Juliana. "——were a gentleman!" she meant to end.

right in the middle of the front porch, whence the oily stain would not be removed, and sitting down on the laundry bundle that contained Daddy's one good dress shirt.

Mary Ann, the middle child, also chose this occasion to fall down and knock out a front first tooth. It wasn't serious, it would presently be replaced and the company wouldn't see the children anyway, but Juliana wept over the scare.

Mary Ann was a vague looking, forlorn little creature anyway, with straight fair hair and alarmed big eyes. She was perfectly well and she was an angel for disposition, but somehow, beside the glowing first-born, Barbe, and the bad, rosy, noisy, dark-curled baby, Mary Ann seemed somewhat colorless. She was, of course, the father's favorite child, if he had one, and Juliana sometimes told him that he broke the first commandment every time he looked at her.

Dan did his best, but Juliana told herself more than once, in moments of special irritation, that he was no more than a child himself. He could be so wonderful, so resourceful, when his interest was roused! He was like another woman with the children, or with herself, when she was ill. But he was no more than a fumble-fingered boy in such a case as this; he seemed to have no instinct for the finer forms of hospitality.

"These things are important, Danny," she said unsmilingly, when Lizzie, after listening to a long dissertation upon finger bowls, had mildly inquired if she was to pass the sugar with them, and Dan had made the house rock with his mirth. Dan could write brilliant editorials, and he was a darling, thought Juliana, but after all his father was a postmaster in a small town who called all women "ma'am" or "sister," and his father before him had run a hotel in the same town.

"The salt of the earth!" she would tell herself loyally at this point, but salt, after all, is an unornamental article, and generally unappreciated.

The responses to her prettily written invitations were disappointing, too. Mrs. Lee's secretary answered that Mrs. Lee was away at the moment but would be back in two days. Mrs. Lessing dashed off an illegible note to the effect that she would surely come, but that Mr. Lessing might be detained in town that night, she could not be sure. Mrs. Cruikshank came with her response in person.

She was on her way to the links, and stood, a brilliant young figure, at the gate, in the morning sunshine. Dan had on a corduroy jacket, baggy trousers and Chinese slippers, and was hosing the porch. Juliana was shampooing the glorious mop of Barbe, who was in sketchy underwear for the operation. The baby, in his old coach, had plastered his face irregularly with cracker paste and was now attempting to augment his mid-morning snack with the ear of a plush seal.

"My dear," said Mrs. Cruikshank to the flustered but gracious Juliana, "you're charming to ask me to dinner. But I think I'm a widow! The Storm King doesn't like me a bit any more, and he has gone up to Newport for the golf. I ought to go myself, but I've got mama here——" She paused.

"I wonder if your mother——" Juliana was beginning hospitably, but with a sinking heart, when Mrs. Cruikshank interrupted smoothly.



"No, there are limits. I refuse to play what mama calls bridge with her, and I won't inflict it on my friends. But she doesn't mind my leaving her—Ginger's home, you know," she said of her young daughter. "Only—you see I've got Mr. Noble—that's this old friend of mine from Hawaii, here——" she added doubtfully.

"Bring him by all means!" said Juliana, in another pause.

"Oh, may I? You're awfully nice to say that——"

"Shall I write him?" Juliana's tone did not slacken. But she remembered with a faint inward chill that there had been a rather insipid young man, who looked and danced like a professional dancer, in close attendance upon the beautiful Mrs. Cruikshank at the club last week, and that Mr. Cruikshank, being warmed with his meal, had expressed himself with more honesty than tact about him.

"She's giving that bird-brain a run!" had been his way of putting it, and Juliana remembered now that there was a hint of real resentment in his words.

Mary Cutter, coming down to the Point to show the resentful Lizzie how to make Maryland biscuit, added to her uneasiness.

"They say that Joe Cruikshank told her that if that man didn't get out of the house, he would," said Mary, perhaps slightly chilled because she and Roger were not to be included in this affair. "One of the society weeklies had an article about it, somebody told me. You know that daughter of hers, who lives with her mother, was by her first marriage, and it seems that this girl's father and Joe Cruikshank were old friends——"

"I never heard that," Juliana said more than once, uncomfortably.

"Well, you and Dan do live so out of things! I've always thought it was perfectly ideal," said Mary. Juliana felt a pang. It did all seem so silly, suddenly. "Don't forget cigarettes!"

"Oh, heavens, what kind do you suppose they smoke?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. You know Roger has regular cavemen theories about them! You haven't any of those cutey boxes and trays that they put down at every place, have you? Of course not. I can lend you some trays when I bring down the spoons and the chutney. You really ought to have the Indian chutney, full of ginger and raisins, but you can't get it now."

"Never again!" said Dan, from the armchair where he was luxuriously cradling Mary Ann and her grazed knee.

"You *have* to do something when people are so kind——" Juliana protested, for the hundredth time. But when the night before the dinner party came she said darkly and wearily, in her secret thoughts: "I wish I was dead. It's going to be awful, and I don't care! They'll see that we wanted to do something!"

And so came the heavenly morning of the day itself, a shining morning of sweetness and warmth, with a sun that was not hot and yet that brought out the fragrance of the lilacs and made the tremulous shade of young leaves delicious over the high green grass of the yard. Dan, over whose recumbent form three children in pajamas were rapturously climbing, commented enthusiastically upon the weather, from his bed.

"I wish it was tomorrow—and pouring!" Juliana said darkly, brushing her long hair. "It'll all be over by this time tomorrow anyway," she consoled herself as she went downstairs.

She was greeted by an unset table and breakfast preparations obviously late.

"I feel like death," said Lizzie, sitting heavily by the kitchen table. "You'd never believe the stren'th of the weakness that come over me like a sending——"

Juliana paid no attention. It was one of many prods that ruffled her soul as the morning wore on. For one thing, the telephone operator was very breezy when Juliana telephoned to the grocer, at twelve, incidentally to say that she had wanted cornstarch, not laundry starch.



"My little sweetheart!" Dan had her in his arms. Mary Ann sniffled, sighed, gulped and was content.

"I thought you didn't want any calls after eight o'clock today," said the operator capably.

"*Tonight!*" Juliana corrected, her heart sinking.

"Well, there was a party from the city trying to get you all morning," the operator said. "I thought you says——"

Juliana hung up, exasperated beyond utterance. The "party from the city" might easily be Mrs. Lee, saying that they positively would, or positively would not, come. The question of what Barbe called "biggening or smallening" the table was important.

Another prod was the arrival of the village real estate man, who had received, it seemed, one more good offer for the Rutherford place. There was a "party that was interested." it appeared.

This was always an annoyance to Dan and a source of real fear and misery to Juliana. It was not only that she had associations with the place, for Juliana, like most American women, could always strike new roots cheerfully and move on to the unknown with great interest, but she suspected that this "interested party" was one of her neighbors, was Dunham Lee or Ross Lessing, who both would have liked this particular strip for garage space or for a tennis court.

It was disheartening to have these apparently friendly persons trying to squeeze the Rutherfords from their foothold, yet both Dan and Juliana suspected that that was exactly what was going on. The whole homestead had cost them less than five thousand dollars; the "interested party" offered fifteen. Dan, who had for some time had his fond eye upon a bit of wooded headland in an obscure village some forty miles farther north, would long ago have accepted this Arabian Nights offer and gone upon his placid way, to reestablish the baby coach and the shabby books and the brass firedogs elsewhere. But the home was Juliana's, and Juliana never wavered. They shouldn't crowd her out, she would say. On the contrary, she would win them, one by one, and find herself snugly established here in their exclusive midst, one of themselves, although her house was not as big as their garages and her income not what many of them paid their secretaries.

But it was especially hard to have the agent reappear today. Today, when his supposed clients were actually to be the Rutherfords' guests at dinner. His offer this morning was of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. The "party" was a rich city man, he said vaguely, his name was Wilson—that was it, Wilson.

"I don't see why he wants to buy it without ever seeing it!" Juliana, baffled, protested uneasily.

"Well, it's a very nice piece," said Mr. Tautphaus judicially.

"Yes, but he couldn't use the (*Continued on page 112*)

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

writes on Joys and Dangers

Now That I'm FIFTY

LOOKING back over this series, I wonder if I have given the impression that being fifty years old is something like being in jail or on a desert island. If so, I've written clumsily.

There are glorious compensations for Fifty.

Let me try to explain one or two of the hundred advantages, now that I have whined about a few of the drawbacks.

At Fifty, I stand on a high hilltop. Ahead, it is true, are other and higher hills before I shall reach the jumping-off place—the summit whence the next step must be a flight.

But I am high enough to get a painfully clear view of the long road behind me; the road I have ascended, so painfully; the road that winds its rough and streaky way up from the start of the climb.

You youngsters would be amazed to see how different the road looks from this end. Why, it isn't the same road at all as it was when I used to look upward along it, instead of looking back!

If I had it to retravel I should make so much better and happier progress—if I didn't chance to stub my silly toe on some obstacle which I skirted by merest luck on the first climb!

The obstructions and the pits and the dragons which I faced and feared on the ascent turn out to have been laughably harmless. Look at a few of them:

There, for example, is the Black Hole of Eternal Disgrace; back near the milestone that is numbered 20. That was the gaping maw which was to swallow me forever if I did not study hard enough to get my degree of A. B. in college.

From childhood I had been made to think that I must either go triumphantly through college or be eternally shamed. It was a horror to me; as it is and has been and shall be to a million more.

Looking back, I see that that yawning Black Hole was a pin point. I couldn't have been plunged into it if I had wanted to. It wasn't big enough to engulf a gnat.

If I had failed in every examination in all my jolly college course—if I had been expelled for pulling the dean's wool-trust whiskers—I'd be not a penny the worse off today; or the less liked and respected by the folk who now are my companions and associates.

Life would have gone on just the same. I see that now. If I had had the wit to see it then I'd have saved myself many a sleepless night and many a half formed plan to run away and enlist in the army.

Why, I don't even know what has become of my longed for college diploma! Probably it has been lost in our various movings. Yet once I would have bartered both legs to acquire the worthless fetish.

Then, a bit farther on in the climb, stretches the Slough of Despair. I thought I should never emerge from that. Looking back, I see the fearsome thing is a six inch mud puddle.

I was hurled to its supposedly bottomless depths by a Girl. She swore she would love me forever; and that she'd wait a lifetime, if need be, for me to earn enough to marry on.

Then, very sensibly, she married for vast wealth an old, *old* man (he must have been nearly thirty-five) who was junior partner in a dry goods store in Brooklyn. And my heart was irremediably broken.

I was a blighted being. I remember I went so far as to commit to memory a Byron poem containing the line: *"And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."* Always I hoped for a chance to recite it to her; with my arms folded and with a Guy Livingstone glower on my face. I never got the chance.

The only time I saw her again was on a train—some three years ago. And by then I had forgotten the poem. She must have weighed as much as I do, that last time I saw her; though once my two hands could span her waist.

She wore spectacles, perspired generously and whistled through her nose—three years ago. And when she recalled herself to my memory I got her mixed up with someone else. Yet in my early twenties my one ideal of a happy evening was to have her weep over my deathbed.

Then, there in my backward survey of the road, I see the Impassable Barrier that rose in front of me and hemmed me in. That Barrier was the loss of a job which appeared to have my whole future bound up with it. It meant an entire reshaping of my work-life; and a dull certainty that my one chance for success was forever gone.

The man who succeeded to my lost job is now drawing down the princely salary of seventy dollars a week; with every prospect of being laid off for old age in a few years. It was the loss of that job which first started me to working in earnest.

Yes, the Impassable Barrier, seen from the right perspective, was only a bit of tough climb which taught me to use my climbing muscles.

Then there was the man who sent me word he would "get" me. One evening as I was taking a walk a pistol bullet dug a nasty hole in a wooden doorpost, scarce a foot away from my silly head.

That was almost a quarter-century ago. Yet for fully a year thereafter I used to be pestered with a feeling that the man was hidden somewhere along my line of walk. I had not the sense to realize that threatened men live long; and that—once having missed me—the poor bungler was not likely to scrape up courage for a second shot. I was no longer in peril. As usual, my worry was wasted.

And so on through the rest of the myriad holes and ridges in the road—holes and ridges which spelled Tragedy; and which, at Fifty, I can smile at. But it is a kindly smile, with nothing of derision in it.

And there are innumerable other men and maids plodding dispiritedly or hopefully along that same deceptively easy road—men and maids to whom I yearn to shout:

"That dragon is only an angleworm. He can't devour you! That yawning chasm isn't six inches wide. Stop trembling and wringing your hands, and step across it! The Slough of Despond hasn't enough black mud in it to stain the soles of your shrinking feet."

But my voice will not carry. And each must tread the road, scared by the same harmless bugaboos that scared me.

I'm sorry for them all. But I am smugly glad for myself. That is one of the joys of Fifty.

Then I look ahead to the mountains yet above me—the hills I must climb before I can reach the Topmost Ledge.

When at last my tired feet shall press that Ledge, or spring joyously forth into space, shall I look back toward the fiftieth milestone and smile amusedly at sight of the dangers that now I dread? I wonder! Why doesn't some *really* old man—say, someone in the nineties—tell me?

Back along the road, from childhood to fifty, I watch and classify the obstacles that strew the route—the perils, the menaces. And this queer bit of memory comes to me:

Nine-tenths of those obstructions and dangers that I used to worry about never came my way at all. Lord, the worry I could have saved myself if I'd known that beforehand!

The air, here on the breezy uplands of Fifty, is bracing and pleasant to breathe. The sun shines caressingly, and with little of the intolerant fierce heat of earlier days. Here, too, is kindly and wise and gentle companionship. It is well to be here.

This is the true Indian Summer of life. Behind lies the tender and fickle Springtime. Behind lies the glowingly burning heat and throb of July and August.

Ahead, of course, are the chill rot and grayness of late November; and the awesome white chill of Winter.

But the Indian Summer of Fifty is glorious; if one has the sense to appreciate it and to revel in its loveliness.

Let's enjoy it, shan't we? And let's try to pity and not envy those behind us who are still scorching in the midsummer heat. It surely ought to be easy to pity and not envy them, since they set us the example.



How I Felt When This Picture Was Taken

I was twenty-one. I had raised a really successful beard, which made me look almost twenty-two. I was free from college, and across the globe. With a good little Syrian stallion under me and a leaky tent to sleep in, I was crossing the Syrian wilderness. In brief, I was discovering a new world.

Perhaps I shall feel as gloriously self-important and heroic again some day. But not until my fellow humans make me Dictator of the Universe, and Rockefeller and Rothschild turn over their fortunes to me. Even then I shall not be twenty-one; which was worth all the rest put together.



"There's a quick word," said Crisp, "a blow from behind——"

The Hunch-Player

YOU know what the fancy call a hunch-player? Well, that was what Crisp of the Star was. Through all the days of his life on a city desk consistently he played two chronic hunches. He believed in going after the seemingly impossible, and he believed that the little apples in the bottom of the barrel sometimes yield the juiciest bites.

Let me explain: There once upon a time was a man in this town of New York whose name was a household word between coast and coast. But his personality was a sealed book throughout this widened range. In banking he was a sky-raking figure; on the private side he was a cipher. He was a whole row of ciphers. Everybody knew what he did. Just nobody, outside his own immediate circle, knew what he was. He moved in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and for all he cared the public might go and hang itself and its inquisitiveness from the same limb.

He had never made utterances for publication; he had never given out statements for print. He was reported to boast that so long as he lived he would never do either one. If the press chose to misrepresent him, let it. If it chose to quote him at secondhand he would not take the trouble to deny or affirm or qualify the accuracy of the words attributed to him. The fabled pioneer who lived so far back in the woods that the owls mated with his chickens was not so inaccessible, so aloof, as this man, with his town house on the Avenue and his office in Wall Street and his thumb in every desirable plum pie that the leading Jack Horners of the money markets could cook up. So accordingly Crisp detailed one of the best men he had to call every Friday morning at ten o'clock and ask, on behalf of the Star, for a special interview. This was kept up for two years.

"Never mind, Larry," Crisp would say when the reporter, returning to the city room, would confess another failure on the assignment. "Just make a note to drop in again next Friday at the regular hour and send your card in. You know that saying about the constant drop of water wearing away the hardest stone? All right, bear it in mind. Some of these days you're going to break down his powers of resistance. Or he'll develop a gnawing curiosity to see what such a persistent idiot as you must appear to him to be, really looks like. Or the day will come when he's ready to break silence, and then you'll be the one newspaperman he'll think of, because your name will be the one that's most familiar to him. Or something. And if the old Sphinx ever does uncork himself—I mean when he does, not if—he'll rock the Pyramids. And, Larry, oh my son, we'll be there when the rocking starts!"

It came to pass on a Friday morning in the beginning of the third year that the inscrutable one ceased to be inscrutable. He just naturally hauled off and unrolled himself like a scroll. What he said about finance and the science of finance and the politics of it and the domestic and international aspects of it, giving names and dates, book, chapter and verse, shook both hemispheres. Like the tail of the snake which doesn't die till the sun goes down, the last faint tremors begotten of that interview were still being felt in the farther corners of this earth long after the Star had ceased to halo itself for its epochal beat.

This, by illustration, was how Crisp played one of his favorite hunches. Here was how he played the other one: If ever you have seen a trained newspaperman running through a paper you know the way he does it even though you may not be able to imitate him. His eye goes hurrying down the sheet, column by column, picking up now a name or a word, there a phrase or a sentence, and when, in an amazingly short time, he has finished with that page and turned to the next one he has in his brain a pretty fair compilation of the outstanding facts—the details



Another Excellent Mystery Story By

Irvin S. Cobb

Illustrations by C. D. Williams

covered and the details not as yet fully covered and so deserving of further consideration.

It is quite a knack and one not come by without practice. Crisp had the performance of it well mastered but he went further than some news editors go. He gave a special heed to those small oddments and ends of news that were tucked down at the ends of the columns and shoved off at the sides in the out-of-the-way corners where the unclassified ads occurred.

About once in so often he would slow up and stop and back up to re-read some seemingly trivial paragraph which the make-up man had used as a footstone for a story of admitted importance. Probably, then, he would cut it out and call to him a reporter in whose abilities as a sapper and miner of buried news values he had confidence.

"Here, son," he would say, "scout out on this, will you? I may be wrong but it looks to me as though you might dig up a story out of this little thing. Just go to the address that's given here and ask this woman why, when the flat caught fire, she let her piano burn up and saved the stuffed parrot? I've got a sort of a notion in the back part of my head that maybe your time won't be entirely wasted."

Or, as in the well remembered instance of the Prospect Slope mystery, so called, there was Crisp, rolling in his fingers a clipping from his own paper and saying to Cullinan, his star reporter of that particular period:

"Cully, I'm not altogether satisfied with the way the cops over in Brooklyn and the newspapers on this side of the River are handling this Holloway story. I'm not so blamed well satisfied with the way we've handled it ourselves, in this shop. It begins to look to me as though we've all been overlooking a good bet."

"I think my story will stack up alongside any other evening paper in town's story," said Cullinan, so deeply stung in his professional quick that he trod heavily upon the rules of grammar —not that Cully cared for that. Being an average good reporter, he respected the rules of grammar not a bit in his speech and not any too much in his writings, but stamped them underfoot at will.

What Cullinan, the master hand, did care about was the implied suggestion that he might have shirked the job.

Crisp hastened to soothe him:

"Don't misunderstand me. I'm not complaining of your work. It's your frame of mind I'm thinking of. The mistake you've made—and the one that I've made, too, for that matter—is following the line of least resistance, the same as the detective force has been doing ever since the start. Well, it's only natural for people to think in a groove. There's a good deal of the sheep in the composition of most of us—it's instinct for us to trail along after a leader. But so far as the Star is concerned I've decided that we'd better be nosing out on a fresh track for a little while and see what it gets us.

"Here's what I want you to do this morning: Let Sheridan and Cope cover the main police ends and you get busy and find out exactly what this young fellow Holloway's salary was with the Kings Trust Company. Find out, if you can, whether he'd been living past his means—whether there's any chance of our showing that he might have been short in his accounts with those trust company people. Find out, some way or other, how much life insurance he carried, and, above all things, you learn whether he'd taken out any large policies on his life within the past year or the past two years."

"All right, sir, just as you say, but you've got me dizzy—I've got to own up to that. The way I look at it—the only way you can look at it—this thing is just a dead open-and-shut case of murder and you're beginning to talk as though——"

Crisp jumped at him with a question before he could finish: "What makes you so sure it's murder?"

"Why, boss, what else could it be? Here's young Holloway coming home late and finding his wife in bed. He's getting undressed to turn in when he says to her he thinks he hears curious noises downstairs. He takes his gun out of the bureau drawer where he keeps it, and without making any light goes slipping downstairs to investigate. He tells his wife to stay where she is—that probably there's nothing wrong but he only wants to make sure, that's all. Well, he goes on down, and in about a minute more she hears him call out from there and then she hears a shot, and with that she screams and faints away.

"But the neighbor next door, this Mr. J. P. Gatewood, happens to be awake and of course he hears the shot, too. And so he jumps up and pulls on a few clothes and runs across lots and he finds the front door of the Holloway house open and he bulges in and turns on the lights. And there's young Holloway dead on the dining room floor with a bullet in his heart—shot at close range—and his pet fox terrier that must have followed him downstairs from the bedroom, is standing over him, whimpering.

"Holloway's pistol, a thirty-eight caliber, is on the floor alongside him—it hasn't been fired. The gun that did kill him—an old-fashioned Colt's, forty-two caliber—is there, too, where the murderer must have dropped it as he whirled to run. And on the dining room table, all done up in a tablecloth, is most of the silverware, showing that Holloway must have slipped up on the robber and surprised him while he was tying up the swag. And on the carpet there are plenty of muddy tracks, and outside on the porch and still farther out on the lawn are more tracks that correspond with these—two sets of 'em—one set showing where somebody with a big number eleven shoe crept up to the house at a crawl almost and got in by the front door, and the other set, going away, with the prints farther apart, to show where the same party that wore those shoes beat it away from there as fast as he could travel.

"How are you going to get away from that strange pistol? Or from those strange footprints? What else could it be but a plain open-and-shut case of murder by a housebreaker—even if the police haven't been able to find the man that did it yet?"

"Cully," said Crisp, droning his words, "let's suppose a few things. Let's suppose that Holloway, on a salary of not exceeding six thousand a year—probably not more than five—was living at the rate of fifteen or twenty thousand a year. As a matter of fact, we don't have to suppose that part of it very hard—we know he lived in an expensive neighborhood in a rented house and kept four servants and belonged to two country clubs and ran with a fast set. Let's suppose that he's been spending money that wasn't his—trust company money. Let's suppose that he's desperate—that he makes up his mind to take a short cut out of the mess by the suicide route; that he's been thinking of doing it for some time past. But he wants to leave his wife provided for. So he insures his life—remember, I'm still supposing—insures his life for enough money to square up his accounts and still leave plenty for her to live on.

"But then he finds out the policies have the regular clauses in them—like most life insurance policies do—voiding the payments if the holder kills himself by deliberate intent inside of one year or two or three from the date of issue. So he rigs up a plant to throw dust in the eyes of his wife and the police and the insurance people and everybody.

"He stays out on a certain night until he knows she's in bed. Then he sneaks in, bringing with him an extra pistol and a pair of secondhand shoes big enough to slip 'em on over his own shoes. Working in the dark, he makes those sets of duplicate tracks, going and coming, and then hides that pair of number elevens where they won't be found. He rolls up the silver in a bundle—all a part of his plan to make the burglar theory seem more plausible. He puts the Colt's where he can find it without any trouble. He leaves the front door open. Then he goes upstairs, starts to take off his clothes, pretends to hear suspicious noises downstairs, tells his wife, who's sleepy, that he's going to investigate, takes his own gun in his hand, goes back down, shoots himself through the heart with the strange gun—and there you are. What do you think of that for a job of ground-and-lofty supposing?"

"Sounds like a good side slant to take if we want to smoke up the story and keep it on the front page a few days longer," said Cullinan, speaking, against his will, admiringly. "But, while we're supposing, let's suppose it turned out that taking that viewpoint was wrong. I don't know whether, under the laws of this State, you can libel a dead man, but it would be a rotten thing to do to a dead man's memory and to his widow, wouldn't it, boss—if they caught the murderer, say?"

"It certainly would," said Crisp dryly. "We'd have to have our deductions pretty well proved up before we sprung 'em. That's why I'm detailing you to look up Holloway's private business affairs today."

"Just as you say," said Cullinan, "but would you mind telling me, boss, who was it that started you off on this new slant?"

"You—you're the man."

"Me!"

It wasn't a question; it was an exclamation.

"Yes, you—in a line or two you had in your story on the first day. I came across it last night when I was checking up the Star's stories with the Courier's and the Evening Dispatch's to see how our work on it compared with theirs; that's a little habit of mine you didn't know I had, did you? What I don't understand is how I missed the point on the day we printed it. You remember that talk you had with Gatewood, the neighbor, the morning you got the assignment, don't you?"

"Of course."

"Remember what he said about Holloway's dog?"

"Holloway's dog?" echoed Cullinan blankly.

"Yes. Gatewood told you—or so you quoted him as saying—that the first he knew of the killing was when he heard the shot fired, although at the time he was wide awake."

"Yes, that's right," assented the puzzled reporter.

"And that when he got there the dog was standing over Holloway's body whining—he said that, too, didn't he?"

"Certainly he did, but what——"

"Cully," snapped Crisp, "do you own a dog, now?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever own a dog?"

"As a boy—yes, sir."

"Was it a fox terrier?"

"It was part terrier, I think—and part cur. I called him Grip."

"Well, suppose you'd heard suspicious noises in your own house when you owned Grip and you'd gone downstairs to investigate, taking Grip with you? And suppose in the darkness you'd run into a prowler—a stranger? Wouldn't the cur part of Grip have started him growling as soon as he caught a whiff of that intruder and wouldn't the terrier part of Grip have set him to barking at the same time? Grip might have licked your hand and whimpered after you'd been shot, but before that happened—I leave it to you—wouldn't he have been yelping so's everybody on the block could hear him? People can dissemble and play tricks on one another but under any given set of imaginable circumstances you can't keep a dog from doing the dependable and the inevitable thing. Even associating with mankind doesn't keep a dog from being natural and honest—and that's saying a good deal for the dog. Think it over, Cully, my son, think it over—but first get busy on this lead I'm handing you."

"Boss," said Cully worshipfully, "by gosh, you might be right at that! I remember Grip's ways." He clutched for his hat and overcoat. "Anyhow, I'm on my way."

And, as it turned out, the boss was right, and when on the next day after this the Star clouted the rest of the Row between the eyes with a gorgeous exclusive, was a prophet not without honor in his own country.

It was startling—the number of times in the course of a year that the Star came through with a good human interest yarn—humorous or pathetic or dramatic—as a result of some such obscured beginning. The members of Crisp's staff, who idolized him professionally, and in their private capacities sometimes hated him, had an even stronger word for it. They said it was incredible. They said it was as though old Ben Alibi every now and then developed the gift of second sight. They likened his talent to the talent of a smart ratter that can smell out a hidden rat behind a wainscoting where dogs with only ordinarily keen noses catch no betraying scent. These may not have been exactly the words they used in describing the phenomenon, but this was their purport.

It would have astonished them in a fresh place if anybody had told them that this persistent phase of their chief's hunch-playing was based on a profound private superstition. For he neither looked nor deported himself after the fashion of one who believed in signs and portents; he seemed so absolutely materialistic. They would have marveled, I guess, to know that in a small flapped compartment of his pocket cardcase he carried a fetish. It was a raggedy and faded scrap of news print stock—a twelve line clipping from a newspaper that went out of business



"I leave it to you—wouldn't that dog have been yelping so's everybody on the block could hear him?"

before the panic of 1907. From age and rubbing, the type lines were scarcely to be read. And if you did succeed in reading them, their meaning seemed inconsequential and incidental to the bygone event upon which they bore.

But Crisp treasured the frayed scrap as though it had been a jewel of price. It was to him a reminder of his first notable beat after he came in off the street to take the city desk of the newly established Daily Star. It was more than a reminder. It was a charm and a token. Proof and promise of the value of a hunch; that's what it was to him.

At the time—and that time is far back of the time of this present writing—the Trask case made a big stir in New York, what with the killing first and then the arrest and the confession and the trial and all. The story broke late one steamy August night, barely allowing for the morning papers to throw together short front page stories for their late city editions. Briefly, the outstanding facts were these:

John Q. A. Trask was a middle-aged person of independent means, one fairly conspicuous in certain gentlemanly activities suitable to a person of his station and leisure. He was an amateur yachtsman, an owner of race horses, a card player who didn't much care how large the stakes might be, a member of several clubs, a patron of the sports. Summing up in a short line, you might have classified him as a typical man-about-town; he came as near to filling the qualifications for that rather vague indexing as any man you might have named. He lived in the expensive and supposedly exclusive Lathrop Arms apartments on Twenty-eighth Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues. Twenty years ago Twenty-eighth Street was not so far uptown for general purposes, neither was it so far down for high-priced apartment hotels as it is today. It was very much in the middle of things, and this Mr. John Q. A. Trask was perhaps the most widely known of its bachelor tenants.

It was in the doorway of the Lathrop Arms that somebody brained him on that hot night of midsummer. It would seem that he last was seen alive when he left the Cosmos Club in Madison Square at or about eleven forty-five o'clock. The doorman at the Cosmos was able to fix the time fairly accurately. He remembered that he offered to call a cab for the departing member but Mr. Trask told him that he meant to walk home. He was alone then. Presumably, he still was alone when he came to where he lived; it must have been a very few minutes past midnight when he got there. It was at twelve o'clock that the hall attendant at the Lathrop Arms closed the elevator, set the night latch on the street door, extinguished all the lights in the first floor foyer, excepting one near the staircase, and went to his bed in the basement; all this in accord with the regular routine.

Outside in the gloom of the pillared entry Mr. Trask must have been in the act of slipping his pass-key in the keyhole when the assassin struck him down, probably from behind. Later the key was picked up from the tiled floor of the entryway where it had been dropped. Ten feet away on the sidewalk was found, at the same time, the weapon with which the man had

been killed. It was a piece of gas pipe, common gas pipe, brutally heavy and yet most handy; it could be carried, hidden, under a coat or up a sleeve or down a trouser leg. With it the victim's head had been crushed in.

In all likelihood the first blow, crashing through his straw hat, was the blow that killed him. He must have gone down without crying out or any struggling, barring perhaps the spasmodic twitchings of a lusty creature suddenly stricken. But the assailant had not been content to deliver the one lethal stroke; no expert's aid was needed for the reconstruction of the scene. Bending over the felled shape, the murderer had continued to swing his gas pipe, striking again and again, making scrap of the victim's skull.

The finding of the key and the pipe-length and the piecing together of the action of the crime, belonged, though, among the subsequent developments; these were details uncovering in swift order following upon the discovery of the body. A private policeman brought the word of that to a regular policeman. The former, in his gray uniform, came running, all out of breath, to pant out the news to his blue-coated professional brother, Officer Oscar Lieber, when Lieber was walking his post in Madison Avenue just around the corner from the spot where the thing occurred. The men knew each other; their official duties brought them together nightly. They had met on their rounds and had chatted briefly and had parted at a point two blocks distant, less than an hour before. These two immediately became outstanding figures in the early phases of the investigation. Indeed, then and thereafter they were the only persons who might in any sense be called witnesses as regards the main event, and even in their case the term must be used in a qualified sense.



"The girl's brother is not the kind who forgives."

The private policeman, by name Jerome T. Sweeney, was in the employ of the Hoster Patrol and Watch Service, a responsible concern and one favorably known to the authorities and to housekeepers generally. His beat included the block where the Lathrop Arms stood. His story of the finding of the body was, substantially, as follows:

He was going along the north side of Twenty-eighth Street trying doors. The street was quiet and, except for him, apparently deserted. From the time he swung into it coming east out of Fifth Avenue he had seen no other pedestrian whatsoever. Reaching the Lathrop Arms he turned in off the sidewalk to make sure the street door properly was fastened. He stumbled over something. He pressed the button of his electric flash and by its light saw at his feet the sprawled figure of a well dressed man, the head terribly battered. He stooped and felt for signs of life and the touch of his hands confirmed what already his eyes had told him. So he ran around into Madison Avenue, seeking assistance there, and he found Lieber and brought Lieber back with him.

In handling the body both men got blood upon their hands; they had the wit about them, though, not to shift it materially from where it lay, twisted on its side. They did convince themselves that death had taken place within the past fifteen minutes. In so far as their first hurried examination tended to show, robbery had not been the motive behind the thing, for on the person of the dead man they found a gold watch and a bill folder containing a considerable amount of money; much loose silver and a gold piece or so were in one of his trouser pockets. In all of these minor points the two men, at the inquest, confirmed and corroborated each other; their statements under oath touching on the state of things matched and dovetailed.

After some difficulty they succeeded in awaking the hall attendant, who had fallen soundly asleep, although by his own account he had been in bed but a short while. The shocked attendant, a West Indian negro, identified the victim. About his behavior there was nothing suspicious but, putting himself on the safe side, Lieber detained him, as the police term is. When in doubt, arrest somebody; when in great doubt, arrest that somebody very promptly—this is a dependable axiom of the uniformed force, and always has been.

So, at breakfast time that day, the matter stood. So all day it continued to stand. The trouble with this story was that it didn't keep growing. There was no progress to it, no development, no cumulation; and any playwright will tell you that these are defects fatal to a dramatic piece.

Now, the newspaper game, on a larger scale merely is the playwriting game and subject to much the same rules, the main distinction being that in a print shop a new show must be put on each day with different scenery and its own special cast. No run lasts for longer than twenty-four hours and usually it doesn't last that long even. You must keep bringing in fresh scenes and fresh characters or the interest lags. It is all very well to lift your curtain with a tragedy, but it is altogether bad if the first act climax is the only climax you have to offer to your audience.

This last, exactly, was what ailed the Trask story. It began promisingly—this dilettante sportsman sauntering homeward from his club through the silent guarded streets, his white straw hat a pale blur in the half darkness, his dinner coat a black patch below it; his feet ringing briskly on the paving, his head up; seemingly a man at peace with a peaceful world, certainly a man without known bitter enemies—and then of a sudden attacked at the very threshold, bludgeoned out of all wholesome semblance and left on his own doorsteps a pitiably, sadly marred huddle of dead flesh. That you will allow, is a promising beginning for any news story. It calls for front page spreads; is a thing to be played up with picture layouts and garnished with the strong adjectives of modern journalese. But it stopped as it began—with abruptness.

The newspapers could ask questions but neither they nor the police were able to supply the answers. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that a footpad killed Trask, why did he fail to strip the body of its valuables? He had abundant time in which to hammer Trask's head out of shape. What then was the reason, presuming the slayer to be a common marauder, that he did not

take the time to collect the loot which would be his reward? If jealousy, if some hidden grudge, if a quarrel for a woman's favor was the motive, it then became inconceivable to imagine any man of Trask's class adopting the methods of a highwayman. If a wandering maniac had assaulted the clubman, what had become of him? Why had no one seen him lurking about the neighborhood earlier in the evening? Why had no one seen him departing out of it after he finished his ghastly gas pipe job? Lacking facts, the newspapers for the most part ran the scales on the lunatic theory.

Along Park Row smart things were looked for from Crisp, the youngest city editor on it. The Star was a new paper then—Wendover recently had founded it and was putting scads of money in it to make it go—and Crisp only three weeks before had been brought over from the Intelligencer, at a big salary for those days, to run its city room. So, naturally, he was expected to rise to this opportunity, to give the Trask story some twist which sensationally would quicken it even though the effect might mean only talk on the street and added circulation through a few editions.

He did nothing of the sort. Wiseacres in certain rival shops, not to mention those in his own shop, said it was the old story—spoiling a cracking good reporter to make a commonplace city editor. Well, nearly always, didn't it turn out just that way? Somehow, when they quit using their legs they quit using their noodles, too; funny, wasn't it? And what was it Pulitzer had said once about every reporter being a hope and every editor a disappointment? So forth and so on.

If to Crisp's ears came any echo of this dismal litany from the official Jobs and Jeremiahs of the Row, where pessimism was a calling in life rather than a temperamental aspect, and where they pretended to be sorry for you when really they were glad you had failed, and where the art of envy rose to great heights and was a real and a finished art, he gave no sign that he knew what the anthem singers might be singing. He applied no artificial stimulant to the story; his journalistic pulmotor, which fancy would have painted a rich chrome yellow, apparently was out of order. He seemed content to let the yarn run its course in the conventional channels.



"Trask goes away from that town. Shame or fright causes him to leave."

True, he sent Sheridan, who was one of his best, up to the Massachusetts town where Trask had been born, presumably with orders to dig into Trask's earlier life, but whatever it may have been that Sheridan found out, Crisp saw fit not to print it. Also he detailed Olson, a first rate assignment man, to do a feature on the personalities of Lieber, the policeman, and Sweeney, the private patrolman. He went to unusual pains in this matter. Olson was instructed to get all possible facts touching on the professional and private records of these two—when Lieber had joined the force, for example, and when Sweeney had secured employment with the Hoster Patrol and Watch Service, and what, if any, the latter's prior experience had been as an officer, and where both men were born and what families they had and where they lived; an exhaustive inquiry, you would have said, considering that the pair appeared to be rather a commonplace and uninteresting pair. When Olson brought them down to the Star's office to pose for illustrations for the yarn, Crisp made a journey up to the staff photographers' department on the roof and met both the men and chatted with them.

But the effects hardly seemed to justify the efforts. The thing had been done before and, reading Olson's stuff in the galley proofs, the critics inside the Star shop told one another that also it had been better done. For that matter, unless he resorted to fiction, there really was nothing particularly exciting Olson might have said of his two subjects in hand. The critics agreed that the fault for the fall-down was not the reporter's. They voted unanimously to put the blame on the shoulders of the man who had set him to the task.

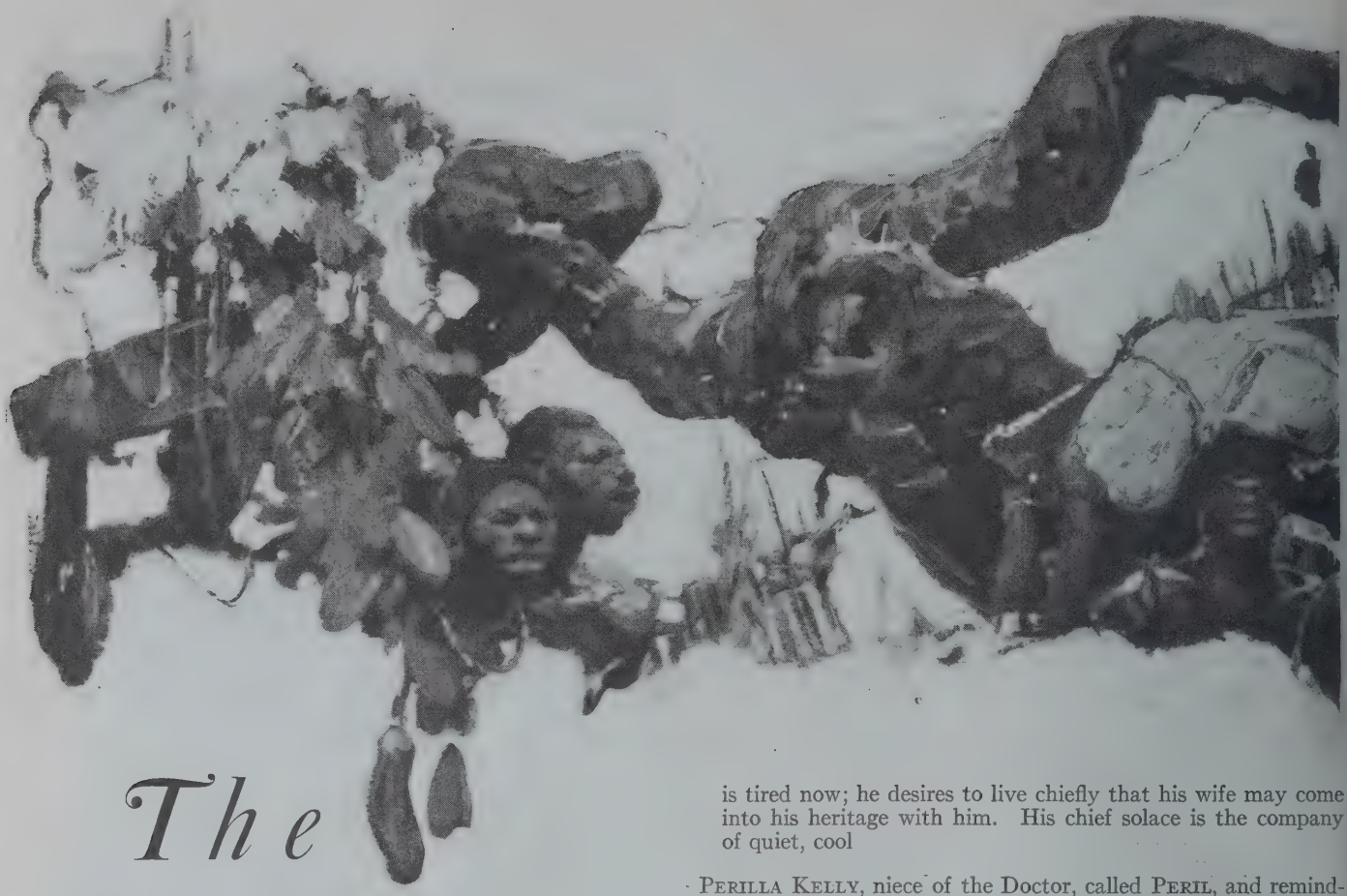
Moreover, having got the special into type, Crisp failed to run it; he margined it "Hold." Promptly on this the elder statesmen went into executive session again and took their knocking tools with them. Was it possible that so soon after his elevation to an executive post this bumptious young squirt of a Crisp was losing the sense of proportion which had marked him as a reporter? Wasting all this time and trouble on a feature spread that failed utterly to pan out? Well, anyhow, there you were; the thing spoke for itself. There was, they argued, no more to be said, meaning that there was a great deal more to be said. Cockburn, whom Crisp had succeeded on the city desk, led the anvil chorus, swinging a wicked sledge. Cockburn was on exchanges now and feeling low and miasmic in his mind.

As for Crisp, he suffered the Trask story to languish and shrink until its rehashed dimensions fitted inside a second page column and, jibing off on a fresh tack, he concentrated on the traction graft scandal, which was a dependable and popular hardy annual, giving to it the favored places in his make-ups. For a week he followed where this bent took him, and the other thing grew staler by the minute. Then one bright morning he experienced a change in judgment.

It would appear that all of a sudden his shifting fancy inclined him to re-oxygenize the now almost moribund Trask story. He sent Olson to ask Lieber and Sweeney, the two chief witnesses in that diminishing mystery, to call at the Star building in the afternoon at three; his message was that he desired their personal approval for what had been said about them in Olson's held over special. Seemingly a mania for accuraey in small things was besetting the young man.

They came in company, convoyed as (*Continued on page 135*)

By CYNTHIA STOCKLEY



The Garden of Peril

A Résumé of Part One:

DOCTOR BRUCE KELLY, of Umtété, a small town in Rhodesia, is something of a wizard as a physician—a baldish, stoutish, reddish, absent-minded man with flashes of piercing penetration.

He has a strange garden. In it he grows all sorts of plants, many of them deadly poisons, which he uses in his medical practice. The juice of one of these plants, colored like sloe gin, he uses as an injection in treating the illness of

PAMFREVILLE [PAM] HESELTINE, heir to the Marquisate of Scawnshane and a hopeless invalid until Doctor Kelly tried his injections, under which he is slowly improving. Pam's illness is the penalty of a life lived too swiftly, too fully. He is tired now; he desires to live chiefly that his wife may come into his heritage with him. His chief solace is the company of quiet, cool

PERILLA KELLY, niece of the Doctor, called PERIL, and reminding those who know her of a pool of lilies. Peril is much in the Doctor's garden. She prepares his drugs, and also sits hour by hour watching the passers-by from behind a high hedge, and meditating about them. Once, on the boat to Africa, she had been thrown in with Pam's wife

DORIA HESELTINE, and has judged the woman for what she is. Doria, indeed, lives chiefly for her own beautiful face and figure. Her amusement is breaking the hearts of men; her serious pursuit, power and riches. She does not love her husband in the least; but she too wants him to live—for the Marquisate. Meanwhile she is doing her utmost to lure Pam's cousin into making love to her.

One day, as part of a plan to inveigle him into calling, she goes to Peril's house to telephone. There she accidentally sees some of the sloe-like plant juice and learns from Peril that it is a deadly poison from which the victim could not be saved unless it were known that he had taken it. Doria seems strangely fascinated and insists that she must have a gown of that color.

Also, her ruse in telephoning from the Doctor's house instead of her own has been successful in luring again to her side

PUNCH HESELTINE, Pam's cousin, a debonair Rhodesian Mounted Policeman who, like Pam, has burned up a fortune and to whom so exquisitely finished a woman as Doria represents all he can no longer have. Yet Punch stubbornly fights the allure of Doria, intermittently breaks away from her; he is too loyal to Pam to take what he sees he might have. Lately, too, he has met Peril and finds a curious relief in her rare fineness contrasted with his hectic life.

One night he does very nearly take Doria in his arms at her gate; but Peril accidentally passes, he gets a new grip on himself, and Doria's triumphant moment, to her enraged chagrin, is gone.

On his way to camp, Punch calls on Peril to return her hat, which she had forgotten, and finds the girl weeping over the loss of a pet "bush-baby" killed by a dog. He comforts her, more deeply affected by her girlish genuineness than he cares to confess.

On arriving at camp that night, Punch finds two messages awaiting him. One is a telegram calling him to Northern

A New Novel of South Africa by the Author of "PONJOLA"



Illustrations by
Dean Cornwell

Rhodesia on police business—a welcome excuse to escape Doria's influence. The other is a cablegram advising him that Pam's younger brother Richard has been killed skiing in Switzerland, and reminding him that in case of Pam's death he, Punch, is the next heir.

But Pam's health is growing daily better. "Not much of the non-survivor about old Pam now," Punch thinks, smiling. "He's a hot number, as they'll pretty soon discover."

Part Two:

IT WAS out of the question to take the news of Dick's death over to Minto Lodge that night. Not so much because of the lateness of the hour as because Punch Heseltine's nature revolted against burdening a sick man's night with sorrow. For that Pam would be heartbroken he knew. Dick was an only brother, the baby of the house, and the last hope of that branch of the family. Besides, he had been such a splendid youngster. One of those gay, brave, clean-hearted boys of whom it is *afterwards* recognized that there was something about them not of this world.

Most people have met at some time one or more of these bright brief sojourners and been left with a haunting memory of them. During the war, how often had not Punch encountered them! A sort of fatal radiance marked them that the bullet or wandering piece of shell could never miss.

The stamp of recall, Punch used to call it to himself—recall to the golden halls of a King who could no longer spare such gallant knights to earth. And now he remembered that he had seen the stamp clearly marked on young Dick . . . It is always remembered afterwards!

Glory, coupled with an early tomb!

Yet the boy had been spared through the last year of war—the only one he had been old enough to join in—to be killed amusing himself! Leaping from some slope above the Cresta Run, with youth and courage rushing hot in his veins, through the crystal-cold air into eternity! Well. A good death! A death that Pam would understand, anyhow, however much it broke him up. Thank God old Pam was a sportsman, and as such, even if he didn't read much poetry, knew the significance of those two lines:

> At the doors of life, by the gates of breath,
> There are worse things waiting for men than Death.

Something to be grateful for, too, that Pam was so much better that no bad consequences need be feared from the blow, once the sharpness of it was over.

However, it occurred to Punch that he ought to get Bruce Kelly's opinion before doing anything in the matter, and with this in his mind he stopped his horse at the gate of The Hill next morning and entered once more into that garden of the last night's sweet and subtle experience.

It still had a magic air, he thought as he mounted the winding path to the house, and caught again in his nostrils the sharp odors of herbs and scented things. A man might capture enchantment here, something to carry with him for refreshment through the dusty wastes of life, something to hide in his heart forever!

The Doctor stood on the veranda, just about to set off on his morning rounds, patting his pockets, looking at his watch and consulting his notebook, while Peril waited gravely beside him, holding his hat and a little leather case. Thus Punch saw her for the first time in the broad eye of day, under the scrutiny of Africa's morning sun, a piercing indagation that only youth can bear with equanimity—

> Rose-white youth,
> Passionate, pale . . .

And on Peril, in her smock of larkspur-blue, it enhanced a look of dawn and dew. He saw at last that her eyes were of a clear,



"What on earth! *Doria!*" cried Pam. It was as if the sound of his voice struck her like lightning.

warm honey color. Faint crescents of shadow beneath them were the sole trace of last night's wild storm, and they gave him an odd thrill. He immensely admired self-control and serenity in man or woman, but it thrilled him to remember that she could weep so wildly, that under that slumbering pool of lilies there were passionate fountains of emotion. The thought that he shared this secret with her was like a sudden precious gift put into his hand.

All the same he could see they were both wondering why he had come, and he made haste to explain that he wanted advice from the Doctor as to breaking some family bad news to Pam. At which the girl softly and swiftly disappeared in the garden.

"It is very distressing," Bruce Kelly decided with knitted brow. "But you would not be justified in keeping it back, and thank the Lord he is well enough to stand it now. A week or two ago I couldn't have answered for him."

They walked down to Minto Lodge together, and the Doctor elected to wait in the garden, on the off chance that he might be required, and also, he said, because he wanted to have a quiet chat with Nurse Gordon.

"Send her out here to me, and mind you have your cousin to yourself when you tell him. Keep Mrs. Heseltine and everyone else out of the room if possible."

With which instruction Punch found himself very much in accord. The Heseltine men were not much given to audiences when they were in grief. Nor to wearing their sorrows on their sleeves or anywhere else where they might be easily observed. The more astonishing then that Pam should instantly have

divined from one glance at his cousin's mask-like face that something was wrong. Sickness seemed to have endowed him with a sense of second sight that he certainly did not possess in health.

"Out with it, Punch!"

"Bad news, old chap."

Pam Heseltine took the cigarette from his mouth and pressed it, red end down, on one of the breakfast plates still littering the table. A tightened, whitened look came about his lips. He knew it could not be the "old man." Punch would not make a song and dance about *that* piece of intelligence, for they were not hypocrites, and neither of them cared a tuppenny about the egotistical, unlovable, vindictive old Marquis. And it couldn't be Doria, for he had spoken to her through her door adjoining the dining room not ten minutes ago. And Punch, the next best, was here before him. Then?

"Not—*not* young Dick?" His voice broke and he knew the answer before it came.

"Yes," Punch answered gently, "young Dick. On the slopes above the Cresta."

Pam gave a low groan, like a man who has received a mortal thrust, and sat back closing his eyes. *That* old place! He saw it clearly as he had seen it many a time. Steep allures of whiteness and softness, untrodden, unspeakably inviting . . . the far ridges of pine prickling and darkling against a sky of dazzling blue . . . bright sunshine . . . rose-pink and hyacinthine shadows dancing under distant ice peaks. *That* old place! To go back on one of the Heseltines! And young Dick too!

"The best of the bunch!" he muttered.

"Yes—the best of us, Pam. Far better have been me."

Pam lifted his head and regarded his cousin with eyes grown desolate.

"Or better still me—for all the good I am in this blasted world. *You* will have children to carry on the old line. I never shall."

They did not know how long Doria had been with them before they noticed her, so softly had she opened the door from her room and remained standing like a lovely specter, in her jade-green wrapper, glimmering through her mysterious shroudings of tulle like a tinted pearl. At all events it was not necessary to repeat the tragic fact. She had gathered *that* at least, and when she spoke it was only to ask in subdued and mournful voice when it happened and how. But of course Punch could only repeat the bare event. The rest was surmise, until more news came in, but he and Pam, old skiers themselves, had already filled in details, just as they knew without telling that it could not have been the Cresta itself where the boy was killed, but those steep slopes above it, so treacherously liable to the avalanche that carries a man to swift and rushing death over the precipice. He had been careful not to bring the cable with him because of certain features in it unnecessary to obtrude upon his cousin's attention, and it was disconcerting to find Doria exhibiting an inconvenient curiosity.

"Where is the cablegram? How strange they should send it to *you*, Punch, instead of to us!"

"They knew Pam was ill, of course—or *has* been."

"Not strange at all," interrupted Pam harshly. "The old man looks upon me as as good as dead already—and *you*, my dear, don't come into it at all. Don't forget that. A different thing if we'd had children." His unhappy gaze fixed itself on her with a hostility that astonished Punch as much as the words. He had never known his cousin to speak to or look at his wife with anything but a cynical amusement tempered by tenderness. But what were these acrid mutterings that now fell from him? "If *you'd* chosen to have children!"—he gave her a bitter glance. "As it is you must remember that Punch comes next—Punch and *his* children." His head sagged wearily forward between his shoulders. "And a good thing, too!" he muttered.

This was miserably embarrassing to Punch. Unbearable indeed, and he got up hastily. The obligation of kinship that had brought him did not include listening to domestic recrimination, and he was astonished and annoyed at his cousin's attack even as he could not but admire Doria's mien under it. She stood there silent and proud, looking from one man to the other with a brooding reflectiveness.

"What *really* matters, old man"—Punch laid a hand on his cousin's shoulders in passing and spoke with a tenderness he could not withhold from that stricken man—"is that you should go on improving in health as you have done. And mind, I expect to see you as strong as I am myself when I get back in a month or two from Northern Rhodesia."

"*Northern Rhodesia*'!" Reflectiveness left Doria's gaze, giving place to a tense and quivering interest. The words leaped into the room like something alive. Even Pam, lost in his miserable thoughts, looked up inquiringly to his wife's face and seemed arrested by something he saw there. Meanwhile Punch was calmly propounding the matter of his sudden summons to Buluwayo and the unavoidability of an immediate departure.

"But Punch——"

Deliberately he ignored the pleading urgency of her eyes. They beckoned, they called, almost they wound arms about him. But keeping his careless air he held firm in his resolution.



Thus Punch saw her for the first time in the broad eye of day. And on Peril, Africa's morning sun enhanced a look of dawn and dew.



The Doctor examined the drink critically. "It seems to me," he said to Pam, "a good deal

"I'm afraid it can't be helped—I must asolutely say good by *now*. Much as I should like to look in again, it will be simply impossible—a hundred things to do before I go—got to catch the noon train or there'll be the dickens to pay."

"But Punch, I *must* speak to you before. Just wait until I get into a gown . . . I'll be out in the garden in a few minutes."

"By the way, the Doctor's in the garden waiting to come and see Pam. *Must* go, Doria—sorry, but I'm rushed to death this morning. Besides, I shall only be gone a couple of months at the outside . . . Now remember, Pam, my dear merchant,



lighter in color than the stuff you had." "There, I *knew* it!" cried Doria in mock despair.

you're to be as fit as a fiddle when I return . . . Good by, Doria . . . So long, Pam."

By sheer dint of talking all the time and taking no note of anything said or *looked* at him, he got away at last. But he was breathing hard, like a man who has escaped a deep danger, when he rode off at a gallop down the road. And he managed the noon train without seeing anyone again.

Moreover he contrived to evade the telephone calls that pursued him throughout the morning whether in club or camp or town office, with a certain anonymous urgency. Someone was



Punch and Doctor Kelly walked together to Minto Lodge to tell Pam the news of young Dick's death

moving Heaven and earth to communicate with him, but that quality of iron in him resisted the demand. He intended to remain faithful to certain resolutions made the night before—resolutions that a man who considered himself a clean Englishman with a love of "the game" as played by "white men" had *got* to make, and keep. Fate had given a hand by calling him away from Umtété at this juncture. Also, there was something else . . . something had nestled in his hand and winged into the silent places of his heart. There was a girl with warm, honey-colored eyes. A pool of lilies!

Pam Heseltine did not get over his brother's death as well as could have been hoped, considering the firm foundation his general health had regained. He brooded. And more than once in the first few weeks Doctor Kelly regretted that Punch should have been called away just then, for of all people that gay and amusing Policeman might have distracted the patient from his sorrow. Bruce Kelly, indeed, was astonished at the fund of grief revealed in the man. It seemed almost unnatural; as if the boy had been a son instead of a brother.

But that was just it. Dick *had* been more of a son than a brother, for when their mother died, in giving him birth, the elder boy, already of age, had expended all there was of generosity in him on the little motherless chap. Fathering him too, for their father died within a year and there was no one else but Pam to see young Dick through Eton scrapes and Oxford escapades. And always the younger son remained sweet and clean and gallant, and always the elder one in the worst moments of his extravagant career had been in the habit of thinking:

"Never mind. *I'm* a rotter, but there's Dick to carry on. Dick will make good. Dick's the boy!"

And now Dick's bright young flame had been blown out, and it seemed as if the world stood still for Pam Heseltine.

Not that he regretted or distrusted Punch in the position of heir, for after all Punch was his father's brother's son, blood of his blood, a true Heseltine. But somehow, no one—not even Punch himself—had ever thought of *him* as heir to the Marquisate. How, indeed, should they with three good lives between, and one of them a strong and hefty youngster in the flower of manhood?

Punch was all right, of course, but he didn't happen to be Dick. That was all. And when one is forty-five one is a bit late in acclimatizing oneself to new ideas and changed arrangements.

A bit late for everything in fact, thought Pam, except to brood over new griefs and old disappointments.

That old secret bitterness, for instance, of Doria's refusal to bear children. While Dick lived, the hurt of it had been kept from being too poignantly unbearable. But now . . . now, after all these years, he had upbraided her with it in the presence of Punch! Good Lord, it was unbelievable! What on earth could have come over him? And she had taken it like a saint!

and distract him. No longer did he need any other nurse.

And Doria *could* be a companion when she liked—the sort he had dreamed of in those sweet, halcyon days when he married her believing that life was going to be something more, at last, than a fevered round of pleasure. Yes, for a little while he had dreamed dreams, seen visions of a *real* life, with children about them . . . a son! . . . a son who would have saved him from himself! But Doria soon smashed up *that* dream; soon showed him that her views of life were only what his had been. Merely he had found another devotee of pleasure, one more avid for it even than himself. Except that her pleasures were different.

He didn't in fact know just *what* her pleasures were, for they had soon drifted apart and gone their different ways. But he knew that she enjoyed them, for always she had the air of one who ate and drank of pleasure. Her lips were red, her eyes intoxicated with it. She breathed and radiated love of it. That came at last to be the difference between them. Pleasure had brought him to the point of death, but Doria throve on it; perhaps because she never in all forgot those two essentials, her health and her beauty. Those always came first. Pam could even admire her for that. Nothing grudging about him. He could admire anything that was well done—even selfishness.



Never a word, then or after. Nor had she sulked. No, she had been a perfect angel ever since, as if *she* had been in the wrong, not he.

Yes, by degrees it became clear to him that from the day of Punch's bringing the bad news, Doria had become a changed woman. Freely and generously now she offered her companionship to him, feverishly she spent herself in efforts to entertain

But this new Doria—born on the day after Dick's death, and now nearly a month old—seemed to have no trace of selfishness in her. Rather was she a saint, a companion, a nurse; a mate such as he had dreamed of in those old days! And it was a strange and wonderful thing at last—she even seemed to be forgetting that passion for her own beauty which had always

infuriated him even while he laughed at it. Her passion now—could it be true?—seemed to be for nothing but his society. The madness for her own beauty had passed. Sometimes even, when they were alone, she let him see her without shroudings and cloudings of veils, without scarlet paint on her lips or powder on her cheeks, looking a little worn perhaps, rather like a haggard angel bored with Heaven; but like that he found her ravishing.

And lately she had begun to make him promises. With her eyes and the touch of her lips on his she made him promises that beggared the richest moments he had known, bringing back the thrill of youth into his veins, making him wonder if he was mad to have thought it too late to find with her still those things he had dreamed of in the long ago.

After all, neither of them was *really* old. Certainly Doria was not. She could still look like a girl at times, even without her shroudings, especially at night, and she had kept every line and curve of her exquisite body. He was not old either—forty-five is not old. Not if a woman is learning to love you all over again—a beautiful woman like Doria.

If only he had not wasted and destroyed his health! But he would get it back again, he determined that at last, under her caresses and loving care. He would cast off this lethargy of grief for Dick, this depression of body and soul, and grow young again. He would do as Punch had bade him and become as "fit as a fiddle." These were the resolves that Pam Heseltine made within a month or so of his cousin's departure, filling his wife's eyes with tender, happy tears when he told her of them.

But deep in him he sometimes felt a dull foreboding that the decision came too late; that it did not lie in his own hands as it seemed to have done only a few weeks back. However, he said nothing to his wife of this, nor to his medical man. Pain and he had been fellow sojourners for so long that he had grown used to the companionship. And never had his been the rôle of whiner or quitter. Always without complaint he had taken the "medicine" so well earned by himself.

But lately he was often aware of a new and unknown element supplementing the old tortures, a different form of rack for his nervous system, a more subtle pair of pincers tearing his heart and brain, and though, privately, he considered it too much of a darned good thing, he did not complain. He just hoped it would pass. And after all, some parts of the day were free of it. The early morning hours were the worst, before anyone was about, and he suffered them alone, and said nothing. Gradually the misery passed, leaving a great weariness and exhaustion, but he pulled himself together and by afternoon felt considerably better; towards evening he had almost recovered. At dinner time he was at his best.

Afterwards, the night brought sleep instead of the old insomnia; but even in that something unusual and disconcerting obtruded itself. Heavy, dreamless sleep it was, a plunging into unconsciousness, like going deep into fathomless seas and feeling all the weight of them pressing him under, down, down. He would wake at last full of a nameless fear, a feeling as of some horrible fate escaped. Then, at about three in the morning, the pains would begin.

Naturally these things and the result of them were not lost upon one person's practiced eye. However silent and stoical the patient might be the Doctor knew well enough that the remarkable improvement of a month back was not being sustained, or renewed. Bruce Kelly watched Heseltine's newly-found color fade, his skin return to its parchmenty texture and his profile resume its hawklike sharpness; and it puzzled him considerably. The daily berry injections were being continued and always gave a good reaction. Yet each morning the Doctor detected something adverse, a slight change for the worse, a shade, a nuance, one that taken by itself would count for nothing. But when this happens daily—when shades and nuances accumulate—they can make a big shadow to sit upon a Doctor's mind and make him wear a worried look.

Yet for the moment there seemed nothing to be done to improve matters. He *knew* that the injections were the right thing, and had implicit faith in his own judgment. Moreover conditions generally were better now than when the treatment first started, and there seemed absolutely no reason why the patient should not at any time recommence his strides towards recovery. Cooler weather had set in, the sick man had become extraordinarily tractable, and it was plain to the dullest intelligence that domestic harmony reigned as it had never reigned before at Minto Lodge.

Even the Doctor's glance, vague for all things other than his work, could not but take in the transformation of the lovely Mrs. Heseltine into a devoted nurse and companion. And a wife utterly wrapped up in her husband's welfare, with no room in her mind for any other interest, is an edifying sight. She no longer went riding, though naturally there were plenty of aspirants to the position of escort left vacant by the absconded Policeman, including the Honorable John Camp, younger son of a war Peer, who sported the latest thing in spats and motors and was known briefly as On-Jon. But Doria persistently neglected all these and other social attractions that Umtété offered, so as to give herself more leisure at her husband's side.

In the end, Doctor Kelly had to remonstrate with her upon this very subject, for it became clear to him that she as well as the patient was losing weight. Indeed, Keable could have verified this observation, for the maid's massaging labors had lately become so light as to be practically negligible. Doria Heseltine kept thin nowadays without any extraneous assistance. The consuming fires of anxiety seemed to be doing the work which hitherto Keable's nimble fingers had so satisfactorily performed. At any rate Bruce Kelly did not at all approve of the look of strain she wore, and took it upon himself to insist that the daily hour she allowed herself out of doors and usually spent in the garden at The Hill should be extended to three, her place at Pam Heseltine's side to be taken meanwhile by Peril.

Doria withstood this at first, but the Doctor warned her that he did not intend to have another patient on his hands, and that if she failed to do as directed he should have to reinstate Nurse Gordon as a permanency, instead of only having her up from the hospital twice a day, which had for some time past been the arrangement.

At which threat Doria became docile in her turn, obediently fulfilled the condition of staying out a full three hours, and pleased the Doctor much by telling him that she had come to adore his garden as the loveliest spot in Rhodesia.

As for Peril, she found her "on duty" shifts with the patient strangely different from those of the past, either at the time when he expected to die and didn't give a hang anyway, or the later period when he had felt himself coming back to life and rejoiced in it like a child. The gay and cheerful Pam had disappeared as completely as the sardonic, obstreperous one, and though in a way this Pam seemed happier than either, it troubled her that he sat so still in his chair or lay so immobile on his sofa, never wanting to play cards now, nor appearing to take any pleasure in reading or conversation, but filled rather with an immense listlessness that yet seemed purely physical and in pathetic contrast to the fever of hope and longing in his eyes.

Almost as if he did not wish her to read that burning hope in them, he nearly always kept his eyes closed while Peril was with him, sometimes remaining silent for so long that the girl would feel a tremor of fear, and leave off reading, or make a slight noise for the sheer relief of seeing him lift his lids. But she could not help noticing that the return of Doria from her walk instantly cheered him up. The very sound of her step in the garden brightened his face. It was wonderful. Wonderful, too, the change in Doria, the care and consideration she now lavished on him, in place of the careless selfishness of the Doria Peril once had known.

After her return there would follow a jolly little interlude of talk and laughter, Pam would revive from his listlessness and Doria would mix him the sundowner he was once more permitted by Doctor Kelly to have, since a certain amount of stimulant and "bucking up" seemed to be generally indicated. Then Peril would leave them and go back by herself through the dusk, marveling a little, hoping much, fearing she knew not what, and thinking a great deal of one whose name she now scarcely ever heard. For so wrapped up in themselves were Doria and her husband that they had not a thought to spare between them, it seemed, for one who only a few weeks before stood daily on their doorstep, an ever welcome visitor. The name of Punch Heseltine never fell from their lips. It was as though he had ceased to exist, instead of being only a few hundred miles away somewhere in the same country, and due back at any time. Peril found it passing strange. Something in it, too, to resent. Yet surely she ought only to have been glad and happy to think of that happy pair she had just left together!

There was no ambiguity at all events about Pam Heseltine's contentment in being alone with his wife. This was the hour he had looked forward to all day, keeping quiet for it in the hope that all the sooner would pain fade. He could be fairly certain now of a few hours of temporary well being, and humble gratitude filled him that it should come at eventide, the time when he and Doria were usually alone.

What matter if he had to pay for it afterwards as he always did in bed, with the pangs of Hell, (*Continued on page 148*)

By FRANK R. ADAMS



Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

The Love Story of a Home Body

"Daylight"

DELIGHT BREWSTER'S father was one of those old time sentimental pessimists.

He frequently said: "I have nothing to live for. I would be much better off if I were dead."

Often he referred to Delight's mother—always in terms of his own grief, however. "When she passed on, the light of my existence went out. Nothing but eternal mourning was left for me." He was the sort of person who said "passed on" with a self-conscious sigh whenever he meant "died."

Naturally anyone as lugubrious as that was also subject to many bodily ailments. Say what you will about Doctor Coué, there is something in this idea of fooling the subconscious mind. Blaine Brewster rather welcomed physical debility—it gave him more grounds for his monologue to the effect that the universe did not wag so well as it had once, not for him anyway. So, noticing the "Welcome" on the mat, all the idle complaints in the world came in and sat down. He became a rendezvous for diseases, a club where they could meet and compare notes.

Thus he had "flu" regularly several times each winter, debilitating headaches almost daily, indigestion, heart attacks, rheumatism and nervous breakdown whenever he had time off from more engrossing sicknesses. Naturally such a succession of troubles left him "poorly" even in between spells.

He required a lot of attention and sympathy. If he didn't get it he threatened to be "gone some day when you come back from one of your pleasure jaunts."

You would scarcely believe that such a person existed nowadays except that you probably know one yourself. They're old-fashioned but not by any means extinct. Even irreverent "kidding" has failed to cheer them into the perhaps cynical but none the less comfortable modern attitude that "life is for the liver," and that while a Pollyanna is a pest a Blue Goop is vermiform superfluity.

The way Blaine Brewster sapped the best years of his daughter's young life would be a credit to any bat-vampire or succubus in legend or history. He was the albatross that, hanging around Delight's youthful neck, made her shunned by pleasure and pleasure seekers.

Quite naturally young men did not care to call just to listen to a diagnosis by an ubiquitous invalid smelling of *eau de* liniment; and to get Delight away from the house for a dance or even for a casual movie required so much plotting in advance, and was so apt to be frustrated by a sudden "attack" if her father suspected it, that finally even the most enterprising swains gave it up and sought entertainment with daughters who were less entangled.

Gradually Delight became a home body, almost a recluse, her sole dissipation being an occasional hour to herself in the garden of the Brewster place, or a romp with her dogs, of which there were several because she had two of assorted sexes to start with and could never bear to part with any that ensued.

Delight had a good view of old maidhood approaching in a galloping chariot. When she was twenty-four she could even hear the rhythm of the hoof beats.

Cupid had no chance of rescuing her in time except by a surprise attack.

One of the earliest recorded military stratagems had to do with a wooden horse which the Greeks left on the battlefield for the Trojans to drag inside their own walls.

It is still a good trick.

Not meaning exactly that there was anything wooden about Benjamin Van Vechten although he could look that way when he wanted to.

II

"Who is that girl and when do I meet her?"

"Which one?"

"She has gray eyes if I'm any judge at this distance, and her hosiery is impeccable and of a heather texture which is ordinarily very trying to ankles which are not drawn for the advertising pages of the ladies' magazines. Do I need to describe further or——"

"You mean Delight Brewster, I guess——"

"Correct. She looks as if that might be her name. Now when do I foregather with her to exchange opinions about palmistry, Freud and anything else we happen to know?"

"You don't," Van Vechten's host denied.

"Interesting even if untrue. You know my nature. It is not necessary to spur me on by throwing obstacles in my path. I'm sold on this proposition already."

"You don't understand," Ben's friend explained patiently. "Delight is a sweet girl and all that but it takes so much time and effort to get acquainted with her that from an efficiency standpoint it isn't a good investment."

"Elucidate, Ivan."

Ivan elucidated, putting before his guest all the facts which were set forth in the opening sentences of this narrative, and adding a few opinions of his own anent the character of Blaine Brewster, whom he characterized as "a he-hen with the pip."

Ben considered the case. "You are quite right in your supposition that the ordinary approach is worse than useless in this particular instance. But I'm sorry for the girl—much sorrier than I would be if she were homely—and I'd like to show her a good time."

"As she has not had much amusement for the last ten years I imagine that even you could do it," Ivan remarked encouragingly; "that is, if you got the chance."

"I'll get it."

"How?"

"It's so darn simple I'm afraid you might be able to do it yourself if I told you. I'll start tomorrow. All I ask of you is not to introduce me to anyone else in town until I get going. I'm here incognito from now on."

"See here, Ben," Ivan protested seriously, "I won't stand for having you trifle with Delight's affections. Neither would anybody else in this town. For, while none of the fellows go with her because her father is such a pill, still nearly every one of us has been in love with her at one time or another—from a distance, you understand—and we would gladly provide melted paving material and goose fur for any sheik who damages her heart."

"My dear friend, you have mistaken mere conversational levity for actual flippancy of purpose. I have never been any more serious even in a woodshed with my father in the days before I had discovered the prophylactic qualities of a geography in the seat of the trousers."

"You don't mean to say that you have already made up your mind that you want to marry her?"

"I can't say exactly but I'll let you know say a week from today after I've found out if her lips were made for kisses or only for conversation."

Ivan regarded his friend coldly. "Delight Brewster is not that kind of a girl."

"My dear boy, all girls are that kind of girls. It was God's idea to make 'em that way. Don't think because you may have failed yourself that a cosmopolitan fusser of wide experience like——"

"Humph!"

"Your tone implies doubt. One hundred dollars I can inside of a week."

"I don't want your money."

"You won't get it. I may have to marry her to win, but you have to admit that a girl who has been trained the way she has would make a wonderful wife for a selfish man like myself."

"Do you want me to take you there to call this evening?"

"I do not. An introduction from you would be a distinct handicap. No offense meant, of course."

"I can see that. Won't you cut yourself a piece of cake?"

"I would really prefer to go about this in my own way but I'll tell you what. If you'll meet me at Miss Brewster's house Wednesday evening I'll let you know how things are going."

"What do you mean 'meet at her house'? How will you get there?"

"Have no fear, I'll be there. All you have to do is to be there yourself with an open ear."

III

And on Wednesday evening Ivan Jones startled the world, also the Brewsters, by calling. They were not accustomed to having social visitors.

"Father is not very well," Delight explained doubtfully.

Ivan had known her too long to be dampened by that announcement. "I'm sorry. It must be very inconvenient for you."

"I wasn't thinking of myself."

"You never are, sweet child. That's why we all adore you—even if we are forced to do it distantly."

"Say some more, Ivan. I haven't listened to a good blarneyer for a long time and I believe it's just the tonic I need."

"Good. Then come with me and I'll take you on for a riotous evening at the Club Royale where they have an orchestra that is so wicked it ought to be arrested. Come with me and I'll breathe discreet sweet nothings in your ear all the evening. What say?"

Ivan had a double purpose in his invitation. One of them was a secret hope that he could get Delight out of the house before Ben Van Vechten arrived and thus ruin the latter's plans. Ivan did not approve of them anyway.

"I'd like to," Delight answered after a moment's hesitation, "but there is no one I could leave in charge of father."

"All the servants out?"

"All except Ben."

"Ben?" An echo of alarm crept into Ivan's voice in spite of himself, an inkling that something was not as it should be. "Ben who?"

"He hasn't told us his last name yet and as he doesn't understand any English I haven't been able to question him much."

"Oh, I see! You'll pardon my curiosity, sweet lady, but how, when and why did you hire this—this—er——"

"He came to the door yesterday asking for something to eat. The cook, who couldn't understand him, flatteringly sent for me. He didn't look like a professional tramp. He was neat and clean even if his clothes did not fit. I couldn't make out what he tried to say either but I guessed that he was hungry and gave him a handout.

"Later in the day the cook came to me and said he was still around working in the yard. I went out to tell him that he had done enough to pay for his dinner but he only grinned idiotically and kissed my hand—I guess he must be a peasant or something from some country where that sort of thing is the custom. Anyway I couldn't get rid of him and he looks as if he was going to be the best combined house and yard man we ever had, so I think I'll let him stay. Besides all that he is very wonderful with father. Seems to know just what dad wants without being told and is as gentle as a baby with him."

"I see. But Delight, child, don't you realize what fearful risks you are taking when you admit to domestic service, inside your house even, an oaf about whom you know nothing, a man who is doubtless one of the scum of Europe?"

"Oh, I'm sure no one could doubt Ben's character after looking at his face!"

"Well, I'm willing to submit myself to the test. May I see him?"

"Y-yes." Hesitantly. "He's with father now but I think it is early enough yet for father to welcome a caller. Will you come up to his room?"

Ivan did not want to but he went. Curiosity was one of the compelling causes.

The sick room smelled depressingly of stale medicines. An analytical nose could doubtless have sorted out the odors of half the stock of a modern pharmacy. There was only one light, one of those flexible arm standard floor lamps with a hooded bulb that threw the rays downward and left the upper part of the room in shadow.

Mr. Brewster was propped up in bed, a great hulk of a man a sort of puddle of decayed power. He had heavy jowls that made him look a little like a mastiff—they pulled on his lower eyelids and gave him a sad expression. Perhaps it was looking in a mirror which had first given Blaine the idea that he was an invalid.



Apparently Ben's cranium was filled with an exceptionally durable mixture of cement and gravel.

Beside the bed stood a younger man, also powerful but lithe. He was rubbing the invalid's forehead with something pungent.

"Father, Mr. Jones has come to call on you."

"How do you do, Mr. Jones. Sit down here beside my bed and tell me if you ever in your life heard of a case similar to the one I seem to be developing. The symptoms so far are like——"

"This pie-faced individual is Ben?" Ivan interrupted with a question.

"Yes, but don't be rude."



"You said he didn't understand English."

"He doesn't but I do and I will not have him maligned."

"I can't help expressing my honest opinion, can I? I'd be very wrong if I did not. I think this man is a villain. He has a hard face. Notice the square head on him, too, and the dents where the bumps of kindness and consideration ought to be. My advice to you is to get rid of him as soon as possible. Look at the fiendish expression on his countenance now."

"That's probably because he senses your antagonism. He never looks at me that way."

To prove it Ben dropped swiftly on one knee and pressed his lips to the girl's hand. In his eyes was a look of melting adoration, the expression a calf undergoing the preliminary stages of weaning.

"Don't you strike him," Delight commanded as Ivan stepped threateningly forward. "It's only his quaint foreign way of expressing thanks. It doesn't mean anything."

"Mr. Brewster," Ivan appealed, "are you going to let this unrecommended, uneducated immigrant become an intimate of your household?"

All turned to the tyrannical old invalid, even Ben. After all the word of Paterfamilias Brewster was still law in that household.

"Well," declared Blaine as if weighing the proposition for the first time, "yesterday I would have agreed with you, Mr. Jones, and would have fired him out of the house even if I had been obliged to leave my couch of pain in order to do it. But today, after having had him rub my back and lift me around in bed like I was a feather, I wouldn't think of letting him go under any consideration. No man could be a villain who understands my illness the way he does. That's my decision. He stays as long as he wants to."

Ivan glanced at the uneducated immigrant, who slowly pulled down his left eyelid and made a swift gesture as of one who cuts himself a piece of cake.

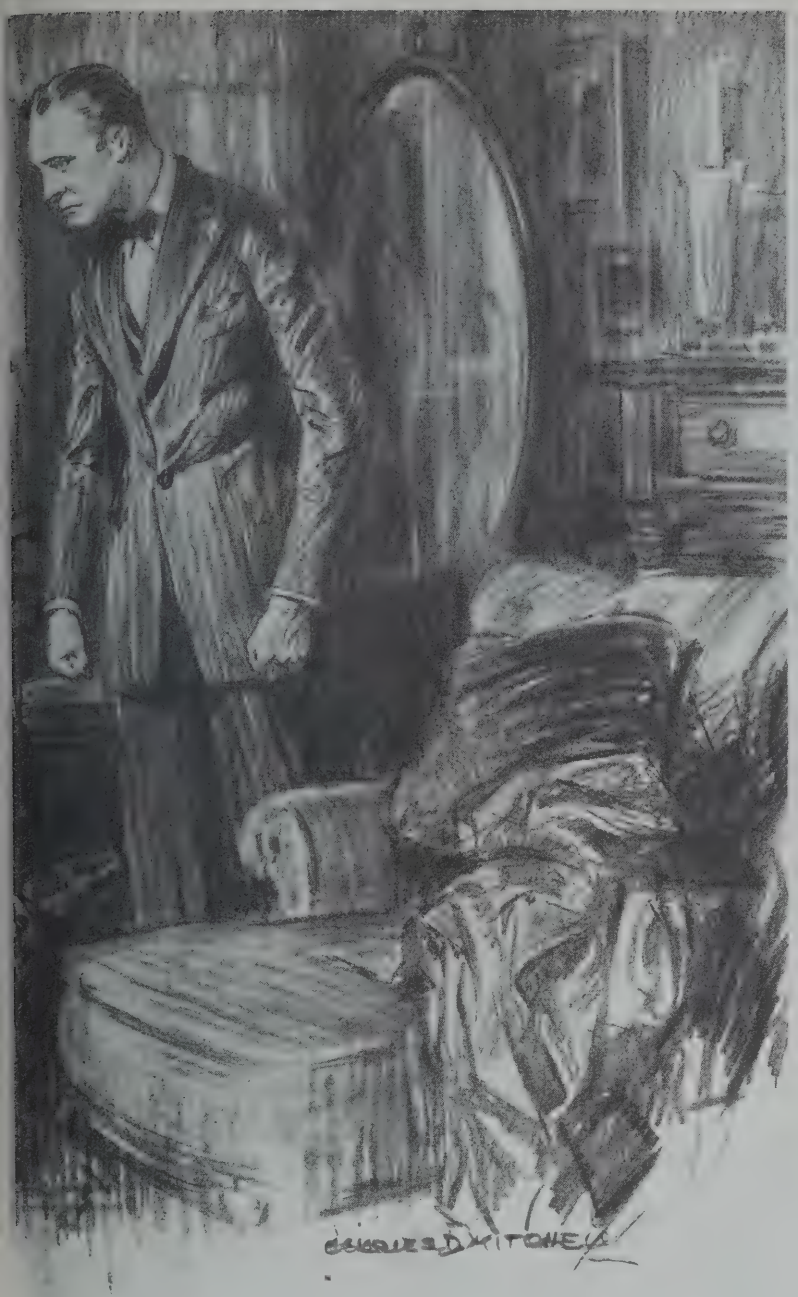
IV

It was the next day that Ben sprung the nickname by which she was to be known to him forever after.

Before that he had always touched her on the sleeve when he wished to call her attention, but he had heard her father address her by name and out of a clear sky he came to her and said "Mees Daylight" and motioned to indicate that he wanted her to follow him out into the yard. She did not correct his pronunciation but she made a mental note to begin teaching him the elements of the English language.

The first lesson came that afternoon. She had a little time to herself while her father was taking a nap and she found Ben working on the tulip beds in the yard—he did know something about horticulture apparently.

Delight brought an atlas with her, the idea being to combine several sorts of knowledge in one dose.



"Don't you strike him," Delight commanded as Ivan Jones stepped threateningly forward.

"Ben," she said arrestingly, "come here." The motion she ade with her arm supplemented the speech and he understood rfectly. There were two words learned already, she thought. To test him out she moved away and said "Come here" again, thout the gesture.

Ben looked at her with a pathetic attempt at comprehension t made no move.

"Come here," she repeated. No reaction. "Come here!" ore emphasis and a stamping of the foot. "Come here!"

A light burst upon Ben's eager countenance. He smiled atifically and then gravely flopped down on the grass and lled over as he had seen the dogs do when Delight put them rough their one trick.

Delight kept from laughing in order not to hurt her slave's elings. It was hard to do because Ben stayed down, looking , much as the dogs did, for her permission to rise.

She finally remembered the signal and snapped her fingers. n scrambled to his feet with alacrity and stood poised with a in of self-congratulation on his face and an expression that ght be interpreted as willingness to do anything else she might ggest from retrieving a ball to going for a walk on a leash.

Taking no chances this time Delight guided him by hand to a stic garden bench, invited him by gesture to sit beside her and ened the atlas to a map showing the world in two hemispheres. On the theory that maps must be pretty much the same in languages she pointed out that portion of North America labeled "United States" and said "My country, my country, my country," over and over again. Then she pointed to him and inquired with a rising inflection "Your country?" She felt that it would help considerably in further lessons to know his nationality. She might even get a dictionary of his language as a working basis for a better understanding.

"Your country?" she repeated.

Ben nodded his head in proud comprehension. He had absorbed the idea and with finger poised he bent for a close inspection of the map, his lips working soundlessly as if he were trying to pronounce some of the unfamiliar names that were printed on the page. Finally he indicated that he had found what he wanted and triumphantly planted his index on a spot almost in the center of Africa.

"My country, my country, my country," he chanted in correct imitation of Delight's own announcement the moment before.

"No, no, no," Delight contradicted, shaking her head violently. "That's impossible. You're whiter than most men. Blonds do not come from the Congo."

But Ben insisted with much nodding of the head and vehement reiteration of the words "My country, Mees Daylight," until finally his preceptress gave up in despair without having secured a clue to his nationality.

Either Ben's cranium was filled with an exceptionally durable mixture of cement and gravel or else she was a veritable oil can as a teacher.

V

For one who showed no aptitude whatever for learning the spoken language Ben displayed a remarkable mastery of written English. Witness a letter to Ivan Jones composed one night in the privacy of Ben's room during an interlude when his services were not required by the tyrannical Mr. Brewster.

Dear Ivan (it ran):

I have your scurrilous note smuggled in by your servant who has the efficient furtiveness of a bootlegger. I am not the scoundrel you seem to imply. I might classify as all of the things you say I am were it not for the fact that I am up to my neck in love with "Daylight." God in his infinite artistry never created any other woman so adorable. You, who only know the front she puts on for outsiders, cannot possibly appreciate the wonder of her as I do from my dumb vantage point inside the family circle.

Knowing her convinces me that there is something after all in the old-fashioned and oriental idea of raising girls in seclusion. It has been successful in "Daylight's" case most certainly. She is mature physically and yet her growth in sophistication has been charmingly retarded. You've no idea how much not knowing things adds to the interest which she holds for her prospective—I hope and pray—husband.

Think of the fascination of a vibrant feminine young person with a wicked twinkle in her eye who doesn't know it is there and, if she did, would never guess that the God of Natural Selection put it there as bait.

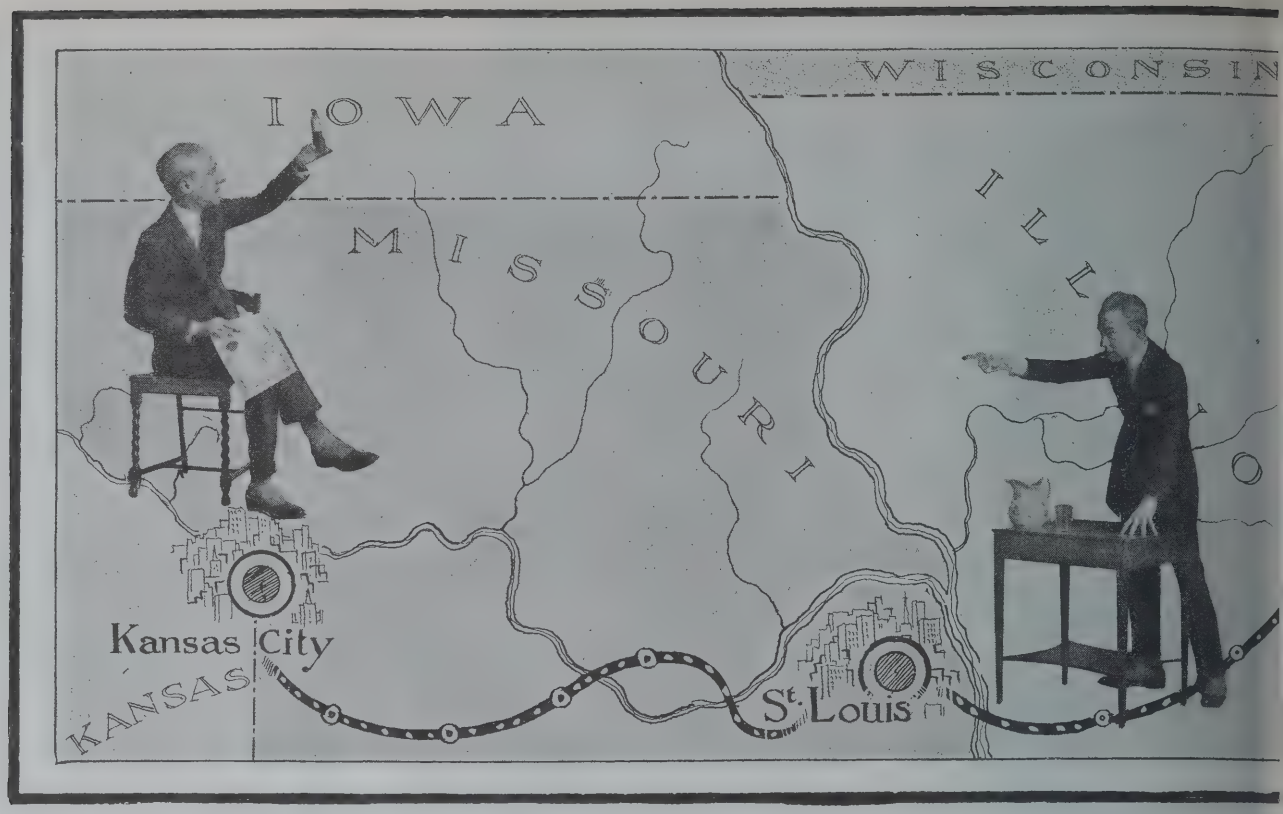
Doesn't "Daylight" suit her perfectly as a name? Not the name by which she is to be known to the world but as the heart monniker of the man who is to love her for all time. Boy, I hate to annoy you by raving, but I might as well tell you there wouldn't be any more illumination as far as I'm concerned if "Daylight" should disappear out of my life. She's the vivid flame that has supplanted all other altar fires and, if she'll let me, I'm going to be kneeling before it the day that I die.

The reason I write this to you is, first of all, because I've got to tell somebody about the way my love-gizzard is acting or else I'll bust. I've got to stay bottled up around here, must be a dumb Isaac in the presence of my heart's desire. The other reason for this letter is to tell you that the bet I made you that I would kiss her inside of a week is——

Ben stopped abruptly in his writing and listened.

"Ting!—Ting!—Ting!"

Three taps on Blaine Brewster's bedside bell. In the Brewster household that signal had much the same significance as a 4-11 fire alarm in a great city. It meant (*Continued on page 104*)



CAMPING OUT

MY UNCLE—the one who made the round trip to Denver but withal is democratic and easy to meet—has been imploring me to see more of the world.

He bulges with quaint aphorisms and things. Such as "Don't get in a rut!" and "Travel broadens the mind."

So, heeding the avuncular admonition, I recently trekked out to what Broadway calls "the sticks."

The first stop was in Chicago. I was there last with Uncle during the World's Fair. While he was out buying the Masonic Temple I was hopping over hot air registers in the hotel lobby.

Of course, I was a callow youth then. Fate had not long before yanked me away from the business end of a Missouri plow. But years in New York had applied a coating of sophistry. Some folks even referred to me as a typical New Yorker. (A typical New Yorker is one who permits a Tarzan the Apes to snatch his hat in a café, calls Florenz Ziegfeld "Flo" and Delmonico's "Del's.")

I wore my russet-brown greatcoat, vulgarly termed the overcoat, my pearl-white London hat, and I carried with a certain Fifth Avenue swank an ivory-knobbed cane.

As the final "wow" I wore a zebra-striped collar. It was the one that caused a dowager at a theatrical first night to lift her lorgnette at me from a box and exclaim "Fawncy!" I'll say it is.

At the Chicago terminal—or whatever they are calling depots these days—I spurned vehicular conveyances to walk to my hotel. Going down a flight of steps my cane mixed up with my traveling bag and I snapped into a little Chaplin dance.

Some rough—at least he lacked everyday niceties—person shouted, "Don't let it throw you, cowboy." That was silly. I never rode the range in my life.

It was an auspicious moment that I turned into Michigan Boulevard. The famous thoroughfare was flooded with bright afternoon sunshine and lively with promenaders.

Inconsequential, but *en passant*—there's a neatly turned eight dollar phrase for you—I noticed a vivacious young thing eyeing me. I flicked a bit of imaginary fluff from my coat sleeve, trying not to appear self-conscious. Uncle always said adventure was just around the corner. That's Uncle—a quotation for everything. But no adventure this time. The young lady merely turned to her companion and inquired, "What's the advertising gag?" I didn't wince. Experts have kidded me.

At the Chicago hotel I felt a certain conspicuousness registering from New York. I did not want to appear uppity. I was once a clerk in a country hotel and if I do say so a competent one. I could harpoon the raw potato with the guest's pen every time. Zip! Like that! Indeed I have a clipping from the Plattsburg, Mo., Leader referring to me as "Our Popular Knight of the Quill." When a baking powder drummer registered from New York I immediately assigned him to No. 6—the one with the two chairs and the waxed doves in a glass case.

The Chicago clerk, after adjusting the scarf twice, giving a meticulous polish to the nails and discussing the bill at Keith's with the telephone girl, spun the register around, eyed my cane and coat and inquired, "Are you a professional?" I shook my head. He mumbled something about a minstrel show being in town.

I was pleasantly surprised to find Chicago hotels have hot and cold running water in the rooms, French menus and electric lights. They are to pave the streets in the spring and may get the G. A. R. convention.

From Chicago I journeyed to Kansas City. I have been all over Europe and never climbed an Alp but when you reach Kansas City buy an alpenstock, put a feather in your hat learn a couple of yodeling songs and ha ha Switzerland.

Leaping deftly from crag to crag I reached mid-town without throwing a shoe or jostling my new bridge work.

A taxicab driver, after nearly running me down, asked me how I liked the city. There was a suspicion of jeer in his voice.

Kansas City has more than one hotel—perhaps several. There are street cars, stores, and while I was not out across the tracks I understood they are building a new creamery. I hope they paint it pink. It seems to me that pink creameries are always the prettiest.

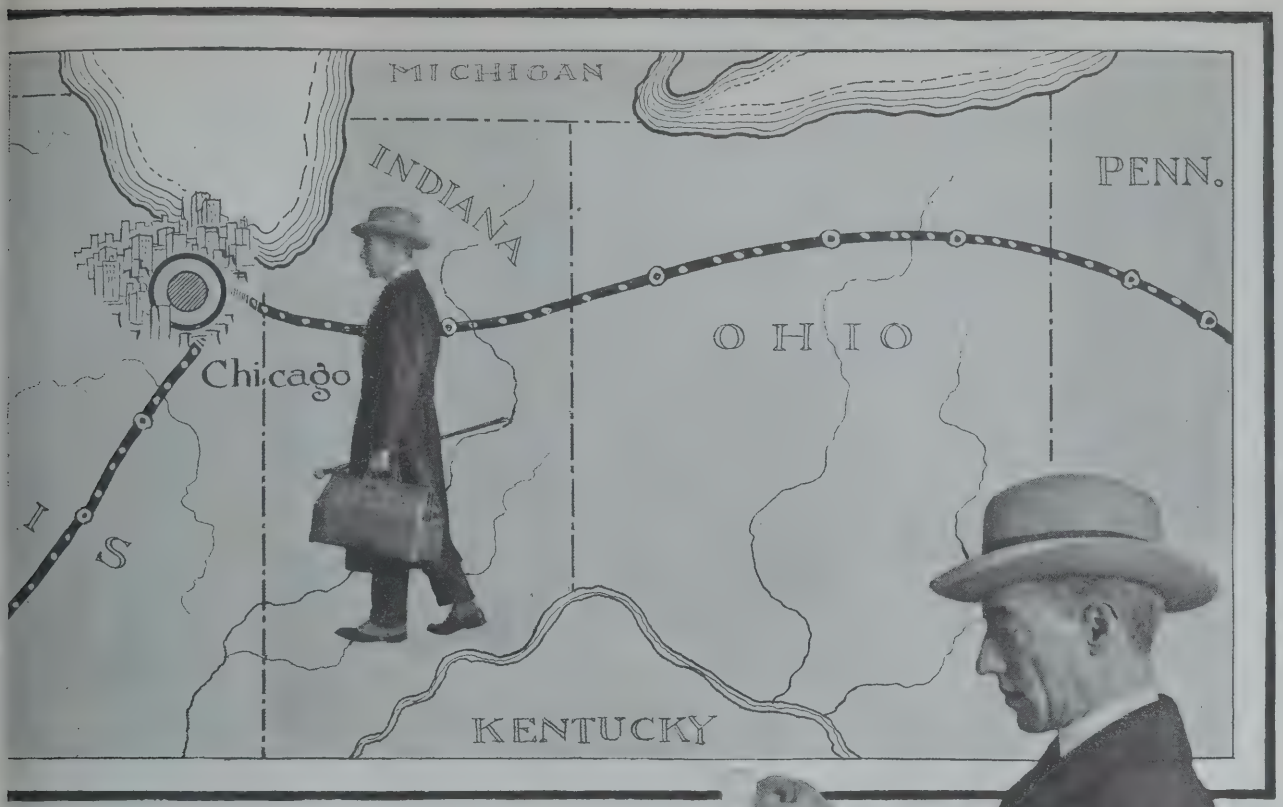
It is a warm-hearted city. A prosperous oil well owner called at my hotel. He owns vast acres in Oklahoma. Two of his managers called him up while he was in my room with excellent news. He showed me samples of crude oil. That, you know, is the oil which is crudest when rubbed in the hair.

Without a hint of suggestion from me, he permitted me to become a small shareholder. They allot only a small amount to each subscriber to keep it out of the hands of "the interests."

Going through one of the street arcades—for which they only charged the nominal sum of twenty-five cents—I was impressed with the metropolitan air of the shops. Many of them deliver purchases just as they do in New York.

St. Louis next claimed my attention. It is the custom in the provinces to have a slogan for each municipality. St. Louis is considering this one:

First in shoes! First in booze! And last in both leagues.



By O. O. McINTYRE

Rodolph Valentino was there and he and I were the guests of honor at a dinner. But that was no reason why one of the guests should shake hands with me and say "Glad to meet you, Mr. Turpin!"

The Mayor of St. Louis also invited us out to the zoological gardens one day. As a mark of courtesy they had named a monkey after me. And while I was there I heard a lady say to the keeper, "What time does McIntyre swing by his tail?" The idea!

Later at the walrus pit a bull walrus did what vaudeville calls a sitting standing dive and deluged me with muddy water. I hope he gets the toothache.

In St. Louis also I was broadgabbed over the radio. It is like shouting through a knot hole but it gave me courage to make a speech later before an advertising club. I should have entertained with a ukulele solo. All they needed to do was to put one in my hands and I would have done the rest, without a rehearsal.

It wasn't much of a speech and I didn't mind a fellow calling "Louder," but I think the fellow in the back of the hall with a flock of double chins who shouted "Yes, and funnier" might have restrained himself. Such remarks do not come under the head of Sophisticated Crevice. Boston for wise crack.

In the morning a St. Louis paper ran my picture and a later mail brought a letter from a surgical institute saying, "We make over the face without danger."

I know a cheaper way. But why should I twit Jack Dempsey?

Reflection convinces me a typical New Yorker should stay on his own little island. He is not so conspicuous. I know men who can wear white spats without blushing right on the Avenue.

In a dining car passing through what Meredith Nicholson in picturesque slang terms the "corn belt" I reached across the table for something or other and the gentleman opposite looked at my wrist watch and gave vent to a contemptuous sniff. Tiny, but a sniff just the same.

I did not sniff once at the "rheumatism ring" he was wearing. Vive and let vive—as Uncle says.

Neither did I appear bored in the smoker later when the same gentleman cornered a congressman and demanded to know if he "was for or against free seeds."

Several public questions interest me more. I am of that tranquil temperament that can accept a seed or let it alone. I have struggled through an entire session of Congress without writing our congressman for a single seed.

It was not until I stepped foot in New York again that I really felt at home. I hurried to my favorite slot in the Automat and then, following a custom of years, trickled over to the Ritz foyer to mingle with the other "guests."

It was good to feel that no matter what they thought of me in "the sticks," here I was still "a typical New Yorker."





Isabel Hall was like thousands of girls today. Not bad; innocent, rather; overflowing with verve, keenly alive to romance, determined to get all the joy she could out of life. But going about it without any sympathy or guidance from wiser heads, until her path led her straight to the edge of a pitfall.

With its extraordinary understanding of a phase of modern youth, this story might be called a Parable of Today.

By
INEZ
HAYNES
IRWIN



The Story of

Isabel

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

THE DAY was radiant; clear and hazy, warm and crisp at the same time—perfect weather for a party. Still the telephone call which she expected from Amy did not come. Shadow-eyed, wan, Isabel tried to make herself believe that she was not bitterly disappointed.

"Perhaps it's just as well that Amy couldn't arrange it," she made herself reflect. "I'll have to get some sleep soon or zowie, I'll blow up. And sometime, when we least expect it, we're going to get caught at this game." But underneath she knew that with every jangled nerve she longed for that party. She yearned to see Bid Carleton again. Bid was so brutal and so tender. He frightened her even when he fascinated her——

The telephone rang.

Prickling with an instant alertness, she leaped to her feet, gave a quick, furtive glance about. The way was clear. Della Eff's wordless vocal improvisations, modified by the closed doors to a high sibilant humming, came from the kitchen. Della could not hear. Aunt Mattie sat—in the full blaze of the October morning—outside in the sun parlor, newspaper in hand. Her whole flat face—so innocently benign—seemed to be drawing the news through her moon-spectacled eyes somewhat as the sun draws water through the air rifts in a clouded sky. She could not hear. Isabel slipped into the hall; took the receiver off the hook.

"'Lo," she called, with a soft suppressed eagerness, into the transmitter.

Amy Valentine's pretty voice—its chiseled quality a little exaggerated by an elaborate casualness—came in answer to her. "May I speak with Miss Isabel Hall?"

Amy's voice tore Isabel's fatigue away. Mirth bubbled to the surface of her mind. But she suppressed her impulse to laugh at the perfection of Amy's acting. She said, "This is Isabel Hall!"

"Oh, how stupid of me! This is Amy Valentine, Isabel."

"I thought it was your voice," Isabel declared. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that Aunt Mattie had dropped her paper; was awaiting with resignation her summons to the telephone.

"It isn't a wayward girl, Aunt Mattie," she called reassuringly, her lips at such an angle to the transmitter that Amy must get the comic effect of her words. "It's only Amy Valentine." Simultaneously with the explosion of airy mirth which came over the wire from Amy, sounded Aunt Mattie's murmured: "Oh, I was afraid it was the Rest Home saying Della'd have to leave! I'll be sorry to lose Della. She's so——"

"I'm telephoning from my room," Amy went on with what seemed like irrelevance. "I'm just getting up. I don't know why I didn't wait until breakfast but I was just wondering if you would come here to dinner and to spend the night. There are two men visiting us this week-end and——"

Isabel's heart gave a great leap. Was Bid one of them? The other was probably Jerry Kitchen. But she did not care who the other was if only Bid . . . Amy rattled on with her premeditated carelessness.

"It's so awkward having two on your hands at once. Father said I'd better invite somebody to be here with me as he's so busy."

Miss Hall had arisen, was heading with her slow, flat-footed amble towards the garden.

"Aunt Mattie," Isabel called after her. "*Aunt Mattie!*" And as her aunt paused, she threw out in a breath, "Amy Valentine wants to know if I can go over there for dinner and to spend the night."

Isabel fell easily into the attitudes and motions of awaiting her aunt's answer.

"Why ye-us! Ye-us!" it came. How Isabel hated that slow countrified, "Ye-us!" of Aunt Mattie's meditative moments. "Yes, certainly!" This *yes* was decisive enough. And indeed Isabel knew that her aunt was uncalculatingly glad to have her on visiting terms with a family so important as the Valentines. How surprised Aunt Mattie would be if she knew how seldom she entered the Valentine house! Isabel added in unnecessary



They passed what Isabel considered a wonderful evening. The Three Cities was a big road

afterthought, "Amy'll come for me in the car." Then into the receiver, "Auntie says yes, Amy. What time?"

"Oh, I'm so glad, Isabel! Quarter to seven. By!"

"By!" Isabel hung up. Her gray eyes—they seemed to blacken instead of brighten as the tide of her mirth flowed into them—fixed on her aunt's retreating figure. Aunt Mattie, walking straight toward blue sky and blue sea, stopped at the dahlia bed. She was good for at least fifteen minutes there, examining the plushy geometric blossoms which were her pride; picking fresh bunches for the house. Isabel waited an interval to give Amy time to come downstairs from her room to her father's library.

In that moment she saw Della Eff's figure, passing noiselessly from the kitchen into the dining room, outlined a pink silhouette against the door of frosted glass which separated the front hall from the back hall. A point of light at the level of Della's mouth—the opaque glass turned it orange—suddenly flared to a rosy glow; diminished to a point again. Then a white hand blurred up, tweaked it away.

Isabel's augmenting mirth poured jet into her gray eyes. "Della thought she'd camouflaged that smoke perfectly!" she mused. "Wait till I tell Amy! It'll burn her up!"

She took off the receiver, called a number into the telephone.

"May I speak with Miss Amy Valentine?" she asked of the voice at the other end of the wire.

"I'll see, ma'am!" the voice answered. Sounded the tattoo of heavy steps bundling away from the telephone . . . light steps flying to it . . . then Amy's voice cool to the chilling point:

"Hullo! Hullo! This is Miss Valentine!"

"Oh, Amy!" Isabel said, her acting not quite so authentic, she felt, as Amy's, "how strange I did not recognize your voice! Amy, my aunt would like you to come here tonight for dinner and to spend the week-end with us."

"How *sweet* of her!" Amy replied in her most dulcet voice, her most charming accent. "I think it would be perfectly *ducky*. Of course I'll have to ask father. Wait a moment, please."

Her voice died away from the telephone. Isabel heard muffled: "Father, Miss Hall has invited me to spend the week-end at Little Finger. May I go?"

Pause. Silence. Amy's voice. "Hullo! Hullo! Isabel dear, father says I may go. What time?"

"Quarter to seven," Isabel answered with civil terseness. And at this her mirth rolled back too hard upon her. "Good by,



house. The food was delicious, and expensive. The dancing crowd was a heterogeneous miscellany.

Amy," she broke off abruptly. She hung up; leaned her head on her arm; quivered and gurgled.

And then Della Eff—how in the world had she got there; she must have gone out the dining room door and circled the house—appeared at the front door. Of course the girl could not have heard anything . . . Just the same she was going to tell Amy that notwithstanding the fun they got out of their double game they simply *must not* telephone from their houses again. It was easy enough for Isabel with only Aunt Mattie and Della Eff. But at the Valentine house where there were telephone extensions and anybody could listen in . . .

Della was waiting in the doorway as if to say something. What a figure the girl had—an arrow for slimness and delicate erect curving. She wore her pink gingham bungalow apron as though it were a Paris model. And the wind-blown fleece of her bobbed hair was like spun honey.

"Oh, Miss Hall!" Della said, "I forgot to tell you at breakfast a feller of the name of Wood Vining phoned 'fore you was up. He wouldn't let me wake you but said he was goin' away for two days and he gimme a phone number—it's there on the pad. He said he'd like you should phone him, sometime tomorrow after—if you're gonna be home tomorrow night."

"Thanks, Della."

Woodie Vining! Why, it was three months since Isabel had seen him! What a long way she had traveled since then and how far she had left Woodie behind. Amy had done that for her. Woodie was so small-towny, so serious, so slow. Amy's words for those traits were *provincial, bourgeois, middle-class.*

Isabel dressed with care and precision that night. Her sage-green suit; the flesh-colored georgette blouse that was more than half filet lace; the sage-green beaver hat with the exquisite feather drooping at one broad-brimmed side; her soft gray fur. Not that it made any difference how she dressed; she could not compete, she could never even *compare* with Amy. Amy Valentine was, Isabel thought, the most beautiful girl she had ever known. Amy had, in Isabel's opinion, not only beauty but class. Amy had so much—it was one of Amy's own words—*manner* . . . her very beauty had manner . . .

Isabel leaned forward to the mirror and gazed into her own eyes. Of course she had looks of a kind. Indeed, she had thought herself, well, yes, beautiful, until Amy had come to offer the contrast of her physical exquisiteness, her trained personality. And as it was, she had her points. Eyes, for instance, her best

feature, wide, gray, reed-lashed. But how much she preferred Amy's. Long, narrow, blue-green, Amy's eyes could turn in a flash from frozen turquoise pools to sun-kissed jade lakes.

But granted eyes, Isabel considered that her own looks ran in a diminishing scale of beauty through the spread-petal crimson of her mouth—how she admired the thinnish pinkness of Amy's fragilely curved lips—to the tragedy of her nose. Her nose had started all right. The line from brow to tip was as true as though planed; but from the instant of junction with the upper lip—how could it be so perverse—it tilted directly upward. Amy's nose was the perfection of straight regularity . . . transparent in the bridge.

Isabel morosely contemplated her hair; its turbulent abundance seemed to show even a silvery light when she compared it with the slim folds, melted from a golden metal touched with green, that were Amy's tractable tresses. Did her dimples help or hurt?—those shallow evanescences which floated to the surface of her face at such inopportune moments . . . Now certainly they seemed to accent the leaden wanness of her look. Perhaps Amy and she were going at too great a pace. Certainly sometimes they were both dead for sleep.

Isabel lightly filmed her cheek with rouge; dug deep along the firm outlines of her lips with a crimson stick; smoothed her brows with a black pencil. She came up under the make-up like a faded painting under the restorer. She touched her lashes . . .

"Say, girlie, you hadn't oughter use the pencil on your eyewinkers!" a voice interrupted. In the glass, Isabel saw that Della Eff was standing in the doorway. "Your aunt sent me up with these sheets," she interposed deft explanation before Isabel could speak. "What you wanta get is *Maserine*. It's liquid; but it don't make your eyes smart and it sticks. Comes in a litta bitta red bottle."

Isabel braced herself. Della was the first of a long succession of Aunt Mattie's wayward girls—how Isabel loathed having them in the house!—whom she had ever had to put in her place. Stupid they had been, some of them, ugly tempered, morose, sly, inquisitive and lying; but she had never had to deal with familiarity before. She must do it now. A picture flashed across her consciousness of Amy handling the situation. How contemptuous would be her chilling glance . . . how icy her few words . . .

"Della," she said crisply, "when I want your advice I'll ask for it. Otherwise I'll be infinitely obliged if you'll keep it to yourself."

Inwardly, the instant the words dropped, she was conscious of a little trepidant wonder as to how Della would take this. And her mind leaped back to a scene between Amy and Della. She had told Amy all she knew about the girl.

"She's one who never would tell who the man was," she explained briefly. "The child died."

Amy sparkled with the cut-silver sparkle which her mirth developed when it was disdainful. "Some sport!" she pronounced. "I want to meet her. Just the same, of course, she was an awful fool."

Isabel took Amy into the kitchen, performed the rite of introduction. The instant she opened her mouth she knew that Della guessed that she had told Amy. Inwardly she quailed. But Della had held her own perfectly; her hard, violently vivid blue eyes straight on Amy's the whole time. Amy's long eyes were not so languid as usual. They never left Della's either. The two glances crossed like wary swords. Somehow, Isabel felt, it was as though she herself were not in the room at all . . . As for Amy—Amy had surprised her. Amy had come into the kitchen clothed in the most superior aspect of her "manner." And then—suddenly—she was chatty with Della; confident of course but not at all condescending; gay even . . .

Now, as then, Della Eff's expression did not seem to change. She looked at Isabel squarely for an instant. In that instant something—was it a sardonic humor?—flared behind the hard blue façade that was the front of her eyes. Suddenly and quite noiselessly she disappeared from the doorway.

Isabel's thoughts beat on. What a wonderful thing it was that Amy with all her advantages—training at an exclusive boarding school; travel in many foreign lands; her beauty, her smartness and her class—should have chosen her, Isabel, for a friend. Amy's friendship was a godsend to Isabel; it had come in the nick of time.

Somehow for years she had been growing further and further away from the Little Finger girls. Was it, though, that she had dropped them or that they had dropped her? This was a problem which, to Isabel's great surprise, she found herself at the oddest possible moments still striving to solve.

The problem might have bothered her more if a year ago she had not fallen in with that Dabney Center gang. Zowie, they were live ones! Of course she had not been seeing any of them since she and Amy had become real friends. Amy did not like the Dabney Center crowd. Amy said they were too rough. In fact, Amy's use of the word *vulgar* in this connection had produced the first difference between her and Isabel . . . Yet after a while Isabel saw that Amy was right . . . Now she was very grateful to Amy for rescuing her from that Dabney Center bunch.

Of course, though, she had to admit it, Amy had a quality—well, Isabel reluctantly recognized it as snobbishness. Take her attitude towards Aunt Mattie, for instance. Everybody admired Mathilda Hall, and the genuineness of her philanthropic impulse. Sometimes the newspapers ran interviews with her. Once there had been a magazine article with her picture. And she was such a thoroughbred too! Not even the people of Little Finger knew that the girls in the kitchen were wayward girls.

Of course for two or three years now Isabel herself had lied consistently to Aunt Mattie. She smoked in private; drank whenever she got the chance, until she was pleasantly "jingled"; drove after midnight dances all over the countryside with couples she had picked up here and there. She had never done anything really "bad," of course. But there was much she preferred Aunt Mattie should not guess. Somehow, though, when she told about Aunt Mattie, Amy's immoderate peals of laughter had vaguely disturbed her. And "Your aunt's a riot, isn't she?" Amy had indulgently remarked after meeting Aunt Mattie . . . Well, of course Aunt Mattie would be amusing to Amy . . . And yet . . .

Isabel's friendship with Amy was so closely knit that nobody else—no other girl at least—could possibly come into it. When Amy had made her initial overtures, Isabel had thought, had rather hoped, that such an alliance would mean for her an intimacy also with the exclusive Belaize group, or the equally exclusive Fore Finger crowd; Isabel admired both these sets, not because they were exclusive but because they were themselves. But apparently Amy liked them as little as Isabel liked the Little Finger girls. After coming back from Paris, Amy had tried them out, she said, one after the other; but she had dropped them all. She often remarked: "I want you all to myself, Isabel. You're the only wild woman in this dead burg. Oh, if I'd only had you in Paris with me . . ."

That was another marvelous thing about Amy. Instead of being what it so bromidically was to Isabel—the Louvre . . . Notre Dame . . . Napoleon's Tomb—Paris was to Amy merely a series of restaurants in which she had enjoyed what she described as "wild parties." In fact, Amy had never even seen Napoleon's Tomb.

Once Amy said: "Father's awfully strong for the Belaize bunch. He thinks I play round with them all the time."

Isabel had a theory that it was to further this misunderstanding on General Valentine's part that Amy invited her so little to the house. She had been several times, of course, in that famous mansion—melancholy since the death of Amy's mother—but she was by no means an intimate there. But she suspected that its early-Victorian magnificence intrigued Amy as little as the mid-Victorian shabbiness of Aunt Mattie's house intrigued her. Indeed, Amy entertained her oftenest at the Belaize Country Club. But that in itself was an event for Isabel; she could never otherwise have entered its shaded, cultivated precincts. When Isabel and Amy met—Amy always came in her car—it was at some neutral point on the long country road between the two households. They met often, though; and always for some delightful revelry.

Men were continually motoring down from the city to see Amy. Many of them she had known in Paris. They seemed always to come in pairs; and Isabel made the necessary fourth in the square party which immediately evolved. The whole experience had been a dazzling one for Isabel. She had never known, never—but for Amy—could have known such men. Everything about them was different; and Isabel was always studying these points of difference. Their clothes had a quality; their shirts, shoes, studs; their very topcoats of so ample a volume, so heavy a cloth . . . Their voices—an enunciation precise with no appearance of precision. And "manner" too—the male counterpart of Amy's easy, authoritative superiority. Then one day Jerry Kitchen and Bid Carleton arrived together. And now those two came much oftener than anybody else. Half a dozen times their quartette had danced and driven all night.

Harmless excursions enough, the girls insisted to each other; only dancing and a little—a very little— (*Continued on page 170*)



LIONEL BARRYMORE (Prince Lubimoff) with Alma Rubens (the Duchess de Delille) in Cosmopolitan Corporation's film of Ibanez's "The Enemies of Women" — the beautiful setting being Joseph Urban's.



BILLIE BURKE, who as the clever and sprightly cabaret singer in Booth Tarkington's delightful new play, "Rose Briar," produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, has made one of the outstanding comedy hits of the New York season.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY



GLADYS DORE, who was the winsome and applauded "girl with the yellow fan" in the Tom Tom number of "Queen o' Hearts," has more recently made another big hit with her singing and dancing in "Wildflower."

PHOTOGRAPH BY APEDA



DIANA GORDON'S blithe smile, to be sure, appeared briefly in George White's "Scandals"; but she really made her Broadway debut (a merry one) this season in Oliver Morosco's dazzling musical comedy, "Lady Butterfly."

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE STUDIO



By WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON

A Romance of the East

Zanzibar

Illustrations by John Richard Flanagan

THE first night after my arrival in Zanzibar I received a "chit" from Briggs, manager of the Afro-American Trading Company, inviting me to have dinner with him.

I found Briggs's place to be a huge rectangular Arab pile, rising in the moonlight as though chiseled out of salt above the western roadstead of Zanzibar. The narrow alleyway leading to it was black, dank and tortuous, and saturated with the pungent perfume of cloves and the moldy sweet smell of sacked copra heaped in the godowns along the waterfront. It was three lofty stories high, and fronted upon a glistening white coral beach where a couple of tall, slim betel palms rustled their dainty fronds. The entrance from the alleyway was under a sunken arch and through a massive black door studded with iron below and intricately carved above. The narrow dark stone stairway, worn by generations of shuffling sandals, ascended straight to the *barasa* of the third story.

Here I arrived at seven o'clock, ushered in by black, doddering, gentle old Mzee, an ancient Swahili retainer of the house.

Breathing that balmy spiced atmosphere, ascending those worn stairs surrounded by the whispering shadows awakened by Mzee's yellow lantern, and coming out at last breathless from the climb upon a broad *barasa* whose arches opened upon the roadstead of Zanzibar where the dim outlines of freighters were emphasized by points of red, yellow and green light, and where brown and tattered Arab dhows drifted by like shadows, the sheer romance of the place was bound to grip any man's heart.

It caught mine particularly, because I had just come from two years of life in Aden, that barren, God-forsaken, broiling promontory that juts out into the sea from southwestern Arabia, and smells of nothing but cinder dust, hides and sewage.

I stood for a moment, therefore, looking into the darkness towards the mainland of Africa, and listened to the faint strains of the Sultan's band playing "La Paloma." Briggs was not yet in, and I had nothing to do but wait. So I stood listening with half closed eyes, until my sentimental reverie was broken by a harsh affected cough farther along the *barasa*.

There was a young man there, half in the shadows, stretched upon a long Indian chair, surrounded by a pile of American magazines. He was looking at me uncertainly as though shaken out of an abstraction by my sudden appearance.

"*Hodie!*" said I. "Is Briggs around? I believe I'm expected here for dinner this evening."

"Yes. So Mr. Briggs said."

The young fellow rose to his feet, and I saw that he was a well formed specimen of collegian. With his chin slightly tilted and his deep-set blue eyes glowing with an expression of candor and almost of simplicity, he gave the appearance of a man who is honest but overbearing, good hearted but impatient, boyishly sardonic and equally gullible. He was obviously new to the country, as yet unspoiled, and, to judge by his magazines and secluded situation, very homesick.

"Are you his assistant?" I asked, shaking hands and taking a chair.

"Yes."

"Have you been in Zanzibar very long?"

"Three months."

"I suppose you like it. It's the finest place I've seen south of Suez. They call it the Paris of the East Coast, you know."

"Yes—oh—yes."

"Do you go out into the bazaar very much?"

"Not very much."

"Are you shipping many cloves this season?"

"A fair lot."

By this my emotion was getting the better of me. I couldn't tell whether the young fool was being intentionally rude or simply stupid. Smiling in the friendliest way possible, I said:

"You've got a beautiful place here. I hope I manage to get something like it. Restful, too, with the waves breaking all the time right under your walls—like music."

"One of the men here went crazy from that."

"Is *that so?*"

"Yes."

"How?"

"He listened to it so much he got so he couldn't hear anything else."

After a moment's silence I said deliberately, looking at him coldly: "It's a tall ship!"

He flushed slowly; then, without a word to the expectant Mzee, who, trained by a long roll of hosts, was waiting patiently in the shadows to be called, he walked into the dining room, got a tray, a bottle of whisky, a bottle of tepid soda and a single glass. This he brought out and presented to me.

"I don't know how Mr. Briggs handles these things," he apologized; "but maybe you can mix it yourself."

Then he suddenly realized that Mzee was waiting, and he called for a bottle of lemonade. I drank my whisky and soda



with a grimace. It was flat and warm, and gave me a feeling of biliousness.

Shrill piercing voices broke out from the dark recesses of the jumbled confusion of nearby buildings. There was a muffled scream—and a crash. My young entertainer whirled about, listening, startled.

There was a hubbub at the lower doorway, a rush of feet, and Briggs appeared on the *barasa*, calm, unruffled, pert, his tip-tilted nose emphasizing the impudence of his gray eyes.

"Hello!" he said gaily, advancing with outstretched hand. "Cheerio! You're right on the minute. Boy! Bring some whisky and soda. And ice! B-r-h-h! Good Lord, Prescott, you haven't been offering him that warm dishwater, have you? Here, I want you to meet the Only Other American."

The O. O. A. was in a perspiration from trying to catch up with Briggs. He arrived at the top of the stairs, panting slightly, with a reproachful expression on his full genial countenance. He arrived with a protest, but upon seeing me turned it into a laugh and greeted me heartily.

"Briggs," he explained, "is one of those young devils whose idea of a joke is to upset the bazaar and then leave his friends behind to make explanations."

"Nonsense," said Briggs indignantly.

"Well——"

The O. O. A. was interrupted by the shrill voice of an angry woman shouting Briggs's name on the stairway. Briggs darted down. My previous entertainer was again introduced by the O. O. A., this time as Earl Prescott, the grandnephew of Abraham Prescott, original founder of the Afro-American Trading Company, and better known along the coast as Ibrahim Effendi.

"Did you ever hear of him?" asked the O. O. A.

"Vaguely," said I.

"Why, he is as famous in Zanzibar as Tippoo Tib! He was the man who fought the battle of Shangani. Ibrahim Effendi was one of those half piratical skippers who traded in anything from opium to black ivory. He made a fortune in the Orient and doubled it here in Zanzibar. You know how those old-time skippers were—lords of their own ships, they lorded it over everybody and everything. He always got what he wanted! Well, one day he saw a girl of the Sultan's harem coming from the bath. Whether she was actually one of his harem or just a member of his household, I don't know. And no one knows how he managed first to see her or get in communication with her. He must have spent thousands of rupees; and he had an interpreter he could depend on—old Ali Beder, one of the richest merchants in the bazaar today."

"I know of him," said I. "He has a branch in Aden."

The O. O. A. paused for an instant to listen to the sounds of an hysterical conversation going on on the stairway.

"That's so. Well, one night he tried to steal her away, and they very nearly caught him. He had two ships in harbor, and most of the sailors were ashore, all carrying the old-fashioned short cutlasses. They say they fought for three hours, roaring up and down the bazaar from here to Shangani, over the creek and back again into this very *beyt*. Downstairs, where Briggs is standing, old Ibrahim Effendi held the doorway himself until his sailors got down over the roof there and reached their boats. They dragged him into his gig, bleeding from a couple of bullet wounds and cuts from *jambeers*."

"I never heard of that!" said young Prescott indignantly.

"Well, that's what happened, anyway."

"He never brought any Arab woman back to Boston!"

"He never took her away from Zanzibar, either, so far as that goes. It was all he could do to take himself away. This building was looted completely. There was the devil of a time over it.



A yell went up: "Christians!" It seemed as if the entire frenzied bazaar were surging down upon us.

The American consul called for the assistance of a warship that was at Mombasa; then, after he investigated, he changed his mind and wanted Ibrahim Effendi captured and put under arrest. But they couldn't prove anything. Ibrahim cruised around the island for three weeks, until the consul sent him definite orders forbidding him to land in Zanzibar again; and he never came back."

"What became of the woman?"

"No one knows exactly. Some say she was killed in the fight. She did not return to the harem, anyway; and she didn't get away with Ibrahim Effendi. Prescott, do you mean to say you never heard that story about your granduncle?"

"No," said Prescott, picking his magazines from the floor and stacking them neatly upon a table. "I always understood that he was a sort of missionary-trader. The only thing he ever said to me about Zanzibar was just before I left New York, when my mother asked me to visit him and get some advice about living conditions out here."

"What does he look like?" asked the O. O. A. with interest.

"Why, of course he's a pretty old man now; he's bent over a little bit, and carries a heavy walking stick; but he was probably good looking when he was young. He has deep-set blue eyes under bushy eyebrows, and his face is weather-beaten and—and grim. He looks like—well, he's got a sort of passionate face, like a fanatic's. He said—well, he told me I wasn't the man for Zanzibar, but he'd like to see what I could do out here. He said the people of Zanzibar were a lot of immoral, treacherous cutthroats!"

"Ah," said I, "and you were disappointed."

"Not disappointed exactly, but awfully disgusted."

"You should have seen Aden!"

"I saw Aden. It's got character to it. It's like a hard fighting man, with a lot of scars on him. But this place is soft and insipid."

The O. O. A. and I exchanged glances. I realized at once that I had misjudged young Prescott.

"Have you seen very much of it?" I asked.

"Enough. The first night here Mr. Briggs took me to the movies — movies in a wet tent of rotting canvas—scratched films twelve years old—and a hot sweating crowd of niggers, Hindus and sailors. Well, that held me for a while. A couple of nights later I asked Mr. Briggs if there wasn't something more interesting we could see in the town. 'Oh,' he said, 'you want to see some *life*, don't you?' So he said he'd show me a 'Zanzibar dance of the finest.' I went with him down the worst tin pan alley I ever saw until we came to a dirty stucco building that was almost falling down. Inside it was black and stuffy. They put a lot of smoking kerosene lamps around for footlights, and some sweaty black wenches came out and danced the shimmy. Well, when it comes to nautch dances and that sort of thing I want something pretty—like the dances you see in the shows in New York. So that held me for a while."

At this point a repentant wail came up the stairway:

"But, Briggsey, I thought it was *you* broke the door. Some blighter barged in and out again so fast I couldn't see him—and he smashed my door—and I haven't got any money to mend my house—it's my house, too——"

A mysterious voice rose sonorously in the darkness above the housetops, repeating in impassioned accents:

"*Ah, ma princesse! Ma princesse! Jet'adore! Ma princesse!*"

"That," said young Prescott parenthetically, "is Briggs's rival—a man from Mauritius who sings away for hours every night—recites poetry—plays the guitar—to Briggs's Rose-Marie, a Seychelles girl; she's the one downstairs—while she gets Briggs half tight on whisky and sodas, and swears back at the coon. That's romance!"

"It all depends upon the point of view," I suggested.

"I know that," said Prescott. "The fellow from Mauritius looks up and sees Rose-Marie on a balcony, screened by palm trees, and her voice sounds soft in the distance; while Briggs goes up the back stairs, five steps at a time, and quarrels over whether the soda water ought to be kept on ice or the ice broken up and put in the glasses!"

"Cheerio," said Briggs, appearing once more on the *barasa*. "Mzee! Dinner! That Rose-Marie's getting to be an awful vixen. What are you looking so gloomy about, Prescott?"

Prescott grunted noncommittally.

"Prescott," continued Briggs, "doesn't appreciate romantic Zanzibar."

"No," said Prescott deliberately. "I guess I don't. I'm a white man, and my idea of romance hasn't quite as much color in it as Briggs's!"

"Well, by the Lord," said Briggs, stung by the retort, "your granduncle didn't have the same scruples!"

"As to that," I volunteered, having just come from Arabia, "I understand that the girl Ibrahim Effendi was interested in was an Arab; and, racially, Arab and Jew are the same—that is, just as white as you or I."

"Not in Zanzibar!" retorted Briggs. "According to Mohammedan law a child takes after its father. If he's an Arab, the child's an Arab, no matter whether his mother is a Swede, an albino or an alligator!"

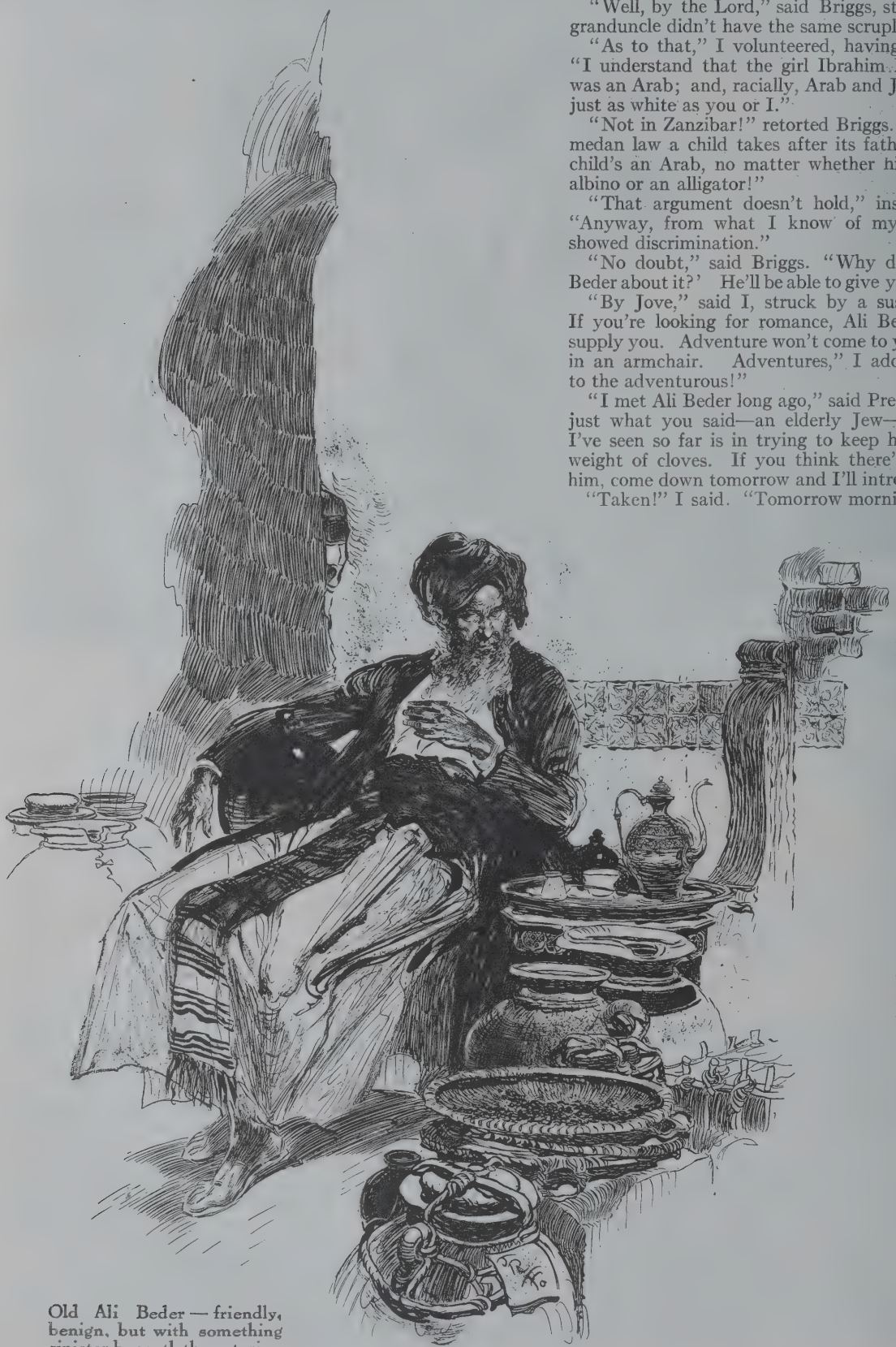
"That argument doesn't hold," insisted Prescott doggedly. "Anyway, from what I know of my granduncle, I'll bet he showed discrimination."

"No doubt," said Briggs. "Why don't you go and ask Ali Beder about it?' He'll be able to give you information we can't."

"By Jove," said I, struck by a suspicion, "that's an idea! If you're looking for romance, Ali Beder ought to be able to supply you. Adventure won't come to you while you're stretched in an armchair. Adventures," I added sententiously, "come to the adventurous!"

"I met Ali Beder long ago," said Prescott impatiently. "He's just what you said—an elderly Jew—and the only adventure I've seen so far is in trying to keep him from cheating on the weight of cloves. If you think there's anything interesting in him, come down tomorrow and I'll introduce you."

"Taken!" I said. "Tomorrow morning, then, at ten o'clock."



Old Ali Beder — friendly, benign, but with something sinister beneath the exterior.

"Cheerio!" cried Briggs, filling the glasses. "Bottoms up! We'll drink to old Ibrahim Effendi, the greatest adventurer on the East Coast—and his lost love. His spirit," he added ironically, waving his glass towards Prescott, "his spirit goes marching on!"

At ten o'clock the following morning, having arranged my affairs with the bank and fixed temporary headquarters at the Tippoo Tib Hotel, I met young Prescott and his Arab interpreter and broker, Abu Nawass, and together we went into the bazaar to see Ali Beder and inspect the cloves which Briggs had recently bought from him.

This Abu Nawass was an Arab from Oman, and a very remarkable person.

He was handsome, grave and courteous in his manner, with eyes that could flash fire or melt with laughter. He wore the conventional Arab costume of Zanzibar—a small drab turban; a long white cotton *kanza* with a short sleeveless jacket; and a sash from which protruded the hilt of an ornamental but



Slim and strong, ardent and young—the most exquisite creature I had seen in years.

dangerous *jambeer*. His feet were thrust into sandals and his sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, disclosing powerful hairy forearms. A small crisp mustache and small strong teeth that flashed when he smiled gave an impression of strength and virility. Since he spoke English well, and I spoke Arabic, we made congenial companions.

Abu Nawass and Earl Prescott afforded an interesting contrast.

Judging from Prescott's own description, there was more than a suggestion of old Ibrahim Effendi about the young man's countenance, the lean strong body and the shock of sandy hair that was pushed back roughly from his forehead; but he gave the appearance of being still unsophisticated and untried.

The Arab, on the other hand, looked thoroughly sophisticated and untameable.

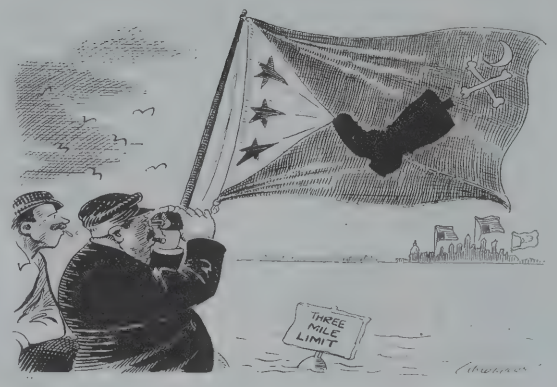
As we made our way down a narrow, tortuous, stone-paved alley, dark and humid, I breathed luxuriously the sickeningly sweet smell of copra and the spicy (*Continued on page 120*)

"Yo-Ho-Ho and A

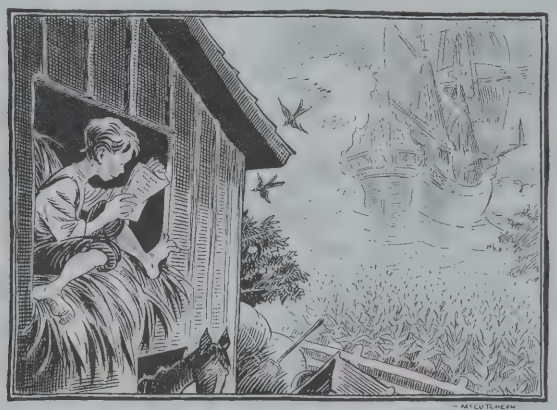
Words and Pictures by

THE time is the present. A man in white tropical clothes is seated in a long canvas chair which accommodates itself gratefully to the curves of his back.

In his lap lies an open book bound in time-worn leather. The title page proclaims it to be: "A general History of the Robberies and murders of the most notorious Pyrates and also their Policies, Discipline and Government from their first Rise and Settlement in the Island of Providence in 1717 to the present year 1724."



He has just been reading of the thrilling exploits of those doughty gentlemen who made these Bahaman waters their rendezvous—Captains Avery, Martel, Bonnet, Thatch, Vane, Rackam, England, Davis, Roberts, Worley, Lowther, Low and Evans—names that curdled the blood two centuries ago.

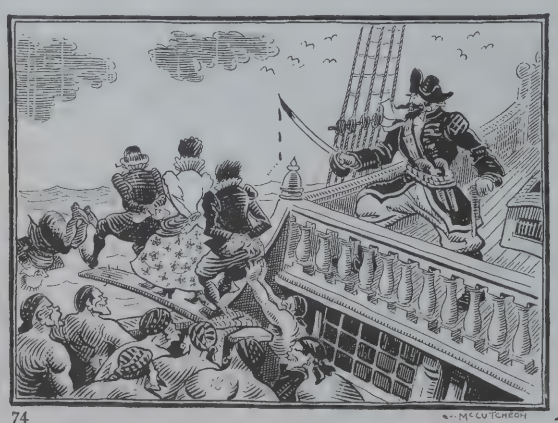


Two hundred years ago the Bahamas were a pirate stronghold. The sloops and galleys of the sea-rovers lay in these very waters, were careened on these beaches and set forth across yonder horizon, beyond which they ravaged the plate ships and galleons that lumbered up from the rich ports of the Spanish Main.

Time has woven a pleasant glamour about the sea-rovers of that distant day. Their shocking brutalities are screened by a friendly veil and they are invested with deathless heroism.

The country boy in the haymow reads with a thrill the story of the pirates. When he is not aspiring to be a clown in a circus, or the keeper of a candy store, he is quite likely to be thinking of piracy as a promising career.

Children edge forward in their seats, with eyes shining, as Hook and his pirate gang swagger and slash their way through the delightful scenes of "Peter Pan." The story "Treasure Island" has an appeal which few are too old or too young to feel. "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" stirs many a mild and gentle soul to vain regrets on the peaceful life he has led.



Why this strange glamour about pirates? The man in the canvas chair looks off and wonders.

There's a gentle rustle of the palms as they wave in the trade wind. The long curve of creamy beach, the subdued murmur as the rollers crash on the reef, the sunlit sea and the big white clouds make a setting which invites day-dreaming.

They were not nice men, those old time pirates. Then why their fascination? One of them, possessed of an ambition to make himself renowned for being terrible, put the whole crew of a Spanish ship to death, performing himself the office of executioner by beheading ninety men. He caused the crews of four other vessels to be thrown into the sea, and "more than once, in his frenzies, he tore out the hearts of his victims and devoured them."

You would certainly not consider this gentleman a model for emulation, yet he is one of the central figures in pirate lore.

But when you read that one of them, a valiant cuss, put out with eight-and-twenty men in a longboat, boarded a great Spanish warship after scuttling his own boat that there might be no retreat, and succeeded in capturing the ship, you must confess to a certain sneaking admiration.

Another pirate leader, with a handful of men, ran boldly into the midst of a pearl fleet, attacked the vice-admiral under the guns of two men-of-war, and captured the ship.

Such exploits so dwarf the everyday orneryness of the pirate that we forget he was a villain who went around murdering and had dirty finger nails. Doubtless the gallant old pirate is a much pleasanter companion when embalmed in the pages of a book. Down the vista of two or three hundred years he may slash his way gloriously to fame, but if he lived in the next block you'd want him put under bonds.



The man in the white suit yawned and bewailed the death of romance.

Off across the island, through the stately columns of towering palm trees, a stretch of blue sea lay like a band of sapphire, with the hills of New Providence and the houses of Nassau beyond. Close under the lee of the island, the masts of a schooner appeared. Presently it came to anchor.

"Another bootlegger," thought the man. "That makes sixteen this week." Swinging his field glasses over his shoulder he walked two miles down the shore and seated himself under a palm tree to inspect the new arrival.

She was a trim craft, low and rakish, similar in type to several of the others. All were painted black, even the steamer and the big three-masted schooner. They lay in the snug anchorage where two hundred years before other craft had lain protected by the coral ridges of the island.

Once more the man in the white suit was stirred to imaginings. This was the cradle of the traffic which has led to diplomatic

Bottle of RUM"

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



controversy between the premiers of two great nations. This was the fountainhead of the new industry of rum running which has grown to such gigantic proportions.

"Who knows?" he mused. "Perhaps romance is not dead. Perhaps we need only the perspective of time to appreciate properly this new crop of seafaring men who live by devious ways. Already the rum running industry is building up its literature of daring deeds and sudden death. There are rakish craft, secret rendezvous, hidden coves, vast profits and corrupted officialdom. The same as in the days of the pirates."

He focused his glasses on the nearest schooner, three hundred yards away. She was long and black, her masts stepped back jauntily, her bow clean-cut.

A launch from Nassau appeared in the Narrows and chugged out to her. Presently a number of men were hoisting sacks of liquor on board, each sack containing six quart bottles. No liquor is sent to the United States coast in cases. In time the cargo would be embarked and stowed until her freeboard would grow less and less with the weight of the cargo. Then, in the darkness, she would silently steal away.

The clearance papers would consign the cargo to a port near Newfoundland, but at a certain point stress of weather would conveniently blow the craft up to the three mile limit near New York. She would be expected. All would be arranged and swift motor boats would come out for the contraband.

Perhaps there would be a battle with federal officers who still take their oath of office seriously—more likely the way would be greased with tribute judiciously placed in the hands of complacent local officials. There might be some killing.

Will the writers of the future find a heroic theme in this industry? Will little boys, snuggled in cozy haymows, read



with shining eyes the epics of the bootleggers? Will those distant chroniclers tell of governors and other officials sharing the rich dividends of the traffic as we now read of the Governor of the Carolinas sharing the spoils of the pirate chieftains in return for protection and immunity?

It is a fruitful field for speculation, and the man in white looked off across the swaying spars of the bootleg fleet to the distant city of Nassau, smiling in the sunshine of her matchless climate. Thrice has she flourished on waves of prosperity. Once when the pirates anchored their ships in her harbor and scattered their ill gotten spoils on the strand; again when the blockade runners of the Civil War made the harbor their rendezvous; and now when the fleet of fifty vessels in the rum running traffic has brought a flood of wealth to the community.

From a modest beginning in 1920, the import duties in spirits have leaped to half a million dollars a month—twenty-four shillings a case for every case that comes in, and the bootlegger must pay this before the government releases the liquor from bond. To a colony which has been poverty-stricken, this sudden accession of prosperity has been most welcome, even though the colony takes no pride in being the center of a questionable traffic.

The various prizes of Captain Henry Morgan—later Sir Henry Morgan—one of the most successful of the pirates, stand as follows: The sacking of Panama, $1,500,000; Porto Bello, $800,000; Puerto Príncipe, $700,000; Maracaibo and Gibraltar, $400,000; various piracies, $250,000; a grand total of $3,650,000 as the harvest of plunder.

In these days the bootleg traffic in the United States is rated at $3,000,000 a day. Those pirate profits seem mere chicken feed.

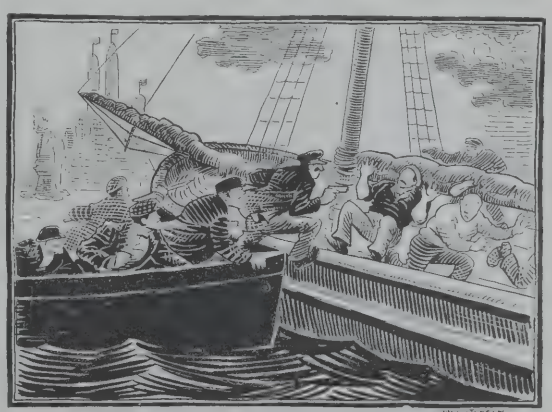
Far beyond the rum fleet, upon one of the hills of New Providence, stood the watch tower of the famous pirate Blackbeard, to whom murder was a mere appetizer in his daily life.



Old Blackbeard is gone but his soul goes marching on. Perhaps there may be one leading spirit among the rum runners of today who sometime in years to come will be invested with the glamour that now surrounds the pirate chief. Who knows? Perhaps there will come to be a bootleggers' flag, corresponding to the Jolly Roger. Perhaps a gallant standard showing a boot rampant—indicating something with a kick in it—on a field of red, the red signifying the predominating color of the product.

"Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" could serve admirably as the anthem of the modern Brothers of the Coast. For a letterhead, why not a rakish schooner anchored under the Statue of Liberty, who is posed in the attitude of calling the waiter?

The man in white put up his glasses and strolled leisurely back, leaving to posterity the job of finding glamour in the exploits of "Ralph the Rum Runner" or "Three Star Dick, the King of the Bootleggers."



LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE'S

The Lone Wolf Returns



The Setting:

THE action of the story takes place mainly in the New York of today and concerns:

MICHAEL LANYARD, THE LONE WOLF, *once prince of European jewel thieves, now a member of the British Secret Service on leave of absence in America.*

EVE DE MONTALAIS, *whom he loves as he has never loved before—a woman of beauty, of charm, of wealth.*

MORPHEW, *powerful New York bootlegger and director of criminals.*

PAGAN, *a satellite of Morphew's.*

MALLISON, *gentleman crook and member of Morphew's crew.*

LIANE DELORME, *demi-mondaine and one-time underworld acquaintance of the Lone Wolf.*

MRS. FOLLIOTT MCFEE (FOLLY), *a society woman, piquant, rich.*

CRANE, *New York detective, an old friend of Lanyard's.*

A Résumé of Parts One to Three:

ALTHOUGH the Lone Wolf has given up thieving he knows himself still a marked man. Yet he is determined to make his life so blameless that he can marry Eve de Montalais. At the outset, fate seems to be against him.

For one night after he has left Eve and she has accorded him his first kiss, he accidentally meets Liane Delorme and, talking over old times, accompanies her to the fashionably disreputable Clique Club. She introduces him to Morphew and his crew, and to Folly McFee.

Morphew has been awaiting this chance. Alone, he proposes that Lanyard take up his old trade again, under his, Morphew's, powerful protection. Lanyard angrily refuses, whereupon Morphew threatens to "plant" crimes on him.

Lanyard is at this moment ready to do Morphew physical violence when the Clique Club, which the latter owns, is raided.

Helped by detective Crane, whom he has not seen in years, Lanyard manages to escape, along with Mrs. McFee.

Her he accompanies home, and is warning her of the nature of Morphew's gang when Liane and Pagan call. Pagan mixes highballs and gives one to Lanyard. Then by adroit conversation he manages to fix in Lanyard's mind the suggestion that he, Lanyard, may at any time go to thieving again through the subconscious power of old habits too strong for his control.

Going home that night, Lanyard is apparently under the spell of some powerful drug. He is hardly able to reach his bed. Next morning he is awakened with a terrific headache by none other than Crane, who informs him that during the night Folly's emeralds have been stolen. Crane has already searched Lanyard's clothing and exonerates him of the crime.

But after Crane leaves, Lanyard finds the jewels in the tail pocket of his own dress coat.

Drugged by Pagan, did he steal them unconsciously as Pagan had diabolically suggested he might? Or were they "planted" on him? He cannot tell.

At any rate, he decides on prompt reprisal. Going to Folly's house, he lets himself in unobserved, and hides in a clothespress upstairs. Folly is entertaining Liane, Pagan and Mallison at dinner. Mallison is called to the phone. Lanyard listens in on an extension, and is at once aware that a plot is afoot against Folly. He quietly phones for Crane.

Mallison then leaves under pretext of a forgotten engagement. Shortly he sneaks in again, comes upstairs and conceals himself in Folly's room.

There, when her other guests have gone, Folly, dressed in négligé, is suddenly seized and kissed by the man, who forthwith proceeds again to make violent love to her. She struggles and is about to scream for help when there is a commotion at the front door below. Lanyard steps out of concealment, seizes Mallison, and floors him with a tremendous blow.

Then there appears at the stair head a bepainted female, a "shyster" lawyer and a fake detective, who have forced their way in. The female brazenly announces herself as Mallison's wife—Folly has quite evidently been "framed" for blackmail.

Lanyard coolly calls their bluff. And as things are about to get lively and a struggle seems imminent, Crane appears with a policeman. Smoothly, and with Folly's silent if astonished concurrence, Lanyard fabricates a story to the effect that he and Folly had planned to trap Mallison as the stealer of her jewels. Mallison, who has meanwhile come to, protests violently and tries to escape; whereupon he is seized and frisked by Crane.

And in his pockets are found: first a burglar's kit; then the stolen emeralds of Folly. Lanyard gives a graphic start and stare. The eyes that Mallison turns toward him are a murderer's.

NEW MYSTERY NOVEL

Illustrations by

W. D. Stevens



"And now, before this witness," said Lanyard, "you add a threat against my life. It's more than I hoped for, Morphew."

Part Four: CHAPTER XI

"PRETTY!" The chuckle with which Crane let that priceless hoard cascade, clashing, a stream of baleful green fire, into the cupped, eager hands of its owner, ended the hush which had spellbound the assorted actors. "Me," he pursued in high contentment, "I'm *convinced!* Now if you'll slip your wrist-warmers on our little friend here, the dancing yegg, we'll blow, Hoffmeyer . . . But let's see—I guess Mrs. McFee would just as leave not treat the neighbors to a sight of a patrol wagon boiling up to her front door at this time of night and carting this gay bunch away—it might look sort of funny. So, if it's all right with you, ma'am, I'll just get your butler to breeze out and rustle a brace of taxis. And then, folks"—his tolerant regard embraced Mallison, his *soi-disant* wife, her counsel and the disgusted collaborator of this last—"we'll all go riding round to the House with the Green Lamps in East Fifty-first."

Neither did argument, expostulation, abuse and threats more or less unveiled budge him from adherence to this program, to which one prisoner alone entered no objection: in disgrace with fortune, Mallison demonstrated at least the wit of silence. Nothing he said was ever to be used against him at his trial, for he said nothing. What, indeed—he must have reasoned—was the use? What possible profit to him could accrue through his protesting that the case against him was a "frame-up," that Lanyard must wickedly have made him an involuntary receiver of stolen goods at some time during their struggle? The other contents of his pockets provided evidence too ruinous as to his character and secret shop to give such a claim a ghost of a show of winning credence.

So Mallison submitted without any murmur; but the attention with which he enveloped Lanyard to the last left that one in no doubt as to his mind; and one less self-reliant might well have trembled to think that next morning at latest would see the man free, "out on bail," with every facility at his command to further plans for vengeance—else one had either overrated the power and prestige of Morphew or wronged that one in crediting him to Mallison in the rôle of patron.

The beck of Folly's head was brusque, in deference to which Lanyard found himself finally closeted with her alone in her study. The temper in which she shut the door was openly one of direct impatience; his most disarming smile was wasted on the face she showed him, with its lips taut, brows level and eyes uncompromising. To the "Well?" with which she chose to prompt him in a voice too cool for comfort, Lanyard returned a deprecating shrug.

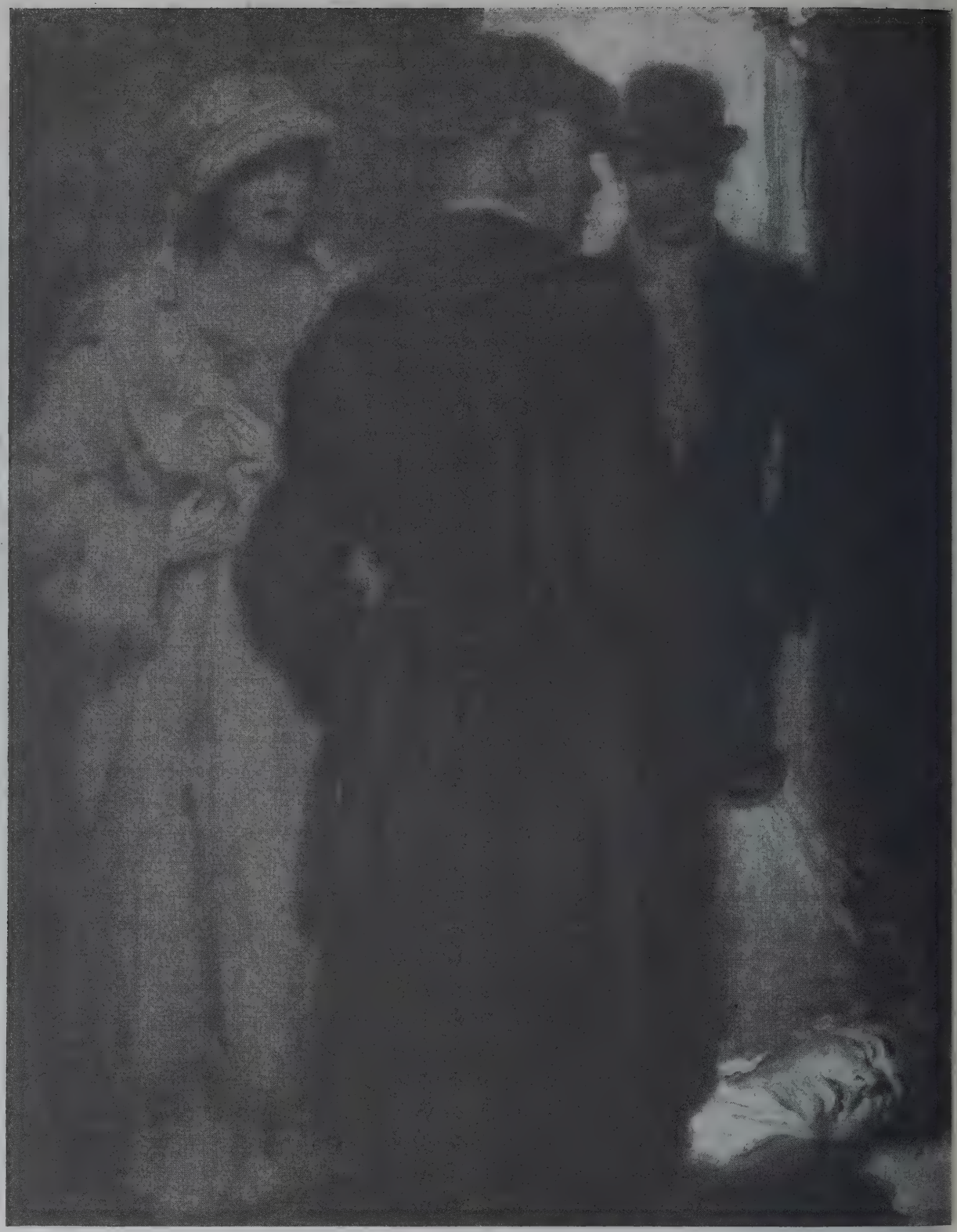
"Well enough thus far, if you like; but this is far from the end . . . I wonder, is it waste of time to beg a service of you, madame?"

The even brows contracted, his impudence earned the blank demur: "I don't know whether I ought!"

"After all," he submitted, "madame has again her emeralds . . ."

"And you to thank—I know. But still——"

"And she retains that intangible something which is worth nothing till it is lost; I refer to her—as we absurdly say—good name."



The man lay in a sprawl. "I just don't know how he worked it to get like this," protested the manager

"Haven't I proved my appreciation by letting you lie like a . . ."

Folly faltered, at loss for a figure, and Lanyard gravely suggested: "Like—I trust very truly—a gentleman."

"Well!" Her sense of humor wasn't proof against that, the efforts failed that she had been making to reestablish the poise of impartiality he had already shaken, she twinkled outright. "And I loved you for it and lied like a baggage in your support. Still, I think you owe me something more . . ."

"The explanation which I am as ready to make as you are to hear it, but a strange story——"

"I can imagine."

"Forgive me if I doubt that . . . A story so strange it will hardly seem credible without the testimony of one little likely to be suspected of bias in my favor—I mean Monsieur Morphew——"

"Morphew!"

Lanyard pretended not to know he had managed to stagger her a second time: "If you would be so gracious as to telephone the good man—one assumes you know his number——"

"But Morphy's *never* at home in the evening!"

"For all that, I venture to prophesy he will be found at home this evening, and not far from the telephone, either—providing you call him without too much delay."

"Morphew?" Folly reechoed as if she mistrusted even her own ears.

"You are such great friends, he won't think it strange if you turn to him for friendly offices in your distress——"

"But I'm not in any distress!"

"Precisely there is the favor I would beg of you, madame; to make believe you are, to tell Monsieur Morphew that something so distressing has just happened, you cannot rest without his



"If you don't mind having him carried indoors," said Lanyard, "I'll make an examination myself."

advice. If you will do that, I think you will find him more than willing to oblige you, to wait on you here with all possible expedition."

"But what on earth——"

"That I will make clear when you have telephoned. If you put it off until the Mallison lot is permitted to call in counsel and arrange for bondsmen, you won't catch Monsieur Morphew at home."

Lanyard endured gracefully the probe of dubious eyes—only a whimsical twitch of lips reminded Folly at length of his exemplary patience; whereupon she did a good descriptive bit with pretty shoulders and plumped herself down at the telephone.

Committing to memory the number she gave the Central operator, Lanyard saw the woman start sharply when the voice that responded bore out his prediction that Morphew would be found anomalously at home, this night of all nights. But the ability of an excellent amateur actress which Folly had once before proved to Lanyard's delight this time again stood her in good stead; he was fain to admit he himself might have been taken in by the ring of sincerity in her tremulous accents.

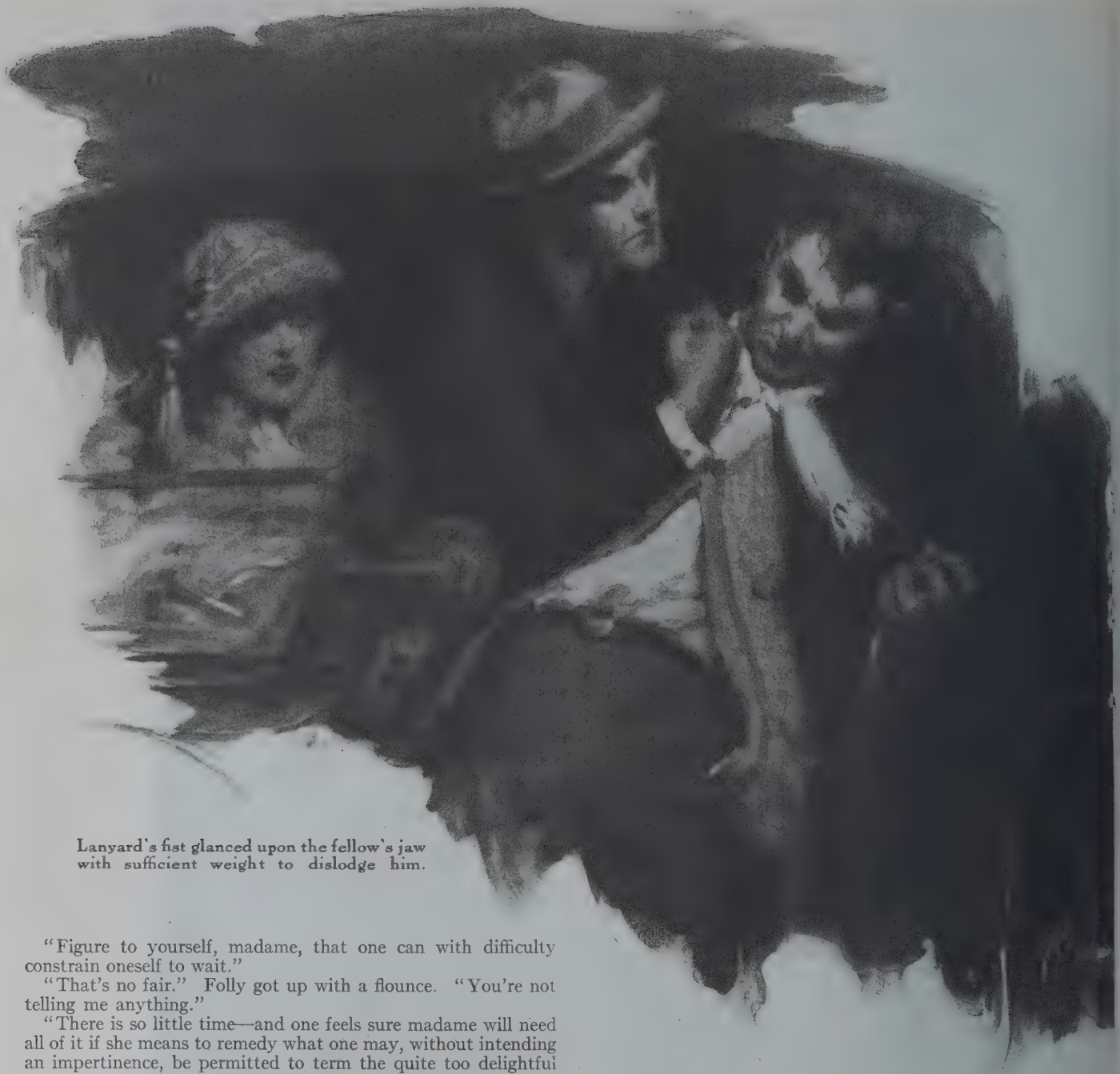
"Is that you, *really*, Morphy? Oh, I'm so glad! . . . Something terrible has happened, Morphy. Please don't ask questions now, I don't want to talk about it over the wire, but if you can possibly spare a minute, come around and give me your advice. You're the wisest man I know, and I'm in a peck of trouble, half out of my mind with worry . . . How perfectly sweet of you! Yes, as soon as you can, I'll be waiting so anxiously . . . "

Without rising, Folly swung round and mutely challenged Lanyard to make good his promise. But he merely bowed the bow that signifies "Thank you very much."

"Morphy says he won't be a minute."

"I take it, then, he doesn't live far away?"

"Only a few blocks."



Lanyard's fist glanced upon the fellow's jaw with sufficient weight to dislodge him.

"Figure to yourself, madame, that one can with difficulty constrain oneself to wait."

"That's no fair." Folly got up with a flounce. "You're not telling me anything."

"There is so little time—and one feels sure madame will need all of it if she means to remedy what one may, without intending an impertinence, be permitted to term the quite too delightful unconventionality of her attire."

Not in the least displeased, Folly demanded: "Are you complaining?"

"I am seeking delicately to suggest it would be a pity to give Monsieur Morphew any excuse for jumping at a conclusion which, however flattering to my unworthy self, might prove difficult to correct, not to say painful . . . "

"Painful?"

"To him."

"But you aren't a bit fair, you know, to keep on making me like you when you know very well you haven't been playing the game!"

"Madame wrongs me; one can play only such cards as chance deals to one's hand."

"Oh, dear!" Folly sighed. "I'm afraid I'm too impressionable or I'd never trust you at all, with appearances so black for you."

"Innocence," he modestly opined, "is so shining a garment, black appearances can only lend it an enhancing background."

She wavered between a smile and a frown.

"But you have trusted me so far"—judging the moment ripe, Lanyard passed from trifling to earnest entreaty—"surely you can afford to trust me still a little further. I want you out of the way when Soames shows Morphew in—let him say you will be down directly, nothing more—I want Morphew to meet me alone and without any warning. On the other hand, I wish you to hear every word that passes; so all that seems mysterious now will be made clear. While Morphew is busy trying to dissemble his joy at meeting me so unexpectedly, you will be able to come downstairs without making too much noise——"

"You aren't suggesting that I eavesdrop!"

"Why not? I did as much for you an hour ago—and very much to your advantage, you'll agree. Take my word for it, in this instance you will have even more excuse . . . "

"Heaven knows how you always manage to get round me, but you do." Folly went to the door, but there paused, looking back over her shoulder with provocative eyes, pretty to death as she stood with head perked pertly, her dainty body less hidden than set off by its frothy dishabille. "And it's well for me, I'm afraid," she confided, "if it's true, as Liane says, you're madly in love with another woman!"

She vanished, was heard briefly conferring with the butler in the entrance hall, then scampering up the stairs.

"And well for me!" Lanyard admitted then, with a wry grimace of self-knowledge; and forthwith closed his mind to the troubling concept of Folly as a woman too kindly inclined, a thought it wouldn't do to dally with for weightier reasons than that it was the truth Liane had babbled.

Against this impending interview, whose precarious issue was far too likely to prove one of life or death for Lanyard, he had to make all his dispositions, mental and environmental, in minutes of grace he had no means of knowing how few. Everything depended on how soon Morphew might leave his quarters in response to Folly's call, on whether or not he would learn before

leaving of the reverse which had waited on the Mallison coup. Lanyard asked no longer odds than to have Morphew arrive uninformed and unsuspicious; if he didn't, Lanyard would need to mind his eye, likewise his step, if he meant to go on living . . .

Swift review of four walls and all they enclosed, made careful note of the heavier articles of furniture and their arrangement in respect of one another and even more particularly of the four exits: the door to the entrance hall, the draped opening that communicated with the drawing room, the two French windows that gave upon the roof of the extension.

Wall sconces with shields of painted parchment bathed the study in a glareless glow; these darkened, a shaded table lamp was left for all illumination. And this in its turn having been extinguished, it was feasible to reconnoitre at the windows without risking detection by any spy who might be stationed in the vacant land back of the house. But when Lanyard had gently parted the draperies and put his nose to a pane, his vision spent itself to no profit on the welter of blacks, from dense to dusky, that blotted out the kitchen yard within its wooden walls and the open foundation pit beyond. Footfarers on the sidewalks to the north were well defined by the bleak shine of a street light on the Lexington Avenue corner; but if any living thing lurked in the waste between, it was lost to the cunning of Lanyard's eyes.

Notwithstanding, he watched on, to make sure the avenues of escape were not stealthily picketed in advance of Morphew's call, till the house bell dictated retreat from the window to relight the table lamp and take the place and pose which Lanyard most fancied, in an easy chair screened from the hall by the door that opened inward.



The professional soft shoes of the butler padded from pantry to front door, bolts thumped, the latch rattled, Morphew was heard to salute Soames with gruff condescension, the colorless voice of the servant responded; and having surrendered his hat and coat, the Sultan of Loot paraded into the study with a strut —or the observation of his audience erred—colored by a lively sense of gratification in unction yet to come. With Folly netted in his toils and soon to become a suppliant to his mercy—no mistake about it, Morphew in this moment was on the best of terms with the business of life in a richly rewarding world. And viewing the man revealed in this humor, Lanyard, ceased to entertain a doubt as to the best course to take with him.

Near the table whose lamp painted with stagey shadows his pale and crudely modeled features, Morphew halted. He cleared his throat importantly, consulted his watch, pricked an ear impatient for Folly's footfalls on the stairs, frowned ever so slightly over failure to hear them, and, tickled by some furtive thought, flashed his rare, unholy smile. Then, becoming cognizant of Lanyard sitting quietly in his corner, watchfully waiting, the man all at once grew taut in body and limb, like a dog confronted by some sudden shape of danger, and wiped his countenance clean of every treacherous trace of legibility. This much, and the swift veer of his eyes toward the doorway, alone confessed the facer to his expectations. The blinkless gaze that steadied to Lanyard's told nothing. Neither did it put any question. Pending the first move, which he was plainly resolved Lanyard must make, Morphew constrained himself to a set of dull, impassive patience.

An attitude Lanyard was nothing loath to humor. If the enemy preferred to resign the initiative, he didn't mind. If it came to that, he had meant all along, if it should appear, as now it did, that Morphew hadn't as yet heard what had happened in the last hour, to force the fighting. He got up and performed his courtliest bow.

"Good evening, monsieur. It was gracious of you to come round so promptly. Won't you be seated?"

Morphew ignored the gesture that singled out a chair for him, but after a measured instant observed rather than asked: "You were expecting me . . ."

"It was even I who advised Mrs. McFee to call monsieur into consultation."

The full, hard lips grudgingly released the monosyllable: "Why?"

"It recommended itself as the simplest way to seduce you into a conversation which I meant to have before morning whether you wanted it or not; furthermore, for me, by far the safest. Figure to yourself how much more secure I feel in my skin, meeting you here, the last place where you would have thought to find me . . ."

Morphew shifted slightly toward the door, a movement of impulse which he seemed to repent when he found Lanyard in the way. "I came here to have a talk with Mrs. McFee," he stated heavily, "at her invitation . . ."

"I have begged her to grant me the favor of a few minutes alone with you."

"I've nothing to say to you . . ."

"That places one of us at a deplorable disadvantage, for I have much to say to you, monsieur, and mean to say it."

"Suppose I don't care to listen . . ."

"It desolates me to feel obliged to inform you that, entirely by chance and contrary to my preference and habit, I happen to be armed."

"Seems to me I've heard"—a slow sneer darkened the face of uncouth ugliness—"it used to be your boast, 'the Lone Wolf never kills.'"

"Monsieur says truly 'it used to be' . . . He will, moreover, wisely remind himself that the Lone Wolf is no more; his code,

such as it was, is no sure guide to what Michael Lanyard may do when he fights for the right to live his own life in his own way."

Another instant their glances clashed, then Morphew's fell, he turned back sullenly to the table, fumbling, to cover nervousness out of character, for his cigar case. "Well—what do you want?"

Lanyard pushed the hall door to before replying.

"First, to give myself the felicity of telling you the great news."

Eyes beneath leaden lids shifted back to Lanyard's face, a gross hand grossly crusted with diamonds brought to light a cigar case of gold studded with diamonds, but delayed to open it.

"Come, Monsieur Morphew! confess you are wondering what has become of that zealous disciple of yours, Monsieur Mallison."

"What about Mallison?"

But Morphew had found it necessary to moisten his lips before he could speak.

"He is, at the present moment, one has good reason to believe, wildly telephoning about town to get in touch with you and pray for a bondsman to bail him out when he is arraigned tomorrow morning for stealing Mrs. McFee's emeralds."

The pupils of the little, flesh-embedded eyes contracted, Morphew licked his lips again.

"How's that?"

"Your protégé, monsieur, so neatly styled the dancing yegg, was caught hiding in the boudoir upstairs, some fifteen or twenty minutes ago, and arrested."

Morphew gave himself time to assimilate this ill-omened information, bending over the gaudy trinket in his hands and making meticulous choice of a cigar. He gnawed off its end, broadcasted the waste, put the case away, struck a match and through a screen of smoke and flame looked back to Lanyard.

"How'd you manage that?"

"But surely one who couldn't—so simple a matter!—is not one to have been honored with the handsome offer you made me last night."

"I've put you a question," Morphew prompted testily. "I want to know how you managed to put it over on Mally. Afraid to answer?"

"All in good time. For the present, I have the whim to point out what dismal stupidity you have displayed in this affair, to the end that you may spare yourself further discomfiture by foregoing any injudicious schemes of vengeance which may be brewing behind that broad, impassive brow."

"You swing a mean tongue in English," Morphew commented, "for a foreigner." He cast about for a chair sturdy enough to sustain the bulk of him, and with an air of resignation, his first voluntary confession of feeling, sat down. "Go on, get it all off your chest, I don't mind listening."

"Monsieur is too amiable. One can only prove one's appreciation by endeavoring to be brief . . . "

"Take your time. I've got plenty."

"Regard, then, my good Morphew, that last night, in this room, I was drugged."

"Hootch?" Morphew queried sagely, and receiving a nod commented: "There's a lot of wicked stuff being served nowadays."

"Four drinks were mixed for us last night, Morphew, by your man Pagan. The other three were consumed without ill effects. Thirty minutes after drinking the one he gave me, I became unconscious of my actions."

"Never knew a Frenchman yet could hold his liquor like a gentleman."

"No doubt monsieur knows best how a gentleman drinks . . . At the same time, Pagan did his best, by means of hints thinly veiled, to prepare Mrs. McFee to credit me with the robbery which was even then planned in detail."

"Is this a confession you're making?"

"Planned by you, monsieur, and brilliantly executed by your henchman, the dancing yegg."

"If you didn't know what you were doing last night, like you claim, how d'you know you didn't pull the job off yourself?"

"One was waiting for that question, one knew it was sure to come after the preparation Pagan had made for it."

"I notice you don't seem in any sweat to answer it."

"It has been answered for me. With her complaint of the theft, Mrs. McFee communicated to the police the suspicions Pagan had been at such pains to sow in her mind; with the result that my rooms were visited early today, and, like me, searched while I slept."

Morphew took the cigar from between his teeth and with an air of anxiety inspected its half-inch or more of ash. "And nothing found," he inferred incuriously.

"Nothing."

"Can't remember what you did with the stuff, either, I suppose?" The cigar went back to its appointed berth. "Too bad. You must've been stewed as a boiled owl, all right."

"Patience. Tonight, when Mrs. McFee called in the police to arrest Mallison for having sneaked back like the thief he is, after having left this house in the character of a guest and friend, he was searched and found to possess"—Lanyard made provokingly deliberate pause—"a pocket kit of burglar's tools."

"Sounds fishy." Nevertheless, more business with the cigar told of strain to keep up appearances under unrelenting study. "That all your news?"

"But by no means all. Further search proved that Mallison had been guilty of the amazing indiscretion of bringing the emeralds, concealed upon his person, back into the house from which he had stolen them."

Untouched by Morphew's hand the cigar between his teeth dropped its ash. "How do you mean?" he mumbled, watching his fat bedizened fingers brush the gray flakes from the lapel of his dinner jacket. "The emeralds couldn't have been found on Mally unless"—the colorless eyes lifted sharply to Lanyard's face—"unless you put them there!"

"My gifts are small; I am hardly so clever as monsieur flatters me by supposing."

"By God!" Morphew heaved out of his chair in a cold rage of conviction, "you planted the stuff on the boy!"

"But," Lanyard pointed out, his suavity unruffled, "if you are so positive the emeralds were in my possession before they were found on Mallison, the admission is implicit that you had compromising knowledge of the robbery. Else how can you be so sure?"

"I'm satisfied you stole 'em," Morphew growled. "I'm satisfied you planted 'em on Mally for fear they'd be found on you."

"But why?" Lanyard argued as one perplexed but reasonable. "Have you never been mistaken in reading the hearts of those whom you employ? Remember what you must have known about Mallison before you reckoned him skillful and unscrupulous enough to be of use to you. Was it altogether wise, do you think, to trust such a one to resist the temptation to keep for himself the plunder you had set him to steal and bestow on me for my undoing? Was it wise to forget the least miscarriage of the scheme would leave you unable to prove your tool had been false to your trust? Was it wise to believe Mallison too dense to think of that for himself? How can you be sure he didn't put the jewels into his own pocket instead of into mine?"

"See here——" Morphew stammered, equanimity at last shaken beyond dissembling.

"Ah! but there I have you," Lanyard chuckled. "There I touched the heel of Achilles—eh, monsieur?—your vulnerable spot! The truth is, you dare trust nobody; you don't know that Mallison didn't play you false any more than you know now that he won't, when the pinch comes, turn State's evidence and betray you to save himself."

"Get out of my way!" Morphew bit through his cigar and cast it from him with a violent hand. "I've had enough of this, I've stood for about all of your nonsense——"

"By all means, monsieur"—Lanyard politely stood clear of the door—"hasten to the police station and put the fear of God into the heart of this poor thing whom you were fool enough to trust. You haven't a minute to lose if you hope to succeed in stopping the mouths of those four whom the police are even now, doubtless, putting through the third degree——"

"Four?" Morphew checked short in ponderous dismay, his heavy head low between his shoulders and swaying like that of a tormented animal. "Four!"

"Bless my soul! did I forget to tell you? How unpardonably stupid of me. The lady so lost to shame that she openly accuses herself of being Mrs. Mallison, the enterprising Mr. Howlin and his associate Mr. Regan—all stepped with Mallison into the trap you'd set for Mrs. McFee, for the purposes of blackmail, and sprung it on themselves. If you doubt my word you'll find them at the east Fifty-first Street police station."

"If that's true," Morphew rumbled, barely articulate, "if I owe that to you, Lanyard——"

"It is—you do."

"You'll settle with me, you crook—if you hide at the ends of the earth, I'll find you and break you——"

"Ah! Thanks, my good Morphew, many thanks!" Lanyard laughed in high delight. "How (*Continued on page 153*)

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The Great God FOUR-FLUSH

A Story of an Artificial Woman

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

IT IS a giant hothouse—Hollywood.

Beneath the blue-green roofs of its glass stages bloom exotic plants lacking only that perfume which honeys in the sunshine of reality.

Orchids and roses and even lilies of the valley grow luxuriantly there, as alluring and as unreal as the mascara on a pretty woman's eyelashes.

Bred under glass. Warmed by the glare of electric lights. Fed on facile emotions that must answer the touch of the director's whip. Seeing in their triple mirrors the intriguing mask of make-up. Hearing the expensive lies of press agents.

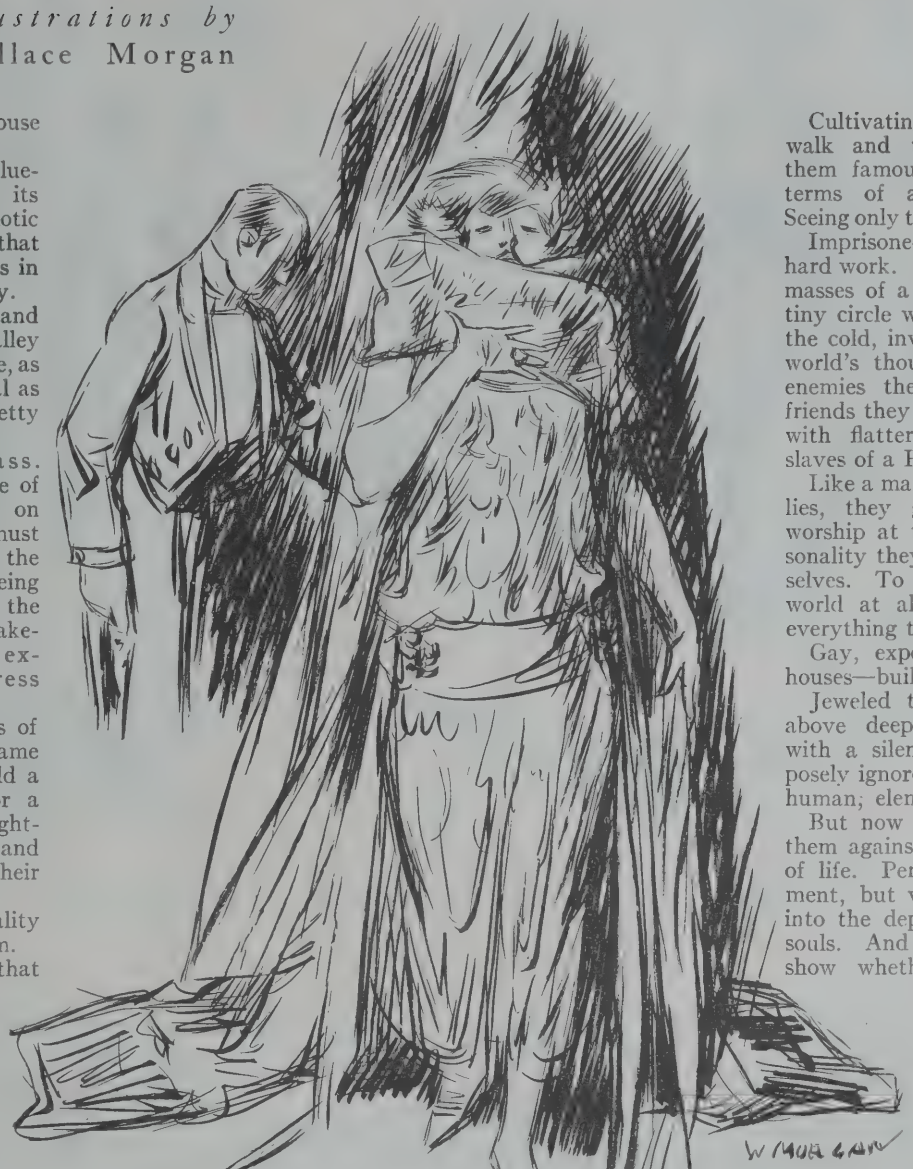
The shooting stars of Hollywood who flame into the sky and hold a world spellbound for a time by the sheer brightness of their beauty and the strangeness of their lure.

The curse of artificiality lies heavily upon them.

So heavily often that they dare not drink from the well of experience which alone inspires great art.

They serve a thousand idols of affectation.

Their common daily round is as hectic and as gaudy as the whirl of a merry-go-round.



Gwynne Gunning was a study in water colors, by Herself.

Flung headlong from a two room flat on the Chicago L. From the drab existence of a Nebraska farmhouse. From the staid coldness of a New England parsonage. From the noisy crowds of Tenth Avenue in New York City. Flung into direct contact with adulation, wealth, fame, position—too many times the tinsel enters the soul of them.

Why, they're only kids—kids without tradition, without background, without training.

Sometimes it intoxicates them into forgetfulness of every law the staid, conventional, everyday world insists upon. Sends them to the very depths of indulgence and mad pleasure. Strips them bare of even a desire to hide their own weaknesses.

Sometimes they forget only what manner of women they really are. They acquire the manner and the pose and the appearance and the habits of polished women of the world. And they cease to consider that, underneath, the little girl who once played in Tenth Avenue lives and breathes and loves and hates.

Cultivating the smile and the walk and the pout that made them famous. Thinking only in terms of a twenty-four sheet. Seeing only the too alluring present.

Imprisoned by long hours of hard work. Driven by the staring masses of a curious public into a tiny circle where they never meet the cold, invigorating blast of the world's thought. Surrounded by enemies they must placate and friends they must satisfy. Stuffed with flattery, they become the slaves of a Pose.

Like a man who believes his own lies, they grow—these girls—to worship at the shrine of the personality they have built for themselves. To defend it from the world at all costs. To sacrifice everything to it.

Gay, expensive, amazing little houses—built upon quicksand.

Jeweled temples constructed above deep crevices that swell with a silent, unrecognized, purposely ignored torrent of common, human, elemental emotion.

But now and then fate dashes them against the nakedest reality of life. Perhaps only for a moment, but vitally enough to dig into the depths of their spangled souls. And only that test can show whether they have been eaten alive by their own affectations, or whether the soul of a real woman throbs within the irresistible creature they have fashioned for the world to adore.

Whether the Great God Four-Flush rules them beyond hope of redemption, or whether the soil heritage of their ancestors will sweep away artificialities as a tidal wave sweeps away the puny defenses of civilization.

The answer is always easy to read. For then, they either sink beneath the load of chinchilla and diamonds and press agent lies, into oblivion. Or they give to the screen its moments of great acting.

As she gathered up the scattered books and papers, Mlle. Decourbey sighed just a little. There was something about Gwynne Gunning that always made her sigh.

She was a tall, plain woman, and when she was with Miss Gunning she felt taller and plainer than ever.

It was an impression that Miss Gunning was apt to make upon other women—a conviction that they were blowzy and awkward and heavy beside the Venetian glass perfection of her.

The French teacher adored an instant longer the picture before her. Approved with her own Parisian taste the drape of



Laurine Johnstone,
with her titled husband. Yes, she was impressed by Gwynne's dinner party. And she was very cordial to Gwynne.

orchid chiffon that swathed the little figure. The richness of the chinchilla rug across the little feet. The gleam of soft, riotous golden curls against black velvet and rose satin.

Perhaps it was all just a little too perfect, for good taste.

But Mlle. Decourbey did not know that Gwynne Gunning had been born on the west side of New York where she could almost hear the shouts from Hell's Kitchen in her cradle. Otherwise it would have seemed amazing enough that Gwynne should come so near to achieving the really elegant thing.

A French doll.

She sighed again. Life, after all, meant very little to a woman without beauty.

Beauty? Shuffling together the papers upon which Gwynne had written her French exercises in a delicate, artificial hand, the Frenchwoman wondered if Gwynne Gunning had beauty.

What did it matter?

She had something without which beauty is an empty cup.

A lure that was molded into every line of her slim body, every sense-stirring contour of her little face.

It was a bit like a play, to teach Gwynne Gunning. You became a character in the drama of herself which Gwynne was always staging—a comedy-drama of four-flush.

With one of those flashes of insight which her long experience of life had given her, the woman wondered if Gwynne had ever had a real emotion. Ever uttered a sincere word. Ever done a natural, unpremeditated thing in all the long months she had taught her. Tried to visualize her sweet insincerity in the grip of something tremendous. Wondered what she would do in a vital crisis.

And gave it up. Inwardly chuckling as she compared her with another pupil, hard-boiled, reckless, dissipated Aileen Preston, who shouted from the curbstone her impudent motto, "Be yourself." And who said saucily of Gwynne Gunning: "Does she believe all that stuff she pulls? How do they get that way, eh? Always pretending to be something they don't even know what it's all about."

Gwynne Gunning was simply a study in water colors, by Herself.

Mlle. Decourbey tucked the last book under her arm. "Tomorrow at the same time?" she asked.

Gwynne Gunning came back from that delicious dreamland where she had apparently been pursuing beautiful thoughts, and smiled. It was the smile of a great lady. Kind and sweet but with just the necessary touch of hauteur.

"I'm afraid not, mademoiselle." The French teacher suppressed the shudder which Gwynne's French always sent through her. Oddly enough, she had eliminated the Tenderloin twang from her English, but it rasped through every word of French. "I shall be working tomorrow. Come on Saturday, please."

To the maid who came in, Gwynne said: "Jeanne, bring me that copy of Browning I left in the music room last night. I do not wish to be disturbed until four-thirty. Ask my secretary to come then. Mr. Austin is coming to tea at five. And I am dining out. Will you ask Porter to be a trifle more careful about the arrangement of the tea table? Perhaps a few scattered



rose leaves would be nice. I cannot eat unless things are daintily served. And please tell cook that unless I am entertaining I do not care for meat, except chicken or a bit of fish. That is all."

The maid nodded seriously. She had no way of knowing that on location, or at hurried, unobserved luncheons Gwynne Gunning might still satisfy a deep yearning for steak and onions, or juicy corn beef and cabbage.

Outside, the afternoon sunshine fought the rolling bank of evening clouds and won to a hue as living and vital as the breath of the sea.

But in Gwynne Gunning's boudoir, the taffeta curtains veiled the windows. Even in her town car, heavy silk curtains shut out the daylight. Daylight made one squint.

Except for the frilly reading lamp above the day bed, the room now glowed only with soft light from brackets of painted candles.

The big day bed stood in the center of a black velvet carpet. About it foamed heaps of cushions, like cream puffs constructed of luscious fabrics. The faintest breath stirred the pastel-tinted ostrich plumes that filled the big gilt basket. A delicate, naked dancing girl blew clouds of incense.

Soul-stifling. Heart-smothering. The narcotic of luxury.

Gwynne Gunning relaxed utterly. Her pretense of reading the poems before her ceased. Relaxing was so good for one. It wiped out any little strain, any tenseness of muscle. It sponged off the ghost of a stray smile. Of course Gwynne Gunning never laughed. She had learned that early in the game. Laughter brought wrinkles.

And she never cried. For drops of water wore lines even in stone. And in that soft velvet skin of Gwynne Gunning's they must leave traces that could not be massaged away. No matter how much she longed to indulge in a good, old-fashioned howl. To relieve her clamped soul with unseemly shrieks of mirth, as she and Sadie Fallows used to do of a Sunday afternoon when they strolled up Thirty-fourth Street—no matter how these longings shook her, she indulged them but seldom any more.

The camera is a cruel taskmaster.

Gwynne knew that she lived in the heart of the public only by her loveliness. She had become hardened to the printed repetition of the fact that she could not act. Had no more expression than a wax doll. Was a stunning clotheshorse and nothing else.

Sometimes the clamor of an old, vital ambition to act started her pulses. Sometimes the memories of old dreams—common, honest, girl dreams—crept like wan little ghosts into her idle thoughts. She had wanted earthily to be a great actress once.

But now—she was afraid of emotions. Now she was a lady. And emotions could never be ladylike. She knew that. Besides, they were hideous things. She had decided upon the path she wished to follow.

The domino of a Parisian marquise became her excellently well.

When she came into the drawing room at ten minutes after five to greet Gregg Austin, the bloom of a beauty nap was still upon her.

The pastel train of her tea gown trailed into a stately weight of her favorite chinchilla. Somehow its expensive elegance symbolized all that Gwynne Gunning hoped to gain from life.

The chiffons wrapped her exquisite figure as the petals wrap a rosebud. Austin took in appreciatively the full, firm bust, the supple, slender waist, the round, pointed limbs.

He did not understand her.

Gwynne Gunning challenged the senses as a sunset challenges the eye. Yet having issued that challenge she refused to recognize it.

He could not classify her. Could not be sure whether she was lady or demi-mondaine or merely manikin.

She came across to him with the famous Gwynne Gunning walk—the fierce glide of a panther in the fluffy softness of a kitten—and held out a little hand upon which one big pearl nestled.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I am upset. Will you have tea or a highball?"

She nodded his order to the butler. And he grinned inwardly at the languid elegance with which she sank into a big chair. If it was a trick, it was a very good trick. He couldn't be sure.

"Miss Garvy has just brought me the New York reviews of my last picture," she said slowly. "I ran it for you here. They have said most unkind things about my dancing costumes. Gregg, I am hurt."

Gregg Austin stood watching her. For almost a month he had been admitting to himself that he was quite mad about her. Admitting it with just the touch of a sneer. It was, after all, well enough to play about with these pretty little picture girls. Well enough to have his own crowd know he enjoyed the freedom of glittering Bohemia when he chose.

He liked, at dinner parties in Mrs. Wallace Higgen Garrett's Montecito palace, to drop a word here and an anecdote there of his intimacy with the great and near-great of filmdom.

Mrs. Garrett herself had scolded him about his interest in Gwynne Gunning when he went to Santa Barbara to play for the golf cup.

He had laughed it off then, and now—now he was wondering. Now he was having to keep the tightest of tight grips on himself. That she would marry him, he was certain. It would be an exceptionally good thing for her in every way. Exactly what she wanted. But he didn't want to marry her if he could help it.

Now he bent down and laid his brown hand on hers. He was very tall. Very distinguished and disagreeable looking. About his temples was already a sprinkling of gray hairs. He lounged, but he did it well. He had the perfect voice and the charming rudeness of his class.

"No one but a woman would say unkind things about your dancing costumes," he said lightly.

Gwynne thanked him with a wistful upward glance. "You are so kind to me, Gregg. But I am afraid they have not understood me. One hates to have one's highest motives misunderstood. One of them actually said I was—indecent. They intimated that I was only using my—my body to put my pictures over. But Gregg, nature is beautiful, isn't it? I have only been trying to present to them on the screen what the Greeks gave the world in their art. The inspiration of the beautiful. I have been studying Greek literature"—it was a new word, and she said it deliberately—"and it has formed my ideals."

He was still standing, his tall figure in golf clothes outlined against the great, grilled gates that separated the drawing room from the sunken conservatory. As she rose, he puzzled as a clever interviewer had done only that morning over the source of the thoughts she had expressed so charmingly. Were they really her own?

She put one hand on his coat in pretty appeal. "Gregg, my art is all I live for. I am really very spirituelle. Am I not spirituelle on the screen?"

It was the first time Gregg Austin had ever lost his head.

He let her go before a volley of small, clenched fists—fists that developed claws—claws that scratched. Let her go as her vicious, frantic kicks drummed against his shins.

It was the rage of an alley cat. The spitting, lynx-like venom of women who know no other way to defend the body that is theirs.

"You beast, you keep your dirty hands off me, you hear?" she flamed at him.

"I'm sorry. But I'm a man, you know. No man can be with you day in and day out as I've been and not lose his head."

A shudder shook her. Her face was chalky but the lips had twisted back to their sweet and wistful smile. She lifted a pathetic dignity to her aid, and it was like watching a strong man lift a weight.

"You, my friend!" she said. "That is a side of life I know nothing of. It repulses me. I am too spirituelle for that."

A cynical smile shot across his face. "You mean you've never cared for a man like that?"

Reproachfully she shook her head at him. And it flashed upon him that he had seen her do exactly this scene, even to the exquisite quivering of her white throat, on the screen many times.

But truly this time she could not answer.

She was torn between a desire to give rein to her furious anger at his touch, and a knowledge that she could not.

And she was thinking—seeing—remembering, maddeningly, hatefully.

Thinking of her immigrant mother, that ignorant and beautiful creature who had sold and sacrificed all to many loves. Of the dark, violent boy to whom she herself had given her first kisses. Of the suave, cold man whose gambling house she had helped to brilliant success and who in return had helped her to her first chance.

That girl—little Alma Schwartz—had never really existed.

She—*she* was Gwynne Gunning. A lady. An exquisite idol. A rich woman. Photographed. Served. *She* knew nothing of those noisy, dirty, poverty-stricken streets. She came from a little village in the lovely South—her biography said so.

Her voice, when it came, was low and sweet and sincere.

"I'm afraid I never could."

He felt himself baffled. Doubting her absolutely. Yet unable to put his finger on the weak spot. Afraid to call what he sensed was a bluff for fear it just might not be.

"Gwynne, you're fighting away from everything real in the world. You're hiding from life itself."

She only shook her head, lovely blue eyes averted. "I am just myself, Gregg. My director says I shall never be a great actress until I feel and know more of life. But—I don't want it. I love things just the way they are. Please, Gregg, just be my friend."

If marriage was in the back of both their minds, neither brought it forward. Gwynne saw her chance to follow up the scene—her chance perhaps to win from him the question she so much wanted to hear. But she had not the strength to play it out.

For with hasty, nervous fingers, poor little Gwynne Gunning was busy burying anew and deeper than ever that lightning flash of remembrance that had torn through her complacent indolence—and praying that it might never come again.

II

GWYNNE GUNNING swayed in her seat.

With her two hands she gripped violently at the edge of the rough chair in which she sat. The breath had stopped in her throat. Her heart was pounding like some wild thing suddenly uncaged.

Her heart! Her heart that she had schooled to beat so evenly, so surely through life. Oh, why had she come?

She looked fearfully about her, feeling a shamed sense that the wave of color sweeping her from head to foot must be visible to everyone around her.

Then her eyes went again to the ring and stayed there, hungrily, as shyly hot and sweet as the eyes of the simplest woman in the world.

The great roofed arena was almost full of smoke, so that the air she drew frantically into her aching lungs was acrid and harsh.

It was strangely dark about her, like a gulf inhabited by passions and not by people at all. Dark except for that white, raised square of canvas on which the glare of electric lights beat so revealingly.

Never, since childhood days when she had seen street fights, had Gwynne Gunning felt the beat of primitive, elemental emotions that swept her now. The roar of the crowd as the fight went on was like the crash of some giant living thing.

An atmosphere like that *did* things to you.

Why had she come, oh why had she come?

Gregg went to the boxing matches in Hollywood every Friday night. He had tried often before to persuade her. So many women went now. She would see all the stars who worked on her lot, many of her best friends, at the ringside. The arena was owned and managed by the American Legion. The fights were clean and orderly and well conducted. The crowd was high-class. It was a recognized sport now.

Lots of the women he knew came over from Pasadena. In fact, fights were distinctly good form, since the war. Society leaders put on boxing cards for their pet charities.

Anyway, she had come.

It is very hard to hide from life.

The first fights had not particularly interested her. Rather, they had actually seemed slow and stupid to her. She kept the



Gregg Austin—
the first time he ever lost his head. Gwynne's was the rage of an alley cat.

dainty laces of her scented handkerchief against her lips. Or buried her chin in the familiar warmth of her chinchilla.

And then the crowd had suddenly surged to a cheer, to a wave of affectionate welcome.

Even Gregg, in his superior, patronizing manner, had called out, "Hi, Joe, go get this bird!"

A man behind her was jostling her hat. Standing up and yelling:

"He ain't got a thing on you, ole boy. Remember that right to the stomick."

The figure they hailed, wrapped in a blue bathrobe, sat down on a little white stool in a corner quite close to her.

She had a moment's impression of a wonderfully clean-cut young head. A haughty, indifferent young profile, with a fine, straight nose. A crest of smooth brown hair. A column of throat like a Greek boy's.

"Who is that?" she whispered to Gregg.

"Oh! that's Joe Flynn, the best boy they have here. He's cleaned up every lightweight on the Coast, so they've brought a big card on from New York to fight him. Flynn's got the making of a real scrapper."

Another man came into the opposite corner, a squat, dark fellow with a marred and battered face.

The boy rose, slipped off his bathrobe and eased himself up and down on the ropes.

Suddenly Gwynne Gunning's eyes were filled with a vision. A vision of splendid, rippling shoulders that tapered down into a slim, beautiful waist. A skin that dazzled, white as the fairest woman's. Powerful, tapering arms and a lithe, magnificent grace.

More beautiful, stronger and more perfect than any woman's body could ever be.

"Gee, he's a swell built boy," some man near her said loudly. "Look at them shoulders. Ain't he a *(Continued on page 106)*

THE HOPE OF Happiness

The Setting *of the story is an Ohio city today, and it concerns the lives of:*

BRUCE STORRS, *a young architect of fine personal character.*

FRANKLIN MILLS, *his real father, an aristocrat, rich, conservative and influential, though little understood by his fellow citizens.*

SHEPHERD MILLS, *Franklin's son, a dreamer whose character is the antithesis of his father's, and who is head of a storage battery plant.*

CONSTANCE MILLS, *Shepherd's wife, a social parvenu, restless and avid of personal admiration.*

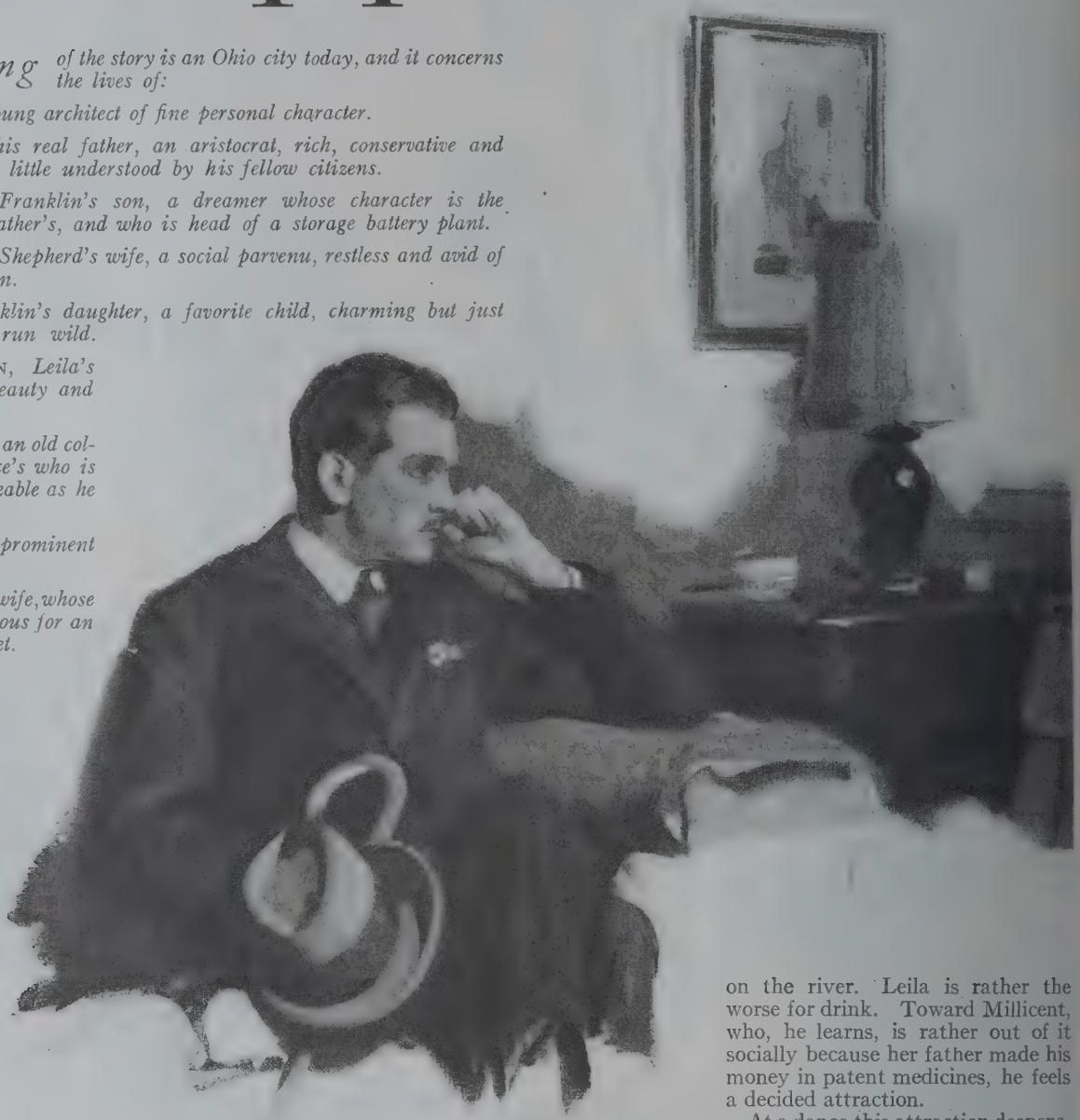
LEILA MILLS, *Franklin's daughter, a favorite child, charming but just now inclined to run wild.*

MILLICENT HARDEN, *Leila's friend, who has beauty and artistic genius.*

"BUD" HENDERSON, *an old college friend of Bruce's who is as generous and likable as he is irresponsible.*

"BILL" FREEMAN, *a prominent architect.*

DALE FREEMAN, *his wife, whose home is the rendezvous for an intelligent social set.*



A Résumé of Parts One and Two:

THE world of Bruce Storrs metaphorically comes tumbling about his ears when his mother confesses to him before she dies that he is not John Storrs's son. Her one lapse in a faithful wedded life had been an impetuous love affair with one Franklin Mills two years after her marriage. Bruce is Mills's son.

After a long walking trip to readjust his views, Bruce obeys his mother's dying request and goes to the Ohio city where Mills lives, to work near him.

There he falls in at once with Bud Henderson and is introduced by Bud to nearly everyone of interest and importance. Through Bud, too, he becomes assistant to Bill Freeman, and at Dale Freeman's house meets his half-brother, Shepherd Mills, and Constance, both of whom take a liking to him, Constance as usual starting a mild flirtation. Bruce, of course, keeps the secret of his parentage to himself.

Later Bruce meets Millicent Harden and his half-sister, Leila Mills, by the process of rescuing them from a motor boat stalled on the river. Leila is rather the worse for drink. Toward Millicent, who, he learns, is rather out of it socially because her father made his money in patent medicines, he feels a decided attraction.

At a dance this attraction deepens. Millicent introduces him to Franklin Mills, his own father. Both men are deeply and secretly affected, for Mills is at once struck by Bruce's name and appearance and cannot help wondering if the boy is his own son. The feeling begins to haunt his mind, stirring up old memories of Bruce's mother.

Bruce is again brought to his father's attention when Shepherd Mills gets him to draw up rough plans for a clubhouse he wants to construct for his employees, on some property of Franklin Mills adjoining the plant. This plan Mills brusquely turns down, as he does all of Shepherd's humanitarian schemes, thereby again deeply hurting the feelings of his son.

That evening Shepherd and Constance have dinner at Franklin Mills's house, prior to a dance. Alone with Shepherd, Mills privately requests him to have Constance exert some good influence over Leila, whose drinking he has noticed and whose "gallivanting" with one Thomas, divorced, he dislikes; meanwhile, upstairs, Leila is taking a surreptitious drink. While the young people are at the dance, Mills is to call on Millicent Harden, at whose home he is a frequent visitor.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON'S

Vital Novel of American Life



Constance

Illustrations by
Pruett Carter

Part Three: CHAPTER V

IN THE fortnight following his encounter with Mills at the Hardens', and the later meeting that same night in the storm, Bruce had thrown himself with fierce determination into his work. There must be no repetitions of such meetings; they added to his self-consciousness, made him ill at ease even when walking the streets in which at a turn of any corner he might run into Mills.

He had never known that he had a nerve in his body but now he was aware of disturbing sensations, inability to concentrate on his work, even a tremor of the hands as he bent over his drawing board. His abrupt change from the open road to an office in some measure accounted for this and he began going to a public golf links on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and against the coming of winter he had his name proposed for membership in an athletic club.

He avoided going anywhere that might bring him again in contact with the man he believed to be his father. Shepherd Mills he met at the University Club now and then, and he was not a little ashamed of himself for repelling the young man's friendly overtures. Shepherd, evidently feeling that he must in some way explain his silence as to the clubhouse for the battery plant employees for which Bruce had made tentative sketches, spoke of the scheme one day as a matter he was obliged to defer for the present.

But Bruce too has called on Millicent that evening. He admires the extraordinary fine decorative quality of her music room with its stained glass window depicting a knight in armor, and she plays the organ for him. As she plays, Franklin Mills comes in. The three talk only a few moments when Mills excuses himself.

Going home, Bruce meets Mills in the rain and is invited into the latter's house. He cannot help accepting, though the constant meetings with the Mills family are deeply disturbing to him. As they talk before the fire of commonplace things, Mills keeps studying something above Bruce's head. This, Bruce finds, is a portrait of Mills's father, who looks extraordinarily like Bruce himself.

After Bruce leaves, it seems to Mills that his father's eyes—the eyes of young Storrs—are fixed upon him with a curious disconcerting gravity.



"Does this Storrs," asked Mills, "go out among people you know?" "Oh, I think so, dada!" said Leila.

"It's a little late in the season to begin; and father's doubtful about it—thinks it might cause feeling among the men in other concerns. I hadn't thought of that aspect of the matter——"

Shepherd paused and frowned as he waited for Bruce to offer some comment on the abandonment of the project. It was none of Bruce's affair but he surmised that the young man had been keenly disappointed by his father's refusal to sanction the building of the clubhouse.

"Oh well, it doesn't matter!" Bruce remarked as though it were merely a professional matter of no great importance. But he thought intently, as he left Shepherd, about the relations of the father and son. They were utterly irreconcilable natures. Having seen Franklin Mills, sat at his fireside, noted the man's enjoyment of ease and luxury, it was not difficult to understand his lack of sympathy with Shepherd's radical tendencies. Piecing together what he had heard about Mills from Henderson and Millicent Harden with his own estimate, Bruce was confident that whatever else Franklin Mills might be he was no altruist.

It was in Bruce's heart to be kind and he was sorry after he left Shepherd that he had been so brusque. He might at least have expressed his sympathy with the young man's wish to do something to promote the happiness of his workmen. The vitality so evident in Franklin Mills's vigorous figure, and his perfect poise, made Shepherd appear almost ridiculous in contrast.

Bruce noted that the other young men about the club did not treat Shepherd quite as one of themselves. When Shepherd sat at the big round table in the grill he would listen to the free give and take with a pathetic eagerness to share in their good fellowship, but unable to make himself quite one of them. This might have been due, Bruce thought, to the anxiety of Shepherd's contemporaries—young fellows he had grown up with—to show



"I asked him to call and he hasn't. I guess the joke's on me."

their indifference to the fact that he was the son of the richest man in town. Or they felt, perhaps, that Shepherd was not equal to his opportunities. No one ever had occasion to refer to him as a profligate young prince whose evil ways were bound to land him in the poorhouse or the gutter.

Bruce was sorry for Shepherd and in other circumstances would have felt moved to make a friend of him. But the fact that they were of the same blood haunted him like a hideous oft-recurring nightmare.

II

Bruce had reached a mood common to sensitive men in which he craved talk with a woman—a woman of understanding. It was Saturday and the office closed at noon. He would ask Millicent to share his freedom by driving into the country; and without giving himself time to debate the matter, he made haste to call her on the telephone.

Her voice responded cheerily. Leila had just broken an engagement with her for golf and wouldn't he play? When he explained that he wasn't a member of a club and the best he could do would be to take her to a public course, she declared that he must be her guest. The point was too trivial for discussion; the sooner they got off the better, and so two o'clock found them both with a good initial drive starting over the Country Club course.

"Long drives mean long talks," she said. "We start at least with the respect of our caddies. You'll never guess what I was doing when you called up!"

"At the organ, or in the studio putting a nose on somebody?"

"Wrong! I was planting tulip bulbs. This was a day when I couldn't have played a note or touched clay to save my life. Ever have such fits?"

"I certainly do," replied Bruce.

Today he was finding her different from the girl who had played for him, and yet not the girl of his adventure on the river or the Millicent he had met at the Country Club party. There was a charm in her variableness, perhaps because of her unchanging sincerity and instinctive kindness. He waited for her to putt and rolled his own ball into the cup.

"Sometimes I see things black; and then there *does* appear to be blue sky," he said.

"Yes; but that's not a serious symptom. If we didn't have those little mental experiences we wouldn't be interesting to ourselves!"

"Great Scott! *Must* we be interesting to ourselves!"

"Absolutely!"

"But when I'm down in the mouth I don't care whether I'm interesting or not!"

"Nothing in it! Life's full of things to do—you know that! I believe you're just trying to psychoanalyze me!"

"I swear I'm not! I was as blue as indigo this morning; that's why I called you up!"

"Now——" she carefully measured a short approach and played it neatly. "Oh, you didn't want to see me socially, so to speak; you just wanted someone to tell your troubles to! Is that a backhanded compliment?"

"Rather a confession—do you hate it?"

"No—I rather like that . . ."

With an artist's eye she watched him drive a long low ball with his brassie. His tall figure, the free play of arms and shoulders, his boyish smile when she praised the shot contributed to a new impression of him. He appeared younger than the night he called on her when she had thought him diffident, old-fashioned and stiffly formal.

As they walked over the turf with a misty drizzle wetting their faces fitfully it seemed to both that their acquaintance had just begun. When he asked if she didn't want to quit she protested that she was dressed for any weather. It was unnecessary to accommodate himself to her in any way; she walked as rapidly as he; when she sliced her ball into the rough she bade him not follow her and when she had gotten into the course again she ran to join him, as though eager not to break the thread of their talk. The thing she was doing at a given moment was, he judged, the one thing in the world that interested her. The wind rose presently and blew the mist away and there was promise of a clearing sky.

"You've brought the sun back!" he exclaimed. "Something told me you had influence with the weather."

"I haven't invoked any of my gods today; so give the Weather Bureau the credit."

"Your gods! You speak as though you had a list."

"Good gracious! You promised me once not to pick me up and make me explain myself."

"Then I apologize. I can see that it isn't fair to make a goddess explain her own divinity."

"Oh-o-o-o," she mocked him. "You get zero for that!"

She was walking along with her hands thrust into the pockets of her sweater, the brim of her small sport hat turned up.

"But seriously," she went on, "out of doors is the best place to think of God. The churches make religion seem so complicated. We can't believe in a God we can't imagine. Where there's sky and grass it's all so much simpler. The only God I can feel is a spirit hovering all about, watching and loving us—the God of the Blue Horizons. I can't think of Him as a being whose name must be whispered as children whisper of terrifying things in the dark."

"The God of the Blue Horizons?" He repeated the phrase slowly. "Yes; the world has had its day of fear—anything that lifts our eyes to the blue sky is good—really gives us, I suppose, a sense of the reality of God."

It was a novel experience to be walking over a golf course with a girl whose thoughts ranged the infinite and who disclosed her views with a perfect naturalness that was quite in keeping with the scene.

"I may be wrong but to me it's a very satisfactory idea. When I was a little girl and went to church I thought God must be terrible. But after a while, when I decided that God is greater than the creeds and churches teach, and that He isn't cruel, but infinitely kind, and wouldn't be pleased to have us approach Him on our knees as though He were a glowering potentate—then I began to be happy. The churches put God too far away. I like to think my Heaven is right here—just as fine and beautiful as I can make it. Does that seem reasonable?" she asked smilingly.

"It sounds pretty fine," he replied soberly.

They had encountered few players, but a foursome was now approaching them where the lines of the course paralleled.

"Constance Mills and George Whitford; I don't know the others," observed Millicent.

Mrs. Mills waved her hand and started toward them, looking very fit in a smart sport suit. Idly swinging her driver she had hardly the air of a zealous golfer.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "Aren't we the brave ones? Scotch blood! Not afraid of a little moisture. Mr. Storrs! I know now why you've never been to see me—you're better occupied. It's dreadful to be an old married woman. You see what happens, Millicent! I warn you solemnly against marriage. Yes, George—I'm coming. Nice to meet you, even by chance, Mr. Storrs. By-by, Millicent."

"You've displeased her ladyship," Millicent remarked. "You ought to go to see her."

"I haven't felt strongly moved," Bruce replied.

'She doesn't like being ignored. Of course nobody does, but Mrs. Mills demands to be amused."

"Is she being amused now?" Bruce asked.

Millicent laughed aloud.

"I wish Leila could have heard that!"

"Doesn't Leila like Mrs. Mills?"

"Yes, of course she does, but Constance is called the most beautiful and the best dressed woman in town and the admiration she gets goes to her head a little bit. Leila has a sense of humor that sees right through Constance's poses."

"Doesn't Leila pose just a little herself?"

"You might say that she does. Just now she's affecting the fast young person pose; but I hope she's about through with it. She's really the finest girl alive but she kids herself with the idea that she's an awful devil. Her whole crowd are affected by the same bug."

"I rather guessed that," said Bruce. "Let me see—was that five for you?"



"I have no right to help you," Bruce said. "It's part of the game in this funny world that we've got to help ourselves."

III

WHEN they reached the clubhouse Millicent proposed that they go home for the tea which alone could fittingly conclude the



"I want to come back sometime," Bruce told Millicent. "It's been a great afternoon for me."

ıfternoon. The moment they entered the Harden hall she lifted ıer arms dramatically.

"Jumbles!" she cried in a mockery of delight. "Mother has ɔeen making jumbles! Come straight to the kitchen!"

In the kitchen they found Mrs. Harden, her ample figure ɛnveloped in a gingham apron of bright yellow checks that ;eemed to fill the bright, immaculate room with color. Bruce was a little dismayed by his sudden precipitation into the culinary department of the establishment. Millicent was piling a plate with warm jumbles; a maid appeared and began getting the tea things ready. Mrs. Harden, her face aglow from its recent proximity to the gas range, explained to Bruce that it was the cook's afternoon out and at such times she always liked to cook something just to keep her hand in. She was proud of the kitchen with its white-tiled walls and flooring and glittering utensils. The library and the organ belonged to Millie, but

Doctor Harden had given her free swing to satisfy her own craving for an up-to-date kitchen.

Bruce's heart warmed under these revelations of the domestic sanctuary. Mrs. Harden's motherliness seemed to embrace the world and her humor and sturdy commonsense were strongly evident. She regaled Bruce with a story of a combat she had lately enjoyed with a plumber. If he would succeed as an architect he must be firm with plumbers!

Alone in the living room with their tea, Millicent and Bruce continued to find much to talk about. She was gay and serious by turns, made him talk of himself, and finding that this evidently was distasteful to him she found the way back to impersonal things again.

"Why go when there will be dinner pretty soon?" she asked when he rose.

"Because I want to come back sometime! I want some more jumbles! It's been a great afternoon for me. I do like the atmosphere of this house—kitchen and everything. And the outdoors was fine—and you——"

"I hoped you'd remember I was part of the scenery!"

"I couldn't forget it if I wanted to—and I don't! Do you suppose we could do it all over again—sometime when you're not terribly busy?"

"Oh, I'll try to bear another afternoon with you!"

"Or we might do a theater or a movie?"

"Even that is possible."

He didn't know that she was exerting herself to send him away cheerful. When he said soberly, his hand on the door, "You don't know how much you've helped me," she held up her finger warningly.

"Not so serious! Always cheerful—that's the word!"

"All right! You may have to say that pretty often."

Her light laugh, charged with friendliness, followed him down the steps. She had made him forget himself, lifted him several times to heights he had never known before.

But as he walked away a dark question crossed his mind: *What would Millicent say if she knew?*

IV

On a gray November day Bud Henderson sought Bruce at Freeman's office. Bruce looked up from his desk with a frown that cleared as he recognized his friend.

With a cap pushed back on his head and buttoned up in a long ulster, Henderson eyed him stolidly and demanded to know what he was doing.

"Going over some specifications; you might say I'm at work, if you know what the word means."

"Thanks for the compliment, but it's time to quit," Henderson replied, taking a cigarette from a package on Bruce's desk. "I happen to know your boss is playing hand ball this moment at the Athletic and he'll never know you've skipped. I haven't liked a certain look in your eye lately. You're sticking too close to your job. Bill is pleased to death with your work, so you haven't a thing to worry about. Get your bonnet and we'll go out and see what we can stir up."

"I'm in a frame of mind to be tempted. But I ought to finish this stuff."

"Don't be silly," replied Bud, who was prowling about the room viewing the framed plans and drawings on the walls, peering into cabinets, unrolling blue prints merely to fling them aside with a groan of disgust.

"My God! It doesn't seem possible that Bill Freeman would put his name to such things!"

"Don't forget this is a *private* office, Mr. Henderson. What's agitating your bean?"

"Thought I'd run you up to the art institute to look at some Finnish work they're showing. Perhaps it's Hottentotish; or maybe it's Eskimo art. We've got to keep in touch with the world art movement." Henderson yawned.

"Try again; I pant for real excitement," said Bruce, who was wondering whether his friend really had noticed signs of his recent worry. Henderson, apparently intent upon a volume of prints of English country houses, swung round as Bruce, in putting on his overcoat, knocked over a chair. He crossed the room and laid his hands on Bruce's shoulders.

"I say, old top; this will never do! You're nervous; you're darned nervous. Knocking over chairs—and you with the finest body known in modern times! I watched you the other day eating your lunch all alone at the club—you didn't know I was looking at you. Your expression couldn't be accounted for even by that bum club lunch. Now if it's money——"

"Nothing of the kind, Bud!" Bruce protested. "You'll have me scared in a minute. There's nothing the matter with me. I'm all right; I just have to get readjusted to a new way of living; that's all."

"Well, as you don't thrill to the idea of viewing our local works of art, I'll tell you what I'm really here for. I'm luring you away to sip tea with a widow!"

"A widow! Where do you get the idea that I'm a consoler of widows?"

"This one doesn't need consoling! Helen Torrence is the name; relict of the late James B. deceased. She's been away ever since you lit in our midst and just got home. About our age and not painful to look at. Jim Torrence was a good fifty when he met her, at White Sulphur or some such seat of opulence, and proudly brought her home for local inspection. The gossips forcibly removed most of her moral character, just on suspicion, you understand—but James B.'s money had a soothing effect and she got one foot inside our social door before he passed hence three years ago and left her the boodle he got from his first wife. Helen's a good scout. It struck me all of a heap about an hour ago that she's just the girl to cheer you up. I was just kidding about the art stuff. I telephoned Helen I was coming so we're all set."

"Ah! I see through the whole game! You're flirting with this woman and want me for a blind in case Maybelle finds you out."

"Clever! The boy's clever! But I never try to put anything over on Maybelle. A grand jury hasn't an all-seeinger eye than Mrs. Bud Henderson. Let's beat it!"

On the drive uptown Henderson devoted himself with his usual thoroughness to a recital of the history of Mrs. Torrence. He warned Bruce not to be disturbed by any gossip he might hear about her; the town seethed with gossip, no one was immune. If Mrs. Torrence had been a little too flirtatious for a married woman, her indulgence in this pastime had never troubled her husband. Jim Torrence had been a good sport and a wise guy who wasn't fool enough to think that he could marry a girl half his age and expect her to spend her days sewing for the missionary society. Torrence had been crazy about her and Bud expressed the opinion that the scandalous reports which someone had imported from the Pennsylvania town that had been her home had so enraged her husband as to heighten his blood pressure and shorten his life.

The lady's present social status lay somewhere between the old and the new element, Bud explained. The president of the trust company that administered her affairs belonged to the old crowd—the paralytic or angina pectoris group, as Bud described it, and his wife and daughters just *had* to be nice to Torrence's widow or run a chance of offending her and losing control of the estate. On the other hand her natural gaiety threw her toward the camps of the newer element who were too busy having a good time to indulge in ancestor worship.

Henderson concluded his illuminative exposition of Mrs. Torrence's life history as they reached the house. They were admitted by a colored butler who took their coats and flung open a door that revealed a spacious living room.

"Helen!" exclaimed Henderson dramatically.

It was possible that Mrs. Torrence had prepared for their entrance by posing in the middle of the room with a view to a first effect, an effect to which her quick little step as she came forward to meet them contributed. Her blue tea gown, parted a little above the ankles, invited inspection of her remarkably small feet adorned with brilliant buckles. She was short with a figure rounded to plumpness and with fluffy brown hair, caught up high as though to create an illusion as to her stature. Her complexion was a clear brilliant pink; her alert small eyes were a greenish blue. Her odd little staccato walk was in keeping with her general air of vivacity. She was all alive, amusingly abrupt, spontaneous, decisive.

"Bud, the old reliable! Mr. Storrs! Yes; I *had* been hoping for this!"

She gave a hand to each and looked up at Bruce, who towered above her, and nodded her approval of him. "This is delightful! A new man. And a marvelous specimen!"

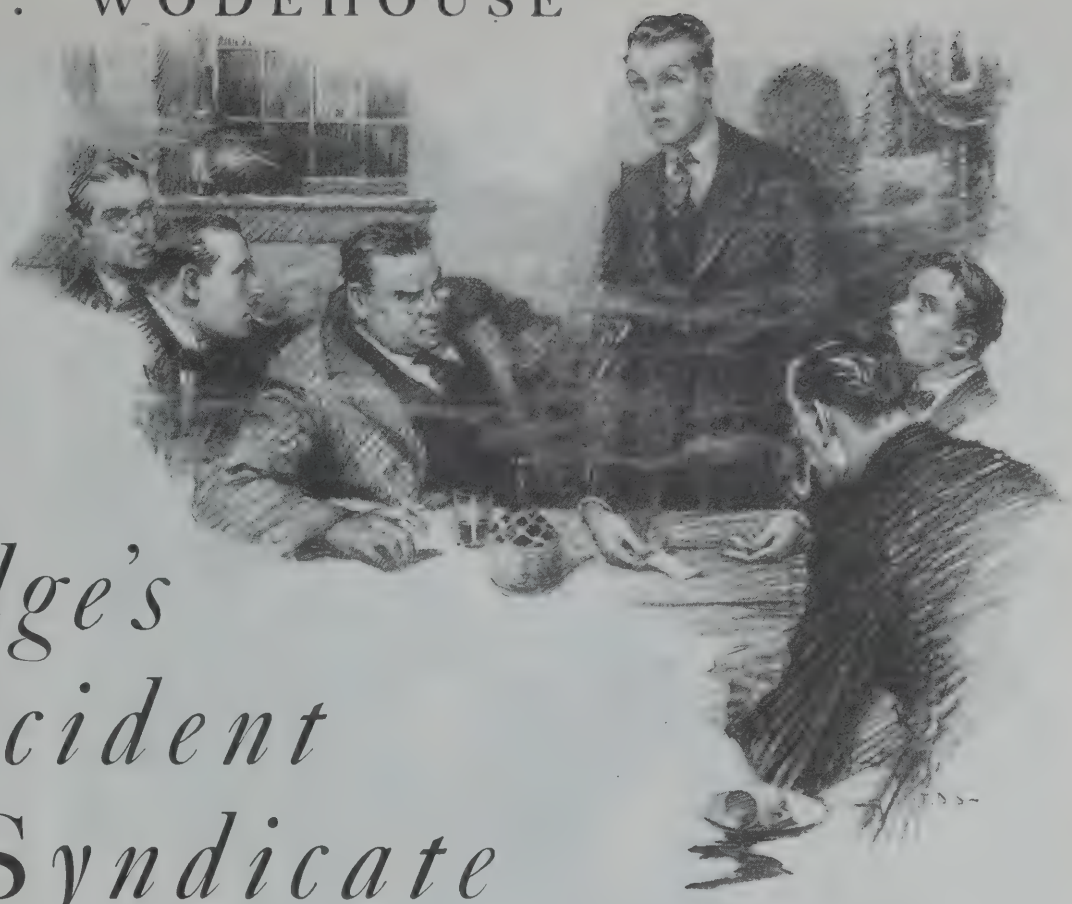
As she explained that she had been away since June and was only just home Bruce became aware that Henderson had passed on and was standing by a tea table indulging in his usual style of raillery with a young woman whose voice even before he looked at her identified her as Constance Mills.

"You know Mrs. Mills? Of course! If you'd only arrived this morning you'd know Connie. Not to know Connie is indeed to be unknown."

Constance extended her hand from (*Continued on page 138*)

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Who Laughs in London and is Heard in Gopher Prairie



Ukridge's Accident Syndicate

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

"HALF a minute, laddie," said Ukridge. And, gripping my arm, he brought me to a halt on the outskirts of the little crowd which had collected about the church door.

It was a crowd such as may be seen any morning during the London mating season outside any of the churches in the quiet squares between Hyde Park and the King's Road, Chelsea.

It consisted of five women of cook-like aspect, four nursemaids, half a dozen men of the non-producing class who had torn themselves away for the moment from their normal task of propping up the wall of the Bunch of Grapes public house on the corner, a costermonger with a barrow of vegetables, divers small boys, eleven dogs and two or three purposeful looking young fellows with cameras slung over their shoulders. It was plain that a wedding was in progress—and, arguing from the presence of the camera-men and the line of smart motorcars along the curb, a fairly fashionable wedding. What was not plain—to me—was why Ukridge, sternest of bachelors, had desired to add himself to the spectators.

"What," I inquired, "is the thought behind this? Why are we interrupting our walk to attend the obsequies of some perfect stranger?"

Ukridge did not reply for a moment. He seemed plunged in thought. Then he uttered a hollow, mirthless laugh—a dreadful sound like the last gargle of a dying moose.

"Perfect stranger my number eleven foot!" he responded in his coarse way. "Do you know who's getting hitched up in there?"

"Who?"

Inside the church the organ had swelled into the familiar music of the Wedding March. A verger came out and opened the doors. The five cooks ceased their reminiscences of other and smarter weddings at which they had participated. The camera-men unshipped their cameras. Out of the church came a beauteous being, leading attached to his arm a vision in white.

"Good Lord!" I cried. "Teddy Weeks!" And five years rolled away.

It was at Barolini's Italian restaurant in Beak Street that Ukridge evolved his great scheme. Barolini's was a favorite resort of our little group of earnest strugglers in the days when the philanthropic restaurateurs of Soho used to supply four courses and coffee for a shilling and sixpence; and there were present that night, besides Ukridge and myself, the following men about town: Teddy Weeks, the actor, fresh from a six weeks' tour with the number three Only a Shop Girl company; Victor Beamish, the artist, the man who drew that picture of the O-So-Eesi Piano Player in the advertisement pages of the Piccadilly Magazine; Bertram Fox, author of Ashes of Remorse and other unproduced motion picture scenarios; and Robert Dunhill, who, being employed at a salary of eighty pounds per annum by the New Asiatic Bank, represented the sober, hard headed commercial element. As usual, Teddy Weeks had collared the conversation and was telling us once again how good he was and how hardly treated by a malignant fate.

Modern novelists are fond of writing about the merciless intolerance of youth and youth's clear eyed judgment and all the rest of it; but personally I have always thought that it is the young who are most easily satisfied, particularly when it comes to a choice of companions. Every time I look at the photographs of my school days, I marvel that any community can ever have been broadminded enough to endure the thing I then was.

Apart from that horrible smirk and that brilliantined hair, setting aside the sleek fatness of the cheeks and those dull, repellent eyes, so like a couple of unintelligent poached eggs, how, I wonder now, could my little playmates have stood the sort of collars which I used to wear at that epoch? And yet I had my friends. It was the glorious tolerance of youth that enabled them to bear up and stick it like men; and it was, I suppose, this same tolerance which made us admit Teddy Weeks to fellowship. Ukridge, I own, insisted from the first that the man was a blister and would frequently censure the remissness and lack of public spirit shown by his parents in not having drowned him in a bucket as a child; but to the rest of us he seemed a good enough fellow on the whole.

There is no need to describe Teddy Weeks. Under another and a more euphonious name he has long since made his personal appearance dreadfully familiar to all who read the illustrated weekly papers. He was then, as now, a sickeningly handsome young man, possessing precisely the same melting eyes, mobile mouth and corrugated hair so esteemed by the theater-going public today. And yet at this period of his career he was wasting himself on minor touring companies of the kind which open at Barrow-in-Furness and jump to Bootle for the second half of the

week. He attributed this, as Ukridge was so apt to attribute his own difficulties, to lack of capital.

"I have everything," he said querulously, emphasizing his remarks with a coffee spoon. "Looks, talent, personality, a beautiful speaking voice—everything. All I need is a chance. And I can't get that because I have no clothes fit to wear. These managers are all the same—they never look below the surface, they never bother to find out if a man has genius. All they go by is his clothes. If I could afford to buy a couple of suits from a Cork Street tailor, if I could have my boots made to order by Moykopf instead of getting them ready-made and secondhand at Moss Brothers', if I could once contrive to own a decent hat, a really good pair of spats and a gold cigarette case all at the same time, I could walk into any manager's office in London and sign up for a West End production tomorrow."

It was at this point that Freddie Lunt came in. Freddie, like Robert Dunhill, was a financial magnate in the making and an assiduous frequenter of Barolini's; and it suddenly occurred to us that a considerable time had passed since we had last seen him in the place. We inquired the reason for this aloofness.

"I've been in bed," said Freddie, "for over a fortnight."

The statement incurred Ukridge's stern disapproval. That great man made a practice of never rising before noon, and on one occasion, when a carelessly thrown match had burned a hole in his only pair of trousers, had gone so far as to remain between the sheets for forty-eight hours; but sloth on so majestic a scale as this shocked him.

"Lazy young devil," he commented severely. "Letting the golden hours of youth slip by like that when you ought to have been bustling about and making a name for yourself."

Freddie protested himself wronged by the imputation.

"I had an accident," he explained. "Fell off my bicycle and sprained an ankle."

"Tough luck," was our verdict.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Freddie. "It wasn't bad fun getting a rest. And of course there was the fiver."

"What fiver?"

"I got a fiver from the Weekly Cyclist for getting my ankle sprained."

"You—*what?*" cried Ukridge, profoundly stirred—as ever—by a tale of easy money. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me that some dashed paper paid you five quid simply because you sprained your ankle? Pull yourself together, old horse. Things like that don't happen."

"It's quite true."

"Can you show me the fiver?"

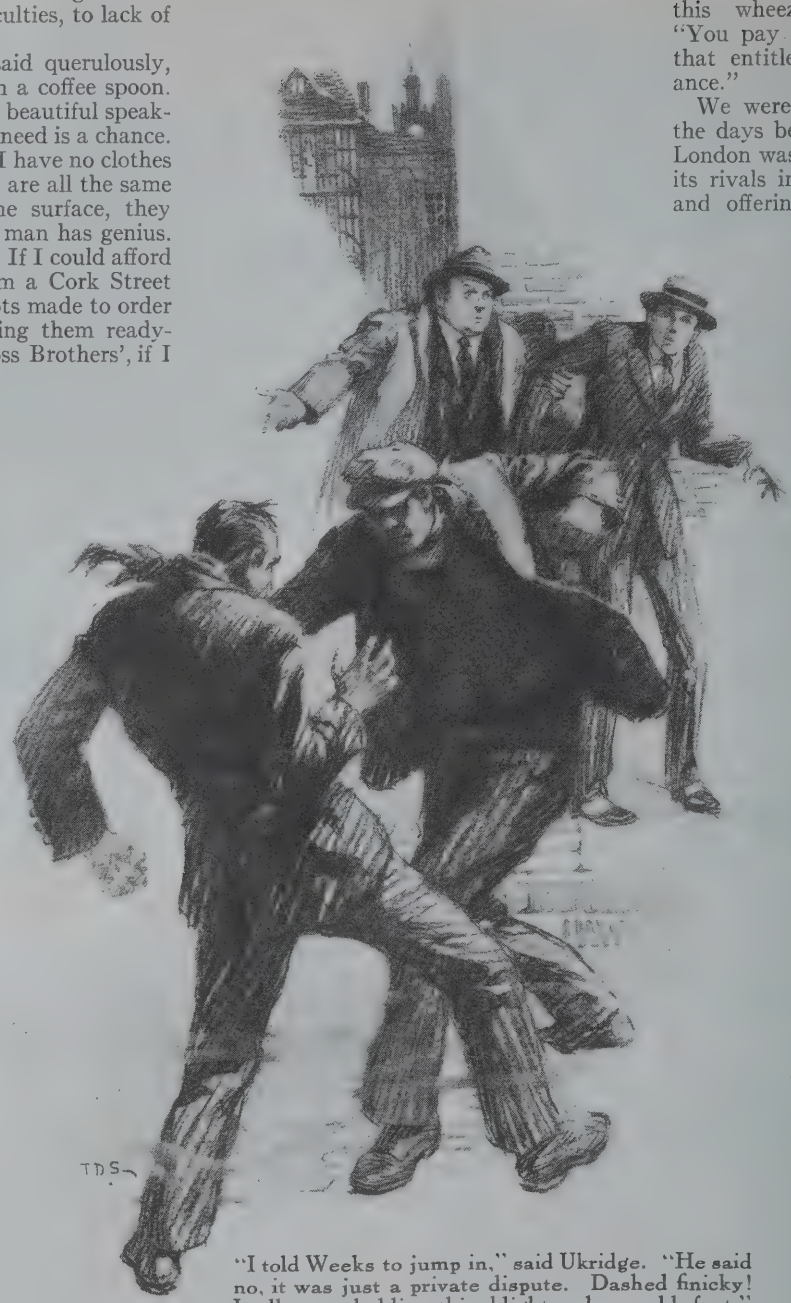
"No, because if I did you would try to borrow it."

Ukridge ignored this slur in dignified silence.

"Would they pay a fiver to *anyone* who sprained his ankle?" he asked, sticking to the main point.

"Yes. If he was a subscriber."

"I knew there was a catch in it," said Ukridge moodily.



"I told Weeks to jump in," said Ukridge. "He said no, it was just a private dispute. Dashed finicky! I tell you, laddie, this blighter has cold feet."

"Lots of weekly papers are starting this wheeze," proceeded Freddie. "You pay a year's subscription and that entitles you to accident insurance."

We were interested. This was in the days before every daily paper in London was competing madly against its rivals in the matter of insurance and offering princely bribes to the citizens to make a fortune by breaking their necks. Nowadays papers are paying as high as two thousand pounds for a genuine corpse and five pounds a week for a mere dislocated spine; but at that time the idea was new and it had an attractive appeal.

"How many of these rags are doing this?" asked Ukridge. You could tell from the gleam in his eyes that that great brain was whirring like a dynamo. "As many as ten?"

"Yes, I should think so. Quite ten."

"Then a fellow who subscribed to them all and then sprained his ankle would get fifty quid?" said Ukridge, reasoning acutely.

"More, if the injury was more serious," said Freddie, the expert. "They have a regular tariff. So much for a broken arm, so much for a broken leg and so forth."

Ukridge's collar leaped off its stud and his pince-nez wobbled drunkenly as he turned to us.

"How much money can you blokes raise?" he demanded.

"What do you want it for?" asked Robert Dunhill, with a banker's caution.

"My dear old horse, can't you see? Why, my gosh, I've got the idea of the century! Upon my Sam, this is the giltest-edged scheme that was ever hatched. We'll get together enough money and take out a year's subscription for every one of these dashed papers."

"What's the good of that?" said Dunhill, coldly unenthusiastic. They train bank clerks to stifle emotion so that they will be able to refuse over-drafts when they become managers. "The odds are we should none of us have an accident of any kind and then the money would be chucked away."

"Good heavens, ass," snorted Ukridge, "you don't suppose I'm suggesting that we should leave it to chance, do you? Listen, here's the scheme. We take out subscriptions for all these papers, then we draw lots, and the fellow who gets the fatal card or whatever it is goes out and breaks his leg and draws the loot and we split it up between us and live on it in luxury. It ought to run into hundreds of pounds."

A long silence followed. Then Dunhill spoke again. His was a solid rather than a nimble mind.

"Suppose he couldn't break his leg?"

"My gosh!" cried Ukridge, exasperated. "Here we are in the twentieth century, with every resource of modern civilization at our disposal, with opportunities for getting our legs broken opening about us on every side—and you ask a silly question like that! Of course he could break his leg. Any ass can break a leg. It's a little hard! We're all infernally broke—personally,

nless Freddie can lend me a bit of that fiver till Saturday, I'm oing to have a difficult job pulling through . . . We all need oney like the dickens, and yet, when I point out this marvelous heme for collecting a bit, instead of fawning on me for my ady intelligence you sit and make objections. It isn't the ght spirit. It isn't the spirit that wins."

"If you're as hard up as that," objected Dunhill, "how are ou going to put in your share of the pool?"

A pained, almost a stunned look came into Ukridge's eyes. e gazed at Dunhill through his lopsided pince-nez as one who eculates as to whether his hearing has deceived him.

"Me?" he cried. "Me? I like that! Upon my Sam, that's ch! Why, damme, if there's any justice in the world, if there's spark of decency and good feeling in your bally bosoms, I ould think you would let me in free for suggesting the idea. 's a little hard! I supply the brains and you want me to cough o cash as well. My gosh, I didn't expect this. This hurts me, y George! If anybody had told me that an old pal would . . ."

"Oh, all right," said Robert Dunhill. "All right, all right, all ght. But I'll tell you one thing. If you draw the lot it'll be ie happiest day of my life."

"I shan't," said Ukridge. "Something tells me that I shan't."

Nor did he. When, in a solemn silence broken only by the und of a distant waiter quarreling with the cook down a speak- g tube, we had completed the drawing, the man of destiny was eddy Weeks.

I suppose that even in the springtime of youth, when broken nbs seem a lighter matter than they become later in life, it n never be an unmixedly agreeable thing to have to go out into ie public highways and try to make an accident happen to one. i such circumstances the reflection that you are thereby bene- ing your friends brings but slight balm. To Teddy Weeks it peared to bring no balm at all. That he was experiencing a rtain disinclination to sacrifice himself for the public good came more and more evident as the days went by and found m still intact.

Ukridge, when he called upon me to discuss the matter, was sibly perturbed. He sank into a chair beside the table at hich I was beginning my modest morning meal and, having unk half my coffee, sighed deeply.

"Upon my Sam," he moaned, "it's a little disheartening. I rain my brain to think up schemes for getting us all a bit of oney just at the moment when we are all needing it most, and hen I hit on what is probably the simplest and yet ripest notion our time this blighter Weeks goes and lets me down by shirking s plain duty. It's just my luck that a fellow like that should ve drawn the lot. And the worst of it is, laddie, that now we've arted with him, we've got to keep on. We can't possibly ise enough money to pay yearly subscriptions for anybody se. It's Weeks or nobody."

"I suppose we must give him time."

"That's what he says," grunted Ukridge morosely, helping mself to toast. "He says he doesn't know how to start about To listen to him, you'd think that going and having a trifling cident was the sort of delicate and intricate job that required ars of study and special preparation. Why, a child of six uld do it on his head at five minutes' notice. The man's so fernally particular. You make helpful suggestions, and instead accepting them in a broad rea- nable spirit of cooperation he mes back at you every time th some frivolous objection. e's so dashed fastidious.

"When we were out last night e came on a couple of navvies rapping. Good hefty fellows, ther of them capable of putting m in hospital for a month. I ld him to jump in and start parating them, and he said no, was a private dispute which as none of his business and he dn't feel justified in interfering. nicky, I call it. I tell you, lad- e, this blighter is a broken reed. e has got cold feet. We did ong to let him into the drawing all. We might have known at a fellow like that would ver give results. No conscience. o sense of *esprit de corps*. No notion of putting himself out to the most trifling extent for the benefit of the community. Haven't you any more marmalade, laddie?"

"I have not."

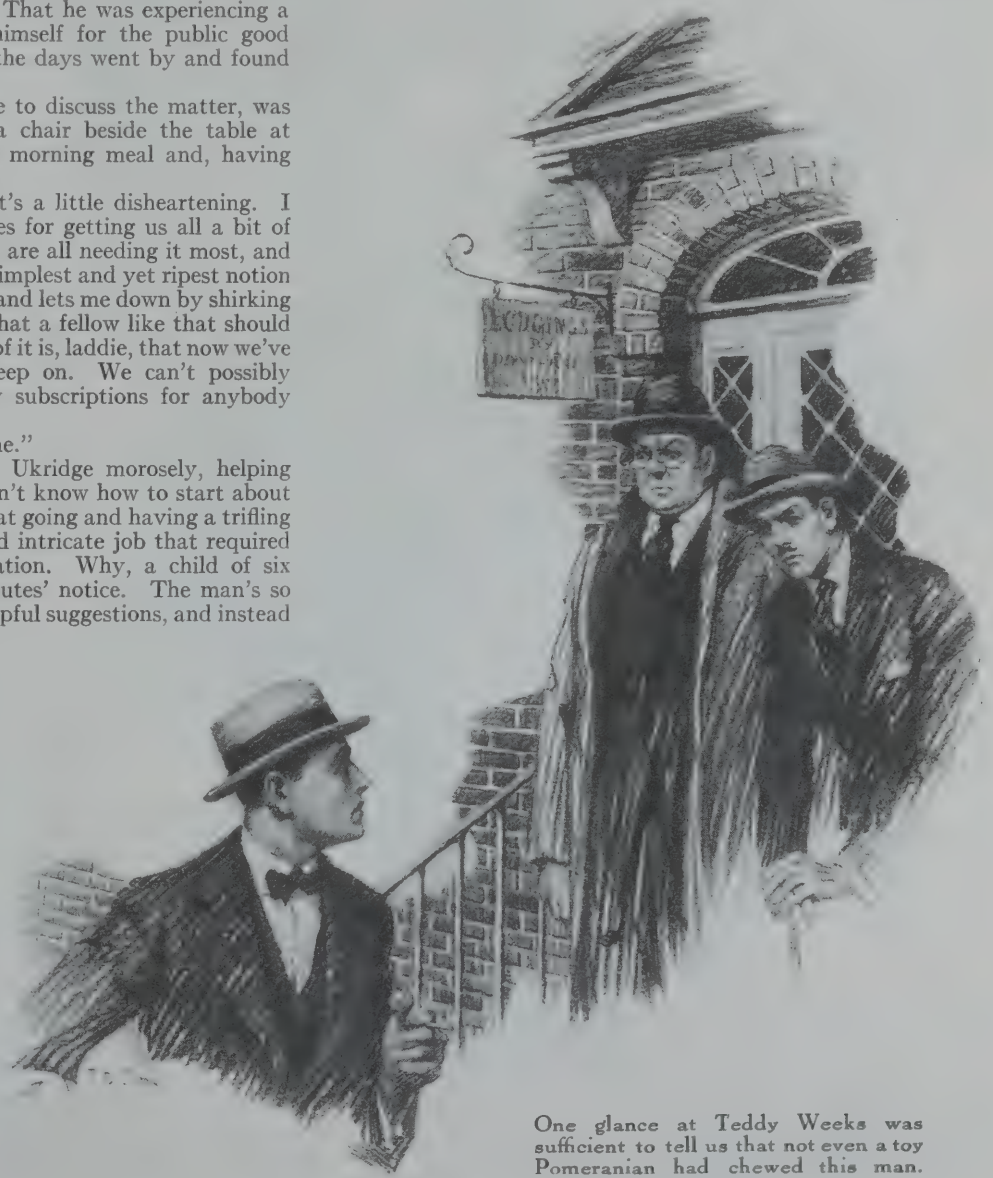
"Then I'll be going," said Ukridge moodily. "I suppose," he added, pausing at the door, "you couldn't lend me five bob?"

"How did you guess?"

"Then I'll tell you what," said Ukridge, ever fair and reasonable, "you can stand me dinner tonight." He seemed cheered up for the moment by this happy compromise, but gloom descended on him again. His face clouded. "When I think," he said, "of all the money that's locked up in that poor faint hearted fish, just waiting to be released, I could sob. Sob, laddie, like a little child. I never liked that man—he has a bad eye and waves his hair. Never trust a man who waves his hair, old horse."

Ukridge's pessimism was not confined to himself. By the end of a fortnight, nothing having happened to Teddy Weeks worse than a slight cold which he shook off in a couple of days, the general consensus of opinion among his apprehensive colleagues in the Syndicate was that the situation had become desperate. There were no signs whatever of any return on the vast capital which we had laid out, and meanwhile meals had to be bought, landladies paid and a reasonable supply of tobacco acquired. It was a melancholy task in these circumstances to read one's paper of a morning.

All over the inhabited globe, so the well informed sheet gave one to understand, every kind of accident was happening every day to practically everybody in existence except Teddy Weeks. Farmers in Minnesota were getting mixed up with reaping machines; peasants in India were being bisected by crocodiles; iron



One glance at Teddy Weeks was sufficient to tell us that not even a toy Pomeranian had chewed this man.

girders from skyscrapers were falling hourly on the heads of citizens in every town from Philadelphia to San Francisco; and the only people who were not down with ptomaine poisoning were those who had walked over cliffs, driven automobiles into walls, tripped over manholes or assumed on too slight evidence that the gun was not loaded.

In a crippled world, it seemed, Teddy Weeks walked alone, whole and glowing with health. It was one of those grim, ironical, hopeless, gray, despairful situations which the Russian novelists love to write about, and I could not find it in me to blame Ukridge for taking direct action in this crisis. My only regret was that bad luck caused so excellent a plan to miscarry.

My first intimation that he had been trying to hurry matters on came when he and I were walking along the King's Road one evening and he drew me into Markham Square, a dismal backwater where he had once had rooms.

"What's the idea?" I asked, for I disliked the place.

"Teddy Weeks lives here," said Ukridge. "In my old rooms." I could not see that this lent any fascination to the place. Every day and in every way I was feeling sorrier and sorrier that I had been foolish enough to put money which I could ill spare into a venture which had all the earmarks of a washout, and my sentiments towards Teddy Weeks were cold and hostile. "I want to inquire after him."

"Inquire after him? Why?"

"Well, the fact is, laddie, I have an idea that he has been bitten by a dog."

"What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Ukridge dreamily. "I've just got the idea. You know how one gets ideas."

The mere contemplation of this beautiful event was so inspiring that for a while it held me silent. In each of the ten journals in which we had invested, dog bites were specifically recommended as things which every subscriber ought to have. They came about halfway up the list of lucrative accidents, inferior to a broken rib or a fractured fibula, but better value than an ingrowing toenail.

I was gloating happily over the picture conjured up by Ukridge's words when an exclamation brought me back with a start to the realities of life. A revolting sight met my eyes. Down the street came ambling the familiar figure of Teddy Weeks, an one glance at his elegant person was enough to tell us that ou hopes had been built on sand. Not even a toy Pomeranian ha chewed this man.

"Hullo, you fellows," said Teddy Weeks.

"Hullo," we responded dully.

"Can't stop," said Teddy Weeks. "I've got to fetch a doctor.

"A doctor?"

"Yes. Poor Victor Beamish. He's been bitten by a dog."

Ukridge and I exchanged weary glances. It seemed as if fat was going out of its way to have sport with us. What was th good of a dog biting Victor Beamish? What was the good of hundred dogs biting Victor Beamish? A dog-bitten Victo Beamish had no market value whatever.

"You know that fierce brute that belongs to my landlady, said Teddy Weeks. "The one that always dashes out into th area and barks at people who come to the front door." remembered. A large mongrel with wild eyes and flashing fang badly in need of a haircut. I had encountered it once in the stree when visiting Ukridge, and only the presence of the latter, wh knew it well and to whom all dogs were as brothers, had save me from the doom of Victor Beamish. "Somehow or other h got into my bedroom this evening. He was waiting there whe I came home. I had brought Beamish back with me, and th animal pinned him by the leg the moment I opened the door."

"Why didn't he pin you?" asked Ukridge, aggrieved.

"What I can't make out," said Teddy Weeks, "is how o earth the brute came to be in my room. Somebody must hav put him there. The whole thing is very mysterious."

"Why didn't he pin you?" demanded Ukridge again.

"Oh, I managed to climb on to the top of the wardrobe whil he was biting Beamish!" said Teddy Weeks. "And then th landlady came and took him away. But I can't stop here talk ing. I must go and get that doctor."

We gazed after him in silence as he tripped down the stree We noted the careful manner in which he paused at the corner t eye the traffic before crossing the road, the wary way in which h drew back to allow a truck to rattle past.

"You heard that?" said Ukridge tensely. "He climbed on t the top of the wardrobe!"

"Yes."

"And you saw the way he dodged tha excellent truck?"

"Yes."

"Something's got to be done," sai Ukridge firmly. "The man has got to h awakened to a sense of his responsibilities.

Next day a deputation waited on Tedd Weeks.

Ukridge was our spokesman, and h came to the point with admirable direc ness.

"How about it?" asked Ukridge.

"How about what?" replied Tedd Weeks, nervously avoiding his accusin eye.

"When do we get action?"

"Oh, you mean that accident business?

"Yes."

"I've been thinking about that," sai Teddy Weeks.

Ukridge drew the mackintosh which h wore indoors and out of doors and in a weathers more closely around him. The was in the action something suggestive of member of the Roman Senate about t denounce an enemy of the state. In ju such a manner must Cicero have swishe his toga as he took a deep breath prepar tory to assailing Clodius. He toyed for moment with the ginger beer wire whic held his pince-nez in place and endeavore without success to button his collar at th back. In moments of emotion Ukridge collar always took on a sort of temper mental jumpiness which no stud cou restrain.

"And about time you were thinkir about it," he boomed sternly. We shifte appreciatively in our seats—all excep Victor Beamish, who had declined a cha and was standing by the mantelpiec



"Think of the suits, the boots, the hats, the spats," pleaded Ukridge. "Here's your chance."

"Upon my Sam, it's about time you were thinking about it. Do you realize that we've invested an enormous sum of money in you on the distinct understanding that we could rely on you to do your duty and get immediate results? Are we to be forced to the conclusion that you are so yellow and few in the pod as to want to evade your honorable obligations? We thought better of you, Weeks. Upon my Sam, we thought better of you. We took you for a two fisted, enterprising, big souled, one hundred percent he-man who would stand by his friends to the finish."

"Yes, but——"

"Any bloke with a sense of loyalty and an appreciation of what it meant to the rest of us would have rushed out and found some means of fulfilling his duty long ago. You don't even grasp at the opportunities that come your way. Only yesterday I saw you draw back when a single step into the road would have had a truck bumping into you."

"Well, it's not so easy to let a truck bump into you."

"Nonsense. It only requires a little ordinary resolution. Use your imagination, man. Try to think that a child has fallen down in the street. A little golden-haired child," said Ukridge, deeply affected. "And a dashed great cab or something comes rolling up. The kid's mother is standing on the pavement, helpless, her hands clasped in agony. Dammit, she cries, will no one save my darling? Yes, by George, you shout, *I* will. And out you jump and the thing's over in half a second. I don't know what you're making such a fuss about."

"Yes, but——" said Teddy Weeks.

"I'm told, what's more, it isn't a bit painful. A sort of dull shock, that's all."

"Who told you that?"

"I forget. Someone."

"Well, you can tell him from me that he's an ass," said Teddy Weeks with asperity.

"All right. If you object to being run over by a truck there are lots of other ways. But, upon my Sam, it's pretty hopeless suggesting them. You seem to have no enterprise at all. Yesterday, after I went to all the trouble to put a dog in your room, a dog which would have done all the work for you—all that you had to do was stand still and let him use his own judgment—what happened? You climbed on to——"

Victor Beamish interrupted, speaking in a voice husky with emotion.

"Was it you who put that dog in the room?"

"Eh?" said Ukridge. "Why, yes. But we can have a good talk about all that later on," he proceeded hastily. "The point at the moment is how the dickens we're going to persuade this poor worm to collect our insurance money for us. Why, damme, I should have thought you would have——"

"All I can say——" began Victor Beamish heatedly.

"Yes, yes," said Ukridge, "some other time. Must stick to business now, laddie . . . I was saying," he resumed, "that I should have thought you would have been as keen as mustard to put the job through for your own sake. You're always beefing that you haven't any clothes to impress managers with. Think of all you can buy with your share of the swag once you have summoned up a little ordinary determination and seen the thing through. Think of the suits, the boots, the hats, the spats . . . You're always talking about your dashed career and how all you need to land you in a West End production is good clothes. Well, here's your chance to get them."



"It was just my fun," repeated Weeks. "You don't mind my fun, do you? All my fun."

His eloquence was not wasted. A wistful look came into Teddy Weeks's eye, such a look as must have come into the eye of Moses on the summit of Pisgah. He breathed heavily. You could see that the man was mentally walking along Cork Street, weighing the merits of one famous tailor against another.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said suddenly. "It's no use asking me to put this thing through in cold blood. I simply can't do it. I haven't the nerve. But if you fellows will give me a dinner tonight with lots of champagne I think it will key me up to it."

A heavy silence fell upon the room. Champagne! The word was like a knell.

"How on earth are we going to afford champagne?" said Victor Beamish.

"Well, there it is," said Teddy Weeks. "Take it or leave it."

"Gentlemen," said Ukridge, "it would seem that the company requires more capital. How about it, old horses? Let's get together in a frank, businesslike, cards on the table spirit and see what can be done. I can raise ten bob."

"What!" cried the entire assembled company, amazed. "How?"

"I'll pawn a banjo."

"You haven't got a banjo."

"No, but George Tupper has, and I know where he keeps it."

Started in this spirited way, the subscriptions came pouring in. I contributed a cigarette case, Bertram Fox thought his landlady would let him owe for another week, Robert Dunhill had an uncle in Kensington who, he fancied, if tactfully approached, would be good for a quid, and Victor Beamish said that if the advertisement manager of the O-So-Eesi Piano Player was churlish enough to refuse an advance of five shillings against future work he misjudged him sadly. Within a few minutes, in short, the lightning drive had produced the impressive total of two pounds six shillings, and we asked Teddy Weeks if he thought that he could get adequately keyed up within the limits of that sum.

"I'll try," said Teddy Weeks.

So, not unmindful of the fact that that excellent hostelry supplied champagne at eight shillings the quart bottle, we fixed the meeting for seven o'clock at Barolini's.

Considered as a social affair Teddy Weeks's keying up dinner was not a success. Almost from the start I think we all found it trying. It was not so much the fact that he was drinking deeply of Barolini's eight shilling champagne while we, from lack of funds, were compelled to confine ourselves to meaner beverages; what really marred the pleasantness of the function was the extraordinary effect the stuff had on Teddy. What was actually in the champagne supplied to Barolini and purveyed by him to the public, such as were (*Continued on page 102*)

Stories *That Have Made Me*

Illustrations by

MACK SENNETT was speaking the other day about the new Wright Act recently passed by the Legislature of the State of California. He said it resembled the liquor it aimed to destroy, in that while nobody seemed to know what it contained, everybody thought it would be extremely potent.

For instance, Mr. Sennett said, a resident of Los Angeles rang up a New Yorker at his hotel and invited him to attend a party then in progress at the Angeleno's house. It had in fact been progressing for several hours and had reached the point where none of the guests knew or cared whether the party was being conducted under the Wright Act of California or the Mullen-Gage Law of New York.



"Take a taxi and come right over," the Angeleno insisted.

"I'm sorry, old man," the New Yorker replied, "but I'm up in my room with a case of neuritis."

"Well, bring it along with you," the Angeleno said. "This crowd'll drink anything."

THE difference between an artist and an art critic is that the artist knows how to do it but not how it ought to be done, while the critic knows how it ought to be done but not how to do it. At any rate, this is what I gather from listening to conversations in the Salmagundi Club, which is composed of artist and lay members.

A great many of the lay members are artists at least in desire; they can talk a picture but they can't paint one, and of such is the kingdom of art criticism. None of them is the type of picture lover who doesn't know anything about art but knows what he likes. They all know what they like and don't like anything.

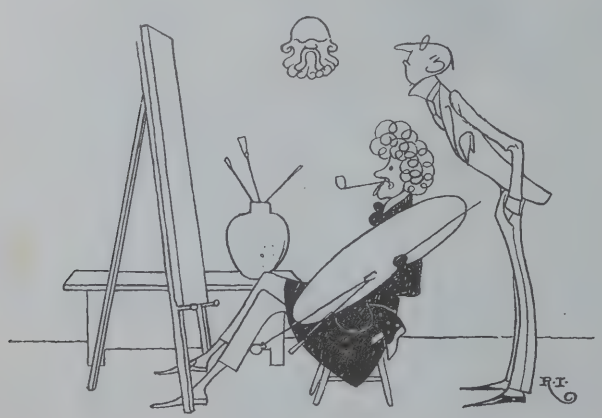
One of them always criticizes a picture upon the ground that the painter has put too much upon his canvas. His favorite condemnation is that the painter doesn't know what to leave out, and the other day one of the artist members came back at him with the following story:

A celebrated painter lost his mind, no doubt from trying to follow the suggestions of his critical friends. He was confined in an institution and was given canvas, paints and brushes to keep him quiet. When he received visitors they always found him in contemplation of a bare canvas.

"This," he would announce, "is my latest masterpiece."

"What does it represent?" the friend would inquire.

"Why, that's obvious," the artist would say, regarding the



vacant canvas admiringly. "It represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"But where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"But how about the Egyptians?"

"The Egyptians will be here directly," he would conclude, covering the bare canvas. "They haven't arrived yet."

NOT so long ago I attended some exhibition bouts of scientific boxing at a so-called athletic club near Los Angeles, in which three of the contestants were knocked out, two holes were burned in my overcoat by the gentleman who was smoking cigarettes in the seat behind me and my neighbor on the right had his hat stolen. With this bond of sympathy between us, we ate supper together at a local lunch room and he entertained me with stories of prize fighting.

He said that when Corbett was a novice, his father made him promise to telegraph home the result of every fight in which he engaged. One night in Kansas City Corbett took on a young boilermaker of much pugilistic talent. The fight began at dusk. A few minutes after midnight Corbett sent to his father the following telegram:

WON EASILY SEVENTY-FIVE ROUNDS

YOU know, of course, about the fire-eating Southerner who was referred to by the local paper as a battle-scared veteran, and after he had threatened to kill the editor the item was corrected the next morning by a paragraph which apologized for the misprint of the day before and then followed it up with another misprint in which the same gentleman was described as a bottle-scarred veteran. This by way of prelude to the information that a short time ago the literary section of a Mid-western women's club discussed William Butler Yeats and the Gaelic revival. The local paper reported it as follows:



> The Guest Day meeting of the literary section was held at the home of Mrs. L. A. Frazer yesterday. Mrs. De Morgan Jones of Indianapolis lectured on "William Butler Meats and the Garlic Revival."

SOMEBODY has said somewhere that the process of liking one's mother-in-law resembles the acquirement of a taste for such edibles as the softer and more fragrant cheeses and such drinkables as mescal and *tequila*. A certain acute repugnance has to be overcome at the start, and the reason for it is that when a man meets his mother-in-law for the first time, it is usually at so early a stage of his acquaintance with his wife that he is still much in love. He sees in his mother-in-law the portrait of his wife as she will appear some thirty years hence, and it is not a flattering one. Unconsciously he resents it and his resentment takes the form of hating the unflattering portrait.

The more he loves his wife, the worse he hates his mother-in-law; and it is therefore no reflection on the man about whom the following story is told that he never compromised in this attitude toward his mother-in-law throughout a long married life. It persisted up to the time of his wife's demise.

"Promise me," she said with almost the last gasp, "that you will ride with mother in the same carriage at my funeral."

"All right, Maria, if you insist on it I will," he said, his body shaken with sobs, "but I'll tell you right now that it'll take all the pleasure out of the day for *me*."

ACCORDING to my friend Phil Johnson of Los Angeles, two deaf and dumb tourists were engaged in an earnest conversation on an ocean steamer when they were observed by two college students who immediately began with the utmost seriousness to imitate the digital language of the deaf-mutes. One of the deaf-mutes noticed them and nudged his companion, who regarded the two students closely for a few moments and then turned to his deaf-mute friend. He made several rapid gestures with his fingers, hands and one elbow. What he said was:

"F-o-r-e-i-g-n-e-r-s !"

LAUGH By MONTAGUE GLASS

Rea Irvin

IF YOUR wife scolds you for eating your breakfast with the morning paper propped up on the sugar bowl, she's quite right. Be warned by the story of the instructor in biology in a New York City high school who always brought his lunch to school with him and ate it alone while studying a textbook.

"This afternoon," he said, addressing his class, after eating what he considered to be a satisfactory meal in that he had consumed the contents of a brown paper package and an entire chapter of a recent work on invertebrates, "this afternoon I propose to show you a very fine specimen of a dissected frog which I have in this parcel."

Undoing the parcel, he disclosed some sandwiches, a hard boiled egg and a small apple.

IN THAT excellent publication, London Punch, appeared recently a picture of a most forbidding looking woman entering the study of a mild clergyman.

"Mister Smith," she says, "do you remember uniting in marriage me and Henry Binks, bachelor, of this parish?"

"Yes, I think I do," the clergyman replied. "Yes, yes, certainly I do. I married you, Mrs. Binks. I remember it clearly."

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" she demands. "He's escaped."

BANKS and banking methods are a profound mystery to me. What, for instance, do banks *do* with all that money which depositors are so gullible as to confide to their care? Indubitably such acute monetary experts as Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison know. I see also that Mr. Chaplin has broken into print as a writer on financial topics with a view I suppose to making people call him Mr. Charles Chaplin. Well then, even Mr. Charles Chaplin probably understands the whole arcana of the banker's craft, but I don't, and there are millions of others who don't—including Mr. Max Gubin.

Mr. Gubin is in business as a manufacturer of fine pants and the other day the cashier of his bank rang him up to say that he was overdrawn two hundred dollars.

"What do you mean—overdrawn two hundred dollars!" Mr. Gubin exclaimed. It was a rhetorical question, not calling for an answer, but the cashier replied nevertheless.

"I mean," he said, "that you have exhausted your balance here and have drawn a check for two hundred dollars which we have unintentionally paid. In other words, Mr. Gubin, you have two hundred dollars of our money which doesn't belong to you."

"And that is all the reason why you rung me up?" Mr. Gubin inquired.

"Yes, sir," the cashier said.

"Well, will you be so good and look it up what for a balance I had in your bank this day last month?" Mr. Gubin asked.

"You had two thousand dollars," the cashier replied after an interval.

Mr. Gubin drew a great breath before making the unanswerable comeback.

"And did I ring *you* up?" he bellowed.



THE Ristorante Giardini di Volterra in San Francisco is noted for the excellence of its *paste al sugo*, which is the Italian generic term for all kinds of macaroni, ravioli, *lasagne* and spaghetti. It is also noted for the urbanity of its headwaiter, Joe, who is the most obliging headwaiter in San Francisco, where headwaiters are much more obliging and much less mercenary than in New York. Joe is at every patron's elbow half a dozen times during the course of a small meal and if necessary will smoothly enter the conversation from behind a diner's chair.

Recently, says Grant Carpenter, an ex-army officer was dining with a friend and the officer told a story about something that happened at reveille. He pronounced it *revely*, rhyming it with *Beverley*, and the friend objected to it. He was a purist in matters of pronunciation and gave the word its full French pronunciation of *reveille*. The argument became quite heated, the officer insisting upon *revely* and his friend asserting it was *reveille*, until Joe the headwaiter overheard them.

"Excuse-a me, gentlemen," he said. "I am in thees-a busi*ness* now many years, and the word is pronounced, I assure you, *ravioli*."



ADMIRAL McGOWAN, says Thomas F. Ford, the gifted literary editor of a Los Angeles paper, is a native of South Carolina and returned to his home town in that State for a short visit prior to the World War. He was struck by the large number of negroes on the streets wearing gaudy uniforms. Most of them were strangers to the Admiral, but after a while he met an old negro acquaintance, Tom Mason, who was most elaborately attired. He wore gold epaulettes, a plumed chapeau, a brilliant red sash and a glittering sword as distinctive features of the general dazzling effect.

After friendly greetings, the Admiral asked Tom what occasion had brought all the uniformed negroes to town.

"Admurl," said Tom, "dis is de yearly annual secession of de uniform rank of de 'Sociated Sons an' Daughters of I Will Arise. An' niggers is hyuh fum all ovah de State, tendin' de convention."

"Well," said the Admiral, "from your uniform I imagine you must be an official of high rank."

"Yes suh, Admurl, I is," replied Tom. "I is de Royal High Ruler an' Supreme King."

"That surely is a superlatively exalted title," said Admiral McGowan. "You must be the highest official of the order."

"No suh, Admurl," said the Royal High Ruler and Supreme King modestly, "dey is five above me."

BARNEY BERNARD the well known comedian says that on a railroad train leaving Jersey City a man was beating a little boy, and as the man was a member of a tribe which is notoriously kind to little children, one of his fellow travelers was outraged by the spectacle.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "You stop beating that boy this minute."

"What do you mean—stop beating him?" the man protested. "The boy is my own son—for my sins."

"I don't care who he is," the humane fellow traveler said. "You lay another hand on that boy and I'll make trouble for you."

"You will *what?*" the father cried.

"I'll make trouble for you, that's all," the boy's defender said.

The inhumane father released his son and smiled sadly at his fellow traveler.

"Listen, my friend," he said. "Three weeks ago this boy's mother, my wife, eloped on me with a traveling salesman; last week my house burned down without a cent of insurance; yesterday the sheriff closed my store not five minutes after I heard that my poor mother *olav hasholom* died in New Brunswick. Today I am taking my little boy to his grandmother's funeral so as to give him anyhow a little pleasure, and what does he do, y'understand, but he just now goes to work and swallows the railroad tickets on me."

He laughed a short, exceedingly bitter laugh.

"And *you* would make trouble for *me!*" he concluded.

Ukridge's Accident Syndicate

(*Continued from page 99*)

reckless enough to drink it, at eight shillings the bottle, remains a secret between its maker and his maker; but three glasses of it were enough to convert Teddy Weeks from a mild and rather oily young man into a truculent swashbuckler.

He quarreled with us all. With the soup he was tilting at Victor Beamish's theories of art; the fish found him ridiculing Bertram Fox's views on the future of the motion picture; and by the time the leg of chicken with dandelion salad arrived —or, as some held, string salad; opinions varied on this point—the hell-brew had so wrought on him that he had begun to lecture Ukridge on his misspent life and was urging him in accents audible across the street to go out and get a job and thus acquire sufficient self-respect to enable him to look himself in the face in a mirror without wincing. Not, added Teddy Weeks with what we all thought uncalled for offensiveness, that any amount of self-respect was likely to do that. Having said which, he called imperiously for another eight bobs' worth.

We gazed at one another wanly. However excellent the end toward which all this was tending, there was no denying that it was hard to bear. But policy kept us silent. We recognized that this was Teddy Weeks's evening and that he must be humored. Victor Beamish said meekly that Teddy had cleared up a lot of points which had been troubling him for a long time. Bertram Fox agreed that there was much in what Teddy had said about the future of the close-up. And even Ukridge, though his haughty soul was seared to its foundations by the latter's personal remarks, promised to take his homily to heart and act upon it at the earliest possible moment.

"You'd better!" said Teddy Weeks belligerently, biting off the end of one of Barolini's best cigars. "And there's another thing—don't let me hear of your coming and sneaking people's socks again."

"Very well, laddie," said Ukridge humbly.

"If there is one person in the world that I despise," said Teddy, bending a red-eyed gaze on the offender, "it's a snock-seeker—a seek-snocker—a—well, you know what I mean."

We hastened to assure him that we knew what he meant, and he relapsed into a lengthy stupor, from which he emerged three-quarters of an hour later to announce that he didn't know what we intended to do but that he was going. We said that we were going too, and we paid the bill and did so.

Teddy Weeks's indignation on discovering us gathered about him upon the pavement outside the restaurant was intense, and he expressed it freely. Among other things he said—which was not true—that he had a reputation to keep up in Soho.

"It's all right, Teddy, old horse," said Ukridge soothingly. "We just thought you would like to have all your old pals round you when you did it."

"Did it? Did what?"

"Why, had the accident."

Teddy Weeks glared at him truculently. Then his mood seemed to change abruptly and he burst into a loud and hearty laugh.

"Well, of all the silly ideas!" he cried amusedly. "I'm not going to have an accident. You don't suppose I ever seriously intended to have an accident, do you? It was just my fun." Then, with another sudden change of mood he seemed to become a victim of an acute unhappiness. He stroked Ukridge's arm affectionately and a tear rolled down his cheek. "Just my fun," he repeated. "You don't mind my fun, do you?" he asked pleadingly. "You like my fun, don't you? All my fun. Never meant to have an accident at all. Just wanted dinner." The gay humor of it all overcame his sorrow once more. "Funniest thing ever heard," he said cordially. "Didn't want accident, wanted dinner. Dinner daxident, danner dixident," he added, driving home his point. "Well, good night all," he said cheerily. And, stepping off the curb on to a banana skin, was instantly knocked ten feet by a passing lorry.

"Two ribs and an arm," said the doctor five minutes later, superintending the removal proceedings. "Gently with that stretcher."

It was two weeks before we were informed by the authorities of Charing Cross Hospital that the patient was in a condition to receive visitors. A whip-round secured the price of a basket of fruit, and Ukridge and I were deputed by the shareholders to deliver it with their compliments and kind inquiries.

"Hullo," we said in a hushed bedside manner when finally admitted to his presence.

"Sit down, gentlemen," replied the invalid.

I must confess even in that first moment to having experienced a slight feeling of surprise. It was not like Teddy Weeks to call us gentlemen. Ukridge, however, seemed to notice nothing amiss.

"Well, well, well," he said buoyantly. "And how are you, laddie? We've brought you a few fragments of fruit."

"I am getting along capitally," replied Teddy Weeks, still in that odd, precise way which had made his opening words strike me as curious. "And I should like to say that in my opinion England has reason to be proud of the alertness and enterprise of her great journals. The excellent quality of their reading matter, the ingenuity of their various competitions, and above all the go-ahead spirit which has resulted in this accident insurance scheme are beyond praise . . . Have you got that down?" he inquired.

Ukridge and I looked at each other. We had been told that Teddy was practically normal again, but this sounded like delirium.

"Have we got what down, old horse?" asked Ukridge gently.

Teddy Weeks seemed surprised.

"Aren't you reporters?"

"How do you mean, reporters?"

"I thought you had come from one of these weekly papers that have been paying me insurance money, to interview me," said Teddy Weeks.

Ukridge and I exchanged another glance. An uneasy glance this time. I think that already a grim foreboding had begun to cast its shadow over us.

"Surely you remember me, Teddy, old horse?" said Ukridge anxiously.

Teddy Weeks knit his brow, concentrating painfully.

"Why, of course," he said at last. "You're Ukridge, aren't you?"

"That's right. Ukridge."

"Of course. Ukridge."

"Yes. Ukridge. Funny, your forgetting me!"

"Yes," said Teddy Weeks. "It's the effect of the shock I got when that thing bowled me over. I must have been struck on the head, I suppose. It has had the effect of rendering my memory rather uncertain. The doctors here are very interested. They say it is a most unusual case. I can remember some things perfectly, but in some ways my memory is a complete blank."

"Oh, but I say, old horse!" quavered Ukridge. "I suppose you haven't forgotten about that insurance, have you?"

"Oh no, I remember that!"

Ukridge breathed a relieved sigh.

"I was a subscriber to a number of weekly papers," went on Teddy Weeks. "They are paying me insurance money now."

"Yes, yes, old horse," cried Ukridge. "But what I mean is, you remember the Syndicate, don't you?"

Teddy Weeks raised his eyebrows.

"Syndicate. What syndicate?"

"Why, when we all got together and put up the money to pay for the subscriptions to these papers and drew lots to choose which of us should go out and have an accident and collect the money. And you drew it, don't you remember?"

Utter astonishment, and a shocked astonishment at that, spread itself over Teddy Weeks's countenance. The man seemed outraged.

"I certainly remember nothing of the kind," he said severely. "I cannot imagine myself for a moment consenting to become a party to what from your own account would appear to have been a criminal conspiracy to obtain money under false pretenses from a number of weekly papers."

"But, laddie——"

"However," said Teddy Weeks, "if there is any truth in this story, no doubt you have documentary evidence to support it?"

Ukridge looked at me. I looked at Ukridge. There was a long silence.

"Shift-ho, old horse?" said Ukridge sadly. "No use staying on here."

"No," I replied with equal gloom. "May as well go."

"Glad to have seen you," said Teddy Weeks, "and thanks for the fruit."

P. G. Wodehouse, the man whose laughter echoes around the world, spins another mirth-rousing tale in COSMOPOLITAN *for June, on sale May tenth.*

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Day by day in every way
We gain in health and vigor
With Campbell's aid our health is made—
Just watch us growing bigger!





Tempting!

And no wonder! That fragrant plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup, which is so tempting to your appetite, is pure tomato—the finest red-ripe fruit that grows! The tasty tomato juices and the rich tomato "meat" are strained to a smooth, delicious puree. A delight to the appetite!

Cream of Tomato

Golden country butter is blended with Campbell's Tomato Soup and delicate seasoning is added by the skilled hands of our famous French chefs. Serve it as a Cream of Tomato for a very special treat either for the family meal or when you are entertaining. It takes but a few minutes to prepare it according to the simple directions on the can. And it tastes so good!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"Daylight"

(*Continued from page 57*)

that everybody must stop whatever they were doing and rally at the bedside of the invalid, who was beginning to have one of his attacks which might prove fatal.

Without waiting even to put on his coat Ben flew on swift noiseless feet to the sick chamber.

Delight was there first but Ben was the one who lifted the old man into a position which relieved the pain and made it possible to breathe more easily.

"Thanks, Ben," he gasped feebly. "Delight, heat up some of that medicine. This plaster I've got on has lost its strength."

His daughter, well trained in obedience, hastened to the kitchen, leaving Ben to support the sufferer in the most comfortable position.

When she had put the can of medicinal clay in a dish of hot water she returned to the sick room. On the way back she noticed that Ben's door stood open and that he had left every light in the room burning. Actuated by an economical motive she stepped in to push the electric switch.

The scattered papers on his table attracted her passing attention.

He had been writing. She wondered if she would recognize the language used by the household mystery and idly picked up a page to see.

She left the room five minutes later without having turned off the lights. It seemed rather better not to.

VI

BEN was by this time strongly entrenched in the position of Blaine Brewster's unofficial nurse.

The next morning her father told Daylight: "Let him off from other duties so he can take care of me. I like to have him around. He understands me a lot better than most people who speak my own language."

Ben, who was noiselessly putting the sick room to rights, looked inquiringly at the invalid when he began to speak, but seeing that he was addressing his daughter went on about his tasks.

"That's something I want to talk to you about, daddy," Daylight replied to her father. "The young man you speak of must not remain in this house another day. I intend to discharge him before night."

"Why, why," sputtered Blaine, "what do you mean? Just when I get a little efficient attention you want to go and ruin it. What for?"

"Because I do not trust him. Don't ask me why, father, but rely upon my woman's intuition. I have taken an instinctive dislike to the man and you know I am never wrong about such things. He's a smug, sycophantic villain."

"Hush, Delight!" with a meaning look toward the object of her remarks.

"He can't understand me. That's another thing against him. He's such a dumbbell——"

"Slang, daughter?"

"Yes. It's the only word that describes him."

"It's silly to hold against him the fact that he is stupid."

"It isn't that alone. If it were I wouldn't mind. But the maids have been complaining about him. They are afraid of him. Hilda says that he approached her last night with some kind of a proposition that she could not understand but she says she is sure it was something wicked."

Ben nearly dropped a flower vase when she began getting specific in her accusations. He had his mouth open to begin an indignant denial but resolutely closed it again and went on about his business.

"Drat the maids!" cursed the sick man. "I should think they might stand being insulted if it would make my last hours a little more peaceful. Ben!"

The slave approached with alacrity.

"His face isn't wicked," Blaine pointed out; "stupid, I admit, but not villainous."

"Stupidity sometimes reaches a point where it becomes bestiality," Delight pursued relentlessly. "To look at his face makes me shudder."

She did—convincingly.

Her father was not beaten down even yet. He had never given up an argument in his life. When all other weapons failed he always used the club of his illness.

"He may be a brute, although I rather doubt that, but he is the only man I've ever seen who can lift me around without puffing."

"And yet you would expose your daughter to the whim of a mere muscular beast like that. What chance would I have against him if he should suddenly go mad or something?"

"No more chance than you would have against any man. But Ben wouldn't hurt you. The poor idiot loves you."

At that psychological moment, just as if he understood that he was the subject of contention, Ben knelt at her feet and, looking up with eyes that were as gentle as those of a mating squab, attempted to kiss her hand.

Delight nearly pushed him over backward with the violence of her rejection of his proffered homage.

And she got her way about having Ben discharged, too. She had inherited some of her father's stubbornness and while she seldom called it into play it was there all the time, and when she really felt that she had to get her own way she could accomplish it amid falling heavens.

"When I'm gone," her father said reproachfully, "I trust you will be sorry." Then he added: "I imagine that's too much to expect. Good by, Ben. You're the only person who understands me."

VII

BEN was a stubborn individual, too. No one had taken that into account. He got the idea that he was fired all right when Delight led him to the back gate and threw his hat out into the middle of the alley, but he did not seem to have any other place to go.

He stayed disconsolately there by the gate all day long. The maids reported this to Delight, who knew it anyway from having looked out of the upstairs windows every little while. When she found that he was still there she smiled every time, partly maliciously and partly, although she would not have admitted it, with genuine feminine pleasure at the tribute to herself.

This was the foolest game that had ever been played by grown-ups. She hoped it would rain on him out there. If it didn't she would call the police and have him arrested. He deserved everything that could possibly happen to him.

Her father grew much more irritable and whiney. Delight had not realized until then how much Ben had taken off her shoulders during the few days he had been a member of the household.

He mourned, "Tomorrow it will be just ten years since your sainted mother went to her heavenly reward and left me to wait and weep." He closed his eyes and wept a little then and there. "It won't be long now, mother, before the barriers will be swept aside. Without proper care I shall probably not live through my next attack."

Delight sometimes cynically wondered whether, from her celestial vantage point, her mother did not view the approaching reunion with apprehension. There was no reason to suppose that Blaine Brewster would cheer up, even when he got his gold harp.

And she remained deaf to her father's hints that she get Ben back. She promised to hire another man in his place but Ben was officially through—finished. She refused to discuss her aversion further. It existed and that was enough.

She hated him.

And yet she always smiled when she thought how much she hated him. It was a pleasure to dislike anyone the way she did the solitary outside guardian of the back gate.

He was still there the next morning when the Brewster cortège left for the cemetery according to an ancient annual custom to weep a little at mother's grave, and view with melancholy pleasure the transitory nature of all earthly things.

Blaine Brewster went in a wheel chair which Delight propelled up the hill to the high ground where the cemetery was located. Being motive power for her father's pushabout was no child's play. Blaine weighed nearly two hundred even yet and Delight was rather small. She did not have brawn proportionate to her determination.

It would have been very easy to have hired an automobile for the trip but Mr. Brewster couldn't ride in automobiles, or thought he couldn't.

"Humph!" grunted the invalid as Delight struggled against the force of gravity. "Don't you wish Ben was here now?"

"I do not!" his daughter replied with what little breath she had left.

To regain her wind and to rest generally Delight headed for the other side of the street. At least the crossing was level.

Midway between curbs came a wild honking of an automobile horn. Delight, winded but still keeping her head, looked to the right and left.

A machine was tearing down the hill from above them. A woman at the wheel was waving wildly at them to get out of the way.



Blankets and woolens are so soft and fluffy after washing with Fels-Naptha! The most delicate fabrics are made wonderfully clean and fresh-looking!

Clean—deep down through every thread!



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

That's the beauty of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha—the sanitary soap. They get more than surface-cleaning.

No matter how thick or how woolly the fabrics, the real naptha in Fels-Naptha searches out the most deeply-seated dirt, gently and safely breaking its grip from the tenacious woolen fibres, (as of course, it does with thin silk or cotton goods). Then the soapy water, flushing through the fibres, carries all the dirt away.

The clothes are doubly cleansed from dirt, body oils, odors—all the way through—purified wholly and completely. They are made *hygienically* clean, for Fels-Naptha does all that good soap does, plus all that real naptha does.

When you realize the close relation of clean clothes to health, you will never be satisfied with less thorough cleaning.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than naptha. It is *splendid* soap and *real* naptha so blended that it gives you the best of these two great cleaners in one golden, sanitary bar. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today! Give your home the benefit of *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

GET an idea of how helpful Fels-Naptha is. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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Delight suspected the truth—that the brakes were not holding and that the chauffeuse did not know what else to do—and summoned all of her jaded strength for a swift spurt to safety.

She would have made it with a little room to spare if the lady driver had not, in a fascination of horror, swerved slightly to the left so as to bear down upon them in the very spot they were heading for.

It was too late for Delight to check the momentum of the wheel chair with its ponderous burden and to start in the other direction. She might have abandoned her father to his fate and saved herself. That, of course, never occurred to her.

Wide-eyed, terror stricken but resigned, she watched the Juggernaut.

So she didn't see what it was that really struck her, that hurled her and the wheel chair back out of danger. The impact was pretty violent and would have knocked her down except for the fact that she was hanging on to the handle of the chair.

As it was, she heard rather than saw the berserk automobile strike something else, something that yielded with a sickening thud.

The reeling car was gone. Delight and her father were safe.

But in the road lay the catapult which had hurled them back to safety—Ben.

Crumpled, unconscious, pathetic.

Delight and her father gazed horror stricken at their rescuer.

Then they started towards him—both of them. Blaine Brewster had risen from his chair and neither of them had noticed it.

Delight got there first. She was like that.

But her father lumbered up no less determinedly and when she started to take Ben's head in her lap he stopped her. "Here, let me do that. He's my nurse, you know."

Delight only held him tenderly closer. "He's my everything."

Nevertheless it was the old man who lifted Ben from the pavement and placed him in his own wheel chair to transport to the nearest house.

VIII

Ben regained consciousness in character—that is, he opened his eyes the next day in his room at the Brewster home and murmured "Daylight! Daylight! Daylight!" as if it were a warning, a caress and a prayer all combined.

She was there. So was her father, who had helped her watch through the night. So also was Ivan Jones, who had been sent for in case——

It was the girl, though, who knelt beside him. "Here I am."

He started to make unintelligible sounds such as had been his language for the last week.

"You may as well speak English," suggested Delight. "You've been raving in American slang all during your delirium."

Ben groaned. "Have I ruined my chances forever?" he pleaded.

"Absolutely. After what I've heard you say I'll never let you escape."

"What?" Even a man who is nearly dead can be revived by a magic incantation.

"I'll even help you win that bet from Ivan." She kissed him gingerly on one of the unbandaged spots. "Sorry, Ivan, to make you lose but we're going to need money for house furnishings."

"You don't get any from me," Ivan responded blithely. "He wrote me a note in the middle of the week calling off the bet. The darn fool said he was too much in love to want to win anything but you with his first kiss if he ever got it."

"Listen!" interrupted the injured man. "For gosh sake, let me talk. Am I to understand, Daylight, darling, that we are to be married?"

"We are if you live."

IX

It would be good cheerful propaganda to record here that Blaine Brewster, after his marvelous recovery during the emergency of the accident to Ben, never suffered another day's illness. There's a considerable precedent for that in "The Miracle Man" and other psychopathic resurrections in film and fiction.

But the truth must be told. The night of Delight's wedding day found her father back in bed with an honest-to-goodness attack of incipient paralysis and the bridal couple spent their honeymoon in two shifts, one nursing him days and the other nights.

They were never off duty for ten minutes together at any one time because if they tried it Blaine always had an almost fatal fit.

However, they are trying a new doctor this week.

Maybe he can cure him.

Or something.

You will count it one of the most enjoyable half-hours you ever spent when you read the next story by Frank R. Adams in June Cosmopolitan.

The Great God Four-Flush

(*Continued from page 87*)

wonder? And he's so darn fast nobody's ever hit him hard enough to mark him. If he don't stop this bird I don't eat for a week. Look at him."

"I'm looking, thank you," said Gwynne Gunning in her heart and tried to wrench her eyes away.

And could not, any more than you can tear the tides from the moon.

The pulse in her throat was choking her.

As she watched him, with that same indifferent, disdainful air, protect himself and hammer the big dark brute to pieces, her mind, in spite of her desperate efforts to close it, seeped full of him. She thrilled to the sulky, surprised line that came between his eyes when the big fellow landed twice on his chin. Caught his trick of swaying his head from side to side. The half smile that curved his young mouth when he went into the clinches.

Oh, she was crazy! It was silly. A prize fighter. She grasped at her pose, her newer self.

Yet—people felt this way. This was the half forgotten thing she was missing in life. This was the explanation of many, many things in the world nothing else could explain. This mesmerism. Cover it, hide it, deny it as you would——

This was *real*.

She didn't want it!

Men, she knew, felt like this sometimes when they saw a beautiful woman. But women—no woman ever admitted such a thing. Could not admit it. Oh, it was impossible!

She heard the thud of a body hitting the canvas.

The boy came back to his corner. His hair was rumpled and she saw the least suggestion of a curl where it touched his close-set ears.

It gave her a pang of delight.

Almost without realizing what she did, Gwynne Gunning looked swiftly at the men about her. How soft they looked. How ugly.

As the first faint gleams of dawn came shyly through the drawn blinds of her sleeping porch, Gwynne Gunning buried her golden curls in her scented baby pillows, and by daring at last to imagine that she was in his arms went sweetly and softly to sleep, with the stain of tears on her cheeks and the marks of her small white teeth in her lower lip.

III

"Do you love me?"

"You know I do."

"Then why don't you say so?"

"What's the use of saying it? If I didn't I wouldn't be here."

Gwynne kicked her feet into the air and giggled happily.

The firelight fell on her golden curls, tumbled about her little flushed face, and on the soft chinchilla collar that rolled back from the exquisite line of her neck.

Lying flat on the rug, her head against Joe's knees, she put up one hand to touch his hair.

"Isn't this wonderful?" she asked softly. "Way up on top of a funny old mountain, away from the whole world? I forget everything up here. I love the rain outside when it shuts us away from everyone else."

She turned her head so that, against the flaming logs, she could see the boy's head. How she worshiped the proud, free, strong line of it.

"You've got to go back, haven't you?" she whispered.

He nodded and she caught the swift, teasing twinkle of his hazel-gray eyes.

"Why are you laughing?" she demanded, snuggling her head closer to his knees.

"I didn't."

"You did. You're always laughing at me. I love you too much."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Gosh, I know you've got to go back if you're going to fight next week. But, sweetheart, you've walked a thousand



There is constant danger in an oily skin

IF your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny, you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple.

But *too much* oil actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of your skin.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Keep up this treatment persistently, and within a week or ten days you will be surprised to see what an improvement it has made in your complexion.

This is only one of the famous treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for regular use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1605 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1605 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

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miles up here. I should think you'd walked enough to train for forty fights."

At that he laughed aloud. And he had the stirring, warm laugh of a man who does not laugh often.

"Silly, I can't fight a boy like Georgie Farr on walking. I'll run five miles before breakfast from tomorrow on. How'd you like it if he beat me?"

Gwynne considered, always breathlessly conscious of his nearness, of the fragrance of clean living and freshness that came from him.

"If he hurt you, or cut you up, I'd scratch his eyes out. But I shouldn't mind your getting beaten. You're so cocky. I'd like a chance to baby you just once."

"You're my little mama all the time," he said, turning to look full at her. His eyes had gone black as the pupils dilated.

Then his gaze went back to the fire, and she lay quietly content, thinking.

Oh, it was all so strange, this double life she was leading.

Here they were, she and Joe Flynn, alone in this mountain lodge. Outside in the rickety garage was the battered, dark flivver he had bought so they might slip away unrecognized. Here she was no longer Gwynne Gunning. She was just—Joe Flynn's girl.

"You're so wonderful!" she murmured with a happy sigh.

He *was* wonderful. How panicky she had been when after five weeks of struggle she had schemed to meet him. He had looked so adorable in one of those plain blue shirts he always wore, and the quiet blue suit. Not at all like the descriptions she had heard of pork-and-bean fighters.

Shy and self-conscious he certainly was. Puzzled and reserved. But he was shy of her surroundings and of her position and not of the woman.

It was his first venture into the class she represented and he moved, oh! so cautiously.

Well, that was the thing that had swept her deeper and deeper into this love that possessed her. To him she was never Gwynne Gunning. Never a famous and idolized picture star.

She was just a woman. She had never realized how sick she was of all the pretense, how deeply she longed for natural, heavenly hours of being Alma Schwartz grown up.

In his cool young arrogance, in his confident, limited young philosophy of life, you loved a woman or you didn't. And his reserve, his coolness, his playful teasing fell just often enough before the dangerous, headlong rush of his passion.

Oh, all that was perfect! And governable. For passion is tied closer to the earth than any other human sense and its life must be the shortest.

But the thing that was beginning to strike terror into the very core of her being was the companionship that had sprung up between them. As though he tugged at her heart with every old instinct, every old desire of her life.

They were so *happy* together. And she had never been just plain happy in all her life before. They could be so overwhelmed with bubbling laughter.

He had a swift, clean, driving young mind. As ardent for knowledge as a child's. The twenty-one years of his adventurous life had been spent at close grips with the world, fighting for a living, for something better than the rudiments of an education. He had an eager craving for finer, better, more worth while things. Her pretenses only annoyed him. He brought her back with one revealing sentence, one hot look, to real things.

"It don't matter what a thing is, if it's the truth it's bound to help you sooner or later," he had said to her once.

She was horribly afraid of losing him. Knew he hated his position.

And he understood her as no man ever had. For, in the last analysis, they came from the same source. Why, as kids they had actually played only a few blocks apart. He had fought his kid battles while she danced on the sidewalks almost within hailing distance. Then—then their lives had branched, but how strangely they had come back together after all these years. Like calling to like.

And still—*still she could not marry him.*

He had never asked her. But she knew his hot young pride would never chance a refusal.

The hideous habit of years still bound her.

She could not abandon the rôle of Gwynne Gunning she had played and loved so long. Four-flushing had become a habit more deadly, more shriekingly insistent than the craving for the little white needle.

In the lonely nights she fought back those tears that leave lines and moaned into the blackness, "God help me, God help me," while her love and her pride fought.

Once away from him, back in her own world, among her satellites and her friends, she knew—and hated herself for knowing—that she could never go through with it.

Her soul—her strong, young, common soul—had been stifled in chinchilla.

She was ashamed of him. She sickened at the treachery. But she knew she would die if Gregg Austin, if Laurine Johnstone, if any of the crowd she had upstaged and patronized, knew that she loved a *prize fighter.*

They couldn't see him as she saw him. She had gathered, sneakingly, a fair estimate of what people of her world thought of the boys who fought for their amusement. They could never rate him as different from the rest nor figure that she, Gwynne Gunning, was of his own.

Gwynne's social aspirations were very definite.

No more hanging on the outer fringe would satisfy her. A position that merely meant appearing for charity benefits or as a lion or a curiosity to amuse the fashionable elect—which was the position achieved by most movie folk—was not the thing for which she had builded so long and so carefully.

There were a few who had penetrated, with the help of circumstances, to the Inner Shrine. A few whose names belonged on the intimate guest lists of the really smart younger set and the aristocratic old Californians. Candace Carr, for instance, had achieved real social distinction through her friendship with young Mrs. Billy Hitt. Jane Terry and her equally famous husband, Frederick Shaw, had been taken up by titled folk in London during their European tour. Immediately they became members of the exclusive circles of Los Angeles and San Francisco. Johnny Ingle had married a Southern girl of much charm and breeding, and of course they "belonged."

That was the sort of thing Gwynne was playing for, the thing that had meant so much in her plans for the future. Gregg Austin could give it to her. Probably there was no other way in which she could gain it. And he knew as well as she did that it was the price he would have to pay for her. A price he was still considering.

Why, Joe had never owned dinner clothes in his life. His English tricked him here and there. All that might be changed in time if she were big enough. If she had only been the real thing herself, sure of herself, she might chance it. Though it never worked. She thought of the stories in the papers about girls and women who had married chauffeurs, elevator boys—anybody out of their class. It was never successful.

Oh, she had lived among shams so long they had become her gospel!

She had cheated so long honesty seemed beyond her.

She had flashes of big visions, only to slip sickeningly back.

She *dared* not—she who had let her father die alone for fear some nurse might recognize Gwynne Gunning.

The glamour of love that swept her that was melting her, teaching her—wasn't strong enough.

She could still have both—even at the price of her honor and Joe's.

Her test had not come.

Only sometimes when she dreamed she must make a decision between the two idols of her soul, she awoke shuddering.

And now, as the fire leaped warmly and the rain pattered on the tin roof, she turned swiftly to him, holding him close in her arms, shaking with some strange fear.

"I love you so, I love you so," she said brokenly.

His arms hurt her.

"Why honey, you're not crying? What made my little mama cry? There, I love you. I love you better than anything else in the world."

His lips, clean and cool, found hers. And even as they lay so sweetly, she felt the heat pour into them and thrill her in every nerve. Felt his strong hands in her curls, jerking her head back.

"I could tear you to pieces," he said suddenly. "You're mine, do you hear? Aren't you?"

"Yes, oh yes! I want to be. All yours, I am."

"You'd better be," he said coldly.

And Gwynne Gunning could have screamed aloud.

For deep in her soul she heard the little mocking laugh of the monster she had created of herself. Heard the whip-crack of the Great God Four-Flush.

IV

It was a very perfect dinner party.

Gwynne Gunning, in pale green sequins with a mass of lilies of the valley caught at her waist, knew that it was her supreme social effort. And her eyes narrowed a little as she glanced at Gregg Austin.

It was a great feather in her cap, catching Laurine Johnstone as the guest of honor.

Laurine Johnstone, whose advent into the films after years of stage triumphs was

Your smooth fresh face—what are you doing to keep it young?

Many famous and lovely women depend on this method

IN your mind you picture yourself always the same. But one, two years from now will your face be as fresh and smooth as it is today? Or will it be a little coarsened? With fine lines growing deeper around the eyes, the nose, your mouth? Will you discover one day, while you are still young, that your skin has grown old?

To save women's skin from this early ageing, to keep it young and soft in spite of modern strain and exposure, two famous formulae were developed.

Two creams, each so wonderful in its *results* that now literally millions of women depend on them.

Today in 56 different countries these women have decided that no other method gives quite that transparent freshness and velvet smoothness. And that no other has quite that magic efficacy against the drying and coarsening influence of the out-of-doors, or that extraordinary effect of freshening the complexion.



Photo by Brown Bros.

Marion Davies, whose complexion is extraordinarily fresh and young and who is now playing so charmingly in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," says—"My skin is constantly exposed to trying lights and I have to use a great deal of make-up, yet my complexion has kept young and beautifully smooth with Pond's Two Creams. I have used this method for years and know I can depend on it."

The cleansing cream that has doubled its users every two years

So marvelous is the softening, clarifying effect of Pond's Cold Cream on the skin that the number of women using it has actually doubled every two years.

Its special light consistency agrees with your skin. Its fine light oil gives your skin perfect suppleness and then is wiped off with the loosened dirt, so that your face has the exquisite freshness you want. It is never left heavy with cream.

In the whole world the most used of all vanishing creams

But the miracle of one cream's success is no greater than that of its sister cream. So unfailing is Pond's Vanishing Cream in its protection of the skin, so marvelously does it freshen the complexion and keep it lovely through the day that last year the women of the United States alone wanted several millions of jars!

This cream contains such a wonderful soothing ingredient that the minute it is put on you feel your face soften and relax. In the mirror you see how fresh and smooth it has made your skin—almost in an instant. You go out in the severest cold or hottest sun and your skin does not chap or burn.

TRY THIS METHOD— *the difference will convince you today*

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then, in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! How new and charming the reflection in your mirror! The powder is even, not in patches, because it clings evenly to the delicate film of cream. The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

When you are tired in the evening use these two creams together before you go out. They soften out the lines and smooth away the worried tightness of your face. And always after a motor or railroad trip, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream and then finish with the Vanishing Cream and powder.

To see how these two creams will actually improve your skin use this method regularly. Begin now by buying a jar or tube of each cream.

You will get them in any drug store or department store. Neither can possibly clog the pores or cause the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

These are the troubles that mar and age your skin

Read how this famous method corrects them

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor, but the process is so gradual you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. Be careful before the harm has taken hold. Keep your skin clean and soft and properly oiled with a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then, always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection against any weather condition and the trying changes in temperature. This method will keep your skin soft and smooth always.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly. Now it cannot scale and peel. It will not develop the little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally. It contains a wonderful daytime softening ingredient and prevents your skin from drying out again.

That Distressing Shine

Shine is often the result of excess oil in the glands. Your careful nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream carries out this excess together with the dirt. This light cream wipes entirely off. Now in the morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can use plenty of it, because it has no oil. This will keep your skin lovely and fresh right to the end of the day.

But sometimes shine is due to a dry, tight skin. You must apply an extra amount of Pond's Cold Cream at night after the cleansing and let it stay on. See how gladly your skin will absorb the fine light oil of this cream, how it will soften and relax and the shine disappear. Put on the Vanishing Cream in the morning to keep this suppleness through the day and to hold the powder.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c, TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
134N Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

This smoker says Edgeworth gets better and better

But it doesn't—and no "improvements" are contemplated

To begin with, we had better quote Mr. Whitlock's letter in full. Not in a boastful spirit, but so we can refer back to it farther down in the column.

2844 Accomac Street,
St. Louis, Missouri

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I wish to take this opportunity to tell you what I think of your Edgeworth Plug Slice Tobacco.

I have been a pipe smoker for about 18 years and during that time have naturally tried many different brands and blends of tobacco. I could not seem to find an ideal blend until about six months ago when, at the suggestion of a friend, I tried a pipe of Edgeworth Plug Slice.

I have been a constant user of Edgeworth since and can truthfully say that "Day by day in every way Edgeworth is getting better and better."

You have my permission to use this letter in any way you may desire if by so doing it will enable other pipe smokers to find a really cool, enjoyable and perfectly satisfactory man's smoke.

I beg to remain,

Edgeworthily yours,
Al. F. Whitlock.

We are indeed glad Edgeworth has given Mr. Whitlock such unqualified satisfaction, but we feel obliged to sidestep his suggestion that "day by day in every way Edgeworth is getting better and better."



Our constant aim is quite to the contrary. Just as it is, Edgeworth pleases thousands and thousands of pipe smokers throughout the country.

If we should try to "improve" Edgeworth or change it in the least, we might be doing an injustice to the men who have smoked Edgeworth for years and years and who expect to find it always the same good smoking tobacco.

To add to our list of friends we are always glad to send free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Just drop a postcard to Larus & Brother Co., 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we shall appreciate your courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your dealer cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

a sensation, had looked askance upon the picture colony when she first arrived in Hollywood with her titled husband.

During her European tours she had dined in many famous houses. But she watched with genuine amazement the splendor of the silver, the perfection of the service, the magnificence of the decoration, the epicurean food in this movie palace.

The guests were a delightful blend of the best the picture people had to offer, and the cream of Gregg Austin's set. Oh well! it was rumored Gwynne Gunning was going to marry young Austin and his millions.

Yes, Miss Johnstone was impressed.

And she was very cordial and friendly to her young hostess.

Yet even while Gwynne rejoiced in the success of her party, her mind was acutely conscious of what was to come. They were going to the fights as a slumming novelty for her guests.

It was very late, of course, when they arrived. Half the fights were over.

Gwynne, wrapping the folds of a new chinchilla evening cloak about her, was glad of that.

The thrill of seeing Joe in the ring, of watching the grace and beauty of him, in the light of the glorious secret of her heart, had never abated.

Then she was proud that she belonged to him.

But the knife twisted in her heart as she tried to picture him with these guests of hers.

Just how it happened no one ever seemed to know.

Farr was a good boy but he had figured to be easy for Joe Flynn. He had never laid a glove on Joe and for the first three rounds the favorite cut him to ribbons.

But suddenly it *had* happened. And the great mass was silent with that quick, strange prescience of an elemental crowd.

He had caught Joe coming off the ropes. Caught him with the one "haymaker" he had. Lifted him off his feet and dropped him on the back of his head.

And instead of the proud, splendid young figure so strong and graceful, Joe Flynn lay ominously still, his young face turned blindly up to the pitiless glare of the lights.

"That boy's hurt," said Laurine Johnstone's husband quietly.

A woman screamed.

And the mass of silent men broke into wild, hoarse murmurs.

The referee bending over the still figure. Handlers. Towels. Pails. A small grizzled man with a black case. The word "stretcher."

And still the boy had not moved.

Georgie Farr was sobbing. It swept the crowd to its first note of hysteria.

Gwynne Gunning sat with a smile frozen on her face.

Everything was all right. He'd get up in a minute.

But he was hurt, suffering. She must go to him.

Her body seemed paralyzed. She felt her heart break within her breast and the bleeding, inward tears race through her like acid.

Her boy. Her darling. The thing she loved better than anything else in the world. Ah, but did she?

They didn't even know she knew him. What would everyone say? The stately Laurine Johnstone, Gregg Austin, the man she meant perhaps to marry some day. Gregg, with his amused sneer.

They were sorry about it—as they would be sorry for a dog run over in the street.

They didn't know this was the heart of her heart.

If she went, everything was over. Her poor, weak little hand was on the table for the world to laugh at. Before all these people. The reporters. The faces she knew.

She could not leave her seat.

Perhaps he wasn't really hurt. Of course he wasn't.

But—this had to end. These were death pangs, rending her. She couldn't stand it.

Gwynne Gunning's big moment had come.

And suddenly she stood up, before all those staring eyes.

She saw the ghastly, empty stretcher coming down the aisle.

Like the swift flight of a bird, she was in the aisle. Tried to climb into the ring.

The swathing folds of thousands of dollars' worth of chinchilla caught and tripped her.

With a superb gesture she tore off the cloak and dropped it in the dirt.

No one who was there ever forgot it.

The strain had been so horrible.

Then, there under the electric lights, was a beautiful, exquisite young thing, in an amazing gown, who pushed aside everyone and kneeling down took the boy's quiet, splendid young head in her arms.

"Joe," she said very softly, and tried to smile at him, "Joe, it's your little mama. Don't be afraid."

And kissed him before them all.

V

THE flicker on the silversheet ceased. The lights in the small studio projection room went up. But the silence held.

The men and women who sat there, the final judgment committee of the greatest studio in the world, stared at each other wordless.

Tears were on their faces. The first tears the screen had drawn from them in years.

It was the fat little president who spoke first. The man whose word rocked the entire industry.

"That," he said slowly, "is the finest piece of acting I ever have seen on the screen."

"That isn't acting," said the gray-haired woman who ran with amazing efficiency the biggest scenario department in the game, "that's just real feeling. I can't believe it. What's happened to her?"

"No, it don't seem possible," said the president, wiping unashamed the tears from his fat cheeks, "that that's Gwynne Gunning. And I always put her down as beautiful and dumb and not understanding anything about real things. Poor little kid. Poor little kid. If she keeps that up she'll be a great artist. What's done it to her? I want to tell her."

"She slipped out a moment ago," said her director quietly.

"I want to tell her," repeated the president.

But Gwynne Gunning was sitting very quietly in her dressing room.

Her cheek was pressed softly against a little old blue shirt. And she was gazing

Queen Anne or Mary Ann

A Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann back—that's the way a house built all for show is described. To the street it puts up a handsome front—fresh, white paint and smooth green lawns.

Go around to the back, and you get another story.

There are many Queen Anne Towns—

the main business and residence streets are clean and shining. Well-kept parks and squares are show places. But go around to the back streets—to the alleys, to the vacant lots—and you get another story. Rubbish heaps, tin cans, refuse, dirty stables and stagnant water are breeding places for disease carriers.

A town can be clean—

only as its back streets are clean. The disease bred in dirty places is ever a menace to the big house on the hill. So however clean the street and however good *your* neighborhood, you cannot protect your family from malaria, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, spinal meningitis, hook worm, and other germ diseases except by making the back of your town as clean and sanitary as its front.

As a City Father—

don't stop with having dirt and danger removed from one spot to another. That is not *cleaning*-up. That is only *stirring*-up. You should see that rubbish and germ-breeding material are not only collected from every spot in the town but that they are burned—destroyed forever.

For germs travel—

some in water; some in milk; some by air; thousands use the common house fly as an airship. Others hop with the flea. Some of the most dangerous come with the sting of a mosquito, while your ten fingers are the favorite transport of many, many thousands from anywhere and everywhere direct to your mouth.

Stamp out disease—

by cleaning-up dirt and filth where disease germs breed.

Be one in your town to start a great town-cleaning drive this Spring. Get your neighbors interested in making your town a safe place in which to live. Help to teach those in the careless house the value of sanitation.

The Three FFF's

"The three F's in the transfer of disease are *Flies, Food* and *Fingers,*" says a leading sanitarian. He considers a knowledge of the three F's more important than the old curriculum of three R's.

Flies—The common house fly—bred in filth—carries on its legs thousands of germs. The fly lights on your baby—leaving its deadly germs. It gets into milk—poisoning it.

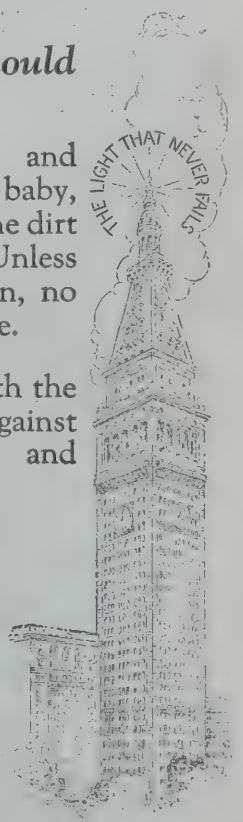
Food—Food handled by unclean hands; food exposed to dirt and flies, becomes contaminated, and may plant the germs of disease directly in the human system.

Fingers—The fingers collect germs and dirt from stair rails, from car straps, from shoes, rubbers, from ordinary objects in every day use. And the fingers are constantly making trips to the mouth.

Every City Mother should remember—

that the snow-white house and nursery she provides for her baby, may be made dangerous by the dirt from the unclean places. Unless all of a community is clean, no part of it *can* be entirely safe.

Start the war on dirt today with the world's greatest weapons against disease—*Fire, Soap, Water* and *Vigor.*



Figures show that wherever the Sanitarian holds sway, disease has been lessened, the death rate cut down, and the average life lengthened.

In the interests of its policyholders the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company wages perpetual warfare upon the carriers and breeding places of disease germs. In 1922 it conducted 440 Community Clean-Up Campaigns.

The 17,000 Agents of the Metropolitan are 17,000 Champions of Community Cleanliness and Sanitation. Health Boards and civic bodies everywhere are calling on them for help in carrying on Clean-Up Days and Clean-Up Weeks.

Have a great Spring Cleaning in Your Town, too! Let the Metropolitan Agents in their daily round of visits to the homes of policyholders, help you to enlist your householders in the Campaign.

Don't wait to swat the fly—stamp out her breeding places. Keep highways and byways clean. Build a big Spring bonfire. Let it spread until the dirt from every corner is burned—not just moved from your premises to somewhere else.

Ask the Metropolitan Agent how to do your part. He will be glad to help you. The Company will be glad to send "Clean-Up" literature to public agencies, to town authorities and to householders.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK



Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of Soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

Thirsty Fibre personifies cleanliness

Millions of Thirsty fibres are found only in ScotTissue Towels.

These Thirsty Fibres give ScotTissue Towels their pleasing softness, immaculate whiteness, fragrant freshness and quick drying-power, enabling them to absorb instantly four times their weight in water.

A clean, dry, never-before-used towel for every user every time—that's the sanitary story of ScotTissue Towels. A really individual service that assures perfect protection from contagion.

Those who are careful to observe the accepted standards of modern business, both toward patrons and employees, adopt ScotTissue Towels for their washrooms. They enjoy a cleaner, safer towel service—a more economical service too.

Stationers, druggists and department stores sell ScotTissue Towels, 40c a carton of 150 (50c in Canada). Less by the case of 3750 towels. Buy a carton or a case today. Or, we will send, prepaid, the towels or $5 outfit, upon receipt of price.

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty-Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

Own your own Towel-Outfit
Plate-glass mirror
Nickel-plated towel rack
150 ScotTissue Towels
All for $5
($6.50 in Canada)
See it at your dealer's

Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.
New York Chicago Philadelphia San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

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with closed eyes into the face of the man who had taught her that truth is the only thing that bears fruit.

The boy who had crept into her heart through the doorway of her passion and led her through blood and tears and agony and shame into the great company of poets and lovers.

The boy who so unwittingly, and at so great a price, had called her bluff.

And little Gwynne Gunning never put on her chinchilla cloak again.

One of the most poignant stories ever told is by Adela Rogers St. Johns in COSMOPOLITAN *for June.*

The Guests of Honor

(*Continued from page 35*)

house—he'd have to rebuild anyway."

Mr. Tautphaus pursed his lips and looked thoughtful.

"You see, it just juts into both the Lee and the Lessing places," pursued Juliana shrewdly.

"Now I'll tell you what I'd do," said the agent, with an air of impartial frankness. "I'd put a price on it, twenty thousand dollars. I'd do that. You authorize me to act for you, at that price, and let me see what I can do."

"But good gracious, he could buy any place—for that! No," said Juliana flatly, "I won't do it. You can tell him so!"

And she left the little agent abruptly, in his shiny little car, and went back to Dan in the garden. Dan, with Alexander Joy Rutherford, ravishing in a tight, faded pink romper, staggering beside him, was off to the Whites' to borrow a card table.

But when Dan came back that was another thorn, too. For the Whites' card table had been broken by having the children stand on it, and innocent Dan had wandered on to the Lessings' and had actually asked Mrs. Lessing if he might have hers.

Juliana's face burned.

"Dan, you didn't!"

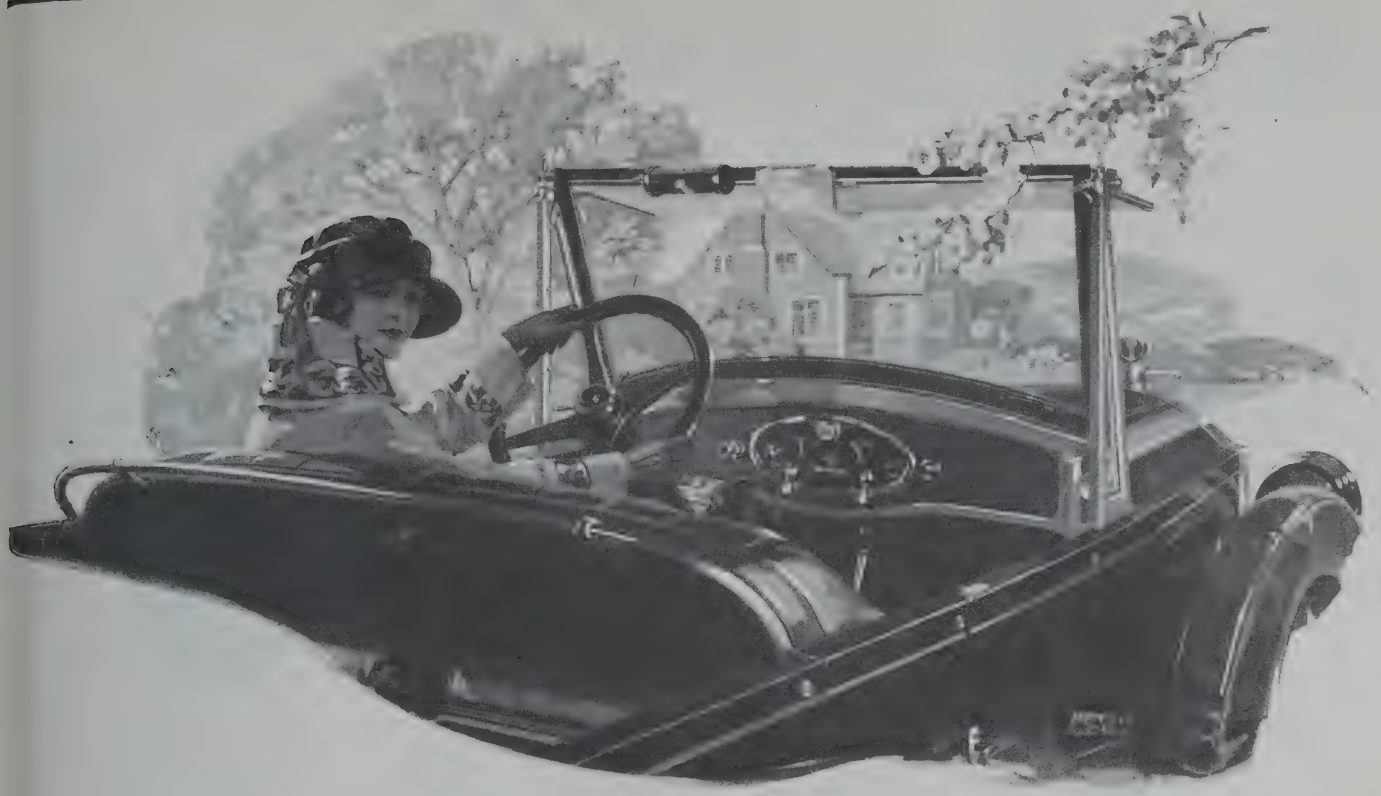
"Yes I did. Why not? I knew they must have 'em—piles of 'em. She was having her hair done or something, I suppose, because she just sent out word that she would send one down. I said to the butler I'd take it, but he said no, a man would bring it down."

Juliana sat down on a porch step, her mouth hard, her eyes absent. She visualized the scene: the great lady interrupted at her toilet, the surprised moment on the part of mistress and maid before she sent out her message.

"Dan," began Juliana, "if you *only*——"

"——were a gentleman!" was to be the ending. But she did not say it. A dreariness of spirit fell upon her, and later when she learned from the abashed Dan that the card table had come and that Dan had bashfully attempted to give the chauffeur fifty cents as a tip and had been repulsed firmly but civilly, she merely sighed and shrugged.

She remembered, as she fussed and tasted and polished, that when she had married Dan everyone had said—or at least mama had—— Phrases like "rough diamond" and "not Juliana's type" floated



Her Ideal Car—Our Ideal Paige

SHE knows little—nor need she—of the lifetime care and conscience engineers have dedicated to the nice simplicities of mechanism about her. Enough that all her motoring whims are gratified—that every comfort serves and surrounds her.

She is proud of her ideal Paige as it stands at her door—delighted by its beauty and substantial character. She is secure in her knowledge that no squeaks or rattles will ever call for apology. In any society its manners bespeak its quality.

Under the hood an ideally quiet seventy-horsepower motor meets every situation, summoned by dainty touch of toe. Through traffic thickets at a two-mile crawl, or over the rolling road at seventy or more—match her thrill, if you can, with any truer mastery of motion!

Delightful above all things is her ideal Paige's ease of handling. Here is finger-touch gear shifting with a bare three-inch movement. No need to pause, or to hurry—thanks to the wonderful Paige non-spin clutch. And so gentle the clutch action, she never "jerks" the car nor "stalls" the motor, however inexpert. With ball-bearing steering spindles, steering becomes easy to the frailest hand.

Against the sudden onslaught of rain or snow, the automatic windshield-wiper preserves her clear vision ahead. The backward panorama of the road and its traffic changes are duplicated in the rear-view mirror; and when her dainty foot presses the brake, a red light warns those behind to greater caution.

Still more comforts for mind and body! A gasoline gauge on the dash warns of approaching need, a Waltham clock of fleeting time. A green glass visor protects view and softens glare. Electric cigarette lighter laughs at forgotten matches. Squeak-proof body construction soothes tired nerves. And rear springs more than 5 feet long, with snubbers, cushion even thought of rough roads.

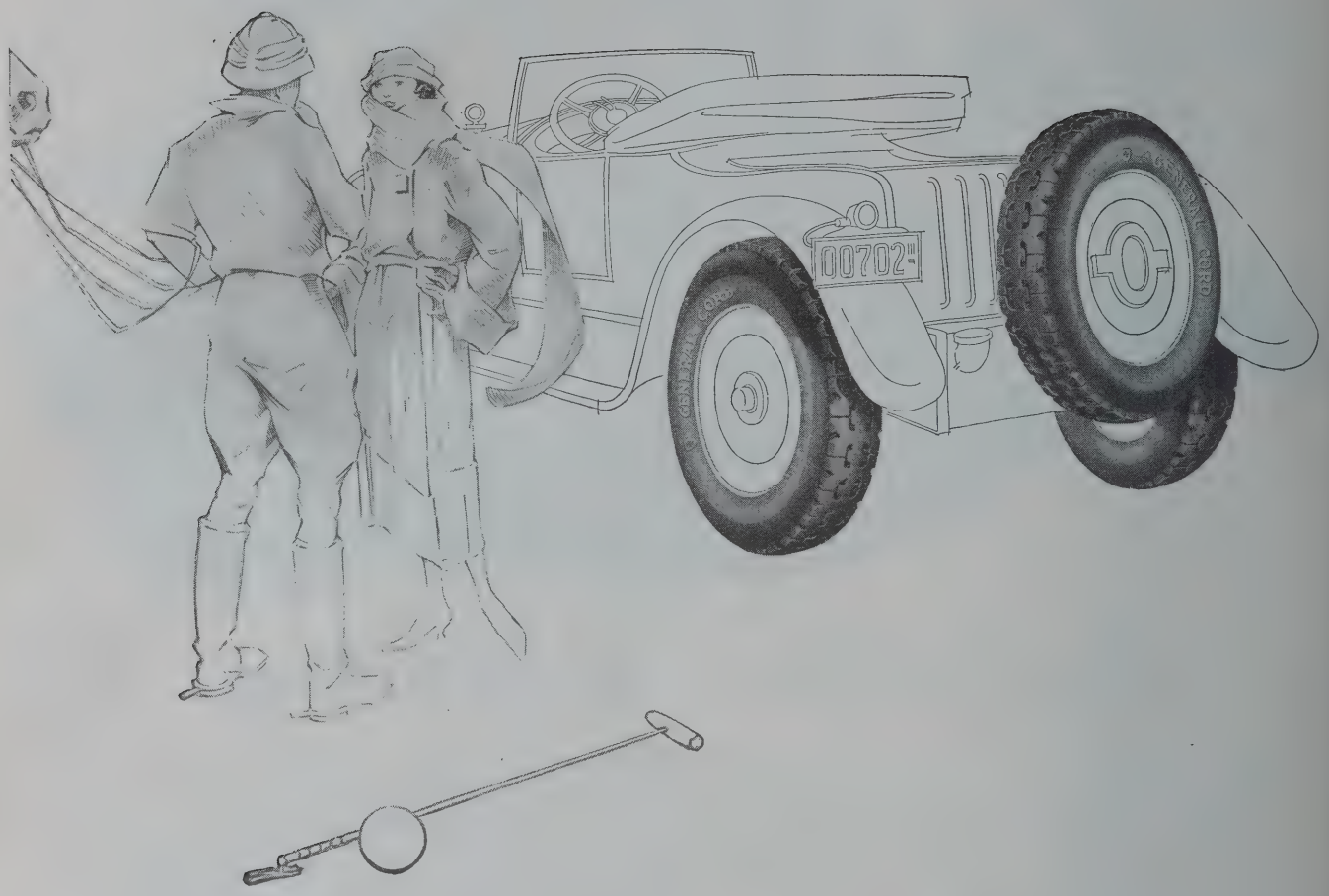
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THE
GENERAL
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—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON OHIO BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

seditiously through her mind. Now here she was, struggling to meet persons of her own type on their own ground—and Dan——

The happy little house was full of friction and agitation and misunderstanding today. Nothing went right, and the day was a long nightmare to Juliana. The baby got sleepy at six o'clock, a bad sign, for it might mean that he would be wakeful later on. Katie, engaged to assist Lizzie, arrived in a pale blue crêpe de Chine waist, with hair obviously marcelled. Juliana had indicated to her, as boldly as she dared, that she would like her waitress to wear plain black tonight, but she dared not reproach the independent Katie, who was ticklish material from which to concoct a servant, at best. Lizzie waved a stout, freckled hand at the biscuits, when Juliana, deliciously pretty in her white gown, went anxiously out for a last inspection of the kitchen at quarter to eight.

"Biscuits or rocks, I done what she told me," said Lizzie. "If that's what they like to eat, well and good. I had some tea and toast an hour ago, and it feels to me like the middle of the night. I always thought curry was what you done with what was left, like you might make a hash——"

"Delicious—delicious!" murmured Juliana, tasting and stirring. She flitted away—candlelight on the marigolds—that was lovely, and so sweet a spring twilight outside that she would not draw the shades. And here was the first limousine's big eye, gleaming in the opal dusk, at the gate. Both the Lees—that was delightful! She had been so afraid Mr. Lee couldn't come.

And the Lessings, close upon them. She didn't quite like the fact that both men guests asked Dan to show them the place and walked about the fruitful, ordered two acres interestedly before dinner, but she took the women guests gallantly upstairs, hearing murmurs from the girls' room but hoping that the visiting ladies did not. Mrs. Cruikshank gaily and talkatively made her own way up a moment later, and the four women chatted in the speckless spare room.

What a dear little house it was, and what a good baby she must have to go to sleep so early! they said. Ah, well, they thought he was pretty sweet, Juliana smiled. It was awkward to have Mrs. Lessing—the oldest, the most conservative of the group—open the door of the awful hall closet, thinking it was the way downstairs; it was hideous to have the children's toys and play sweaters and various miscellaneous matters come cascading out. Juliana's face flushed as she jammed them back and forced the door closed again.

"How shall you manage your children's schooling when they are a little older?" Ross Lessing asked her as he shook out his napkin, and that was disquieting, too. He wasn't interested in her children's schooling! Juliana's suspicion that he was the "party" of the real estate proposition deepened.

There was a long wait after the soup. Dan talked on gallantly, but not as he would have talked to the Babcocks or the shabby Pattersons, for example, had they brought their wild, disheveled children down for a meal with the Rutherfords. He told them about the Indian village that had once stood on this spot, and of

NORTH EAST



YOUR AUTOMOBILE can be kept fit with much less care than a horse. But for this very reason it should have the best of care when care is needed.

Nothing is more vital to the welfare of your car than *Genuine* repair parts, made by the original manufacturers of the equipment. So when service repairs are needed, do not accept any parts unless you know they are *Genuine.*

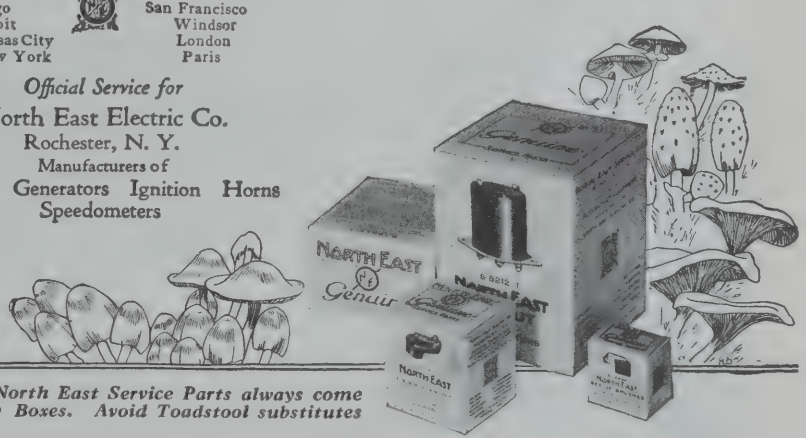
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There are over 500 Authorized North East Service Stations throughout the world. Ask for our Service Directory if you do not know where your nearest Station is.

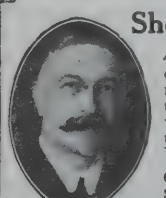
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One pupil has earned over $5,000 writing in his spare time—hundreds are selling constantly to the leading publishers.

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you'll find relief from muscular soreness, tired, burning feet, fatigue, itching skin, bedsores, sprains and bruises.

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MIFFLIN ALKOHOL
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OH mystic East, with floral gardens of exotic beauty, where Azima in the turquoise twilight meets her lover, and peacocks preen their jewel feathers midst a sweet scented profusion of exquisite petal fragrance!

From your fairest flowers Vantine creates aromatic oriental treasures expressed in the luxurious and irresistible bouquet of

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$2.50

Jafleur Toilet Water (4 oz.) - $2.50
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Say "Vantine's" at Drug Stores, Gift Shops and Departments that feature the newest in Oriental Scents; or, if unobtainable of your dealer, send us his name and the price.



Vantine's
The Buddha of Perfumes
71 Fifth Avenue, New York

the mysterious bricks that the Indians must have made—very unusual, nobody quite understood it.

His guests listened, Mrs. Lessing—Juliana noted—not touching her soup; and then Dunham Lee said in a low tone to Ross Lessing, "Funny thing about those Swedish bonds, eh?" and for a few minutes they all talked international loans and bond issues.

Five minutes—ten minutes. It was frightful, but Juliana had to excuse herself and go out and investigate the kitchen for herself. She murmured the maids' names sharply as she crossed the pantry. "Katie—I rang twice!"

"I never heard you," Katie said, all bustle, coming in from the porch.

"Go get the plates. Haven't you got that rice in the mold yet, Lizzie? Here, let me show you—go straight up to bed again, dear, and don't make any noise!" said Juliana to her first-born, who now appeared before her, like a wraith in brief pajamas.

Barbe bore blanching news.

"Grammer's here!" she said, electrically.

Juliana felt her heart plunge; stop short.

"Grandma? How do you know?"

"Me and Mary Ann were looking out from the sleeping porch," announced Barbe, "and we saw the taxi."

Juliana sat down. "Well, she'll simply have to keep out of sight—I simply *won't*—I can't—she'll just spoil everything!" ran her desperate thoughts. Aloud she said, "Slip round to the garden, Lizzie, and ask Mrs. Rutherford to come in this way, will you?"

Too late, Katie returned with eight soup plates—piled!—and the news that Mrs. Rutherford was in the dining room, and Mr. Rutherford wanted there should be another place set.

With a feeling almost murderous Juliana returned, brightly smiling, to her guests, and kissed her mother-in-law, whom indeed, until this moment, she had always loved. Dan had his arm about his mother, his face was bright with surprise and pleasure, the introductions were just completed.

Mrs. Rutherford was handsome, rosy, reaching sixty. She belonged to the new order of middle-age, the order of balanced menus and calories and civic clubs; she had been an honored delegate at more than one national convention. Her suit was plain, her soft old throat showed above a frill of rather good imitation lace filet, but her hat was unfortunate.

"You poor girl, you, why didn't you write me you were having a party?" she said, with all Dan's serenity. "I guess I'm the mother-in-law of the comics, after this. I've been trying to phone you all day—or at least I did this morning, before I left home. Your father and I saw a real good film about a mother-in-law last week, Daniel," she said to her son. "We have the best, you know, at the new Royal. Oh, that is a beautiful theater, Julie, I just want you and Dan to see it! I said to Mr. Rutherford, 'Well, maybe that'll take some of the curse off!' I knew you and Dan wanted to get away in the car for a few days," resumed Mrs. Rutherford, "and I hadn't anything to do this week—they're papering the upstairs—so I sent your father over to Lou's, and I came down. I'm having a tooth crowned," she explained to Ross Lessing. "It's such a bother I wish now I'd let him take it out. It brings me to the city——"

"No curry?" said Juliana to Mrs. Lessing in dismay. And with a hot and cold thrill she remembered that her most honored guest was a Catholic. Misery engulfed her. What did one do? Offer eggs?

She risked it. Mrs. Lessing smiled reassuringly. No, she had had tea. No, truly. Besides, there was this, she said pleasantly, holding up her salad fork. Just a plain little salad, Juliana said. But she liked Mrs. Lessing, kindly fussing with fried bananas and spinach and rice and chutney. "I've had a *big* dinner, for me, and everything so delicious!" said Mrs. Lessing.

"Da-ad!" It was a wail, distinguishable as Mary Ann's. It was followed by a banging door, by silence. To the uninitiated it sounded like battle, murder and sudden death, and silence fell upon the dinner party. But Juliana and Dan exchanged only a tentative, inquiring glance. Was it worth notice? Had she gone off to sleep again, or perhaps not entirely wakened at all?

"I'll go up," said Dan's mother.

But the bare feet of Mary Ann had been approaching them unheard all this time, and now Mary Ann burst in, sobbing, in outgrown pajamas whose cuffs Dan had split that very evening so that they should not chafe her, and with a button missing at the neck. Her fair hair was in disorder and she was crying.

"Dad, I had a bad dream," she sobbed, "and you didn't—you didn't hear me!"

"My little sweetheart!" Her father had her in his arms; weeping, pale, straight of hair and missing of tooth, she was welcome there. He was conscious of no onlooking eyes as he dried her tears and held her close and cuddled her bare little feet. "No slippers, pussy?" he said.

Mary Ann sniffled, heaved a deep sigh, gulped and was content. She snuggled in her father's arms, she smiled wetly upon the company. And Katie said blithely "All righty!" when Juliana asked her for more coffee.

The company left the table at about half-past nine, and the house only three-quarters of an hour later. They had pleasantly convincing reasons for so doing; Mr. Lee was extremely tired, Mr. Lessing was making an early start for Boston the next day, Mrs. Cruikshank had promised to look in at the theatricals of the Barnhill Country Club at ten o'clock.

The card tables, therefore, were not used, nor the new packs, nor the sharpened pencils. Mrs. Lessing suggested that they might take the table back, they had the car right here at the gate.

"Oh, we'll send it——" Juliana, flushed but gallant to the end, corrected herself. "We'll bring it back," she said.

Well, perhaps it would be better if the Lessings took it along with them, it appeared. You see, there was to be a card party for the Babies' Hospital tomorrow, at Barnhill, and they had asked for card tables. Mrs. Lessing had gathered up eleven this afternoon and sent them over, and she would——

So they took the card table and all went away, Juliana walking out to the gate with the Lees, the last to depart, under a mellow spring moon.

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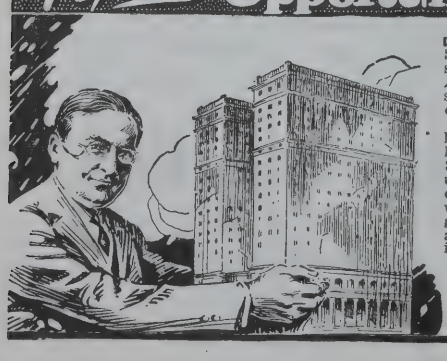
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After they had gone she remained at the gate, leaning upon its old-fashioned pickets, her white gown a glimmer in the soft light between the blossoming lilacs and the little Japanese maple. Dan, straightening the sitting room, carrying the chairs about and "smallening" the table, sent her more than one uneasy glance.

"I guess I queered poor Ju's dinner party," he said repentantly to his mother.

Mrs. Rutherford, holding the now sleeping Mary Ann in her arms, looked surprise.

"How?" she asked. "I tasted everything—I'd had my dinner—but it seemed perfectly delicious to me, and I thought Katie did real well."

"Those people don't go to dinners to *eat*," Dan said dismally.

He carried his daughter upstairs, and Mrs. Rutherford took possession of the spare room, with its unaccustomed candles, powder and embroidered towels.

"Ju's out at the gate," she told her son. "You go out there and make your peace with her. You tell her that I was tired and went to bed, and if I'm still reading when you come up tell her to put her head in here and say good night. Maybe I kind of complicated, Daniel," his mother added, kissing him. "But I knew you folks wanted to get up into mountain country for a few days, to Will's, and I thought you could leave the baby, and Mary Ann too, here with Lizzie and me—you and Julie always seem to entertain so easily and not to mind who comes in——"

"You never complicated anything, darling!" Dan said affectionately. But his heart was rather low as he went out into the flooding moonlight to find his wife.

It gave a leap of relief and astonishment when she turned shining eyes upon him in the soft gloom.

"Dan, was there ever such a night?" she said dreamily.

"Somebody——" He hardly dared venture it, but then, with the high moon shining, and the lilacs drenched with sweetness, and the black shadows lying like lacework on the little lawn, it was easy to put his big arm about her, easy to venture anything. "Somebody ought to be playing 'The Chocolate Soldier,'" he said.

She rested her dark head on his shoulder; the whole sweet, fragrant, lovely woman, in her frail white ruffles, was in his arms.

"Dan, wasn't it horrible?" she said slowly, but without any special regret in her voice. "You know, most dinners—when you think of them, out here under the stars, as microbes doing things in a world of microbes—are nonsense, aren't they?" she went on. "Those people didn't want our food; their houses were full of better food. They could have gone to twenty hotels in the city and bought better. They didn't want to come, they just balanced the pros and cons and felt that they ought to come. And I acted like a—like a—dumbbell!"

"I was a dog," said Dan simply.

"You have no social brains," his wife told him, in a tone of mere dispassionate resignation. "And when it comes to superficialities, I can trust the baby's instincts before yours!" She turned suddenly and kissed him, with that little soft



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rush of fragrant hair and that quick surrender of arms and lips that always intoxicated him. "But I love you, Dan!" she said.

"I love you, my own girl," Dan answered, suddenly husky. "But I don't deserve to have you nice to me tonight. You struggled and you worked—and you were eager and busy and interested—and then, like boobs, the kids and I, and Lizzie and Katie, and even mother, mixed up the whole party! But never mind, Ju," he added, "some day we'll try it again. They shan't freeze you out of your little farmhouse, and next time it'll all go right—you'll see!"

"Never again!" Juliana said, smiling. "I'm going to give the house to Tauphaus tomorrow," she added calmly, "and I'm going to get my own price for it, too! And we'll cruise about and go somewhere else! Not because"—she interrupted his protest quickly—"not because they don't like us—but because I don't like *them!* I don't like what they'll make of me if I don't run to cover!"

"Ah, darling, but you love—we love this place!" Dan said, quite overcome by the utter unexpectedness of this mood.

"Yes, and that's just the trouble!" his wife answered, laughing, yet in earnest too. "They love their places, and to have maids in caps and aprons, and meals served like religious ceremonies, and a garage and a tennis court rounding out the estate, instead of the Rutherfords' house! It's all the better, Dan—it kills the spirit! I don't want to get like that. I don't want to have a chill when Katie says 'All righty!' or passes food on the right side instead of the left. I don't want," said little Juliana, her hands on his shoulders now, and her white-ruffled figure close to him in the moonlight, "I don't ever want to have a dinner to which my husband's mother isn't welcome," she said, "or to which my Mary Ann, in her little nighty, can't come down, to be loved and comforted! They're *my* guests of honor!"

Dan was silent for a long minute, but their eyes, as he held her tight, did not move from each other. Presently the man said slowly:

"You're the most wonder—but I'm not fooling. You are the most wonderful woman in the world!"

They turned from the gate. The shabby little house looked peaceful, under its overarching elms, with a mellow square of light showing Mrs. Rutherford's window. Behind Juliana and Dan, as they went slowly up the path with their arms locked, lights shone from the stately Lessing house, and in the servants' rooms at the Lee mansion, and in the garages. And presently the Cruikshank limousine swept by; Mrs. Cruikshank had changed her gown and she and her escort were on their way to the country club.

But Juliana and Dan saw none of this. They had turned their backs upon it.

A "homey" story that will live in your memory begins Kathleen Norris's new Irish series in next month's COSMOPOLITAN

Zanzibar

(*Continued from page 73*)

tang of cloves, because it was still new to me and had a curious effect upon my emotions. Strange cries and sounds rang on the warm air like a pleasant symphony of tropic life. The warmth seemed to pulsate with human emotions. The dark shops glowed with romantic suggestions.

As we entered the counting room of Ali Beder, the old merchant had just paused on the threshold of an inner compartment to look back at us.

He was a patriarchal figure with a long stained beard, a goat-like face and a high domed forehead which disappeared under a small turban of black cloth embroidered with tarnished gold thread, twisted somewhat in the Persian style. A flowing *kanza* hung from his shoulders, enveloping him; but, old though he was, it could not disguise the great depth of chest and breadth of shoulder. There was something almost sinister in the suggestion of power, physical and mental, masked by age and the patriarchal garments.

"*Hodie!*" said Prescott cheerfully. "How are you?"

In the gloomy interior the old man's eyes had the appearance of being rimmed with red lids. They stared fixedly at the nonchalant Christian, until, recognizing him, they blazed curiously, then faded into the dull mask again. A slow weary smile drifted across the heavy countenance. The patriarch beckoned with a friendly gesture to the inner room.

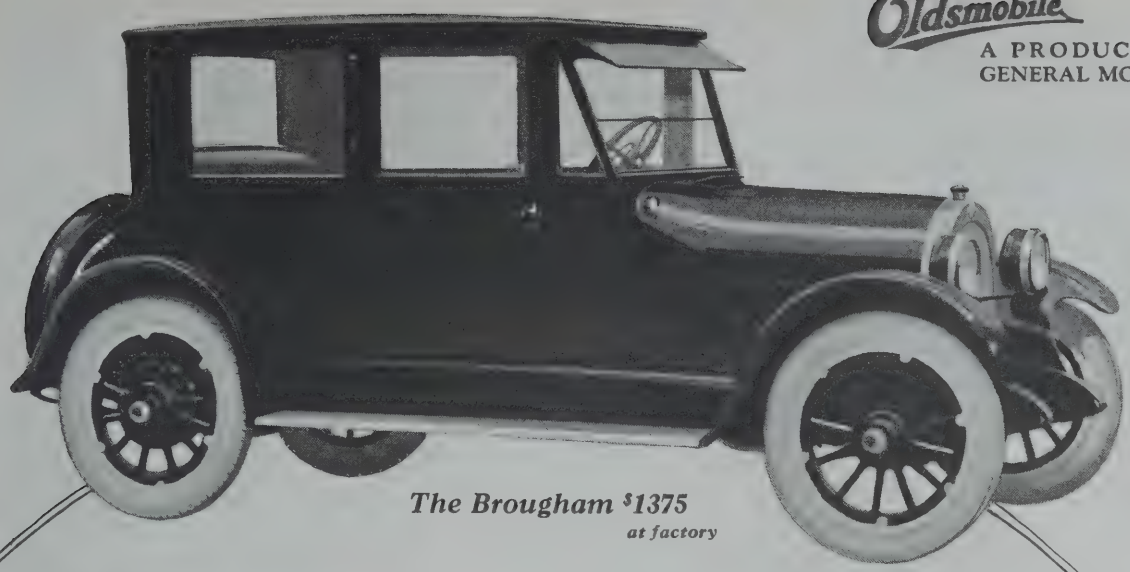
"*Salaam,*" he responded cordially. "Come in."

Within the inner room, the old merchant treated us with hospitality and distinction. He made seats for us on mellowed Serabend rugs, bolstered with pillows. Clapping his hands, he called servants who brought narghiles charged with fragrant tobacco; black coffee, flavored with cardamom; sweet cakes made in his own kitchen; all served on etched brass trays from Damascus. This hospitality was particularly significant because it was the season of Ramadan when the Mohammedans themselves fasted throughout the day.

Ali Beder's long, almost lugubrious countenance, the moist, slightly pouting underlip, the watery, pink-edged eyes over which the heavy eyelids appeared to droop languidly, the wavering, kindly smile—all indicated a friendly, almost benign nature, and a somewhat simple intellect. As I observed him more carefully, however, looking through the fumes arising from my coffee cup, my first impression of something sinister beneath that exterior was strengthened. Sensuality was there, with a crushing implacable force, and the superstition of a treacherous nature.

At the same time his attitude towards Prescott was one of genuine friendliness; but it was a peculiar sort of friendliness—the half contemptuous, somewhat pitying tolerance of a perverted character which finds amusement in the companionship of

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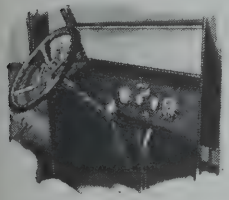
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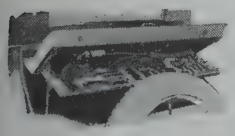
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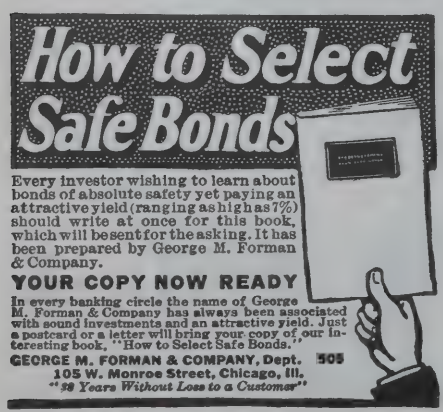
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one it has wronged. It occurred to me that Ali Beder was looking down on us from an age of adventurous and fearless men. There was no doubt that young Prescott recalled to him old and pleasant memories; while at the same time the young man's unimaginative listless personality appeared to him in contemptible contrast with the flame and vigor of the granduncle, Ibrahim Effendi.

I tried unsuccessfully to draw old Ali Beder out. He spoke freely of Tippoo Tib, whom his father had financed; he had met Henry Stanley, and thought little of him; while he had a genuine admiration for David Livingstone. But when I mentioned Ibrahim Effendi, he dismissed him blandly. I brought up the subject a second time. Ali Beder, looking at me queerly, gave an almost imperceptible shrug, and murmured:

"*Bassi!*"

I took the hint and said no more.

Leaving the counting room, Prescott and I went on to the godown to which Abu Nawass had already preceded us, to commence the weighing of the cloves Briggs had purchased.

There is a tremendous fascination about cloves in bulk, and here in Ali Beder's godown was a veritable hill of them. They were piled twenty feet high on the floor of a gloomy chamber into which light filtered dimly through iron-barred windows, touching with high lights the black and bronze skin of the hamals, scrambling, plunging and sliding knee-deep in the spice. Glimpses of the glaring blue sea were framed in the casements; the noises of the bazaar and bay were hushed by the thick cement walls; and an atmosphere of romance saturated the ancient edifice.

The cavernous depths of the godown with the black workers flitting back and forth like shadows, chanting as they tossed the spice, seemed to me like one of the subterranean corridors which Irving wrote about in his legends of Alhambra. I wanted to explore deeper into the most remote chambers; but Prescott was bored and indifferent. Sitting on a bale in a dark corner he wanted to talk market prices with Abu Nawass.

At last I persuaded him to come with me. We found nothing new. The inner rooms were simply a series of square cell-like chambers packed to the ceiling with cloves baled in *makanda* mats and ventilated by means of tiny grated windows. As we penetrated deeper the silence and darkness became oppressive. Still we continued on, until, rounding a dark corner, we became separated. I waited for a moment indecisively, expecting to hear Prescott crunching the crisp cloves under foot, but at first I heard nothing. All at once I distinguished very faintly the sound of water tinkling in a metal basin.

It was a pleasant sound, and I moved quietly towards it, forcing a passage between the bales, until I came unexpectedly upon an iron-grilled door. This door was obviously all that separated Ali Beder's godown from his living quarters. Built at a time when fighting and sudden flight were not unlikely contingencies, it was probably originally intended as a means of escape through the godown to the waterfront. It was apparently no longer used.

Prescott was standing tight against this door, pressing himself against the iron bars, fascinated by something within.

Without advancing farther all I could see was an enclosed courtyard around which ran a latticed balcony. Only an obscure corner of the court and stairs was visible to me. In this corner there was a curbed cistern from which water was splashed upon the black and white checkered flags where pigeons were strutting and ruffling their wings. Brass and pewter trays and long-necked water pitchers were scattered about as though someone had been scouring and refilling them with water. A couple of pomegranates, pink and yellow with fruit, stood near the door in jars, screening the rest of the court from observation.

A young white goat with head twisted on one side was standing with its fore hoofs on the cistern curb looking with a ludicrous expression into its black depths. In the distance I could hear voices—women's voices, speaking and laughing in Arabic and Kiswahili. My heart began pounding with excitement, for I realized instantly that we had accidentally blundered into the heart of the women's quarters of a wealthy Arab's *beyt!* A big negress, laughing inanely, walked across the court, her bare feet flip-flopping on the wet flags, splashing water slovenly from the buckets she carried.

Then I heard a gurgle of laughter from beside the door, but just out of sight, and I caught my breath. The next instant a pomegranate was thrown across the cistern, and burst upon the forehead of the dazed goat. The startled animal shied off backwards on its hind legs; and at the same instant a girl stepped into view, laughing uncontrollably, bending forward slapping her knees and calling the goat ridiculous names in pure Arabic.

For a moment I was dazed with astonishment. I thought confusedly that we had discovered a beautiful European girl held prisoner in this impenetrable *beyt;* but her fluent gutturals instantly undeceived me. It was simply that I saw for the first time a very beautiful type of pure Arab, unveiled, and moving about with graceful abandon. Nevertheless, she was beyond comparison the most exquisite creature I had seen in years.

Slim and strong, ardent and young, with the brown expressive eyes of a race which puts high value on the power of the eye, she seemed formed for swift and graceful movement. Her olive skin was flushed with color. Her slippers had been kicked aside and her white dainty feet were bare; while her sleeves, rolled up to the elbow, disclosed white graceful forearms. The fun of playing with the cool water had evidently made the task of polishing the metal a pleasant one.

With bent body she pattered her feet as she danced before the goat; clapped her hands; and, when her thick braids of glossy hair fell over her shoulder, straightened up to toss them back with a movement that showed all the inviting grace of a firm young throat and the curves of her shoulders and bosom, half bared by the slipping blue silken gown she wore. She wore in addition striped trousers caught tight above her ankles, and her black hair was carelessly decorated with bits of blue ribbon and gold ornaments.

She was obviously a member of Ali Beder's own family.

So fascinated was I by the sight that I



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entirely forgot the presence of Prescott, who, equally forgetful of me, had not budged. The shame I might have felt at this sort of intrusion was drowned by an emotion I had never before experienced. This girl sparkled so with vitality, shone so with natural cleanliness, that she seemed utterly remote from the women to whom I had become accustomed. The European women of the colony were languorous, petulant and pale; the Indians, though exquisite of feature, seemed more or less dirty with their greasy ointments and pomades; while the blacks were savagely coarse and repellent. This girl, laughing aloud with natural expression, dancing, shuffling her feet, tossing her head, clapping her hands, glowing with color, was a fusion of all the passions and graces of her race. The first breath of love might destroy her in flame; but scorn would turn her into a murderous sibyl.

I could have reached out my hand and touched her. She was so near I could distinguish the shadows under her eyes, cast by her long lashes; hear the quick catch of her breath between bursts of laughter; see the warm blood palpitating in her throat; could even perceive the velvet texture of her skin, the moisture of her lip, her little tongue slipping in and out between glistening teeth, the gleam of her eyes as she opened them in mock terror at the prancing goat.

"Ah, stupid Nana," she gasped, "why didn't you dive in, then, when I threw it?"

The goat shook his yellow horns at her and waved his forelegs. The girl backed away, hands stretched at full length in front of her, fingers widespread.

"Coward!" she laughed. "Nana, you'll always look like a fool until you get the courage to attack. Boo! Na-na-na-na! Allah, to be afraid of a woman!"

All at once a curious change came over the girl. A look of uneasiness, of perplexity, slowly drove away the laughter. She straightened up, looking doubtfully about her, at the same time involuntarily drawing together the silken gown at her throat. I knew immediately what had happened. She felt our presence. Instantly my own tremulousness was gone, and I threw out my hand to draw Prescott away from the girl. At that moment he must have whispered to her, or else his foot crunched upon some cloves; for the girl suddenly stumbled backward as though thrown off her balance.

Turning her head sharply in our direction, she discovered Prescott pressing against the bars, his face flushed with excitement, his clear blue eyes fixed upon her, his hair rumpled about his forehead by the toupee that had fallen from his head. With a smothered shriek she jumped away and flew up the stairs to the balcony, looking wildly over her shoulder, until she seized a shawl which she drew over her head, veiling her face.

The big negress came running noisily into the courtyard, followed by others, calling out:

"Safie! Sweetheart, what is the matter?"

I jerked Prescott back into the shadow, cursing under my breath at his awkwardness, knowing that we were in a damnably embarrassing and possibly serious situation. I caught a last glimpse of Safie, hesitating at the top of the stairway, her wide startled eyes filling with curiosity. All at once I heard her say, laughing hysterically as the servants ran towards her:

"It is nothing! Nana—Nana—that wicked goat—ran at me!"

"Oh, Lord," I could not help exclaiming, as I urged Prescott along the passageway, "you lucky devil!"

"What did she say?" he asked confusedly.

"Don't you understand Arabic?"

"Not a word!"

"You idiot," I exclaimed wildly, "why didn't you learn at least a few phrases?"

"What did she say?"

"Never mind," I said after a few minutes, when my judgment was a little calmer; "but remember this. We've just done something that a Mohammedan considers a serious offense against decency. If those women tell Ali Beder, there's bound to be trouble of some sort—I don't know just what. The only thing for us to do is to keep our mouths shut. Forget the whole thing!"

"I don't see it," said Prescott stubbornly. "I've acted pretty decently here in Zanzibar, and no one can say anything against me. Why can't I go to Ali Beder, explain the situation and ask him to introduce me?"

Exasperated, still somewhat agitated by my own emotions, I could only splutter:

"You're not in Boston! If you even drop a hint of this to Ali Beder, you'll never see her again!"

After a moment he said explosively:

"Well, by God, I *will* see her again!"

We found Abu Nawass leaning against the wall like a figure from Lalla Rookh, frustrating with blunt sarcasm the efforts of Ali Beder's *karani* to cheat on the weight of the cloves.

"Look for yourself," he said with a contemptuous gesture. "Ali Beder must have a grudge against you. This stuff will have to go through three siftings!"

Prescott looked without interest, a far-away expression in his eyes, the muscles of his jaw working slightly; while I myself felt a mingling of misery and suffocation as I thought of Safie and the utter futility of my even hoping to see her again.

Fortunately for my own peace of mind I received a telegram that same afternoon urging me to go immediately to Dar-Es-Salaam, which is on the mainland across the way from Zanzibar, to see a man who was going inland to Ujiji. Through the influence of the O. O. A. I was given passage on one of the small British trawlers that patrol the coast; and the following morning I was on the mainland. I had a royal time in the navy, and managed through the good will of my new friends to get a lift back to Zanzibar in an aeroplane, which dropped me on the outskirts of the city the fourth evening after my departure.

I cleaned up at the hotel, dropped around to see the O. O. A., only to find him out, and ended up at Briggs's place.

The great Arab pile was as dark and imposing as on the first night I visited it. Old Mzee swung open the heavy carved door and stood aside, holding his yellow lantern overhead as I passed up the narrow stairway. Briggs was out; and I hesitated on the *barasa*, looking out across the calm waters of the roadstead. The sun had just gone down like a plummet into the blackness of Africa; the sea below me was turning from opal to



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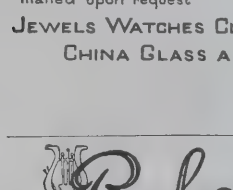
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shadowy purple, and the islands that dotted it from jade-green to velvet.

A peculiar hush lay over the city.

The season of Ramadan was ending. Each evening the mullahs had been watching for the thin sickle of the new moon to mark an end of the long fast and herald the feast that followed. A heat mist, like a veil, was drawn across the sky, and the watchers waited hopefully for it to pass.

I felt myself sinking into the calm of the moment, but beneath this mood I experienced a sort of pleasant tremulousness, as vague indefinable impulses stirred in my veins. The last four days had been crowded with so much action that now I could hardly compose myself. I felt an intense craving for swift movement; in short, I was in exactly the right mood for adventure. Standing there with arms folded, I waited impatiently for someone to come. All at once, acutely conscious, I swung quickly about and saw an Arab standing immovably in the shadows, watching me.

He had no right there, and I looked at him steadily, feeling the fingers of danger rippling up my spine. After a moment he made a gesture of impatience and stepped forward into the light. It was young Earl Prescott, wrapped in a dark cloak, with a turban pressed down on his head, its loose end muffling his mouth.

"Quick," he said in an uncertain voice; "step out of the light. I want to talk to you." I moved to the darker end of the *barasa*, without saying a word. "You're just in time," he said, gripping me by the arm and talking rapidly and vehemently. "You've got to help me. You've got to! You know—you're the only one who does know—except Abu Nawass—and I can trust you. Listen! For heaven's sake don't think I'm a fool. Just listen—because you've got to help me!"

"What are you talking about?" I said coldly; but my heart began to pound heavily.

"You know already! It's Safie—Ali Beder's granddaughter. We're in love! She's told me she loves me. As for me—oh, you don't understand! I love her, that's all! I'm crazy about her! I mean it. I never knew there was any feeling like it. If I don't get her," he said wildly, "I tell you there'll be trouble. If anybody tries to stop me, I'll kill him!"

"You dashed fool," said I. "Pull yourself together!"

"You don't understand!" he cried. "You can't understand. Listen. The day after you left, I went to that gate and saw her again—and she smiled at me—and gave me a bit of fruit—and whispered to me, but I couldn't understand her. Then I went back in the afternoon with a phrase book and saw her again, and I found out who she was. When she handed me another piece of fruit, I touched her hand. I can't explain it; but it was like electricity. I—I just went—blooey! I don't know now how I managed it, but I kissed her through the iron bars; and she ran away because someone was coming. The next day she was afraid to come close, and I couldn't explain in a whisper how I felt. Even if I spoke Arabic I think I would have choked. Look! When I talk of her I tremble all over. I know she loves me! I know it! And yet—there's that iron gate—and I can't explain alone——"

"Explain what?"

"Explain just how I love her!"

I snorted, because I didn't trust myself to speak.

"I mean that. Oh, for God's sake please don't jumble me up! I want you to understand! Yesterday Abu Nawass followed me, and he saw me talking to her. Well, I know I can depend upon Abu Nawass; so I told him the whole thing——"

I gave an involuntary exclamation.

"I told him the whole thing," he repeated in a tone of absolute anguish "and he was straight! He—he helped me out. This morning he came with me and acted as my interpreter. The girl promised to meet me tonight—just after sunset—now! I was to bring keys to the godown locks and the inner gate—I had them made this morning—Abu Nawass knew a place. See, here they are! But Abu Nawass hasn't come! I—I've been waiting here almost an hour—with—with old Mzee hanging around watching me as if I'm crazy! Well, I am—pretty near it! About a quarter of an hour ago all at once I remembered what the O. O. A. told us about my granduncle—and—and treachery!"

As he paused to draw a strangling breath, jerking the turban fringe from in front of his mouth, an impassioned voice rose sonorously above the silent housetops.

"*Ah, ma princesse! Ma princesse! Je t'adore! Ma princesse!*"

Prescott jerked his head nervously.

"Oh, shut up!" he muttered with irritation. Then he gave a short, dry laugh. "I understand that poor devil better anyway," he said. "Romance is the search for love, isn't it? While love is—oh, there's nothing at all like it. Love is love! If I miss it—if I miss it now, I don't care what happens! Don't tell me about success—or my future! These people who measure success by the amount of dollars they make are fools! If you haven't got love, you might as well be dead!"

Suddenly Prescott put his hands on my shoulder. His voice was breaking.

"*Bwana*," he said, "help me! I'm afraid. Suppose Abu Nawass doesn't turn up?"

A flame swept over me. I forgot my own future. I forgot everything I risked. I forgot that ruin faced me if we were caught. Swept by the breath of sheer romance, I flung myself headlong into the adventure.

"Only one thing," I said, preserving my steadiness with an effort; "if she comes with you, what do you intend to do?"

"Do? Why, get some missionary to marry us—then take her away—anywhere——"

"All right," said I, "I'm with you. The O. O. A., as acting consul, can marry you. The Tabora is ready to sail for Durban; you can get away on her. Anyway, once you're married the rest is easy. Mzee!" I yelled.

Mzee came shuffling rapidly. His heavy drooping face was lighted by a strange expression of expectancy; his aged eyes had a look of shrewdness in them. I told him to bring me a *kanza*, a jacket, and a *tarboosh;* and as he shuffled away with a jerking sort of run I pushed Prescott into his room for a paper and pencil and wrote a note to the O. O. A. which no man of feeling could ignore. By the time I had

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finished this, Mzee had returned with bundle. He laid this on the table a dropping on his knees began to unlace m boots. He had brought sandals.

"Good old Mzee," said I, feeling species of gay intoxication at the prospe before us, "you know the game."

I slipped on the *kanza* with the jack over it, having first discarded my tuni For my head the *tarboosh* was sufficien since my complexion is swarthy and m eyes brown. With my bare feet thru into sandals, I looked an Arab.

Prescott, robbed of words by his mingle anguish and impatience, stood biting h nails and fumbling with his turban; b Mzee, as I stood up, squatted back on h haunches and chuckled.

"Take this letter," I said, "to t American *burra sahib*—'*Bwana* Oh-O Ay.'" In a harsh voice I added: " you do not find him, there will be gre trouble."

"Master," said Mzee, scrambling to h feet and shuffling towards the stairwa "I understand."

As I jerked the sash off the table wrap round my waist, a keen-edge curved *jambeer* fell out. Somehow called to my mind the fact that Mzee w the oldest retainer of the house. He ha been a servant of Ibrahim Effendi!

"For heaven's sake," burst forth fro Prescott's lips, "please hurry!"

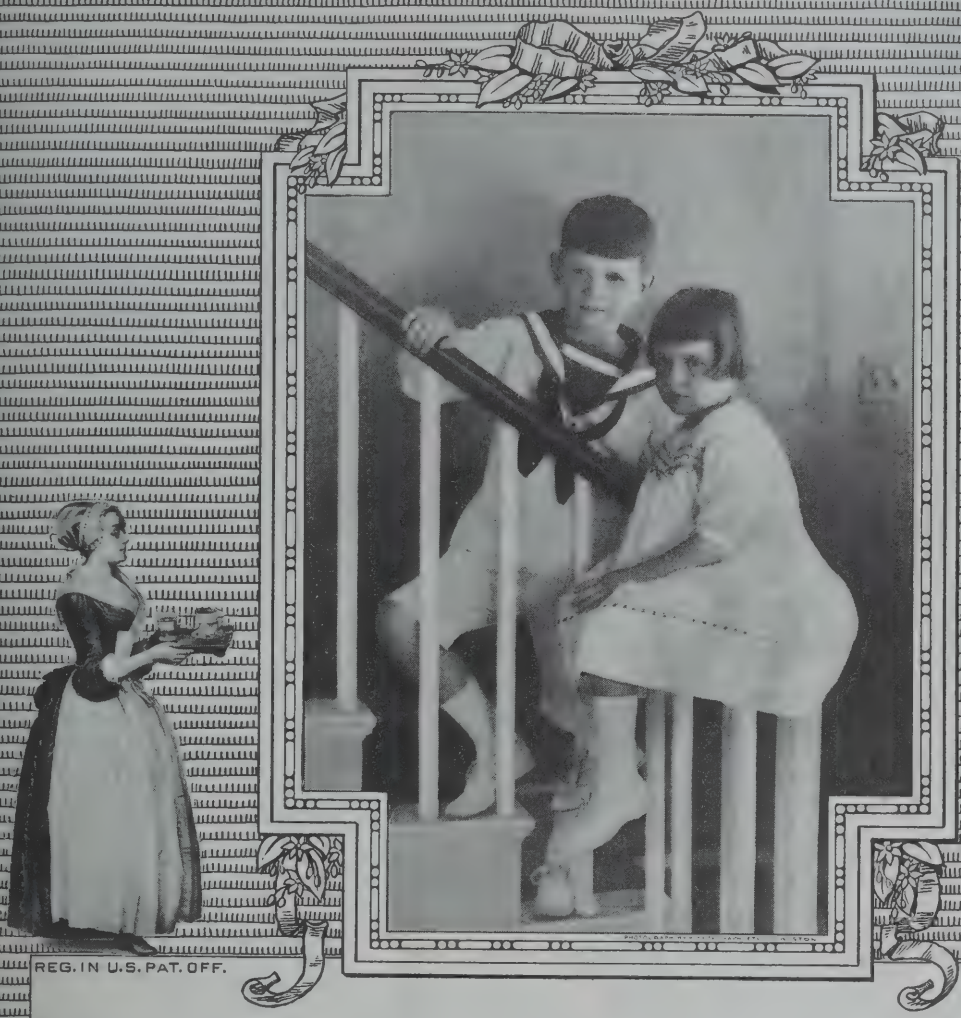
As we slipped down the dark alleyw that led to the door of Ali Beder's out godown by the waterfront, the city w still silent, the mullahs still hopefully loo ing upward as the mist began to dissolv

We entered the outer godown witho difficulty, the alley leading to it bei deserted at night, though forty paces awa it entered a crowded bazaar, while t other end led into the water. Ali Beder fortress-like buildings towered above it o one side, while similar godowns pressed i upon it from the other. As we slid int the velvet blackness of the interior, ha suffocated by the oppressive heavily spice atmosphere, my nerves were acutel sensitive.

Taking one end of my sash, Prescot who had studied the way, led along tortuous passage, while I followed wit hands outstretched, hardly daring t breathe, with the blood thumping in m ears. Very faintly we could hear peopl stirring in the house above and beyond u The sound of waves lapping against th coral foundation of the godown and th harsh rasp of an anchor chain out i the roadstead, came to us through th softness of the night. Our own sandale feet, which we tried to shuffle silently, occa sionally crunched upon the littered clove with a sound that made the hair tingle o my scalp.

Once I felt the strange impression tha someone was near us. Touching Pre cott's wrist, I stopped him while w listened. We could hear the *tap-tap-tap* of a beetle in the beams overhead, an then, suddenly, the hiss and whisper of rivulet of cloves sliding to the floor and scurrying of rats over the *makanda* mats.

By this time my gaiety was gone. I wa soaked in perspiration; and I felt weal Young Prescott had his love to stimulat him; his determination was unshakabl On the other hand, there was no reward fo me; and as I recalled old Ali Beder's goa like face and blazing eyes, and thought



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the result of failure, I wanted very much to jerk my sash from Prescott's hands and run. As we advanced deeper into the blackness, the uneasiness in my stomach increased, until at last we saw a dim light and came upon the barred door.

It framed a dim scene like a Bakst setting for a gloomy drama. Vague figures moved behind the lattice of the veranda above. A lantern flickered near the well, lighting with yellow touches the metal pitchers and basins that were to be used at the evening meal. There was no sign of Safie. Breathing heavily, Prescott immediately started to fumble awkwardly at the lock with his key.

"Wait a minute," I whispered. "Cool down a bit, and let's get our bearings!"

Prescott looked at me with an insane expression; then, pressing himself hard against the grill, tried to get a better view of the courtyard. Under this pressure the door suddenly flew inward, throwing Prescott off his balance so that he staggered and fell with a clatter among the metal utensils by the well. At that instant there came the muffled boom of the Sultan's gun, announcing to the waiting city that the new moon had been seen, and Ramadan was at an end. Cries and laughter went up within the house; women and servants, laughing and shouting, came running into the courtyard to prepare the feast.

As Prescott fell, instinctively I clutched at his cloak; and he managed to recover himself and throw himself back into the shadows without being discovered. But the door was left open, and we could not reach it without being seen.

"Come on," I said, dragging him deeper into the shadows, "we've got to get out of this."

"No," he said excitedly, "not without her."

"You dashed fool," I exclaimed, "can't you see she's not here?"

"I'm going to see!"

"They'll knife you!"

A servant, coming for the basins, discovered the open door and let out a series of loud yells that brought the household tumbling in confusion about her. Men were called, and I could hear them running overhead. Our only chance was to retreat through the pitch darkness.

"She's probably outside," I said. "Abu Nawass must have taken her away."

In another minute a child saw Prescott's white face staring in the dark, and she stood still looking at him with distended eyes and changeless countenance, and emitted an appalling scream that had no ending. This was too much even for Prescott and we began tumbling back through that tortuous passage in a nightmare flight, followed by a clamoring, cursing, murderous crowd of Arabs and Swahilis, swinging lights above their heads. We skidded on slippery mats, stumbled over misplaced bales, floundered knee-deep in the spice, tangled in bits of rope and our own flowing garments, feeling as though all the devils of Hell were at our heels.

Though I was not familiar with the godown I was the first to reach the door and seize the bolt we had opened less than fifteen minutes before; but I couldn't budge it.

"Here," I said, "try this, Prescott; you opened it! For God's sake hurry!"

Prescott gave three frantic tugs—ran his fingers over it—and said in a strained whisper:

"It's locked!"

There was nothing to do but dive head first among the scattered bales by the door and lie there shaking as the armed servants flung themselves at the barred door. In their excitement the furious Arabs concluded we had bolted the door behind us to arrest pursuit, and they burst it open with a beam without stopping to search the interior. Pressing my lips against Prescott's ear I whispered:

"If Abu Nawass bolted us in, he's only got a lead of ten minutes——"

"Let's go!" said Prescott, scrambling up.

"Wait," I said, jerking him back. "Don't make a fool of yourself again. The alleyway's blocked at both ends. If we go towards the bazaar, they're bound to discover you with your blue eyes; if we reach the water, we've got a chance of swimming for it."

"I'm hanged if I do," he said, jumping up. "I'll fight them, if they want; but I'm going to find Safie!"

He was beyond argument, so I rose with him and darting through the door tried to lose myself in the darkness and tumult outside. A second group of pursuers, issuing from the front of the *beyt*, had appeared at the mouth of the alley, blocking it; and there, as both groups sighted each other dimly in the dark, they fell into a panting, thudding tumult. The sight of vague, sinister shadows slipping through the darkness, light flashing on drawn blades, sticks rising and falling; and the sound of muffled blows, panting oaths and sudden sharp squeals of pain, checked Prescott. He stood looking about him dazedly until I pushed him violently towards the water.

"If Ali Beder can't rescue her," I said aloud, in order to be heard above the confusion, "you haven't got a chance."

A yell went up from beside me:

"Christians!"

At the same instant I got a blow across the back from a long stick that sent me on my hands and knees among the rocks and slime. As I rose I gave only one look behind. It seemed to me as if the entire frenzied bazaar were surging down upon us with drawn *jambeers* and waving sticks. In a flickering light near the corner I caught a very fleeting glimpse of Abu Nawass, the traitor, with contorted face, shouting at the top of his voice and gesticulating violently with fists above his head; while the great figure of Ali Beder, followed by his household, rushed at us with drawn knife, his heavy stubborn face looking more goat-like and savage than ever.

In a few seconds I felt a coldness and wetness about my feet and found myself reeling up to my ankles in the litter by the water's edge where a light surf broke against the coral buttresses of the godown. In our sudden flight Prescott and I had saved each other at least three times. He was armed only with a stick which he had torn from the hands of the man who first struck me; while I with my *jambeer* struck out wildly without hitting anyone, but keeping a space clear about us.

The godowns rose like walls on either hand. With the froth lapping around our knees where the waves broke into pale phosphorescence, I took my *jambeer* and slit the *kanza* to the hem. Slipping it off, I put the *jambeer* between my teeth and dived. When I came up I turned to look for Prescott.



The new use for Lux robs dishwashing of half its drudgery
54 dishwashings in a single package

And now—relief from that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan look

This new way to wash dishes is as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap

So natural—so obvious—you wonder it wasn't thought of before!

Lux for washing dishes. Of course it would bring relief from that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan look. Of course, too, it would be as gentle on your hands as on the dainty things you have always trusted to its pure suds.

Won't roughen hands

Every day your hands are in the dishpan for an hour and a half—sometimes even longer. How you dread this constant roughening of your hands! But dishwashing needn't make your skin rough and dry. It is the coarse soaps in your dishpan that play such havoc with your hands—robbing your skin of all its indispensable natural oils.

Nature provides the oils in abundance in millions of tiny sacs just beneath the surface of the skin. Their generous supply of healing, nourishing fluid is constantly refreshing the chiffon-thin outer layer of skin. That is why the normal skin is so pleasantly soft and supple.

But the supply is not plentiful enough to hold out when harsh, alkaline soaps are used for washing dishes. They are irritating to the skin; they drain all the oil sacs dry. Your hands become so coarse and scratchy that you can't even touch a piece of silk without roughing it up. With Lux in your dishpan you won't have any of these annoying after-effects. Lux won't dry the natural oils. It won't redden or roughen your hands. These delicate, tissue-thin flakes are as easy on the most sensitive hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan

That is all you need—just one teaspoonful in your dishpan. It sounds incredible—but try it.

A single package of Lux lasts for at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china for special occasions, but the regular, everyday dishes as well.

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You will be delighted with your bright, sparkling dishes. Lux leaves them without a trace of film or murky cloudiness. Glasses, silverware and china—they're spotless and shining in half the time.

Just toss a teaspoonful of Lux in your dishpan. See how the delicate flakes dissolve the instant the hot water touches them. The Lux way is so much quicker and easier than waiting for bar soap to melt or stopping to beat up a lather with an awkward soapshaker.

Now just a swish of your dishmop and your pretty dishes are cleaner and more lustrous than ever before.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

As Prescott hesitated at the water's edge, old Ali Beder had flung himself at him with the fury of a madman, actually dragging him down to his knees and flashing his *jambeer* above his head. The action was so swift and determined I had no chance to reach shore again to help; but I raised myself out of the water and threw my *jambeer* with all my strength. By the grace of God it struck the first man behind Ali Beder, a giant Swahili, full on the naked chest with the hilt, which saved me from murder; but the black, believing himself to be mortally wounded, fell backward, leaving Prescott and Ali Beder struggling alone.

Prescott had twisted the *jambeer* from the Arab's hand and with a violent wrench had bent the old man backward and regained his feet. At this moment a beam of light fell upon Prescott's face as he bent over Ali Beder, trying with one hand to choke him. His face was remarkably changed. Streaked with dust and blood, under his touseled sandy hair his eyes blazed; his countenance looked rugged, older, drawn with lines of strength and indomitable passion. Ali Beder let out a babbling scream—the scream of an old and terrified man:

"Ibrahim Effendi! Ibrahim Effendi! Peace! I confess! Allah! Allah is just——"

Tearing himself away from Ali Beder's fingers and flinging him against his retainers, Prescott tore off his cloak and dived after me, streaming phosphorus from every line of his body. Swahilis plunged in too, but, believing either that we were still armed or that friends were waiting for us in a boat, they gave up the chase; and the tumult behind soon became absorbed in the general hubbub of the bazaar. Only one voice reached me coherently—a broken yell, repeated frantically over and over again:

"Peace! Come back! Return with Safie, and I consent! I consent!"

Knowing that Safie was lost to old Ali Beder as well as to us, and in no mood to take chances of treachery by trusting myself in that quarter again, I closed my ears and volunteered no interpretation to Prescott, who swam in silence beside me.

We swam straight out into the roadstead, shedding our clothes until we were stark naked. In this condition we came alongside the navy trawler that had brought me to Dar-Es-Salaam; and we climbed aboard, explaining that we had swum too far and were pretty exhausted. My friends aboard fixed us up with sporting flannels and we were rowed ashore and landed on our own beach.

The sun had set at six o'clock, and it was still only about half-past eight. We found the old *beyt* deserted; and I had to pour myself a peg of brandy to calm the uncomfortable tingling of my nerves. We both stretched ourselves on Indian chairs and sat there saying nothing, I with my eyes staring out into the dark and Prescott with his face buried in the crook of his arm. After a while he stood up and went into his room.

"Anything I can do?" I asked uneasily.

"No, thanks, *bwana*," he said in flat tones. "I just want to lie down in the dark. I'm all right. If my old uncle could stand it, I guess I can—only"—he caught the break in his voice with a gulp—"I don't—see how——"

Sunk into a mood of loneliness, I lay stretched in my chair upon the *barasa*, looking gloomily into the shadows of the balmy night, wondering if my criminal but romantic impulse was going to result in the ruin of my prospects in Zanzibar. With that stigma upon me I had a future to worry about.

The spangled web of a calm tropic night hung its enchantment over the scene. The sea was tremulous with shadows through which the colored lights of ships at anchor faintly glowed. The thin blade of the sinking moon cut through the quivering fronds of the dainty betel palms, and the evening star twinkled like a canary solitaire. I could hear faintly the notes of a Swahili song softened and sweetened by distance until it seemed like the music of a dream. Somewhere in the alley behind two Europeans were talking, the drawl of their voices dropping syllable by syllable upon the still air.

I thought of Prescott's declaration earlier in the evening that romance is the pursuit of love, and my loneliness and depression increased with a sense of futility. I stood up, flipping my cigarette like a shooting star into the dark blue sea, and commenced to pace up and down the *barasa*.

All at once it occurred to me that Abu Nawass could not possibly have escaped with Safie, for I had seen him unaccompanied in the midst of the tumult angrily waving his arms, and arguing. But I knew also that Safie had left her grandfather's house, because he had cried to us to return with her. And certainly she was not with us!

As I stood still, thinking, old Mzee came shuffling up the dark stairway, breathing quickly, but with his dusty old face curved with smiles. Beside him, like a shadow, moved a slight figure, muffled in a long cloak.

"*Bwana*," stammered the old man, bowing with dignity and touching his hand to his forehead, his lips and his heart—the gesture which offers complete submission of mind, of utterance and of affection—"where is the young *effendi*? I have brought the maid to her master's house."

The girl slightly lowered her veil, and I gave a loud shout as I recognized Safie—granddaughter of Ali Beder. She looked slightly frightened, but adorable; and in the surroundings of a European's quarters strikingly resembled a French girl, or an exceptionally beautiful New York Jewess. My spirits leaped with a bound. I advanced towards them, clapping my hands for the servants and shouting for Prescott. Safie, misunderstanding, backed hurriedly away, with hands outstretched, exclaiming confusedly:

"No, no, no! It is not he!"

Then a marvelous change came over her countenance. Her lips parted, her eyes brimmed with feeling; her rigid attitude melted into one of surrender; and Prescott walked by me, muttering:

"It's impossible! My God, it's impossible!"

When he touched her outstretched hands and saw her face turned up to his with the light full on it, he put his arms slowly around her with firmness and tenderness and a lack of self-consciousness that proved, though their lips were inarticulate, their hearts spoke a familiar language.

Old Mzee and I looked at each other for a minute, grimacing; then I drew him to one side and he explained, spluttering a laughing, that as he carried messages to godown where Prescott had been examin the cloves, he had caught on to the intrig Knowing Arabs, he had suspected A Nawass the moment he heard Prescott a ing my assistance. He had immediat preceded us to Ali Beder's godown—giv my chit to the O. O. A. to another deliver—and had stationed himself at corner of the alleyway and the main baza

Abu Nawass must have entered bef we arrived. Mzee saw us enter. F minutes later Abu Nawass emerged fr the godown, leading Safie, complet enveloped in a cloak. Instantly Mzee h let out a watchman's cry of alarm. A Nawass, seeing he was trapped, promp joined in the shout, pushing Safie aw from him, and crying, "Christians! Ch tians have done this!" By this time crowd had gathered, all shouting conf edly, and in the midst of this confusion t Sultan's gun had gone off. In the upro Mzee took Safie by the wrist and led h away, while Abu Nawass, not daring interfere, watched him, cursing and cho ing, and waving his fists impotently in t air.

"*Bwana*," said Mzee impressively, "t generations have passed, and look! t story is repeated. I was Ibrahim Effend servant in this house. On those very sta there I stood near him and fought with t Christians." He pulled his *kanza* asi and showed me a white streak across collar bone. "See. Ali Beder's knife stru me there." Mzee commenced to laug softly, almost absent-mindedly. "Allah he whispered. "I hit him a harder bl tonight. *Bwana*, you will be my witne I have again served my old master, Ibrah Effendi——"

"Mzee," said I, "you are a messenger fate."

"I am house-boy," said Mzee punc iously, "in the Afro-American Tradi Company."

Fifteen minutes later the O. O. A. put an appearance.

I swore that Ali Beder had given consent to the marriage; and the O. O. after being presented to the bride, felt further scruples. A civil ceremony w forthwith performed, and the servants the house began to drift in, rumors of wh was happening having percolated into t bazaar. A messenger arrived from Beder, who, to save his face, gave his co sent to the marriage of his granddaugh to the grandnephew of his old friend a benefactor, Ibrahim Effendi, requesti only that he be given an opportunity feast his friends and celebrate the occasi with due honor. Prescott, now aware the solemnity of the affair, wisely co sented; and we immediately complet arrangements for a religious ceremony the following morning, to be followed by banquet among the Arabs; with a banqu to the Europeans on the succeeding da and a general reception—after which Pr cott and his bride would sail on t Tabora for Durban and home.

When this was done, Prescott and Saf escorted by a guard of honor and a doz *askaris* to preserve order, were taken rickshas to one of the missions, where Sa was received as a distinguished guest.

The O. O. A. and I found ourselves aga alone upon the *barasa*, looking at ea other, half serious, half laughing wi



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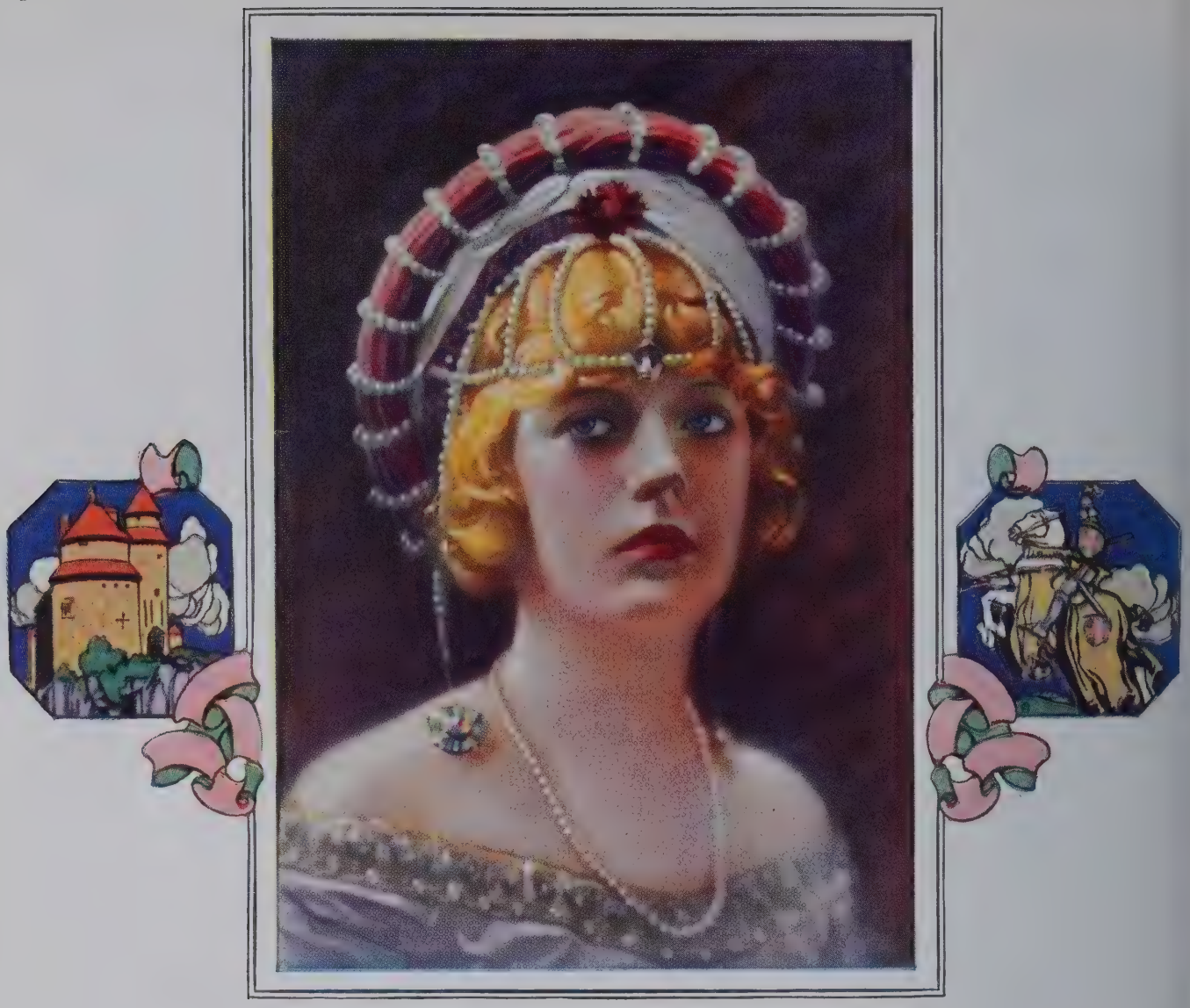
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ardonic humor. It was still short of mid-ight, and we both felt as though we had een kicked out of a show.

"It beats me," said the O. O. A., looking nto his glass and shaking his head solemnly.

At this moment Briggs appeared at the ead of the stairs and, thinking himself nperceived, began to sidle softly towards is bedroom with a shamefaced and furtive ir. We had utterly forgotten him!

"Wait a minute!" shouted the O. O. A. Briggs gave a start. Then he stopped ncertainly.

"Cheerio," he said lugubriously. "I didn't see you chaps."

"What do you think of the news?" demanded the O. O. A.

"Oh, shut up!" said Briggs wearily. "Rose-Marie isn't the only fish!"

"Rose-Marie!" I exclaimed. "What about her?"

"Aren't you talking about her?" asked Briggs diffidently.

Then in a sudden spasm of rage he caught hold of a cane chair and slung it with a crash against the wall. "Why, the little vixen," he cried, "has gone and eloped with that *chee-chi* from the Mauritius! And she never—said a word—to me—about it!"

When the O. O. A. and I disentangled ourselves from the strangling embrace into which we helplessly fell, I said, stifling a spasm:

"'Romance, *bwana*, is the pursuit of love!'"

"'And adventures,'" replied the O. O. A., swelling visibly before my eyes, "'are to the adventurous!'"

In June COSMOPOLITAN *H. C. Witwer launches another ship on the Sea of Laughter, and cordially invites you to be one of the passengers.*

The Hunch-Player

(*Continued from page 43*)

efore by Olson. Crisp took them into he office of the managing editor, which pened off the city room and which appened at this time to be untenanted, nd bade them be seated. So they took he chairs he indicated, Lieber, the younger nan, looking rather awkward in his civilian arb and his broad-toed shoes whereas in is uniform he probably would cut a oldierly figure, and twirling his hard hat n his hands by its brim; Sweeney, middle-ged and sparsely built, with a bristly eavy gray mustache that somehow did ot seem quite to match in with his lean ace and deep set eyes and high cheek ones.

Then Crisp sat himself down at the managing editor's desk where the light rom the two broad windows behind him assed over his shoulder and fell upon his isitors as they fronted him. He spread couple of galley proofs on the desk op, fumbling them in his hands as he poke:

"I suppose Mr. Olson told you why I ut you to the bother of coming down ere again—that I was after your O. K.'s or these sketches of your lives—hasn't he? Well, before we go at that I'd like to talk vith you a little bit about this case. want to see whether your ideas jibe in vith mine. This affair interests me—remendously. There are some mighty urious aspects to it—not that I need to ell you that."

He went on in a somewhat reminiscent ashion:

"I'm reminded of a thing that I heard he late Lawrence Sebastian say, five or ix years ago, soon after I came to this own and broke into the newspaper game, doing police. I think Sebastian vas about the smartest district attorney his county ever had. Well, I remember hat once we were talking in the reporters' oom up at the old Criminal Courts Building about crimes in general and he said this: He said that in a town like New York we never knew whose eyes were on us; that sometimes, so it seemed o him, a big city was all eyes and all ears."

As I recall, these were about the words he used:

"'A man who's fixing to commit a crime picks out the darkest night in the month, and the quietest place he can think of. He does the job quietly and there's no alarm given. Then he runs away. He's sure nobody saw him; the whole town seemed to be sound asleep—not a living creature in sight. But it turns out that a man with the toothache is nursing his face in an open window on the top floor of a house halfway down the block. And just around the corner a woman has got up out of bed on account of a sick baby and she happens to look out of her window at exactly the right time. And somebody else a little farther along sees something, too, and, the first thing you know you'll find, if you succeed in rounding up all these unseen and unsuspecting witnesses, that you've got a pretty clear record of your man's movements.'

"That's practically what he said and I've never forgotten it.

"Now, in this case it strikes me as a curious thing that nobody caught a glimpse of the murderer getting away from the neighborhood right immediately after the killing must have taken place. And yet, if Mr. Sebastian's theory was correct, somebody should have been running through that street and somebody else should have seen him.

"Well, of course, there was this here trained nurse that was on night duty in that there private residence two doors down from the Lathrop Arms," put in Lieber. "You remember we found her next day. But the only party she seen was Sweeney beatin' it round into the Avenoo to find me—her recognizin' him by his uniform as he passed by the street light under where she was lookin' out."

"Precisely," agreed Crisp; "in a way of speaking, that's in line with the point I was making. Of course, under the circumstances, Sweeney, here, would run—naturally.

"Here's another thing I want to put up to you two while we're alone: Both of you are more or less qualified to be experts in such matters as this one; qualified by your training and your experience and all. I'm only an amateur, as you might say, but, being first of all a newspaperman, I try to figure out how drama—say, a secret motive—might have been at the back of the thing. Maybe I've been a bit far-fetched in conceiving the notion, but I'm going to state now what you might call a hypothetical case. You *might* call it that."

He bent forward, staring hard into their faces. His voice raised and quickened and he aimed a finger at them to emphasize his sharp staccato sentences:

"As a young man, this Trask lives in a small city up in New England. He does a rotten thing to a family in a poorer walk of life than his. We needn't go into the details. But a woman—or rather a girl—figures in it. And it's an unforgetable and an unforgivable thing. And the girl has an older brother, and this brother is not the kind who either forgets or forgives. He dedicates his whole life to squaring the debt—to evening up the score for his sister.

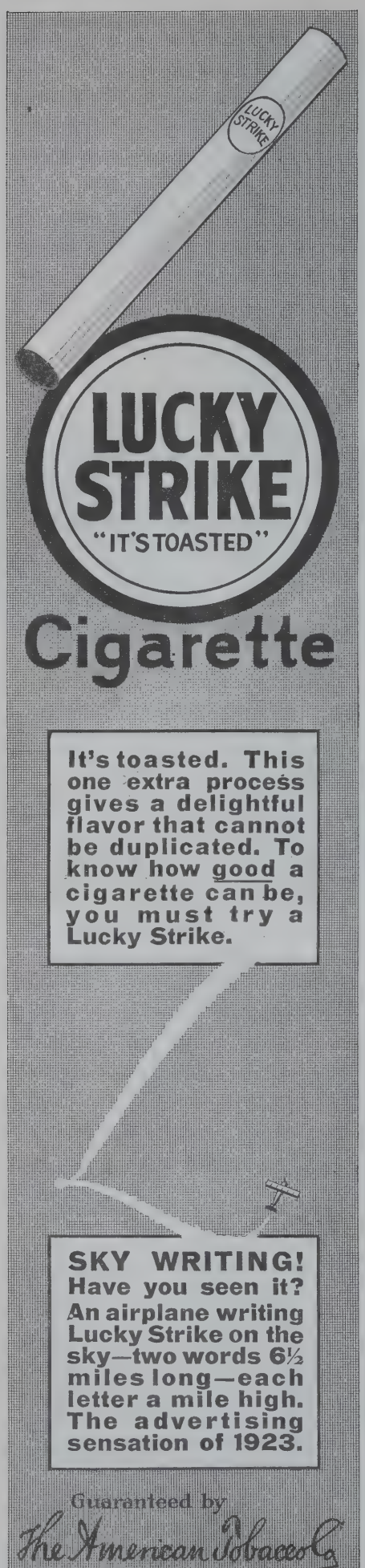
"Well, soon after the scandal breaks, Trask goes away from that town. Shame or fright—I won't presume to say which—causes him to leave. He has money that he inherited and he comes to this town and cuts a dash here. Probably as the years go by he thinks that early chapter in his life is closed and sealed. The girl has died in the meantime; he gets word that the brother also is dead and he has no reason to doubt it.

"But the brother isn't dead. Causing everybody who ever knew him before to think he's dead is only a part of his plan. And it's a good plan. He disappears from his home; he vanishes entirely. After a while news comes back to the town where he used to live that he's been killed on a construction job up in British Columbia. He has no close relatives—only a few cousins—and nobody is particularly interested in verifying the fact of his death.

"To all intents and purposes he has ceased to exist.

"But, as I said just now, he isn't dead at all. He's very much alive. He has changed his name. He has changed his personal appearance—made a pretty good job of it, too. He has provided himself with a new identity, a new personality—in so far as such a thing is possible. He is posing now as a native of a foreign country, as a member of a different racial stock from the one to which he really belongs. He even goes so far as to fit out himself with a fictitious family history, as a sort of background for his supposed birth and childhood. He hasn't overlooked a single imaginable detail.

"He never marries. He devotes his life, his thoughts, his ambitions, to the scheme that's in his head. All along he's planning to kill Trask and yet be absolutely safe from suspicion. It may take him years to bring this about but he's patient—never for a waking minute does he lose sight of his object. All his ways



are shaped to that end. His only fear is that Trask may die a natural death and cheat him out of his revenge. He establishes a reputation for steadiness and sobriety and respectability. He gets himself placed in a line of employment where, without causing remark, sooner or later he will have his opportunity to study his man at close range, possibly to come into direct contact with him. Some people might call such a man crazy. I'd call him a man of a single purpose—of one abiding idea. Anyhow, chance never figures in his plot; there's a purpose and an intent behind every step he takes.

"In his work he is stationed here first, then there; his employers trust him and value his services. Finally, on perfectly plausible grounds, he succeeds in being transferred in his official duties to the very neighborhood where Trask lives. By reason of his position, he now can come and go at all hours. He bides his time, though; he's waiting for the perfect occasion when all the circumstances will fit in with his scheme, when there won't be a single possible danger of a miscue.

"That time comes—on a certain night. The victim comes along, absolutely unconscious of any personal peril. At the most favorable spot for just such a job the other man is lying in wait. There's a quick word whispered in the dark, a blow from behind and——"

The man Sweeney stood up, his features composed, his voice steady.

"That's enough!" he commanded. "I'll say this for you, young fellow—there's only one or two places where your dope is wrong. I don't regret what I did. I'm not sorry—by God, I'm glad! Some way, I don't even much regret being nailed."

He went on, including the dumbfounded Lieber in what he said now:

"Old pal, you might as well have the credit for making the pinch. You ought to know me well enough by now to know that when I pass my word to go along with you nice and quiet I'll keep my word. Still, if you've got any doubts——"

He held out his hands, palm to palm.

As Crisp that night said to his exultant and congratulatory chief, Wendover: "Both the times when I tolled him down here to the shop I purposely had Lieber brought along, too. In the first place, I wanted to quiet any lurking suspicions our man might have—so that's why I included his friend in the visits. And in the second place, I figured it would be just as well to have a regular cop standing by in case he cut up rough when I began to tip it off to him that I had the goods on him."

"Yes, yes; but what I want to know is—how did you get the goods on him?" demanded his chief.

"Oh, I guess you might call it a case of putting two and two together and getting four!" said Crisp with an air of modesty which did not in the least become him. Really, he was tremendously pleased with himself. "You see, almost from the jump I had the private patrolman chap picked as the right party."

"But why?"

"I'll come to that in a minute. So, having him especially in mind, I assigned Olson to get the histories of the two cops—not that I ever expected to run it. It wa all a part of my plant. Anyhow, I neede time to develop the scheme.

"Well, when Olson came back with hi stuff and reported that six weeks befor the killing this Sweeney—which was th name that everybody knew him by then— had asked to be shifted from a bea he had downtown in the Maiden Lan jewelry district to a certain beat over o the east side of Fifth Avenue, uptown— the same beat, incidentally, that include the Lathrop Arms—I began to feel sur that I wasn't very far wrong. To be sure his reason for asking for the transfe seemed perfectly reasonable. He told hi boss at the offices of the Hoster compan that he'd moved to an address over o Third Avenue near Thirtieth Street an wanted a territory that would be hand and convenient to where he lived. Th boss—who gave Olson this detail—didn' attach any significance to it. He didn' think it had any bearing on anythin else. And Olson didn't think it was im portant. Say, that boy has still got a lo to learn about the newspaper game! Bu I did. It meant something to me.

"So, on the pretext of wanting speciall good likenesses of the two of them, invited Lieber and Sweeney to come dow here and be photographed; that was week ago yesterday. And the moment got a good look at Sweeney I knew m own private theory was being confirme in a fresh place.

"According to his personal record, a furnished by him to the Hoster peopl when he first went to work for them he'd been born in the County Wicklow in the Old Country, and brought here b his parents as a child. But I said t myself when I set eyes on him, 'If you'r an Irishman then I'm a Swede!'

"Here's the picture we took of him tha day. Look at it, Mr. Wendover. If he' not the spittin' image of a born-and-bre New Englander—if he's not a true-to-typ small-town Yankee—I'll eat my hat an I'm not very hungry, at that! Wel that didn't absolutely prove anything A man from the South of Ireland migh look like the regulation Yankee just as th Yankee might look like a Dane or a Fin or an Italian, even. But this chap didn' talk like an Irishman."

"But a foreigner brought here as a chil might lose his native idioms—might eve lose his accent or his dialect or his brogu or whatever it was that marked his speech originally—mightn't he?" asked Wendover

"Of course he might—and possibl would," answered Crisp. "The brogu might quit him, in time. But, if h happens to be an Irishman born—a Cel on both sides of his family—there's on thing I'll guarantee he'll never lose. H can't lose it, because it's a labial inheri tance, because it's come down to hin through the generations from the tim when his ancestors knew no English an spoke another tongue altogether. My ol grandmother lived to be eighty-odd an she'd spent more than sixty of those year in the State of Ohio, but up to the day o her death she said 'I will that' when sh affirmed a thing and 'I will not' when sh took the negative side; or else she said ' would not' or 'I would so.' But when talked to Sweeney, feeling him out, h answered 'Yes,' 'No,' as the case might be to my questions. And in the Gaelic, s

I'm told, there are no such two words as these. Do you get my point, Mr. Wendover?"

"I'm beginning to see the daylight," said Wendover. "I've got to compliment you again, Crisp. But I'm still puzzled to account for one thing: Back of and behind what you've told me, there must have been a starting point—a primary clue, so to speak, for you to work on. Observation and your powers of deduction served you mighty well, as I now see, once you'd struck the trail. But there had to be a beginning. Out of a clear sky you wouldn't center your suspicions on any one man. At least, I wouldn't."

"Nor would I," assented Crisp. "Just as you say, there had to be a beginning. And this it is." He took a small clipping out of a breast pocket cardcase. "I cut this out of the Morning Transcript's second day stuff on the Trask murder. It's a short dispatch from the town of Medham, Mass., upstate from Boston—the town where Trask was born and grew up.

"It was stuck down at the foot of a column on an inside page at the tail end of the Transcript's local story. As soon as I saw it I sent Sheridan up there—with private instructions not to write up anything but to bring me back what he found out, along certain lines."

Wendover took the slip in his hands, adjusted his nose glasses and read it through.

Then, still with a puzzled pucker between his eyes, he asked:

"I don't see the connection yet. This dispatch merely hints rather vaguely at the old trouble of Trask's youth—mentions a family named Spence—says that a certain Joshua T. Spence, who was a son of that family and a brother of the girl who was mixed up in the mess, went away from this place, Medham, soon after Trask came down here to New York, and afterwards was reported as having been killed in an accident on a Canadian railroad. We know now, and the police know now—thanks to you—that Spence wasn't dead—that he was the man who called himself Sweeney. But what made you suspect it?—that's what I want to know."

"Chief," said Crisp, "it mighty often happens when, for reasons that won't bear investigation, a man changes his name, that he doesn't change his initials. I don't know why, unless it's because keeping the same set of initials makes it easier for him to remember what the new name is while he's getting accustomed to wearing it. It's an old trick with professional criminals. In this case, it would seem that it occurred to an honest man who was aiming to turn criminal. Well, anyhow, it all made good stuff for our extra, didn't it?"

"It surely did," said Wendover.

"Mind handing me back my clipping?" asked Crisp. "I think I'll keep on carrying it around in my pocket—for luck."

Irvin Cobbs's story next month deals with a crook who, together with the reader, gets the surprise of his life. See COSMOPOLITAN *for June, on sale May tenth*



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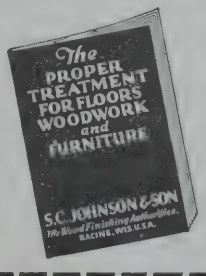
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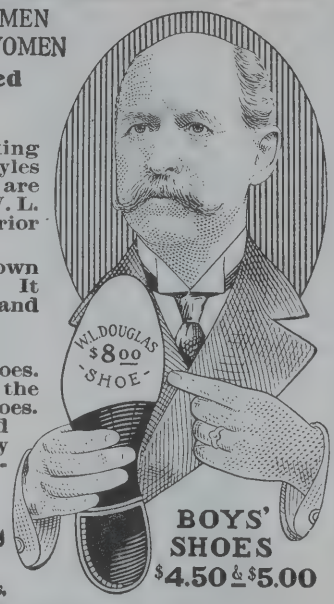
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The Hope of Happiness

(*Continued from page 94*)

the divan on which she was seated behind the tea table—thrust it out lazily with a minimum of effort.

"Ah—the difficult Mr. Storrs! I'm terribly mortified to be meeting you in a friend's house and not in my own!"

"To meet you anywhere——" began Bruce, but she interrupted him, holding him with her eyes.

"——would be a pleasure! Of course! I know the formula but I'm not a débutante. You didn't like me that day we met at Dale Freeman's, and I was foolish enough to think I'd made an impression!"

"Let's tell him the truth," said Henderson, helping himself to a slice of cinnamon toast. "Bruce, I bet a hundred cigarettes with Connie I could deliver you here and I win!"

"Not a word of truth in that," declared Constance. "Bud's such a dreadful liar!"

Mrs. Torrence said they must have tea and Henderson protested that tea was not to be thought of. Tea, he declared, was extremely distasteful to him; and Bruce always became ill at the sight of it.

"But when I told Connie you were bringing Mr. Storrs she said he was terribly proper and for me not to dare mention cocktails."

"Now Helen, I didn't say just that! What I meant, of course, was that I hoped Mr. Storrs wasn't too proper," said Constance, gazing at the ceiling dreamily.

"Proper!" Bruce caught her up. "This is an enemy's work. Bud, I suspect you of this attempt on my character!"

"Not guilty!" Bud retorted. "The main thing right now is that we're all peevish and need Martinis. What's the Volstead signal, Helen?"

"Three rings, Bud, with a pause between the first and second."

The tea tray was removed and reappeared adorned with all the essentials for the concoction of cocktails. When the glasses were filled and all had expressed their satisfaction at the result, Henderson detained the negro for a conference on dice throwing. He seated himself on the floor the better to receive the man's instructions. The others taunted him with his ineptitude. The negro retired finally with five dollars of Bud's money, a result attained only after the spectators were limp with laughter.

"You're a scream, Bud! A perfect scream!" and Mrs. Torrence refilled the glasses.

She took Bud to the dining room to exhibit a rare Japanese screen acquired in her travels and Bruce found himself alone with Constance. She pointed to her glass, still brimming, and remarked:

"Please admire my abstemiousness! One is my limit."

"Let me see; did I really have three?" asked Bruce as he sat down beside her.

"I want to forget everything this afternoon," she began. "I feel that I'd like to climb the hills of the unattainable, be somewhere else for a while."

"Oh, we all have those spells," he replied. "That's why Prohibition's a failure."

"But life is a bore at times," she

insisted. "Maybe you're one of the lucky ones who never go clear down. A man has his work—there's always that——"

"Hasn't woman gotten herself everything—politics, business, philanthropy? You don't mean to tell me the new woman is already pining for her old slavery! I supposed you led a complete and satisfactory existence!"

"A pretty delusion! I just pretend, that's all. There are days when nothing seems of the slightest use. I thought there might be something in politics but after I'd gone to a few meetings and served on a committee or two it didn't amuse me any more. I played at being a radical for a while, but after you've scared all your friends a few times with your violence it ceases to be funny. The only real joy I got out of flirting with socialism was in annoying my father-in-law. But I had to give that up for fear he'd think I was infecting Shep with my ideas."

V

A TINGE of malice was perceptible in her last words, but she smiled instantly to relieve the embarrassment she detected in his face. He was not sure just how she wanted him to take her. Her unhappiness he assumed to be only a pose—something to experiment with upon men she met on gray afternoons in comfortable houses over tea and cocktails.

Mrs. Shepherd Mills might be dangerous, or she might easily become a bore. When he met her at the Freemans' he had thought her probably guileless under her mask of sophistication. She was proving more interesting than he had imagined, less obvious; perhaps with an element of daring in her blood. He suspected that she had told the truth in saying that she wasn't finding life wholly satisfying; but all things considered there was no reason why she should confide in him. She was quite as handsome as he had thought her at the Freemans' and she had indubitably mastered the art of dressing herself becomingly.

He was watching the play of the shadow of her picture hat on her face, seeking clues to her mood, vexed that he had permitted himself to be brought into her company, when she said:

"I'm not amusing you! Please forgive me. I can't help it if I'm a trifle *triste*. Some little devilish imp is dancing through my silly head. If I took a second glass, now——"

Bruce answered her look of inquiry with a shake of the head.

"Are you asking my advice? I positively refuse to give it; but if you command me, of course——"

He rose, took up the glass and held it high for her inspection.

"The man tempts me——"

"The man doesn't tempt you. We'll say it's the little imp. Mrs. Mills, do you want this cocktail or do you not?"

"It might cheer me up a little," she said meditatively. "I don't want you to think me stupid and I know I'm terribly dull!"

She drank half the cocktail and bade him finish it.

"Oh, certainly!" he replied and drained the glass. "Now under the additional stimulus we can proceed with the discussion. What were we talking about, anyhow?"



Who was to blame?

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

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She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

Who was really to blame?

* * *

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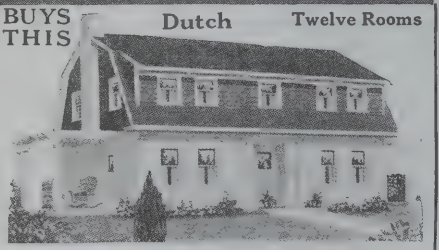
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"It doesn't matter. Life offers plenty of problems. How many people in this world are happy—really happy? Now Bud's always cheerful; he and Maybelle are happy—remarkably so, I think. Helen Torrence—well, I hesitate to say whether she's really happy or not; she always appears gay, just as you see her today; and it's something to be able to give the impression, whether it's false or not."

"Yes; it's well to make a front," Bruce replied, determined to keep a frivolous tone with her. "The Freemans enjoy themselves; they're quite ideally mated, I'd say."

"Yes, they're making a success of their lives. Dale and Bill are always cheerful. Now there's dear old Shep——"

"Well, of course he's happy. How could your husband be otherwise?"

"You're not taking me seriously at all! I'm disappointed. I was terribly blue today; that's why I plotted with Bud to get you here—I shamelessly confess that I want to know you better."

"Oh! You're just kidding!"

"You're incorrigible. I'm that rarest of beings—a sincere woman. You refuse to come to my house, presumably because you didn't like me, so I had to meet you here."

"How you misjudge me! You forget; I belong to the toiling masses!"

"You have time for Miss Harden; you two seemed ever so chummy on the golf course. Of course, I can't compete with her—she's beautiful and a genius—so many accomplishments. But you ought to be considerate of a poor creature like me. I'm only sorry I have so little to offer. I really thought you would be a nice playmate; but——"

"A playmate? Aren't we playing now? —at least you are playing with me!"

"Am I?" she asked.

She bent toward him with a slight, an almost imperceptible movement of her shoulders, and her lips parted tremulously in a wistful smile of many connotations. She was not without her charms; she was a very pretty woman; and there was nothing vulgar in her manner of exercising her charms. Bruce touched her hand, gently clasped it—a slender, cool hand. She made no attempt to release it; and it lay lingering and acquiescent in his clasp. He raised it and kissed the finger tips.

"You really understand about me; I knew you would," she murmured. "It's terrible to be lonely. And you are so big and strong; you can help me if you want to——"

"I have no right to help you," he said. "It's part of the game in this funny world that we've got to help ourselves."

"But if you knew I needed you——"

"Ah, but you don't!" he replied.

Bud tiptoed in with a tray containing highball materials and placed it on the tea table. He urged them in eloquent pantomime to drink themselves to death and tiptoed out again.

"Shep speaks of you often; he likes you and really Shep's ever so interesting," Constance resumed.

"Yes," Bruce answered, serious now; "he has ideas and ideals—really thinks about things in a fine way."

He was not pleased by the turn the talk had taken. He did not care to discuss Shepherd Mills with Shepherd's wife, even when, presumably, she was merely bringing her husband into the conversation to create an atmosphere of intimacy.

"Shep isn't a cut-up," she went on pensively, "and he doesn't know how to be a good fellow with men of his own age. And he's so shy he's afraid of the older men. And his father—you've met Mr. Mills? Well, Shep doesn't seem able to get close to his father."

"That happens, of course, between fathers and sons," Bruce replied. "Mr. Mills——"

He paused, took a cigarette from his case and put it back. There was no reason whatever why he should discuss with Mrs. Shepherd Mills, who was all but a stranger, the relations of her husband with her father-in-law. Bruce was by turns perplexed, annoyed, angry and afraid —afraid that he might in some way betray himself.

"Mr. Mills is a curious person," Constance continued. "He seems to me like a man who lives alone in a formal garden with high walls on four sides and has learned to ignore the roar of the world outside—a prisoner who carries the key of his prison house but can't find the lock!"

Bruce bent his head toward her, intent upon her words. He hadn't thought her capable of anything so imaginative. Some reply was necessary; he would make another effort to get rid of a subject that both repelled and fascinated him.

"I suppose we're all born free; if we find ourselves shut in it's because we've built the walls."

"How about my walls?" she asked. "Do you suppose I can ever escape?"

"Why should you?—don't you like your garden?"

"Not always; no! It's a little stifling sometimes!"

"Then push the walls back a little! It's a good sign, isn't it, when we begin to feel cramped?"

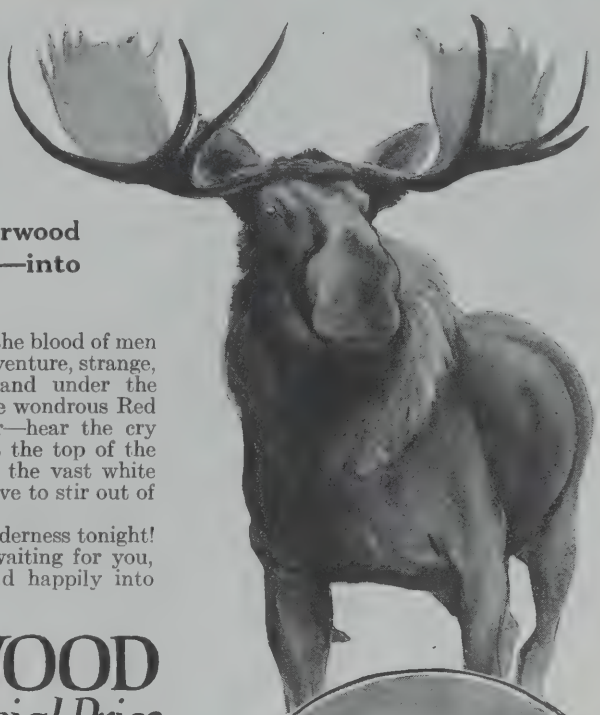
"You're doing a lot better! I begin to feel more hopeful about you. You really could be a great consolation to me if—if you weren't so busy!"

"I really did appreciate your invitation. I'll be around very soon."

After all, he decided, she was only flirting with him or laying the grounds for a flirtation. Her confidences were only a means of awakening his interest, stirring his sympathy. She was probably without aims or aspirations worthy of the name. Very likely she had never loved Shepherd, but she respected his high-mindedness and really wanted to help him. The depression to which she confessed was only the common ennui of her class and type; she needed occupation, doubtless children would solve her problem to some extent. Her life ran too smooth a course; life was not meant to be like that.

His mother in her cheery way used to say, when he would go to her with the small troubles of his childhood and youth: "It's as easy to laugh, dear, as to cry. We've all got to have our tribulations." He thought oftener than he knew of his mother. Conscious that he was thinking of her as he sat talking to the daughter-in-law of Franklin Mills, he remembered what she had said and written about serving Mills if ever it lay in his power. He experienced a sense of unreality, such a feeling as may at times disturb an actor when, in the midst of some scene he is

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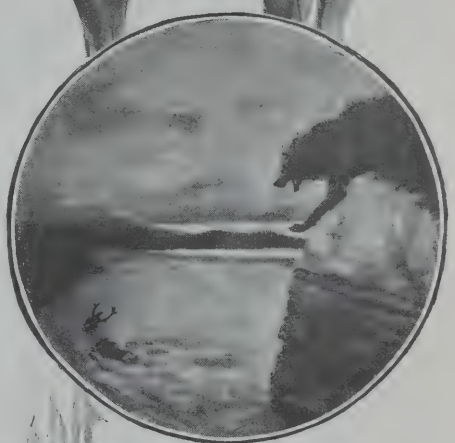
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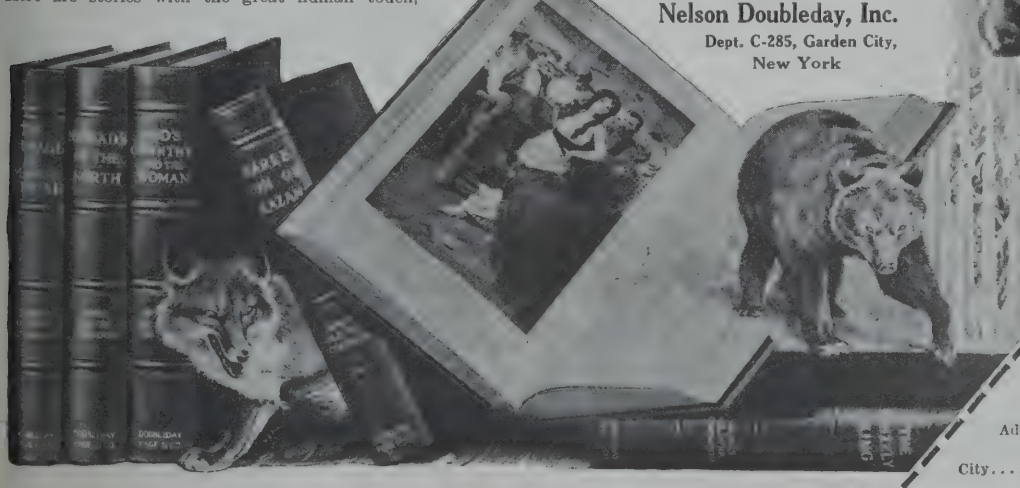
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enacting, he seems to be hearing and watching himself in the character he is impersonating.

VI

He was impatient to leave, but Mrs. Torrence and Henderson had started a phonograph and were dancing in the hall. Constance seemed unmindful of the noise they were making.

"Shall we join in that romp?" asked Bruce.

"Thanks, no—if you don't mind! I suppose it's really time to run along. May I fix a drink for you? It's too bad to go away and leave all that whisky!"

The music ended in a jazzy saxophone wail and Mrs. Torrence and Henderson were heard noisily greeting several persons who had just come in.

"It's Leila," said Constance, rising and glancing at the clock. "She has no business being here at this time of day."

"Hello, Constance! Got a beau?"

Leila peered into the room, struck her hands together and called over her shoulder.

"Come in, lads! See what's here! Oh, Mr. What's-your-name——"

"Mr. Storrs," Constance supplied.

"Of course! Mr. Storrs, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Whitford!"

Bruce had heard much of Whitford at the University Club, where he was one of the most popular members. He had won fame as an athlete in college and was a polo player of repute. A cosmopolitan by nature, he had traveled extensively and in the Great War had won honorable distinction. Having inherited money he was able to follow his own bent. It was whispered that he entertained literary ambitions. He was one of the chief luminaries of the Dramatic Club, coached the players and had even produced several one act plays of his own that had the flavor of reality. He was of medium height and looked the soldier and athlete. Women had done much to spoil him, but in spite of his preoccupation with society, men continued to like "Whit," who was a thoroughly good fellow and a clean sportsman.

Thomas, having expressed his pleasure at meeting Bruce, was explaining to Mrs. Torrence how he and Whitford had met Leila downtown.

"Liar!" exclaimed Leila, who was pouring herself a drink. "You did nothing of the kind. We met at the Burtons' and Nellie gave us a little drink—just a tweeney, stingy little drink."

The drink she held up for purposes of illustration was not infinitesimal, Bruce noticed. Mrs. Torrence said that everyone must have a highball and proceeded to prepare a drink for Thomas and Whitford.

"You and Connie are certainly the solemn owls," she remarked to Bruce. "Anyone would have thought you were holding a funeral in here. Say when, Fred. This is real Bourbon that Jim treasured for years. You'll never see anything like it again."

"Bruce," cried Henderson, "has Connie filled you with gloom? She gets that way sometimes but it doesn't mean anything. A little of this oily Bourbon will set you up. This bird Storrs always did have glass legs," he explained to Thomas; "he can drink gallons and be ready to converse



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with bishops. Never saw such a capacity! If I get a few more Maybelle will certainly hand it to me when I get home."

Constance walked round the table to Leila, who had drunk a highball and was preparing a second.

"No more, Leila!" said Constance, in a low tone. The girl drew back defiantly.

"Go away, Connie! I need just one more."

"You had more than you needed at the Burtons'. Please, Leila, be sensible. Helen, send the tray away."

"Leila's all right!" said Thomas, but at a sign from Mrs. Torrence he picked up the tray and carried it out.

"I don't think it pretty to treat me as though I were shot when I'm not," said Leila petulantly. She walked to the farther end of the room and sat down with the injured air of a rebellious child.

"Leila, do you know what time it is?" demanded Constance. "Your father's having a dinner and you've got to be there."

"I'm going to be there! There's loads of time. Everybody sit down and be comfortable!" Leila composedly sipped her drink as though to set an example of leisure to the others. Thomas had come back and Constance said a few words to him in a low tone.

"Oh, shucks! I know what you're saying. Connie's telling you to take me home," said Leila. She turned her wrist to look at her watch—frowned in the effort of focusing upon it and added with a shrug: "There's all the time in the world. If you people think you can scare me you've got another guess coming. It's just ten minutes of six; dinner's at seven-thirty! I've got to rest a little. You all look so ridiculous standing there glaring at me."

"Really, dear," said Mrs. Torrence coaxingly, walking toward Leila with her hands outstretched much as though she were trying to make friends with a reluctant puppy. "Do run along home like a good girl."

Leila apparently had no intention of running along home like a good little girl. She dropped her glass—empty—and without warning caught the astounded lady tightly about the neck.

"Stepmother! Dear, nice stepmamma!" she cried. "Nice, dear, sweet, kind stepmamma! Helen's going to be awful good to poor little Leila. Helen not be bad stepmamma like story books; Helen be nice, kind stepmamma and put nice, beautiful gin cocktails in baby's bottle!"

As she continued in cooing tones that only emphasized her mockery Leila stroked her captive's cheek and kissed her tenderly. Henderson and Thomas were shouting with laughter; Constance viewed the scene with lofty disdain; Whitford was mildly amused; Bruce, wishing himself somewhere else, withdrew toward the door, prepared to leave at the earliest possible moment. When at last Mrs. Torrence freed herself she sank into a chair and her laughter attained a new pitch of shrillness.

"Leila, you'll be the death of me!" she gasped when her mirth had spent itself.

"Leila will be the death of all of us," announced Constance solemnly.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Leila, straightening her hat composedly at the mantel mirror.

"Now, Leila," said Constance severely,



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"do run along home. Please let me take you in my car; you oughtn't to drive in the condition you're in."

The remark was not fortunate. Leila had discovered a box of bonbons and was amusing herself by tossing them into the air and trying to catch them in her mouth. She scored one success in three attempts and curtsied to an imaginary audience.

"My condition!" she said, with fine scorn. "I wish you wouldn't speak as though I were a common drunkard."

"Anyone can see that you're not fit to go home. Your father will be furious."

"Not if I tell him I've been with you!" Leila flung back.

"Say, Leila!" began Henderson, ingratiatingly. "We're old pals—you and I—let's shake this bunch. I'll do something nice for you sometime."

"What will you do?" Leila demanded with provoking deliberation.

"Oh, something mighty nice! Maybelle and I will give you a party and you can name the guests."

"Stupid!" she yawned. "Your hair's mussed, Helen. You and Bud have been naughty."

"Your behavior isn't ladylike," said Thomas. "The party's getting rough! Come on, let's go."

"Oh, I'm misbehaving, am I? Well, I guess my conduct's as good as yours! Where do you get this stuff that I'm a lost lamb? I'm just a little bit tipsy—that's all! If I had a couple more highballs——"

VII

By a signal passed from one to the other they began feigning to ignore her. Constance said she was going; Bud, Whitford and Thomas joined Bruce at the door where he was saying good night to Mrs. Torrence. Leila was not so tipsy but that she understood what they were doing.

"Think you can freeze me out, do you? Well, I'm not so easily friz! Mr. What's-your-name——" she fixed her eyes upon Bruce detainingly.

"Storrs," Bruce supplied good-naturedly.

"You're the only lady or gentleman in this room. I'm going to ask you to take me home!"

"Certainly, Miss Mills!"

With a queenly air she took his arm. Henderson ran forward and opened the door, the others hanging back silent, afraid to risk a word that might reopen the discussion and delay her departure.

"Shall I drive?" Bruce asked when they reached the curb.

"Yes; thanks, if you don't mind."

"Home?" he inquired as he got the car under way.

"I was just doing a little thinking," she said. "It will take only five minutes to run over to that little cafeteria on Fortieth Street. Some coffee wouldn't be a bad thing, and would you mind turning the wind shield?—I'd like the air."

"A good idea," said Bruce and stepped on the gas. The car had been built for Leila's special use and he had with difficulty squeezed himself into the driver's seat; but he quickly caught the hang of it. He stopped a little beyond the cafeteria to avoid the lights of the busy corner and brought out a container of hot coffee and paper cups.

"Like a picnic, isn't it?" she said. "You won't join me?"

She sipped the coffee slowly while he stood in the street beside her.

"There!" she said. "Thank you, ever so much. Quarter of seven? Forty-five minutes to dress! Just shoot right along home now. Would you mind driving over to the boulevard and going in that way? Gives me more air. It does feel good!"

"Nothing would please me more," he said and looked down at her as they passed under the lights at a crossing. She was staring straight ahead, looking singularly young as she lay back with her hands clasped in her lap.

"Constance was furious!" she said suddenly. "Well, I suppose she had a right to be. I had no business getting lit."

"Well, strictly speaking, you shouldn't do it," he said. It was not the time nor the place and he was not the proper person to lecture her upon her delinquencies. But he had not been displeased that she chose him to take her home, even though the choice was only a whim.

"You must think me horrid! This is the second time you've seen me teed up too high."

"I've seen a lot of other people teed up much higher! You're perfectly all right now?"

"Absolutely! That coffee fixed me; I'm beginning to feel quite bully. I can go home now and jump into my joy rags and nobody will ever be the wiser. This is an old folks' party but dada always wants to exhibit me when he feeds the nobility —can you see me?"

Her low laugh was entirely reassuring as to her sobriety, and he was satisfied that she would be able to give a good account of herself at her father's table.

"Just leave the car on the drive," she said as they reached the house. "Maybe I can crawl up to my room without dada knowing I'm late. Here, I'm leaving you stranded! Well, thanks awfully!"

He walked with her to the entrance and she was taking out her key when Mills, in his evening clothes, opened the door.

"Leila! You're late!" he exclaimed sharply. "Where on earth have you been?"

"Just gadding about, as usual!" replied Leila airily. "But I'm in plenty of time, dada. Please thank Mr. Storrs for coming home with me. Good night and thank you some more!"

She darted into the house, leaving Bruce confronting her father.

"Oh, Mr. Storrs!" The emphasis on the name was eloquent of Mills's surprise that Bruce was on his threshold. Bruce had decided that any explanations that might be required were better left to Leila, who was probably an adept in explanations. He was about to turn away when Mills stepped outside.

"We're entertaining tonight," he said pleasantly. "I was a little afraid something had happened to my daughter."

A certain dignity of utterance marked his last words—"my daughter"—he gave the phrase all possible connotations of paternal pride.

Bruce, halfway down the steps, paused until Mills had concluded his remark. Then, lifting his hat with a murmured good night, he hurried toward the gate. An irresistible impulse caused him to look back. Mills remained just inside the entry, his figure clearly defined by the overhead lights, staring toward the street. Seeing Bruce look back he went quickly into the house and the heavy door boomed upon him.

Bruce walked slowly to a street car and rode downtown for dinner. The fact that Mills was waiting at the door for Leila was not without its significance, hinting at a constant uneasiness for her safety beyond ordinary parental solicitude. What Constance had said that afternoon about Mills came back to him. He was oppressed by a sense of something tragic in Mills's life—the tragedy of a failure that wore outwardly the guise of success.

In spite of a strong effort of will to obliterate these thoughts he found his memory dragging into his consciousness odd little pictures of Mills—fragmentary snapshots, more vivid and haunting than complete portraits: the look Mills gave him the first time they met at the Country Club; Mills's shoulders and the white line of his collar above his dinner coat as he left the Hardens' the night Bruce saw him there; and now the quick change in his face from irritation to relief and amiable courtesy when he admitted Leila.

Henderson and Millicent and now today Constance had given him hints of Mills's character, and Bruce found himself trying to reconcile and unify their comments and fit them into his own inferences and conclusions. The man was not without his fascinations as a subject for analysis. Behind that gracious exterior there must be another identity either less noble or finer than the man the world knew . . . Before he slept, Bruce found it necessary to combat an apprehension that, if he continued to hear Mills dissected and analyzed, he might learn to pity the man.

VIII

THAT evening when Shepherd Mills went home he found Constance seated at her dressing table, her heavy golden brown hair piled loosely upon her head, while her maid rubbed cold cream into her throat and face. She espied him in the mirror and greeted him with a careless, "Hello, Shep. How did the day go with you?"—the question employed by countless American wives in saluting their husbands at the end of a toilsome day.

"Oh, pretty good!" he replied. No husband ever admits that a day has been wholly easy and prosperous.

She put out her hand for him to kiss and bade him sit down beside her. He was always diffident before the mysteries of his wife's toilet. He glanced at the gown laid across a chair and surveyed the crystal and silver on the dressing table with a confused air.

The room denoted Constance Mills's love of luxury, and incidentally her self-love. The walls on two sides were set in mirrors that reached from ceiling to floor. The furniture, the rugs, the few pictures, the window draperies had been chosen with an exquisite care and combined in an evocation of the spirit of indolence. There was a much be-pillowed divan across one corner, so placed that when she enjoyed a siesta Constance could contemplate herself in the mirrors without turning her head. Scents—a mingling of faint exotic odors—hung upon the air.

She was quick to note that something



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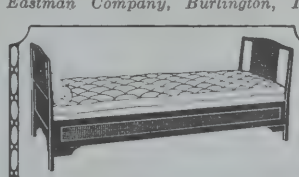
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was on Shepherd's mind and half from curiosity, half in a spirit of kindness, dismissed the maid as quickly as possible.

"You can hook me up, Shep. I'll do my hair myself. I won't need you any more, Marie. Yes—my blue cloak. Now, little boy, go ahead and tell me what's bothering you."

Shepherd frowned and twisted his mustache as he sat huddled on the divan.

"It's about father; nothing new, just our old failure to understand each other. It's getting worse. I never know where I stand with him."

"Well, does anyone?" Constance asked serenely. "You really mustn't let him get on your nerves. There are things you've got to take because we all do; but by studying him a little and practicing a little patience you'll escape a lot of worry."

"Yes," he assented eagerly. "You know he just pretends that I'm the head of the battery plant; Fields is the real authority there. It's not the president but the vice-president who has the say about things. Father consults Fields constantly. He doesn't trust me—I'm just a figurehead."

"Fields is such an ass," remarked Constance with a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "An utterly impossible person. Why not just let him do all the explaining to your father? If any mistakes are made at the plant then it's on him."

"But that's not the way of it," Shepherd protested plaintively. "He gets the praise; I get the blame."

"Oh, well, you can't make your father over! You ought to be glad you're not of his hard-boiled variety. You're human, Sheppy, and that's better than being a magnificent iceberg."

"Father doesn't see things; he doesn't realize that the world's changing," Shepherd went on stubbornly. "He doesn't see that the old attitude toward labor won't do any more."

"He'll never see it," said Constance. "Things like that don't hit him at all. He's like those silly people who didn't know there was anything wrong in France till their necks were in the guillotine."

"I told you about that clubhouse I wanted to build for our people on the Milton farm? I hate to give that up. It would mean so much to those people. And he was all wrong in thinking it would injure the property. I think it's only decent to do something for them."

"Well, how can you do it without your father?" she asked, shifting herself for a better scrutiny of her head in the mirror.

"You know that little tract of land—about twenty acres, back of the plant? I could buy that and put the clubhouse there. I have some stock in the Rogers Trust Company I could sell—about two hundred shares. It came to me through mother's estate. Father has nothing to do with it. The last quotation on it is two hundred. What do you think of that?"

"Well, I think pretty well of it," said Constance. "Your father ought to let you build the clubhouse but he has a positive passion for making people uncomfortable."

"I suppose," continued Shepherd dubiously, "if I go ahead and build the thing—even with my own money—he would be angry. Of course there may be something in his idea that if we do a thing of this kind it would make the workmen at other plants restless——"



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"Piffle!" exclaimed Constance. "That's the regular old stock whimper of the back number. You might just as well say that it would be a forward step other employers ought to follow!"

"Yes, there's that!" he agreed, his eyes brightening at the suggestion.

"If you built the house on your own land the storage battery company wouldn't be responsible for it in any way."

"Certainly not!" Shepherd was increasingly pleased that she saw it all so clearly.

She had slipped on her gown and was instructing him as to the position of the hooks.

"No; the other side, Shep. That's right. There's another bunch on the left shoulder. Now you've got it! Thanks ever so much."

He watched her admiringly as she paraded before the mirror to make sure that the skirt hung properly.

"If there's to be a row——" he began as she opened a drawer and selected a handkerchief.

"Let there be a row! My dear Shep, you're always too afraid of asserting yourself. What could he do? He might get you up to his office and give you a bad quarter of an hour; but he'd respect you more afterwards if you stood to your guns. His vanity and family pride protect you. Catch him doing anything that might get him into the newspapers—not Franklin Mills!"

Relieved and encouraged by her understanding and sympathy, he explained more particularly the location of the land he proposed buying. It consisted of an old farmhouse, an orchard and a small creek, quite as convenient to the industrial colony that had grown up about the storage battery plant as the Milton land his father had refused to let him use. The land was bound to appreciate in value, he said.

"What if it doesn't!" exclaimed Constance with mild scorn. "You'll have been doing good with your money anyhow."

"You think, then, you'd go ahead—sell the stock and buy the land. It's so late now, maybe I'd better wait till spring?"

"That might be better, Shep. You asked your father to help and he turned you down. Your going ahead will have a good effect on him. He needs a jar. Now run along and dress. You're going to be late for dinner."

"Yes, I know," he said, rising and looking down at her as she sat turning over the leaves of a book. "Connie——"

"Yes, Shep," she murmured absently.

"Connie——" he stammered and took her hand. "Connie—you're awfully good to me. You know I love you——"

"Why of course, you dear baby!" She lifted her head with a quick, reassuring smile. "But for *goodness* sake run along and change your clothes!"

IX

WHEN his guests had gone, Mills, as was his habit, smoked a cigar and discussed the dinner with Leila. He was aware that in asking her to join him on such occasions of state he was subjecting her to a trying ordeal, and tonight he was particularly well pleased with her. Now and then she had flung into the talk of her elders an amusing, pertinent comment that added greatly to the cheer of the



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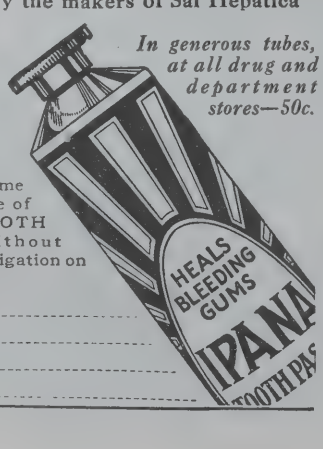
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company. She had keen intuitions in matters in which her knowledge was scant and her remarks sometimes were startlingly apt.

"They all enjoyed themselves, dada; you needn't worry about that party!" Leila remarked, smoking the cigarette she had denied herself while the guests remained.

"I think they did; thank you very much for helping me."

Leila had charm; he was always proud of an opportunity to display her to her mother's old friends, whose names, like his own, carried weight in local history. His son was a Shepherd; Leila, he persuaded himself, was, with all her waywardness and little follies, more like himself. Leila looked well at his table, and her dramatic sense made it possible for her to act the rôle of the daughter of the house with the formality that was dear to him. Whenever he entertained he and Leila received the guests together, standing in front of Mrs. Mills's portrait. People who dared had laughed about this, speculating as to the probable fate of the portrait in case Mills married again.

"I'd got nervous about you when you were so late coming," Mills was saying. "That's how I came to be at the door. I'd just called Millicent to see if you were over there."

"Foolish dada! Don't I always turn up?" she asked, kicking off her slippers. 'I'd been fooling around all afternoon, and I hate getting dressed and waiting f a party to begin."

"I've noticed that," Mills replied dryl "Just what did you do all day? Yo doings are always a mystery to me."

"Well—let me see—I went downtow with Millie this morning, and home wi her for lunch, and we talked a while and ran out to the Burtons' and there we some people there and we gassed; a then I remembered I hadn't seen M Torrence since she got home, so I to a dash up there. And Connie was the and Bud Henderson came up with M Storrs and we had tea and Mr. Storrs w coming this way so I let him drive m home."

This, uttered with smooth volubilit was hardly half the truth. She lighted fresh cigarette and blew a series of rin while waiting to see whether he wou crossexamine her, as he sometimes did.

"Constance was there, was she? An one else?"

"Fred Thomas and Georgy Whitfo blew in just as I was leaving."

"So? I shouldn't have thought M Torrence would be interested in tho fellows."

"Oh, she isn't!" replied Leila, w hadn't intended to mention Thomas Whitford. "Connie was trying to t Helen into taking a perfectly marvelo part in the new play the Drama Club's putting on soon, and they a in it, too.

You won't want to miss the June instalment of "The Hope of Happiness," in which Meredith Nicholson develops further the dramatic situation created by Bruce's growing love for the girl with whom his father is considering marriage

---

The Garden of Peril

(*Continued from page 52*)

when his heart would suddenly want to stop for good just before he fell into that deep, dark pit of sleep from which it seemed there would be no returning? He had spoken to Kelly only this morning about that horrible nightmare of sleep, and Kelly had listened with that vague, dreamy air of his and made no comment. Nothing to be done about it, evidently. Grin and bear it, Pam concluded. What did it matter anyhow so long as he had these lovely evening hours alone with Doria and his new found happiness?

This was the time when she was at her sweetest, waiting on him with her own hands, trailing round the dinner table to do things for him, gay and witty, as always after her three hours' rest, as though she had been communing with the gods instead of lying in a hammock under the trees as she said she mostly did. Invariably she came back more vivid, more alive, fuller of hope and plans for their future together. Sometimes, listening to her, a strange fear would grip his heart, remembering that menacing sleep awaiting him followed by the early morning agony of piercing knives in his vitals. But Doria seemed so unconscious of anything's being wrong, so confident that one of these days, soon, would find them both at Scawnshane well and happy, that almost she persuaded him past his own beliefs and fears.

No wonder they spun out this time of theirs together as long as possible, sitti late at the table over liqueurs and smok Doria made the coffee herself in a lit coffee machine, and poured it for him wi her own hands, helping him to liqueur a cutting and lighting his cigar. Then s would steal round the table, so alluring her loose tea gown, and slip on to his kn her lovely daffodil head against his, h scented cheek to his lips. Her arm wou be round his neck, and his about t delicious curve of her waist.

Anyone looking on might perhaps thi it absurd for two people, over ten ye married, to be indulging in these encha ing caresses. But Pam did not think and Doria was never absurd, only tend fanciful and divinely full of variety. had never guessed what a wonderful wife possessed until this last month. Som times it almost seemed worth while have lost Dick for the sake of finding, in grief, this new and adorable Doria. B immediately he recanted that. No—t tragedy of that young life cut off in bloom would never lose its sharpness, n find compensation.

But in this magic hour of his and Dori he could at least forget death, and bani all sad things for a while. Later, Nur Gordon would come back from the hospi to settle him for the night, before goi back too; and occasionally Kelly wou look in to say a last word.

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That it still belongs to Hell.

The Canyon of the Green Death — **F. R. Buckley**
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Provoking that he should stalk in that evening, though, while the two were still lost in their happy reveries, actually surprising Doria on his knee, and causing a rather embarrassed scramble on her part. But Doria was too finished a *femme du monde* to be put out of countenance for long by any set of circumstances and easily resumed her natural dignity, getting the Doctor a cup of coffee and insisting on his having a liqueur. Her husband's and hers stood on the table beside their coffee cups, two lovely vases of color, one gleaming bright emerald, the other rosy red.

"Which will you have, Doctor?" she gaily inquired. "A port light, or a danger signal?"

"Both look highly injurious," he smiled. "Which is which, may I ask? And of what are they composed?"

"The green stuff is *crème de menthe*, of course, *my* favorite liqueur, and therefore personally recommended. The other is sloe gin—rather a pet of Pam's."

"Sloe gin, upon my soul! Now where did you manage to get such a luxury as that? I don't think I have ever seen it in the country before."

"Probably not, for when you gave permission for Pam to have little drinks again, I had to wire to Cape Town for these. This wretched country never seems to go in for anything but whisky! Now which will you try, Doctor? I really think the *crème de menthe* is best as a digestive."

"Thank you—but I think I'd like a little of the port light." The Doctor looked round for the bottle, but Doria with the alacrity of a good hostess had already reached the sideboard and taken it up. But she stood there with a laughing and backward glance at her husband.

"Drink yours up quickly, Pam, darling. Doctor Kelly may forbid you when he finds how fascinatingly heady it is."

She stood laughing and guarding the bottle, while her husband entering into the jest laughed too, and taking up his glass drained the contents.

"Oh, come, I didn't know I was such an ogre as all that!" remonstrated Bruce Kelly. "But of course I like to know what my patients are up to when I'm not on hand, and to sample for myself occasionally such dissipations as they are indulging in."

He took the glass of bright liqueur from his hostess's hand and set it on the table before him.

"Is that why you came round tonight?" quizzed Doria mischievously, holding out the cigars. "Do try one. Pam's smokes are really to be recommended, like everything men choose for themselves. You'll like them better than it seems you do my poor little sloe gin!" For the Doctor was not drinking, only holding it up to the light.

"This is not the famous port light you were drinking, Heseltine, surely?"

"But of course," cried Doria, surprise in her voice. "We've only got one kind. Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I can tell you are up to some mischief! I believe you're going to pretend it's too strong for Pam."

"No—no, indeed!" The Doctor sipped at his glass and set it down. "There's no harm in *that*, I'm sure. Only"—he looked at it critically again, then at Pam's empty glass—"it seems to me a good deal lighter in color than the stuff you had."

"There, I *knew* it!" cried Doria in mock despair, but Pam, looking at the Doctor's drink, was inclined to agree.

"It *does* look lighter, somehow. Still, I swear we're not working a fraud on you, Doc." He laughed at the idea, they all laughed together, and the Doctor finished his drink.

"I mustn't stop. What I really came for, Heseltine, was to say that from what you told me this morning about your sleep I think we'd better discontinue the afternoon injections for a bit."

So, the old Doc *had* considered it after all, thought Pam; but he wished no mention had been made of the matter before Doria, for as soon as they were alone again she insisted breathlessly on knowing everything about his deep sleeping, his racking pains; not a single pain or symptom would she let him off, and broke in all the time with little panting cries of "Oh *Pam!* . . . my darling! . . . What a shame! . . . How awful for you, poor boy! . . . Oh dear, what *can* we do?" with fervid little tight clasps and embraces, and kisses dropped like flowers over his face.

"And I *know*—I feel it in my bones that he's going to be disagreeable about your having drinks and coffee and liqueurs. You'll see."

"Well, if he *is* what's it matter, dear? I can manage, as long as he'll get me well."

"But why *should* you be denied every little pleasure?" Then she stopped and looked at her husband earnestly. "Do you really altogether believe in him and his injections, Pam?"

"Believe in him?" Pam stared. "Certainly I do."

"Oh, well!" she sighed anxiously. "I hope you are right, but it seems to me that introducing some sort of poisonous berry juice into the human system is a fantastic——"

Her husband laughed at her doubts.

"Old Bruce Kelly is one of the first medical scientists living—knows all about human systems and what they can stand, believe me."

"I only hope he does, darling," she sighed again and resigned the subject.

But she was right at any rate in her foreshadowing of resumed restrictions, for the very next morning the Doctor had a whole fresh list of things his patient was not to do and take, including coffee, sundowners, liqueurs and sitting up late; and a new régime which included bed at eight after a milk meal to be superintended by Nurse Gordon, "so's not to have any spoiling nonsense from doting wives," he privately told Pam, who did *not* repeat the remark to Doria. She was furious enough already at the new arrangement, insisting on looking upon it as a direct slight to her in her capacity as nurse. She told Bruce Kelly so too, looking angry and tearful, like a wounded child, but as they were alone together he thought it as well to treat her like a grown-up woman.

"Your husband's condition is worrying me very much, Mrs. Heseltine. He has for some time been slowly reverting to his state when he first came here, and I'm afraid you don't realize how grave that is."

"Oh, yes—I have realized it for a long while! It is *you* I think who——" she stopped.

"What do you wish to say?"

"That if the injections had been stopped——"

"Yes?" he interrogated with bland and deadly quiet. "Continue, please."

"Probably we would not now have to be stopping the only things that help him at all—good meals, and an occasional glass of stimulant."

There was silence in the room; then Bruce Kelly took up his hat.

"As you seem to have quite finished talking balderdash and trying to teach me my business, Mrs. Heseltine, I'll bid you good morning."

She wept about it to Pam, said she'd been insulted and if it weren't for *him* she never would have that old bear in the house again.

"All because I fought for you to have your little sundowners and drinks, dearest—which I *know* do you good—— And you *shall* have them, too, as long as I'm alive to get them for you."

"I really don't myself think they do me any harm, Doria; in fact, when I've had a bad go of pain a drink is the only thing that pulls me together—so if that's all you're scrapping about with Kelly, it's easily got over. We'll circumvent him."

She clapped her hands, her laugh echoed through the house like a silver chime: "Yes . . . yes . . . we'll circumvent the bear."

And thenceforward it became an exciting sort of game to get in the daily sundowner, the little cup of coffee, the glass of liqueur, at unsuspected moments, dodging the Doctor, and completely deceiving the nurse. They got a lot of fun out of it; at least Doria did. Pam might have got more if from day to day the conviction had not been growing upon him that fun and he would soon be finished with each other forever.

He still rose from bed, which he found an unbearable place, and daily arrangements went on as before, with Nurse Gordon coming and going a little more often than usual, but unable to be there entirely because with the fever season in full swing the hospital was packed and short-handed. Doctor Kelly's hands, too, were overfull with malarial cases. It was comparatively easy for husband and wife to play their little "game" undetected, for Pam found less and less pleasure in anything that he took, except the stimulants his wife managed to convey to him, and his daily agonies became more and more excruciating.

There came a night, however, when after Nurse Gordon had finished with him and gone, Doria did not come at once. It was her custom to lock the front door on the departed nurse, so that they could feel themselves secure from intrusion, and then bring the "port lights" and "danger signals" and all the other materials for an enchanting little orgy on the bedspread. But tonight, though Pam heard the locking of the front door and the slur of his wife's silken draperies in the hall, she did not come immediately, and he was impatient. The rat at his vitals ate more hungrily, bit into him more cruelly than usual, and he wanted something potent to assuage that anguish. Doria's sloe gin would do no good tonight. He must have brandy.

And on the thought he dragged himself out of bed, en route for the dining room where he knew brandy to be. It did not take long to cross the drawing room, then the hall, to where the dining room stood open and lighted up. But when he reached the doorway the sight that presented itself kept him standing, silent and motionless.

Doria, by the sideboard, holding up a



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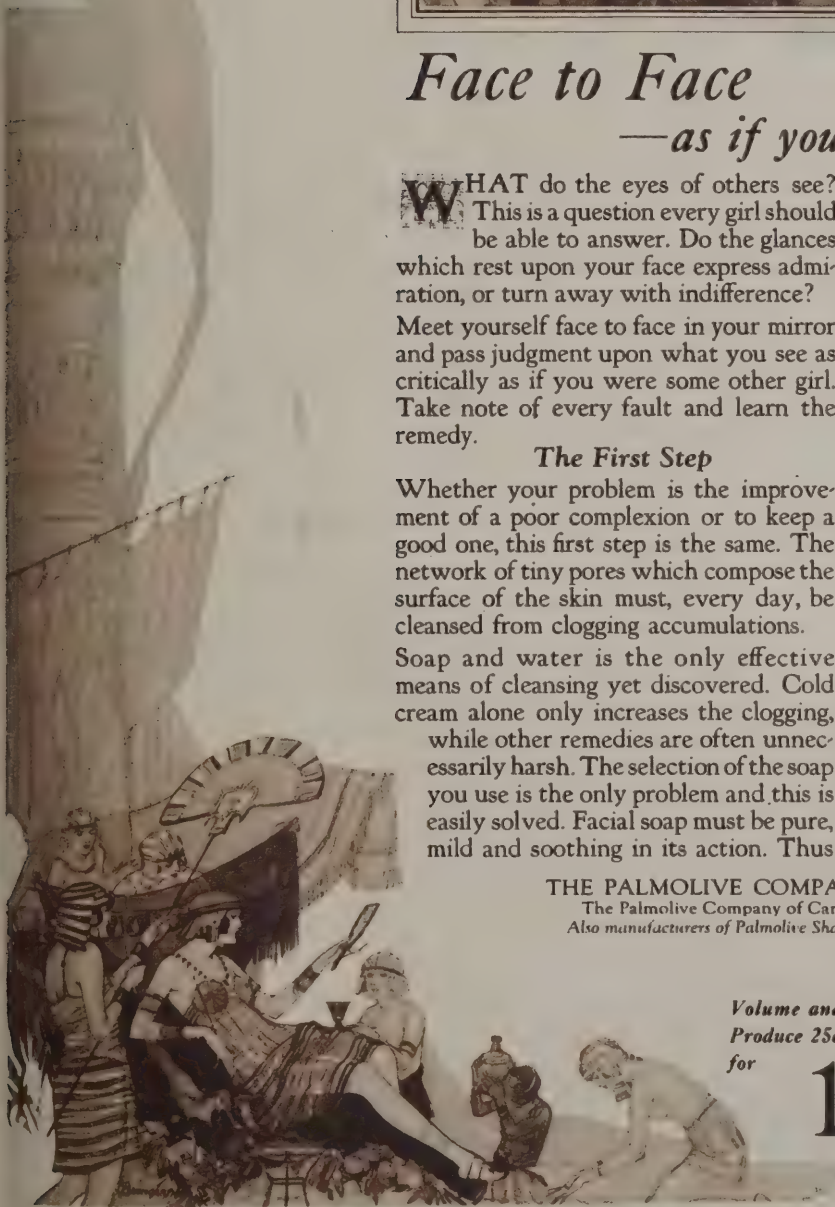
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THE pathos of Don Mike's return to his beloved ancestral home from the war after he had been reported killed, only to find his father dead and the ranch in the hands of a man who is planning to colonize it with Japanese; the glory of the fight that he puts up to rid his home of the invaders; the sheer beauty of the pictures of the San Gregorio Valley, of which Don Mike said, "I love every rock and cactus and rattlesnake in it"; or the fine wholesomeness of the love of Don Mike and Kay Parker, daughter of the man who is to dispossess him—it is difficult to tell which of these themes of "The Pride of Palomar" has the most compelling interest. At any rate they all combine to make it a dramatic and stirring tale.

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tumblerful of sloe gin—he no longer took it from liqueur glasses—to the light, and letting fall slowly into it, drop by drop, a glorious colored liquid from a little glass bottle. Each drop as it fell between the glass and the light gleamed like a molten rose-red ruby. But the whole performance—the liquid—the color—the little bottle—her concentration—filled Pam with astonishment.

"What on earth? *Doria!*"

As if the sound of his voice struck her like lightning, her hands fell to her sides, glass and bottle went splintering to the floor, and down her gown, over the carpet everywhere, splashed and spread bright, vivid stains. Strangest of all was her face, riven as if by shock into a mask of terror and surprise, the stiff lips drawn back like those of a panicked animal. Pam Heseltine did not recognize this woman. She was a stranger to him.

"Doria!" he repeated, in a sort of horror.

"What do you want?" she mouthed at him. "You frightened me—you startled me horribly. What do you want?" She stared with hostile eyes, as if he had no right in his own dining room.

"I came for brandy," he said dryly. "I am feeling infernally ill."

She searched his face at that, with a wizened, piercing glance. But already the fearful expression of terror was passing, her features had begun to resume their usual soft beguiling beauty, when suddenly her attention returned to the stains on her wrap, the litter of broken glass about the carpet, and cold fury seemed to rush back to her face and out of her eyes towards him like a torrent.

"*What a fool you are!*" she cried bitterly, vehemently, as if she could have struck him to earth. Bitterness crept into him too, the coldness of ice round his heart, the old sardonic smile back to his lips. This at least was a Doria he knew well! No stranger here!

"I dare say I am!" he agreed curtly. "That doesn't prevent me from needing brandy, however."

He walked past her to the sideboard, took the decanter, poured himself out a large amount of liquor and drank it neat. When he turned to go back to his room Doria had gone, and he saw no more of her that night.

The climax of "The Garden of Peril" is without question one of the most powerful and revealing studies in character that Cynthia Stockley has ever written. You will not want to miss the last instalment—COSMOPOLITAN *for June, on sale at all news stands May tenth*

Mercy

(*Continued from page 27*)

stood freshly humbled by such Christian magnanimity. They could only wring the hands of the two, muttering incoherently their thanks.

As he walked away, Walton was thinking: He had wronged two women deeply, irreparably; and now two other women, who knew the secret of this wronging, had agreed to keep it. And they did.

But there was *a man*—husband or brother or some sort of male relative of these two women—who had also lived in the little hamlet of A——; and in an unfortunate moment he went one Sunday to the Robert N. Walton Bible Class. He came away vowing that he would never go there again; whereupon, in the natural course, after one intervening Sunday, Hollis Gant, a follow-up man from that highly organized class, came seeking him.

Piqued by the refusal either to come again or to give a reason therefor, young Gant persisted to the point of irritating this man who had once resided in the little Hamlet of A——. Angrily he came back with a story, attested by evidence, that staggered Hollis Gant completely. When he had assimilated it somewhat, his anger rose—not against the informer but against the minister who had so deceived him, and not him only.

Hollis Gant was a zealot by nature. Consulting no one, he dashed off a letter to this Reverend Robert N. Walton *alias* Wills, notifying him that he was found out and that if he did not stand up and tell the Bible class next Sunday morning exactly who and what he was, there were those that would.

How the city in which Walton lived learned of his past, and what they did thereafter, makes the conclusion of this extraordinary fact story next month

The Lone Wolf Returns

(*Continued from page 82*)

generously you play into my hands. You confess you employed Pagan to drug me and Mallison to commit a burglary in an attempt to fasten the crime on me—you own your complicity in an even fouler job of blackmail 'framed,' as you would say, for Mrs. McFee—and now you add the capstone!"

Lanyard checked, then called: "Are you there, Mrs. McFee?"

The portières parted that closed the doorway to the drawing room; Folly entered and halted, her slight figure now decorously clothed but drawn up to the full of its inches and from the crown of the dainty head to the tips of silken slippers tense with contempt, from whose fire, ablaze in her eyes, Morphew had the grace to cringe.

"And now, before this witness," Lanyard pursued, "you add a threat against my life. It's more than I hoped for, Morphew, all I need to insure me a sound night's sleep. If I don't wake up from it unharmed, Mrs. McFee will know what to do. Must you go? Soames, no doubt, is waiting to show you out. But if you'd rather I gave you a lift with my foot——"

Morphew gave an incoherent bellow, lunged blindly to the door, threw it open and himself through to the hall. The very floor of the house itself quaked with the pounding of his feet as he stampeded for open air. The street door banged like thunder while Lanyard stood laughing into Folly's eyes.

CHAPTER XII

BUT Lanyard was one who had learned how to laugh without losing sight of graver matters. So now the surface of his mood alone chimed with Folly's delight in the confusion he had meted out to Morphew; his thoughts were all a ferment with perception of the worth of every instant lost to his first duty, which was straightway to put himself beyond the range of Morphew's exacerbated malice.

Yet he was hardly so concerned with the more serious as to be blind to his closer peril, the glow that warmed Folly's countenance for him beneath the bright ripples of her glee; and in its unmistakable kindness read but one more reason why he must let nothing stand in the way of his prompt going.

The thought took him quickly to the table; he was lifting a hand to the switch of the lamp when Folly caught his arm, both her hands staying him with a gesture as gentle but as importunate as the clasp of tendrils.

"You're wonderful!" she declared in a breath, looking up with round eyes from which mirth had been swift to ebb, "marvelous, the way you managed him, twisted him round your little finger and made him own up to everything! And I'd always considered Morphy a sort of superman, so wise and calm and strong!"

"Never reproach yourself for that," Lanyard replied with a twinkle. "I too was taken in till he made it worth my while to call his bluff. But we must not forget all men are much alike: Morphew will respect me only so long as he fails to find a way to call mine. My one hope is to keep him at a distance—how do you say, over here?—to keep him guessing."

But the young woman wasn't so cheaply to be cheated out of her new-found luxury of hero worship; the dainty dark head dissented vigorously. "Why, Morphy hasn't a chance! you're equal to a dozen of him any day—and as many more Mallisons and Peter Pagans thrown in for good measure. Don't I know? Haven't you proved it here tonight?"

"The night is still young," Lanyard gravely reminded her. "It may tell another tale if Morphew's crew can contrive to lay hands on me before morning."

"After he'd threatened you in front of

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me? Nonsense—he simply wouldn't dare—just as you told him."

"My bluff. Not that I mean to give him any opportunity to prove it that. But I will need to move quickly, none the less . . . "

The hint he gave of a desire to disengage her hands got little encouragement; indeed their hold tightened while she mocked his professions with eyes of disturbing admiration and derisive lips: "*You're* not afraid!"

"But I assure you I am profoundly afraid. I don't say Morphew would be flattered, but I fancy he'd feel far less a fool if he knew how thoroughly I am afraid of him. For we may be sure of one thing; in the event of my becoming an early victim of some curious accident, Morphew's hand would never show. He's not the thundering scoundrel I thought him, but he's far too clever notwithstanding to order a misfortune for me that could possibly be traced to his management. So you see—with permission—I really must be going."

"But where, to be safe?"

Lanyard's expression took on a deeper shade of patience. "Time enough to think about that when I've called at my rooms to collect some belongings."

"But"—Folly held fast to his arm, with a little frown of solicitude to excuse her persistence—"if you feel so sure Morphew means mischief——"

"Do you need more proof than you've had tonight?"

"Then surely he'll have set somebody to watch the house already!"

"The front of it, yes. Precisely why I'm anxious to get away before he can set spies to guard the rear. If you have no objection, I shall leave by one of these windows after putting out the lamp."

"But why?" Folly adorably pouted. "You're safe enough here."

"Madame will forgive if I make so bold as to question that." She let fall her lovely lashes to deny the meaning that informed Lanyard's smile; but still held on. "And every minute I linger makes the danger outside more real."

"Then . . . don't leave at all . . . "

"Madame is generous to a fault. She forgets the world is never broad-minded. There are the servants to be considered, the neighbors——"

"A lot I care what people think; it's you I'm thinking of!"

Suffused with facile emotion, the face at Lanyard's shoulder was that of an exquisite and ingenuous child, vibrant with glad recognition of a world whose wonder and beauty had till that moment been all unsuspected. And the worst of it was, she knew it . . . No; the real worst of it was that it wasn't art, it wasn't put on, she wasn't coquetting; actually she was stirred to the deeps of her being and meant, with all of her, every lovely nuance of her looks. Even Lanyard knew an instant when nothing in life seemed more desirable than those lambent eyes and the yielding mouth whose lips trembled with her hastened breathing . . . His for the taking!

But an instant only; in another he got himself in hand again and steeled his heart to cruel kindness. It went against nature to hurt her; but the hurt would not bite deep, its tonic pang would leave no scar. Not for the first time did life now give him proof of the readiness of a nature emotionally shallow and impressionable to succumb to the glamour of his ill fame as a romantic rogue.

"Madame," said he with genuine reluctance, "would be so much wiser to think first always of herself."

She countered sharply, with a rebellious face: "But I can't help it—can I?—if it's you I must think of first."

"Nor can I help it," he said gently, "if I must always think first of another."

Folly's breathing checked with a sharp little hiss, she released Lanyard's arm and stepped back a pace, coloring but—strangely enough—not in anger.

"Oh!" she cried; and added with a half smile of whimsical self-reproach: "I'd forgotten. So it's true, what Liane told me." She accepted a slow inclination of Lanyard's head, gave a small wistful sigh. "I suppose she must be very beautiful . . . Won't you tell me what she is like?"

"Some day, perhaps," Lanyard vaguely agreed . . . "If you let me live to see another."

"I!"

"There's practically no danger if I may be permitted to say good night without more delay."

"I presume you must . . . " Folly shook her head, with a smile that broke in ruefulness but radiated in unaffected amusement at her own expense. "What a silly you must think me, a sentimental little ninny! No—don't deny it, because you're quite right. So that's that—and what must be, must. Many thanks for my emeralds, Monsieur the Lone Wolf, and"—she dropped him a mischievous courtesy—"more for my lesson! And so—good night."

He waited with intention till, in a gesture of charming petulance, a hand fluttered into his.

"Good night, my dear," Folly murmured tenderly as he bent his lips to her hand, "good by!"

Straightening up, Lanyard turned off the light.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME time after four o'clock the brougham, curbed overlong to pace sedately the interlacing mazes of the Bronx, gave a little start and shudder of pleasure to find itself at last heading into open country, with a soft deep purr crescendo flirted the dust of White Plains from its tires and sped away, *ventre-à-terre*, upon the highway which, skirting the eastern shores of the Kensico Reservoir, wanders with such a luring, random air the lake country of Westchester.

That day, true to the type of those that render autumn in the northern states the fairest season of the four, had been luminous of sky and languorous with reminiscent warmth. But now, as in a field of pastel tinting ineffably pellucid its sun dipped low to hills whose shadows like vast purple wraiths crept sluggishly across the valleys and their embayed waters, small lakes as still and bright and bleakly blue as plaques of polished steel—now as the dim haze of Indian Summer took on shades of lilac ever deeper and more tender, blotted up all distances and robbed the wooded hillsides of their flaming splendor, premonitions of evening chill lent tang to air aromatic with incense of dead leaves a-smoulder in uncounted pyres.



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Upon that little tent of blue
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—*The Ballad of Reading Gaol*

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In the body of the car Lanyard leaned forward and offered to put up the windows. Eve de Montalais gave a slight sign of dissent. "I like it better so, I love this air—if it's not too cold for you, my Michael."

He smiled a negative, and taking the rug from its rail made her snug in it. She lifted her eyes to his in lovely acknowledgment and, emboldened by the closing dusk and the loneliness of that little traveled way, nestled nearer, cheek to his shoulder.

Thus, pensive with the gentle melancholy distilled by that hour of dying beauty, symbolic of the cruel haste with which all beauty passes, the lovers sat a time in silence; so, for that matter, they had, barring a few brief interludes of gossip upon indifferent topics, ever since leaving New York; not that either had too little to say . . .

"Michael: tell me you are happy."

He had to bend his head to hear that whisper, her lips brushed his cheek with a caress so fugitive and light they might have been a moth's fluttering wings.

"Never so happy, Eve."

"Tell me it shall be always so with us. Surely we can make it so . . . "

For all answer she had the tightened pressure of his arm; and, a little chilled with disappointment, she said no more until, after several minutes, Lanyard was moved to wonder aloud: "This country is all strange to my eyes. Where are you taking me?"

"To a far away place I sincerely hope you'll like."

"How should I not, seeing it is your choice?"

"A little old inn, Michael, tucked away in the loneliest hills. We can be quiet there, and talk."

"Talk?" Lanyard made a sad stab at humor to divert her. "Is it kind to encourage my besetting vice?"

"I think," Eve answered, "you have something to tell me tonight."

"But you know it already," he parried poorly in his deep disquietude. "I think you have heard too often what I have to tell you."

As if he hadn't spoken, as if involuntarily giving her heart voice, in a curiously remote tone Eve replied: "We must not part."

Again Lanyard dared not trust his tongue. . .

The afterglow, pulsing through a hundred changes, faded, fainted and contracted, till a long clear pool of emerald alone defined the foot of the sky, the profile of those hills within whose pleats night hung already close and breathless. Through its dark, across gulfs unguessable, lost lights winked, beaconing unknown heights. And the spreading surfaces of still water on every hand, so thickly shadowed as to be more felt than seen, grew wan by degrees with the shine of stars.

Smartly tooled, with the sureness of a swallow's flight the car pursued its fan of yellow light over the intricate meander of the road, its windings, dips and soarings, while ever and again a bend ahead or the summit of some sharp ascent would take sudden shape in a sheen of spectral blue, heralding the advent of twin minor moons which, bearing down upon the brougham with a startling show of destructive mania, would pass harmlessly in a roaring rush; or else some fleeting eye, crimson with anger, would be raised and everhauled and swept astern, metamorphosed into headlights of blank glare rocking in feebly furious emulation of that headlong pace.

The buffeting air grew colder and yet more cold; but neither the man nor the woman minded. His love warm in his arms, Lanyard was trying to live for the moment only, to be oblivious of yesterday and reckless of tomorrow. He failed; impossible for one who loved so well to be deaf to the murmurings of his heart against that resolution which, shaped by his soberest judgment, firmed by his will, bade him put love away tonight forevermore, lest harm befall her in whom love had its source, and whole existence. This evening together must be the last: so he was fixed in his intention. But how tell Eve, how make her understand, win her consent and concurrence?

"Why do you look behind so often, Michael?"

"A bad old habit," Lanyard lied lightly, cursing his stupidity for having let her remark that symptom of a mind perturbed, "a souvenir of bad old days. Jungle folk, they say, never are wholly reclaimed from jungle ways; the instincts of the chase are always cropping up in our least considered actions, we are forever conceiving ourselves, as of old, hunter and hunted in the same skin."

"My poor Michael!" The woman laughed indulgently. "Does he imagine he is deceiving somebody?"

"But do you not forget"—he snatched at a straw—"that there are motor cycle police abroad, even on these back country roads? Naturally one keeps an eye out for them . . . "

For all that Eve had contrived again to put him out of countenance, there had been color of truth in his equivocation which had failed; Lanyard's constant vigilance was more instinctive than excited by any indication either that the car was being trailed or that the riddle of his whereabouts was one of any present interest to those whose malevolence he had sound reason to beware of. Since the previous night nothing had happened to show that Morphew had succeeded in having the devious way traced which Lanyard had taken en route from Folly's residence to his own lodgings and then on to the modest hotel which ultimately had provided him with a bed, or to contradict the inference that Morphew had decided to profit by his lesson in humility and count it cheap at its cost. . . . Than which last Lanyard could not readily imagine any hope more infatuate; life had taught him too well to know the temper of the Morphew breed . . .

It was true, however, that he had been at some pains all day to keep himself rather thoroughly insulated against news from Morphew's side. The story of the recovered emeralds had "broken" too late for the morning papers; and although Crane beyond doubt could have supplied helpful information, Lanyard had been studious to remain lost to that one, too, entertaining as he did not the remotest wish to be haled into court as a witness against Mallison.

Not that conscience reproached for the ruse which had brought about the arrest of the dancing man as the thief of night before last. Even though Mallison might in point of simple fact be innocent of that crime, the severest sentence to which he was liable, if convicted, would be mild

ake you hesitate, for fear of giving me in, you wouldn't be trying so hard to lk about everything imaginable but the e thing that counts."

He gave his head a tormented shake. "Is not enough that, the more I weigh the cumstances, the more sure I feel I am ht?—the only way to be fair to you is take myself out of your life."

"But it seems to me I am the one to say at is fair or unfair to me. After all, my ppiness is at stake."

"Not more than mine."

"Much more than yours. You are lfish, Michael—not meaning to be, but cause you would hurt me to my very art to spare yourself self-reproach, if er after our marriage anything should me out of the past to trouble us. As if ything matters to a woman who loves long as she is well loved in return!"

"You make me figure in an unkind ht . . . "

"I am using every weapon I can find in y fight with life for the right to be ppy."

"I would break my own heart rather an cause you an instant's unhappi- ss . . . "

"You think so, dear. But you at least ould have the memory of an act of renun- ation to console you—you could say to urself: I suffer, but for her sake. For e there would be only the knowledge that had been cheated out of my due. I have e right to claim more of life than it has ven me . . . "

The voice of melancholy music faltered, en resumed: "The war took my husband om me before I was old enough to know hat love could mean. Now, long after, I ave found a greater love—and I am re- uired to give it up solely because you are fraid somebody may some day tell me hat I already know, that once upon a me you were a little lower than the ngels!"

To avoid the accusation of her look, anyard stared blindly into the fire.

"I am not good enough for such a love s yours, Eve."

"Perhaps no one of us is good enough r love. Yet we can try to be, by rving . . . "

Lanyard hung his head; and in accents f quiet conviction Eve de Montalais ursued: "Something *has* happened. I ought so, from your manner this after- oon; now I am sure. It isn't that you ave ceased to care for me——"

"You know it is not that."

"What, then? It must be something uite as serious; you couldn't hold out gainst me as you do if it were anything ss. Michael—you can't refuse to tell me ow."

He made a sign of submission combined ith a plea for time in which to assort his houghts. Indisputably nothing less than he truth would satisfy her; but it might e that something less than the whole ruth, so sure to terrify her, would serve.

And while he sat turning the matter over n his mind, their waiter approached.

"Monsieur Paul Martin?" the man nquired, with an execrable attempt to ive the words a French inflection.

In his abstraction, Lanyard signified an mpatient negative, but Eve de Montalais as less thick-witted.

"What name?" she inquired quickly.

"Paul Martin, ma'am. He's wanted



You wouldn't drink from your saucer

It's NO CRIME to pour tea into the saucer to cool. It doesn't harm anyone. Quite likely George Washington did it in the privacy of Mount Vernon. And yet today a girl might be pretty, sweet, rich and good—and be socially counted a total loss if she did that just once.

It just isn't done. It's one of those things that "place" its perpetrator instantly. It's not good breeding. It's one of those all-important trivialities that mark the ranks of society. No girl can afford to overlook them. No girl can afford to defy them. Society is much too strong and much too merciless for any individual to go contrary to its dictates.

* * *

It's just as bad form to write carelessly on slovenly paper as it is to drink tea from a saucer. Only you don't have an opportunity to see the effect of your "break" mirrored in surrounding eyes. You never know the impression your untidy note makes on the mother of your school friend, or the leader of your club, or the well-set-up young chap you met at Gwen's dance.

Many a girl has cut herself out of a circle of delightful people whom she would have enjoyed, by just being clumsy or careless—once. It's so easy to leave a name *off* an invitation list. It's so easy *not* to call. She doesn't know why. And perhaps she goes on making the same careless writing mistakes for quite a long time.

It is the easiest thing in the world to have a correct writing paper—and use it always. It soon becomes a habit. And nothing goes farther in making a good social impression than a letter or acceptance written on the proper paper at the right time.

Make a memorandum today to get a box of Eaton's Highland Linen, made in nothing but the correct shapes, sizes and shades; inexpensive, and on sale everywhere. And—if you're not just sure of up-to-the-moment usage in social forms, send me fifty cents in stamps and I will mail you "Social Correspondence", a dainty little book that answers every possible question, and will also include usable samples of Eaton's Highland Linen.

Caroline De Lancey

Address me in care of
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Eaton's Highland Linen in five smart envelope styles and all the fashionable shades may be bought wherever stationery is sold.

Style is a greater Social Asset than Beauty

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.—*Sponsors for correctness in Correspondence*—NEW YORK-PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Gray Hair Unnecessary

As I Have Proved



I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

FREE Trial Bottle Tells the Story

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

Experience my teacher

I invented my scientific hair color restorer to bring back the original color to my own hair which was prematurely gray. Since, millions have used it and so will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Now I have something new to offer and almost as important, in the shape of a new preparatory powder which puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration. This powder is a recent discovery of my laboratories and its action is that of tonic and antiseptic. A package now comes with each full sized bottle and a trial sized package is included in my special patented free trial outfit. I urge you to send for this patented outfit today and prove how easily, surely and beneficially you can restore your own gray hair to its natural color.

Mail coupon today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer, and full instructions for making the convincing test on a single lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

FREE TRIAL COUPON — Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
42E Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.... dark brown.... medium brown.... auburn (dark red).... light brown.... light auburn (light red).... blonde....

Name.....

Street..... City.....

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. SINCE 1858

We import Diamonds direct from European markets and sell direct to you by mail. Our immense BUYING POWER is a great saving to you.

DIAMONDS WATCHES CASH or CREDIT

"Charlotte" Diamond Ring
Five radiant, blue white, perfect cut Diamonds. The ring is platinum.
$150
Others at $200 and $250



SEND FOR CATALOG

Bargains in Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc. Sent prepaid for your Examination. Easy Credit Terms. Catalog explains everything.

Wrist Watch Rectangular Shape
18-K Solid White Gold, 17 Jewels, $39
14-K Solid White Gold, 15 Jewels, $32

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Credit Terms on all articles; One-fifth down, balance divided into equal payments within eight months. *Your credit is good with LOFTIS.*

LOFTIS BROS & CO. SINCE 1858
THE NATIONAL JEWELERS
Dept. N-892 108 N. State St.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Stores in Leading Cities

on the telephone—a long distance call."

"From New York?"

"I don't know, ma'am, the party didn't say, just asked for Monsieur Paul Martin—party with a sort of a foreign accent, French, I guess."

Eve looked sharply to Lanyard: "It is for you—you must answer it." He responded with a puzzled nod, though his memory needed no more jogging. But was it possible? he wondered as he followed the waiter to the telephone booth in the office of the inn. Aside from Eve and himself, that alias of a day long past was known to but three people in the world; and of these one was in London and one in Paris, at last accounts, while the third was in New York . . .

But if Liane knew where he was dining, so far away from town, she must have been informed by somebody who had followed him without his knowledge!

Not the voice of Liane, but a man's saluted him above the humming of the long distance wire, a man's voice with, as the waiter had indicated, a strong tinge of nasal French.

"Monsieur Paul Martin?"

"Yes. Who wants him?"

"I am spikin' for 'is sister. Ees this Monsieur Martin spikin'?"

It was Liane who for her own ends had nominated herself the sister of Monsieur Paul Martin, one day in Paris long ago.

Lanyard answered "Yes."

"Pardon, monsieur—your sister ees too beesy now to telephone you 'erself. She have ask me to geev you a message."

"Monsieur is most amiable," Lanyard replied in French. "What is the message, please?"

"*Prenez garde!*"

"What did you say?"

"*Bon soir.*"

"Hello! hello!"

But Lanyard worried the hook in vain; the other had hung up, the wire was closed. . .

Prenez garde—take care!

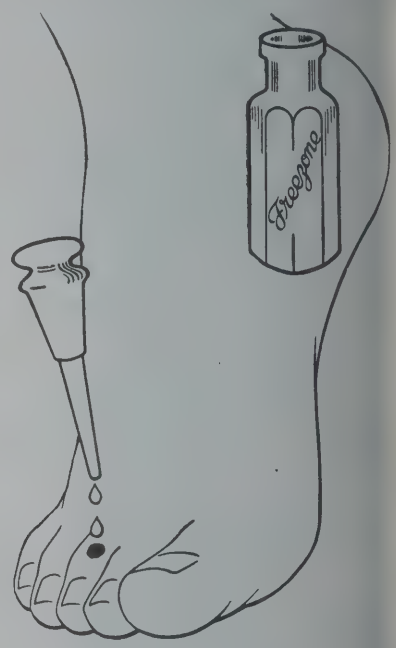
CHAPTER XIV

LANYARD took back to Eve by the fire the most dégagé manner he could manage, a manner of leisured good humor that wasn't all put on at the prompting of *amour propre*, that was assumed less in hope of hoodwinking her ingenious intuitions than for the benefit of their fellow guests, if so be it these entertained any latent interest in the reactions of Michael Lanyard to a long distance call for "Monsieur Paul Martin," and that dissembled better than he believed a sense of discouragement the most devastating he had ever known—not on his account alone so much as that he was not alone.

The quandary in which he found himself trapped, now that his eyes had been opened by that singular admonition from out of the night, at once cryptic and only too intelligible, was one that defied and, what was worse, promised persistent defiance to the utmost of his resources, from which extrication with credit to himself—or, if it came to that, with his life—seemed out of the question. Not that he put life first; his solicitude was nine parts unselfish, his disheartenment the fruit of inability to hit on any pretext that conceivably would induce Eve to part then and there with one whose company had all at once become

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness

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Easy to Earn $40 to $75 a Week

Secrets of beauty parlors revealed. Thirty easy lessons can make you expert in all branches, massage, packs, dyeing, marcel, skin work, manicure, waves, bleach etc. in eight weeks. Study in spare time. Earn while you learn. Authorized diploma. Money back guarantee. *50,000 Opportunities.* Get FREE Book

ORIENTAL SYSTEM OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 175 1000 Diversey Blvd. Chicago

This summer—a *different* vacation for you. See page 171.

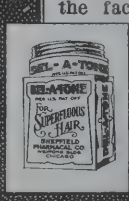


Are You At Ease

It is so necessary to have a smooth, white underarm in this season's sheer fabrics—and it's so easy. Beauty experts recommend

DEL-A-TONE

It is a preparation made scientifically correct for the purpose of safely removing hair from the face, neck, or underarms. It leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth—and is easy to apply.



Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1.

SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

equivalent to a pistol trained on her heart point-blank—and with a finger both pitiless and anonymous trembling on the trigger.

A strong statement, but one that by no means painted their predicament an exaggerated black. His "sister" had never played her confreres false or resorted to subterfuge so subtle to put "Monsieur Paul Martin" on his guard against a nebulous or trifling menace. Liane owed Lanyard much on an old score; she would have been faithless to the code of her kind had she, having definite foreknowledge of it, permitted so good a friend to go blindly to meet the fate prepared for him, whatever that might be.

Such women are nevertheless jealous wardens of their own welfare; it had required perception of a peril to Lanyard immediate and desperate to work Liane up to the point of chancing the resentment of Morphew and his crew should her treachery ever transpire. Witness the extravagant pains she had taken to disguise her hand.

No; it would never do to underprize this proof of good will or to read in Liane's warning any spirit but one of the most earnest anxiety. Taken as she had unquestionably intended it, her "*prenez garde*" decoded somewhat to this effect: You are sadly self-deluded, my friend, if you think Morphew resigned to stomach defeat at your hands, or that you have succeeded in keeping your movements hidden from him; he has never for an instant lost sight either of you or of his revenge, he is playing you as heartlessly as an angler plays a trout, gaff in hand—you must go warily to cheat its barbs.

The dilemma thus exposed was appalling; a clean breast of all he had been trying to hide from her was unavoidable if he hoped to make Eve comprehend why he held it imperative to seek each a separate way back to New York; whereas, once she did grasp the fact that danger threatened him, she would surely refuse to let him risk it alone. Women of her rare stamp are never readily dismayed or disposed to think first of themselves if a frown of physical peril shadow also one by whom their affections have been engaged . . . Regard the spirit that poised Eve then in that juncture, awaiting his return with a countenance as composed as it was fair, with eyes unclouded by any confession of impatience or misgivings.

"Sorry I was so long," Lanyard said, with intention to be heard across the dining-room. "I stopped to pay the bill and order the car brought round. If you don't mind . . . "

"It's quite time," Eve amiably agreed, "if we're to get home at any respectable hour."

He resumed his chair before the fire and made business with cigarette case and a match to cover sidelong scrutiny of the four patrons who had come in so soon after his arrival with Eve, and who remained still at table, dawdling with dessert. But he couldn't see that his announcement had meant anything to these . . .

The one woman of their number was a creature of strapping comeliness, whose hail-fellow swagger was brazen, that had been piquant in the flapper she heavily aped; while the men were such as would hardly have won a second glance on any ordinary occasion, types of the American



Posed by May Allison, attractive star of Metro motion pictures. Miss Allison is one of many charming women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

Springtime—does it restore the glow of youth to your cheeks?

AFTER a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—*what of your complexion?*

Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallowed skin? Does your complexion grow fair and radiant?

You can *aid* nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream—more than a cleanser. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells—to "tone-up," *revitalize*. the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny imperfections—restores healthy charm to your skin.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream, read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the utmost benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin now to gain the fresh, wholesome complexion, the clear, soft skin that should be yours.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show the proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin, artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad—does not bulge the purse. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, American Blush and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—in striking container, 50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
40 TENTH STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario. British residents address Sangers, 42A Hampstead Rd., London, N. W. 1. Australian residents address Law, Binns & Co., Commerce House, Melbourne. New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington. Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36½, Havana.



Ingram's
Milkweed
Cream

Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—An attractive souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 40 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Face Powder and Ingram's Rouge, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



Quickly Removes All Stains and Marks



For one purpose only—Sani-Flush. It cleans the toilet. Swiftly, easily it removes all stains, discolorations, incrustations. No scrubbing. No scouring. No hard work.

The bowl shines!

The trap—hidden, unhealthful—is reached and cleaned only by Sani-Flush. All foul odors are destroyed. There is no other preparation made that does this work.

The ease of using it—just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush! It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot get it at your regular store, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full-sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Foreign Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada
33 Farringdon Road, London, E. C. 1, England
China House, Sydney, Australia

Sani-Flush
Reg U S Pat Off
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads-Steel Points
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To hang up things
Ask your dealer to show them
Sold Everywhere 10¢ per packet
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Reduce Your Flesh in Spots
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in fact the entire body or any part without dieting by wearing DR. WALTER'S *Medicated Reducing*
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DR. JEANNE C. WALTER
353 5th Ave., New York

bourgeois case-hardened by "good business," clothed in a weirdly uniform mode of smartness, something stale with overfeeding and drinking and fondling, wanting stimulation yet inclined to grow causelessly arrogant in their cups. But Lanyard was too well learned in the ways of urban America not to know that its Apaches seldom if ever conform to the cliché of the cinema when it turns its cyclopædic if gullible eye on what it knows as denizens of the underworld. The gunman of New York is blown with pride of caste; for all that, he isn't keen on bidding for the attention of the police by sporting the conventionalized make-up of a suspicious character—he far prefers to pass in a crowd as a simple man in the street normally addicted to the machine-made "clothing of distinction" of the magazine advertisements. The fact, then, that these three were apparently nobodies in particular minding their own business didn't necessarily mean that Lanyard could afford to dismiss them from his calculations.

Neither did he, careful though he was to give no excuse for the suspicion that he had a thought to spare from the woman at his side.

"There is no one like you," he was saying in gallant repayment of her steadfast and demanding attention: "the loveliest woman that ever breathed, the most adorably patient . . . "

"How little you know me," she calmly commented, unflattered, so undistracted, "at least, if you expect me to believe you think me patient. Then your message was important?"

"Very," the man admitted gravely; the time was by when fencing were anything but waste of time. "I am worried about getting you back to town . . . "

"So it was Mademoiselle Delorme!"

"That only goes to show," Lanyard remarked obliquely, "one should never tell you anything one expects you to forget."

"I have forgotten nothing you have ever told me about yourself—nothing, at least, that had to do with another woman's affection for you."

"Yet you are incapable of jealousy."

"Still, I am very greedy. I don't like sharing even the least of your thoughts with any other woman."

"Oh!" he laughed; "but Liane isn't a woman, except professionally."

"You are tantalizing me all the same when you don't tell me what she had to say—and how in heaven's name she guessed you were dining here—and why she resurrected that old *nom de guerre* instead of calling for you by your right name."

"I'm afraid Liane didn't guess; I suspect somebody who knew told her we had stopped here to dine——"

The teasing half smile with which Eve had been regarding her lover was erased. "You think we were followed——"

"How else could they have known?"

"'They'?"

"Who informed Liane."

"But why should she have harked back to 'Paul Martin'?"

"I fancy her reason for that is implicit in Liane's message, a brief one—delivered, if it matters, by a stranger's tongue—'*prenez garde.*'"

Eve nodded thoughtful confirmation of a private conjecture. "You are in some danger?" Not at all deceived by the shrug that sought to depreciate the weight of that



Beau Brummell
Liquid Nail Polish

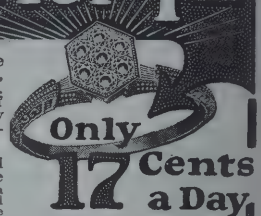
FOR a soft, gleaming polish that lasts for several days without peeling use Beau Brummell Liquid Nail Polish. It protects the nails and keeps the cuticle smooth and soft.

And Beau Brummell is quick. It gives the nails a delicate tint and a wonderful polish in just twenty seconds. Price 50c at drug, department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a generous sample. And for another dime you will receive a sample of Isabel Cassidy's Depilatory Powder.

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It's waiting for a word from you. You will need no experience—you will not have to serve an apprenticeship.

If you are just starting in life it will make possible a college education—if you have a family it will mean more comfort for them. It will mean MORE MONEY, in any event, to use in the hundreds of places most of us need it.

And the work is pleasant and easy—it will not use up the energy that you need for your regular tasks.

Write today for details of our plan for increasing your earnings by paying for your spare time

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International Magazine Co.
119 W. 40th St. :: New York, N. Y.

term, she glanced quickly to and from the little party that was, just then, loudly making merry at its table across the room. In response, another movement of Lanyard's shoulders disclaimed intelligence: "Perhaps . . . Who knows?"

"You must tell me everything . . . "

"I know; but it's a fairish yarn, and the car ought to be here any minute—I'll hardly have time before we leave. So let me first of all throw myself upon your mercy, Eve, beg you to trust me."

"But you know I do, in every way."

"I mean, trust me to know what is best . . . "

Analysis of this ambiguity knitted a speculative frown. "You're going to ask something of me I won't want to do."

"It is dangerous for us to attempt the journey back to New York together."

"Dangerous," Eve objected, "isn't definite enough . . . "

"It would appear that one whom I have recently been obliged to humiliate plans to pay me out tonight. He will fail—trust me for that—but I shall be more free to make him see the error of his ways if I can feel sure the harm meant for me can't by mischance be visited upon you instead."

"Ah, no, my friend! You don't seriously think I will consent . . . "

"You would not hesitate if I could only make it clear how much better my chances would be."

"I'm afraid it's a hopeless task, but"—she made her smile provoking—"suppose you try."

"Conceive, then"—Lanyard spoke deliberately in an endeavor to put the business in a nutshell—"that after leaving you night before last I was thrown in with one who chose to declare war on me for his own ends——"

"The Sultan of Loot!"

"Why try to keep anything from you?"

"You forget, I too had a premonition concerning that creature. Who is he?"

"I can more easily tell you what he is. He styles himself Morphew and the Tenderloin calls him King of the Bootleggers—justly, one is told. In addition, he nurses a penchant for having a finger in every lawless pie. To discipline me, that night, he caused the loot of a burglary to be hidden in my pockets while I lay in a stupor, drugged by his direction, then saw to it that I was suspected of having committed the theft."

"Oh, no!" the woman interrupted involuntarily, revolted by the bare suggestion of such enormity.

"Or else—I must believe I stole the jewels myself in instinctive reversion to old ways, drink having abolished the inhibitions of the new."

"Never!"

"I do not know," Lanyard confessed with a wry face. "There are circumstances which make me uneasy . . . I do not know!"

"How can you even suggest such a thing!"

"Let me tell you . . . Last night I visited—or revisited!—the house from which the jewels had been stolen, meaning secretly to restore them. This I managed. I was even more fortunate in being able to bring about the arrest of one of Morphew's lot as the burglar of fact—which the fellow may well have been. Finally, to confuse pursuit, I quitted the house by the way the burglar had taken the night before—

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR—SAY MUNSINGWEAR

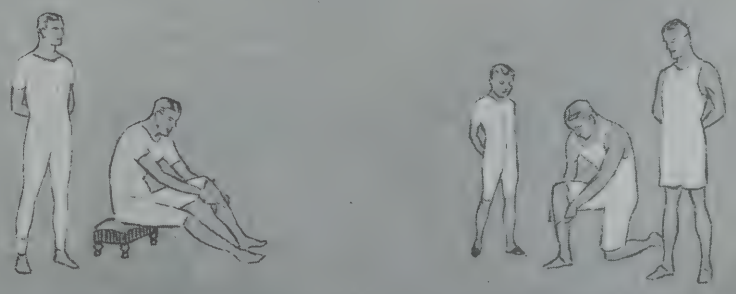


MUNSING WEAR

Quality assures Comfort and Service

FORM FITTING KNITTED
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GARMENTS IN THE
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA





Claire Windsor—Goldwyn Star whose eyes are famous for their beauty.

Eyes that say "Come Again!"

WHEN your lips say "Good-Night," do your eyes say, "Come Again"? Are your glances provocative, alluring, irresistible?

You can make your eyes look deeper, lovelier, by veiling them with dark, shadowy lashes. Use WINX, the Liquid Lashlux. Apply it with the glass rod attached to the stopper; it will bead the lashes instantly, making them appear darker and heavier. And it's waterproof—even swimming or weeping at the theatre will not affect it. Absolutely harmless.

WINX, the Liquid Lashlux (black or brown), 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote their growth, use Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless), 50c. At drug or department stores or by mail.

ROSS COMPANY
74 Grand Street New York

Send a dime for a sample of WINX, the Liquid Lashlux. And for another dime we will mail you a generous sample of Pert, the waterproof rouge.

WINX
The Liquid Lashlux

Shampooing
A task half done

Noted actresses all recognize the fact that hair to be beautiful needs more than just shampooing. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession — their very environment — soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair — satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks, can really improve it.

Golden Glint Shampoo was made particularly for medium brown hair—to make it look brighter and more beautiful. When your hair appears lifeless, all you need do is have a Golden Glint Shampoo. It *does* more and IS more than an ordinary shampoo. With it you can correct—correct, mind you—any little shortcomings your hair may have. It places your hair in your own hands, so to speak.

Have a Golden Glint Shampoo today and give your hair the special treatment which is all it needs to make it as beautiful as you desire it. 25c a package at toilet goods counters or postpaid direct. J. W. Kobi Co., 131 Spring St., Seattle, Wash.

The best summer vacation you ever had! Let us help you. See page 171.



Neet was a Revelation

"I had tried all the methods I had ever heard of to remove surplus hair, and was ready to give up in despair. Then one day a friend of mine told me about Neet.

"Honestly, it was a revelation! Imagine—a smooth, daintily scented cream, that you spread on, let stay for a few minutes and then—wash off and all hair with it!

"And to think that I had spent as high as five and even ten dollars at a time for troublesome and dangerous hair removers that didn't remove. But now—thanks to Neet—my troubles are over, and I can be proud of my arms instead of ashamed of them."

Used by physicians. Money back if it fails to please. 50c at drug and Dept. stores. Trial tube 10c by mail.

Hannibal Pharmacal Co. 667 Olive, St. Louis

In Canada—60c, trial size 10c. McGillivray Bros., Ltd. Agents, 184 Bay Street, Toronto, Can.

Physicians Note—A liberal trial tube with complete instructions for use will be mailed without charge to any physician requesting it.

Neet
Removes Hair Harmlessly

let myself out of a back window to the roof of an extension, dropped down to a backyard, scaled a board fence and stole through an excavation for a new building to the street beyond. Eve . . . "

Lanyard faltered and worked his hands together, his features wrung, haunted eyes reflecting the enigma of the embers which held their stare. And with a gesture of quick sympathy, the woman sat forward to screen him. But these others seemed to be completely preoccupied with their own hilarious concerns; and the racket of congenial voices they raised must have prevented their overhearing anything of Lanyard's confession when at length he resumed.

"Up to that time," he said slowly, "I had hardly questioned the assumption that Morphew deliberately had schemed to victimize me . . . But then, while I was creeping away from that house, quite literally like a thief in the night—once upon the roof, again when I stood in the kitchen yard, looking back at the blank rear windows, and yet again while stumbling through that foundation pit beyond the fence—at every stage of that journey I knew a feeling as of doing something I had done before, repeating the identical gestures I had employed at another time, upon an occasion strangely forgotten . . . "

"Well?" the woman prompted in cool amusement.

"Well!"—his wistful smile sketched a graphic expression of bewilderment—"I do not know, perhaps it was true, perhaps . . . "

Careless whether they were observed, the woman leaned forward and lightly covered one of his hands with her own. "Poor dear!" she cried, with a thrill of fond laughter, "to let himself be so tormented by a sensation such as everybody has at times!"

"Everybody?" he iterated, in a stare.

"It happens to us all—has it never happened to you before?—a phenomenon so common the psychologists have a special name for it. What *do* they call it? Reflex memory? Something of the sort, I forget . . . One only needs a new scene and a mood especially susceptible to impressions of strangeness or beauty—and all at once one feels quite sure one has visited that very spot in some previous existence. Precisely that happened to you last night, my Michael, in your super-excited state of mind, worried by ignorance of the truth about the stolen property in your possession . . . Take my word for it!"

"You believe that?" he insisted. "Truly?"

"Truly, my dear."

"You don't think I could possibly——"

"Never—I know you better than you do yourself." Eve gave his hand a comforting pressure, and sat back. "If you let anything so absurd fret you another instant I shall be very cross with you."

"You make me very happy," Lanyard said. "It cost me something to tell you . . . "

"I know!"

"I don't deserve such faith."

"But I don't consider you a good judge of your own worth, dear. And now that I understand the situation—you've made a fool and an enemy of this man Morphew, and he's conspiring to be revenged—tell me, what is it you have to propose about returning to town?"

"I want you to let me find my way back

alone. I have consulted road maps and time tables posted in the office here. There's a train for New York from the nearest station"—Lanyard glanced at the watch on his wrist—"in about half an hour . . . Which reminds me, your driver is taking his time."

"Patience. He's forever tinkering with the motor—he'll be ready any minute. You were saying——"

"I want you to let me drop you at the railroad and take the train back to town, with your chauffeur for protection, while I go on in the car."

Undisguised derision honored this proposal. "But why should I, when it is you, not I, the Sultan of Loot is after? If the train can be considered safe, surely you're the one——"

"You forget, Morphew's people will aim at your motorcar, believing me to be in it whether I am or not. If I should succeed in leaving it unobserved, they would still pursue the car. You can't ask me to expose you to a danger from which I turn tail."

"Then why shouldn't we both take the train?"

"It is what you Americans call an accommodation—stops at every station. If we should abandon your car to be found near the railroad, it would be too simple to have the train anticipated by telephone, boarded somewhere between here and New York and the two of us kept so closely watched we would have no chance . . . "

The woman's head described a sign of flat rejection, Lanyard's rueful recognition of an outcome foreseen.

"Impossible, my friend! I couldn't dream of leaving you to shift for yourself."

"But how else?"

"I have a saner scheme. Why not stop here for the night? The inn must have accommodations . . . You see!" Eve cried in laughing triumph, "you are trying to get rid of me when the truth is you need me. Two heads are better than one . . . But why shake yours so dourly?"

"I am afraid of your plan for more reasons than one. Daylight for our return will hardly be the same thing as accident insurance. If you give me my choice, I like darkness better."

"And your other reasons?"

"If I stop here overnight, where I am beyond much doubt under surveillance even now, I remain placed and give Morphew just so much more time to close his net round me. And nothing I know of makes this inn a sanctuary or guarantees the bona fides of the management."

"You don't mean to say you think the people who run this place——"

"I have been taught to trust nobody at times like this. More than that, everybody knows most of these resorts in and about New York that openly flout the Prohibition Amendment are actively in league with if not actually owned by bootlegging interests. I will breathe more comfortably, I promise you, when—and if—we are permitted to go our way unhindered."

"Oh, but surely you exaggerate!"

"Possibly; it's not always a bad fault, by no means so bad as under-exaggeration when one's neck is concerned. However, it can't be long now before we know."

Seeing their waiter approach, Lanyard got up and took Eve's wrap from the back of her chair. But the natural expectation



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of word that the brougham was at the door suffered a blight even before the man spoke, by reason of the odd look with which he saluted Lanyard.

"Excuse me, Mr. Martin," he said with—or instinct was at fault—a tinge of mockery in his supple habit, "the manager's compliments, and he'd be much obliged if you'd step into the office a minute; he'd like to have a word with you."

"Indeed? What does the good man want?"

"If it's all the same to you, sir, it'd be better if you'd kindly talk with the boss."

"About what?"

"Well, sir," the waiter stammered, "I don't want to alarm the lady—something's happened."

Lanyard looked to Eve with lifting brows.

"If you will excuse me——"

"I don't think I will," Eve cheerfully replied, rising. "And I don't in the least mind being alarmed. I'm coming along."

With a formal bow of consent, Lanyard folded the wrap round her shoulders, then threw his coat over his arm and prepared to follow the waiter. But the latter was just then peremptorily hailed by the host of the remaining party with a demand for "the check"; so Lanyard and Eve proceeded to the little office unescorted, to find awaiting them a person of decent manners with an intelligent if at the moment somewhat harassed eye. There had been, he began, an unfortunate accident, he was more sorry than he could say that it had happened in his establishment . . .

"What sort of an accident?" Lanyard cut his apologies short with a touch of asperity.

"If you and your lady don't mind stepping this way, I'll show you . . . "

Ushered out to the night, they were conducted round the corner of the building to the space where, in the chilly glimmer of a belated moon, the brougham stood parked with the other motorcar; and, near the former, two men were stooping over something that rested motionless upon the packed earth, one of them focusing upon it the beam of an electric torch.

Lanyard touched Eve's arm, recommending her to wait aside, and with the manager joined the group round the supine body of their chauffeur.

The man lay in a limp sprawl, his face in that unflattering glare a congested crimson, the mouth slack and drooling, half closed lids showing only the whites of eyes rolled back, stertorous respiration fouling the sweet smell of the night—evidently no worse than dead drunk.

"I just don't know how he worked it to get like this," the manager was protesting. "It's dead against our rules to sell hootch to chauffeurs, and I'll sack the bird responsible for this if I have to bounce the whole staff to get rid of him. But that isn't any comfort to you, I guess."

"None," Lanyard curtly agreed.

"He was all right as long's he was sittin' in the chowfers' dinin' room," the man with the lamp volunteered. "You wouldn't have thought he'd had more'n a couple. But as soon as the cold air hit him he flopped like he'd been crowned. Funny . . . "

"No doubt you find it so."

"The only thing I can suggest, Mr. Martin," the manager put in, Lanyard

thought too eagerly, "is to lend you somebody to drive you back to New York. Ben here's a darn good driver, knows all the roads like a book."

"That's very good of you," Lanyard returned, with a warning eye for Eve. "We'll be glad to make it worth Ben's while, for neither of us can drive or has even a general idea of the roads. But first"—the toe of his boot stirred the body—"we would like to be sure this poor fool will get proper attention. I dare say you can give him a room."

"Of course, sir—and I'll phone for a doctor, if you say, though I don't think that ought to be necessary. This isn't any case of wood alcohol poisoning, there isn't a drop of bad liquor in the house——"

"I'm sure there isn't. All the same, what he had must have been wicked stuff. If you don't mind having him carried indoors, I'll make an examination myself—I have a limited amount of medical knowledge."

"You bet I will . . . "

Directed by the speaker, the underlings, with no noteworthy enthusiasm, surrendered the torch and their leisure, bent to lift the body of the drunkard by the legs and shoulders, and staggering with the weight of that inert lump, made crabwise progress toward the rear entrance to the inn, the manager following with the light while Lanyard turned back to Eve with a suggestion clearly articulated for the benefit of whatever ears might care to hear.

"If you'll make yourself comfortable in the car, madame, I promise I won't keep you waiting long."

"Thank you," Eve equably returned. "I don't mind waiting, and I do want to be sure that poor boy is in no real danger."

Lanyard offered Eve a hand to help her into the car; but the door he unlatched was one that admitted not to the body of the vehicle but to the front seat on the driver's right.

"Quick!" he urged in an undertone, and when Eve was in place, doubled round to the other side of the brougham.

But the manager was not napping. "Here now!" he remonstrated, jolted out of his vocational urbanity as he came running back. "Thought you said you couldn't——"

The moonlight silvered something in his hand which might or might not have been the darkened torch, and which Lanyard could not afford to give the benefit of a doubt. Standing on the running board, without the smallest compunction he planted a foot in the midriff of the manager so forcibly that the latter dropped whatever it was he had been holding and, with a yelp, doubled up.

Immediately settling into place behind the wheel, Lanyard released the emergency brake, with the result that the brougham, standing on a slight downgrade, began to move of its own weight even before he could locate the starting pedal. Muttering a prayer of thankfulness, he meshed the gears in third and swung the car into the downhill road. At the same time the two who had been carrying the chauffeur let their senseless burden drop and started in pursuit. One tripped over some inequality in the ground and plunged to his knees. The other gained the running board in a bound and aimed a blow at Lanyard's head. It went wide, and Lanyard's fist glanced upon the



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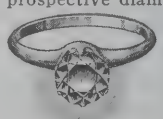
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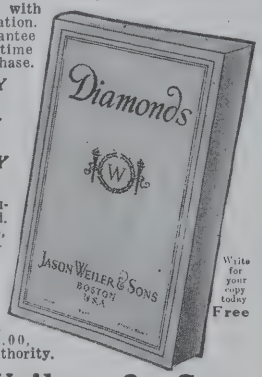
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fellow's jaw with sufficient weight to dislodge him. Beating the air with frantic arms, he disappeared.

Fumbling for the switch with one hand, with the other Lanyard steered for the maw of the road through the woods. For a single instant more the inn, painted with pale lunar phosphorescence, stood out in high relief against its background of blurred forest, while with the tail of his eye Lanyard saw its front door of a sudden release a stream of saffron light. Somebody shouted in profane astonishment, somebody stumbled out upon the veranda and pelted toward the parking space. Then, between two heartbeats, Lanyard solved the secret of headlights and ignition, and the brougham, momentum sharply hastened, swept on into the pillared tunnel through the pines.

At first, hands that hadn't grasped a wheel in years had all they could do to hold the lurching fabric to a sharply declivitous and twisting path. Then the grade grew more moderate, the way less tortuous, and the car, obedient to its brakes, slipped gently past the fiery sign to the highway and turned its nose southwards.

"Well done!" Eve applauded. "Oh, well done!"

"Wait!" Lanyard prayed, with the man in mind who had sprinted from the lighted doorway toward the other car. "Physical fact to the contrary notwithstanding, we're not out of the woods yet."

His toe found the accelerator pedal, the motor responded with a mettlesome snort and a drumming drone that waxed apace, the car clove the night like a frightened cat . . .

After a mile or so of fast going on a road whose wendings required for safe navigation a sure hand and eye, Lanyard felt confidence confirmed in his ability to handle the brougham with fair skill and extract from its motor the best it had to give. And when, before long, a rarely long stretch of straight road made a fair trial feasible, he coaxed the speedometer by degrees up to, then past the mark fifty, without feeling that he was tempting fate.

Toward the end of that dash, Eve, who had been keeping an eye on the road astern, reported it bare of pursuing headlights.

"Do you mean to try for that railroad?" she added.

"No—not now, not since things have turned out as they have."

"I am glad," she told him coolly. "This night is too lovely to be spoiled by traveling in a stuffy train."

"Is it?" he queried in grim humor.

"Do you not find it so, my Michael?"

"I find it damnably dangerous."

"And I find it, danger and all, divine."

But Lanyard drove in an obsession of fatality . . .

The road, a river of oxidized silver threading an upland world of purples and blacks in blended masses and ever and again opening up vistas of long valleys filled with mist like streams of milk, was a gantlet of deadly perils. In the blue bowl of the sky it bleached, the misshapen moon swung from side to side of the devious way like a grinning devil-mask. The vast stillness that dwelt upon the world beneath had brooding effect of beauty holding its breath in dread. Through that somehow abnormal hush the swaying bulk of the brougham bored like

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something wild of eye and mad with fear. The wind had an insane whine its flight created, and the incessant drum of its exhaust, echoing from the hard smooth surfaces it traversed, was reechoed by hills and woods and fields with a rumor as of tom-toms thrumming a bacchanal of death . . .

But to the woman who loved Lanyard it was all divine . . .

Summing up another survey of the road behind, she declared: "There is nothing. You have outwitted and distanced them."

"Have I?"

"Is there more to fear?"

"But everything."

"Even an open road?"

"Who can say what may lie in wait for us round the next bend?"

"What does it matter, so we go to meet it together?"

Neither daring to take his eyes from the streaming road nor knowing how to answer her, Lanyard gave only a groan.

"I fear nothing but to be parted from you. Promise we shall never part."

He could not promise . . .

"Michael!" the heartbreaking voice at his shoulder insisted, "why don't you answer me? Surely you can't still be thinking I will ever let you go?"

He contrived to say, almost explosively: "But I must."

"Ah, no, no, Michael! you couldn't hurt me so."

"Is not tonight enough to prove to you that no man who loved you truly could consent to expose you to such a life? It is my fate to love you too well . . ."

What the woman said to that was lost in the blast of a tire blown out on one of the front wheels. An instantaneous swerve toward a ditch by the roadside all but wrenched the wheel out of control and resulted in a wreck. As it was, frantic work averted disaster by the slenderest of scrapes. With locked brakes the brougham skidded drunkenly and rolled to a halt broadside to a bluff over across from the ditch.

With amazing self-command, Lanyard suffered never a syllable of a seething vocabulary to escape his lips as he unlatched the door and leaped down. An instant later Eve on her side alighted and came round to join him. Together they contemplated in silence the ruptured tire and the two good spares locked in their rack—and the key in the pocket of a chauffeur sleeping off his drink in the Inn of the Green Woods, fifteen miles or more away!

From contemplation of this bad business Lanyard turned to consider their position, and found it equally bad. The car stood as far off the road as it could be, but nevertheless somewhat blocking its narrow width, on the waist of an *S* bend, with a hillside blinding the approach on one hand, a wilderness of young forest on the other. And even as the thought formed that it would be well to move on at once, headlights illuminated the curve ahead, then swung into view, and a car coming from the direction of New York bore down at nothing less than forty miles an hour.

Lanyard had barely time to catch Eve by the arm and drag her out of its path, a maneuver which took them both to the side of the road bordered by the ditch.



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Simultaneously the bellow of an unmuffled exhaust told of the approach of another car from the opposite direction. When Lanyard first saw it, it was less than a hundred feet distant, moving at a terrific rate—and running without lights!

So that was why Eve had been able to detect no sign of pursuit . . .

The first car, forced by the stationary brougham to sheer to the wrong side of the road, loosed upon the night a blare of frenzy. Through this penetrated Eve's wail of terror. Lanyard swung to her like a maniac, seized the woman and, exerting every ounce of the strength that was in him, caught her up bodily and flung her off the road, into the ditch.

Too late to save himself . . .

The moon, reeling in its blanched blue field, was a scimitar of white flame. It swooped down through the firmament as might the wrath of God. The world like a bomb exploded beneath his feet; a quivering mass of agony, he was hurled far and far into an everlasting abyss of night impenetrable . . .

Among all of COSMOPOLITAN'S *many readers, we do not believe there is one who could guess the outcome of Lanyard's accident. Try it, and then read the next instalment.*

Isabel

(*Continued from page 64*)

drinking. Any girl who was able to take care of herself had a perfect right to drive till sunrise. Indeed, Isabel knew lots of girls who, if they did not motor all night after dances, certainly motored an hour or two. All these things they said, or rather Isabel said, again and again. And yet on those occasions they always planned it that General Valentine should think that Amy was staying with the Halls and that Miss Hall should think Isabel was staying with the Valentines.

Of all her men Amy seemed to like Jerry Kitchen the best . . . But in reality, Isabel knew, Amy liked much better—oh, very much better—a certain Charles Darrow . . . Indeed, Amy had been engaged to Charles in Paris. Amy had regretted the engagement, she said; had provoked a quarrel; broken with Charles; come home. Isabel had never met Charles—Amy called him Chas—but she felt as though she knew him; Amy talked so much about him. Every few days, indeed, Amy told her all over again the whole story of the engagement; proved conclusively that Chas was in the wrong. Whenever, in their drives, Isabel caught fragments of conversation between Amy and Jerry in the front seat, it always seemed to be about Chas . . . Chas was still in Paris . . . Jerry was jealous of Chas.

Amy's gleaming big black car slid over the gauzy, starlit horizon while still Isabel was not a great distance from the house; came to a velvety stop at the side of the road; and both Bid and Jerry leaped out. Jerry stood by the car at attention, but Bid walked to meet her.

They certainly had class, those two men, Isabel reflected. And Bid looked as fresh as though he had just shaved and bathed. But as ever, when she first met Bid, a shiver of repulsion caught Isabel—she wondered what so attracted her in his murky, sullen, wettish face with its shock of black hair and the yellow-green eyes. His nose, broken in football, creased in the middle. But even as she wondered, he took her hand in his warm, close, tingling clasp; drew her to the car step.

The repulsion instantly disappeared. As instantly the attraction which his proximity inevitably exerted set up within her its feverish unrest . . . And as she contemplated the picture—Amy indolently motionless at the wheel, so dazzling in her black furs; with her calm, "Greetings, you wild woman!" Jerry's pictorial, coppery handsomeness—a kind of joy-in-life thrilled her, shook her, sent to her cheeks a mad rush of blood which cast the rouge like a floating film to the surface of its melted, rose-velvet flood. Jerry produced a silver flask; poured into the silver cup-like top a foaming liquid; pleasantly assuring her as he passed it that another little drink wouldn't do her any harm.

"We saved you a div," Jerry declared as she started to hand the silver cup back to him; and he filled it again. Then Bid helped her into the back seat; piled rugs about her, and they were off. Bid outlined the plans for the evening. At the Three Cities for dinner and dancing; and then over to Marm Willoughby's for supper. "After that we'll see—if you want to drive the rest of the night, we can go to the city for breakfast——"

The cocktails had entirely dissipated Isabel's fatigue. Their pungency seemed to gloat back and forth through a sudden exhilaration, sparkling and coloring it. And yet she felt a celestial languor—already she was floating beyond these marvelously bright stars.

"Marm Willoughby's," she murmured slowly. "At last you're making good on that Marm Willoughby proposition. I'd almost begun to believe she was a myth."

"Yes. Marm Willoughby's. Marm Willoughby's a great friend of mine and when I say go—— It's going to be one gay, glad night, Isabel. Am I not right, Jerry? One glad, gay night."

"Surest thing you know!" Jerry promptly reenforced Bid from his front seat. "One glad, gay night!"

Both men laughed tumultuously.

Under the fur rug Bid's hand found Isabel's; grasped it tighter and tighter until she made a little gasp of remonstrance. Bid was always hurting her a little. Once she nearly fainted when he pressed her too close. And mischief with him always took the form of pinching her.

In front, as usual, although Jerry was already engagingly silly, Amy was her calm self. Isabel had never seen anybody like Amy. No matter what she drank, her delicate blondeness was never staled, her exquisite lucidity never blurred. "Me," Isabel often said contemptuously of herself, "one thimbleful—and I'm ready to sob out my troubles on anybody's shoulder." She hated herself as she recalled her actions



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afterwards; "giggling and screaming," she put it. But she always comforted herself by the thought that it was those very high spirits which made her an addition to any such party.

She was not giggling and screaming now. That stage would come later, probably when Bid produced a second flask. Then last of all when Amy brought forth the great double thermos which she always loaded up. Well, *then*, Isabel knew, she was likely to do any insane thing. It egged her on, of course—the knowledge that the other three enjoyed these mad pranks. Now, however, she rested quiescent at the heart of her dream. And it pleased Bid tonight to let her stay there. Ordinarily he tormented her during this early *exaltée* period until her vision was torn to ribbons by her own screaming remonstrances. Into this dream floated a dialogue from the front seat.

"Yes—but I won't tell you!" Jerry remarked in the pleasantest of voices.

"You don't mean that!" came Amy's coaxing tone.

"Sure—won't?" she asked again.

"Nope!"

"Jerry-boy, tell me!"

"No *sir!*"

"Jerry——" A pause. A faint feather of sound. Amy was pressing her lips to Jerry's, Isabel conjectured.

"No! But I like the bribe."

Amy's voice, pettish, "I know it won't interest me."

"Won't it? If you knew what I knew about Chas, I bet you wouldn't be here." Mischief and triumph struggled in Jerry's laugh.

Came Amy's most velvety-silver tone; her blandest accent:

"You bore me talking so much about Chas."

Then Bid pinched Isabel and she squealed.

They passed what Isabel considered a wonderful evening at the Three Cities. The Three Cities was a big road house at the fork of three roads. One road led to the metropolis, the other two to cities of minor importance. Most of the widely piazzaed lower floor was dining room, glassy dancing space. From one vined and latticed corner a group of uniformed negroes poured a flood of jazz into the warm stale air.

The food was delicious, and expensive. The dancing crowd was a heterogeneous miscellany; passing tourists; clerks from the city with their girls; a few country sports; a party here and there of four or eight, really smart.

At first Bid and Jerry alternated partners. But as the evening wore on, Jerry danced solely with Amy, and Bid only with Isabel. Isabel loved to dance with Bid. She could adapt her step to any man's; but Bid was a perfect height for her; their dancing rhythms were the same. Isabel was fluid; she danced with her entire body. Amy was a beautiful dancer, too; but she did not lend herself so moldingly to her partner as Isabel. "Amy's too much of a lady," Isabel humbly expressed the difference to herself.

As Bid had promised, it proved to be one glad, gay night. Each of the men had two flasks; and at intervals between dancing they all retired to the automobile for these refreshments. They had not touched Amy's reserve when twelve o'clock came and the music stopped.

"Zowie, that air's good!" said Isabel as Amy noiselessly maneuvered the car out from the wriggling, fuming mass of black crustaceans which surrounded the Three Cities. "Drive round a little, Amy, will you, before we go to Marm Willoughby's? Aren't you dizzy yourself?"

But Amy's joyous laughter, thrilling the starry night, proved her clear-headedness. "We'll fix you, young woman!" Jerry, a little thickly, threatened Amy. "The cure for that superiority is the hair of the dog that bit you. And another little drink won't do you any harm. Stop the boat, Amy!"

With a second challenging ripple of laughter, Amy brought the car to a gliding quiet. They sat talking . . . drinking . . . laughing . . . and drinking again . . . To Isabel the stars floated back and forth as though colossal sidereal tides were bringing into harbor the silver flotsam of all space . . .

It was nearly two when they reached Marm Willoughby's. The high, rectangular, tree-shrouded house, set far back from the road, showed but a single guiding light as they entered. In the blaze from a late moon the road seemed to coil about the grounds like a serpent of brassy silver. Amy let Isabel and Bid out at the front steps; parked the car at the back; returned with Jerry.

A negro servant let them in. Marm Willoughby, he explained, was not at home; called away by sickness in the family; but there was a supper laid out for the party, and he himself would serve it. He had a message from Marm Willoughby. "You is the only party has made resahvations. Mistah Kitching is to understan' that the house is his."

"Marm Willoughby's!" Isabel looked curiously about her. Why, it was not at all what she had anticipated. Well, what had she expected? A regular dining hall with a dance hall, crowded with gay people? No, not that exactly! And yet not this. She had never seen a place like this. Rifts of clear space broke in the haze of her thinking. But, after all, wasn't it like any modest summer home?

Downstairs was apparently but a four room floor; the square hall into which they entered; the parlor in which they stood; dining room; kitchen. But how ugly they were in proportion, how high-ceiled; and all those high, gaunt doors, painted rose color . . . All the pennants and calendars and silly bric-a-brac could not take away a look of coldness. Isabel's weaving memory brought back a picture, as they turned into the grounds, of a series of outhouses extending back under the shine of the stars. And a more weaving conjecture guessed that the upstairs would be four more rooms . . . Marm Willoughby—why, she remembered now that Bid had told her this—accommodated *small* parties. That had sounded interesting, exciting when Bid explained it. But somehow now it seemed strange . . . sordid . . .

The dinner was served—it began with the most delicious *hors d'œuvres* that Isabel had ever seen. That feeling of strangeness wore away as they talked and laughed. Suddenly Isabel observed that the waiter had gone. In fact he must have disappeared before the close of the dinner, because they did not eat the courses one

ht after another. There were interrupt- drinks and more drinks and more inks. They found themselves at inter- ls in the parlor . . . Jerry pounding on e piano while in her brittle, sweet voice— w voluptuous, though, was her rich ench accent—Amy sang some of the ngs she had picked up in France. Jerry d Bid laughed immoderately at these llads. There was more food . . . lad . . . drinks . . . more singing . . ices . . . coffee . . . drinks . . And then they were sliding down the gh banister that railed the broad stair- y. It was—because the place was so normally high-ceiled—long enough to ve them a real ride . . . More drinks d then upstairs . . .

Not four rooms there at all . . . only ree . . . but a big hall and in front a ing room furnished quite prettily; a nter table; a maple desk; wicker chairs . . Jerry banged his head against the ephone box and they all sat down on the or and laughed. Beyond this living om Isabel glimpsed through the door a amber with white painted furniture . . opening out of it, a bathroom.

More drinks . . . torpor . . .

Voices . . . quarreling voices . . . miliar voices, though . . . A row near, ry near. Yet Bid, sitting across the om from her, paid no attention. Isabel tened, languidly interested. Then in- nsely interested . . . She knew who ey were. Why, of course . . . Amy d Jerry . . . Amy and Jerry had gone t into the hall to talk . . . Amy had sed the door so that she would not hear. In Amy's raised voice. "Tell me, Jerry, here Chas is. Tell me!"

"Nossir!"

"Tell me, angel Jerry, and Amy will give u one sweet little kiss."

"Nossir!"

"You dev—tell me . . . is he on the ean?"

Jerry hiccoughed a laugh. "No!"

"You tell me! Tell me or I'll walk right t of this place."

"He's zere."

"Where?"

"Nyork!"

"What hotel?"

"No 'tel! Z'eez driving down tonight ter zeatre—zee you."

"He's driving down tonight to Belaize . . to see me. Is that right?"

"Yez."

Complete silence out in the hall from rry; complete silence from Amy; Jerry nging his favorite song—the aviation clas- c: "The higher she goes, the harder she lls." The rush of Amy's footstep. A nock on the door. Why did Amy knock? id rushed, swaying, to open to her. But, ith his hand on the knob, he paused, eld by the shrill imperativeness of Amy's oice.

"Isabel! Isabel! I've got to go home— *once*. Do you understand—at once! ill you stay here or will you come with e?"

How surprising that Amy's voice, which as so near when she talked with Jerry out here, should come from so long a distance the very door. From a distance, equally r in the other direction, Isabel had to ull an answer.

"I'll go with you of course, Amy."

Isabel rose from the footstool where she und she had been sitting. But Bid



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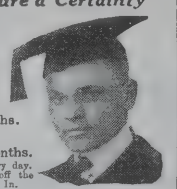
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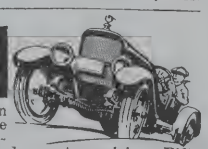
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suddenly bent over, locked the door and removed the key. "No, you're not going," he said cunningly.

Confusion.

"Why Bid, what do you mean? Of course I'm going. I can't stay here with you alone! I've got to leave with Amy. Unlock the door, Bid!"

"No you don't, Isabel! You're going to stay here with me!"

"Bid! What are you talking about? Bid, give me the key."

"Hurry, Isabel! Hurry! For heaven's sake, hurry!"

"I can't get him to give me the key, Amy. He doesn't know what he's doing!"

"'The higher she goes, the harder she falls!'"

"Give her the key, Bid!"

"Give me the key, Bid. You give me . . ."

"No—can't have the key!"

"Hurry, Isabel, I can't wait!"

"I *am* hurrying, Amy! but he won't . . . for God's sake, give me that key, Bid!"

"Nope, can't have key!"

"'The higher she goes . . .'"

"Key . . . key . . . give me . . ."

"Hurry . . . hurry . . . I can't wait any longer Isabel!"

"'——harder she falls!'"

"Bid, I tell you give me that key or . . ."

"I'm through . . . I'm going."

"For heaven's sake, Amy, wait . . . don't leave me alone . . . for God's sake, Amy . . . Amy!"

A motor whirring below.

"Bid . . . the key . . . Bid . . . Amy . . . the key . . . oh, Amy . . . Bid . . . Jerry, help me!"

"'The higher . . .'"

"Amy . . . *Amy!*"

Silence.

Bid walked to the window, opened it. He laughed mischievously as he dropped the key outside. He spread his hand open, palm toward her, like a prestidigitator on the stage, to show her it was empty. In the hall, Jerry ceasing suddenly to sing.

Isabel walked past Bid to the window, glanced out. Too high a drop. She sat down in front of the desk. Flashes, lightning-swift, were driving back and forth through her head. Her mind was sizzling and spluttering like the electric wire over a stalled street car; yet she caught a glimpse of something every time a flash came. . .

She was in as perilous a situation as any girl could be . . . no help anywhere . . . the negro was gone . . . Jerry was in a drunken stupor . . . Bid was drunk and he would be drunker . . . she must get out of it somehow . . . Amy had deserted her . . . In Bid's condition she might be kept there late into tomorrow . . .

Flash!

Why, Amy was a rotter . . . Amy was . . . why, of course . . . Amy was bad . . . she was not like Amy . . . not bad . . . only—wayward . . that was all . . . not bad . . . wayward . . . only wayward . . .

Flash!

Why, she was a wayward girl . . . a wayward girl like Della Eff . . . and the long line of Della's predecessors . . . wayward . . . locked in a road house with a drunk . . . Mathilda Hall's niece was wayward . . .

Flash!

Amy was a snob . . . Amy had just been using her . . . Amy had, on her return from Paris, needed a companion . . . somebody not in her own set . . . who wouldn't tell . . .

Flash!

Dropping the Belaize girls, one by one! . . . the Belaize girls had dropped Amy . . . just as . . . just as . . .

Flash!

Just as the Little Finger girls had dropped Isabel . . .

Flash!

Of course Amy was in love with Chas . . . Chas had broken the engagement . . . Amy would do anything to get him back . . . Amy was perfectly willing to risk their friendship to get home before Chas discovered that Amy was not at Miss Hall's house . . . And Amy—trust her—*would* get home in time . . . she would make up with Chas . . . Amy had abandoned her to . . . Amy had money and social position . . . And clever . . . Chas would never know . . . Amy could wriggle out of any situation . . . but she'd leave a friend stranded in the mud . . . a wayward girl like Della Eff . . .

A stir behind her. Bid wobbled over to the desk; stood swaying there beside her. Her thoughts kept up their flashing.

A wayward girl . . . like Della Eff . . . She'd need every atom of the ingenuity she'd learned from Amy . . . Della Eff!

An idea came to her. The telephone! If she could only get Bid out of the room . . .

"Bid, dear," she said in an accent as clear and precise as Amy's, "there seems to be a bathroom here. Don't you think you'd better take a cold bath? It'll fix you up."

Bid nodded with a solemn understanding.

"Co'd ba'd fizz me up!" he repeated intelligently.

She listened to Bid lunging through the bedroom into the bathroom . . . heard water running there.

She pulled the receiver off the telephone. She breathed a number into it. Ringing! Long ringing! Prolonged . . . everlasting . . . eternal . . . ringing! Oh, thank God . . . a voice.

"Della, speak low and quick—did I wake Auntie?"

"No!"

"Della, I'm in awful trouble—awful! Don't let her know. Call Wood Vining at the number he gave you this morning. You wrote it on the pad. Tell him to get a machine and come after me at once. I'm at Marm Willoughby's. The third house at the right on the Lathrop Road out of Norbury. The door's locked. I can't get out. Tell him the key to the room I'm in is on the grass under the lighted window. Say it all after me, Della . . . That's right! Work quick, Della!"

Bid swayed back into the anteroom. "Tub won't fil'lup!" he announced tragically. Isabel followed him into the bathroom. The tub was empty.

"You forgot to put the plug in," she said.

He bent to the plug; turned on the water again. Isabel straightened him up as, losing his balance, he started to fall into the tub. Stealthily Isabel looked for a key to the bathroom door. There was none. The faucet released a needle-fine

am. She calculated it would take
en minutes to fill the tub. She stood
ing, coquetting, fluttering about him.
een minutes of that, and . . . sur-
itiously she pulled out the plug . . .
ater's gone again!" Bid murmured
y when he discovered it. For the third
e he turned on the needle stream . . .
down on a small white painted stool
. His head lolled . . .
. distant hum . . .
id's eyes were glassy. The hum came
rer . . . and nearer.
abel stole into the other room.
he opened the window. A flivver
ed into the drive. "Oh, thank God—
od! But no—*Della Eff!*"
ella alighted; came running round to
side of the house; nodded, silent, up-
ds; instantly plucked the key from the
s as though led to it by magic. She
ppeared in the direction of the back of
house. Could she get in? Isabel
rd the rattle of windows . . . a foot-
on the stairs. The key turned in the
. The door opened. There came
sound of a fall from the bathroom.
Where is he?" Della surprisingly asked.
as surprisingly added: "I stepped over
of them out there in the hall."
abel pointed.
ella went into the bathroom with as
inesslike an air as though she were buy-
sugar. No sound came from Bid.
He's passed out!" Della calmly called.
fter a long interval Della returned. "I
his collar and coat and shoes off," she
. simply, "and put him to bed. You'd
er smooth your hair."
. little later they were in the flivver.
el held a corner of Della Eff's coat.
I tried to get Vining," Della was ex-
ning after a while, "but I couldn't.
e old dope answered the phone. He
dn't hear me and I couldn't get any-
g outta him. Of course I hadda be
y and he was half asleep. So I see I'd
a come after you myself. I left a note
ase your Auntie waked up—saying you
phoned and asked me to come after
as you didn't feel well."
he paused; but it was only a pause.
was, Isabel knew, going on. Isabel
ed herself to accept a lecture from
la Eff. But she would endure it . . .
humbly . . . all the rest of her life
would take anything from Della.
inally Della spoke. Dispassionately

They're awful hard to manage when
're drunk. You hafta have the
ck." Then sympathetically but with a
t quality of the vindicated prophet:
at Valentine girl turned out just
way I know she would; getting you
this and then beating it. She's a
er—I got that the first instant I seen
"

he last carelessly: "I made the old
e that came to the phone understand
thing. I told him to tell that Vining
w you'd like to have him call tomorrow
ning."

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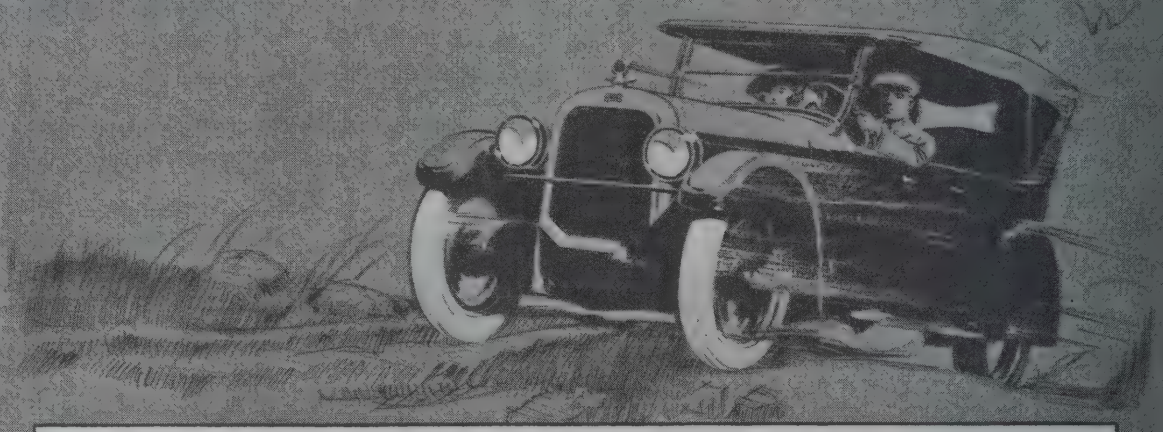
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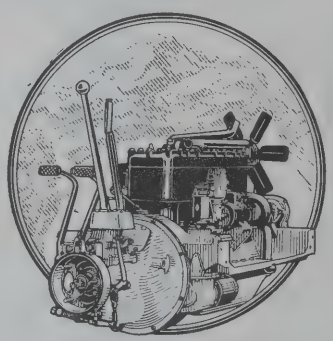
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COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

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Never The Twain Shall Meet

A Novel by PETER B. KYNE

With illustrations by DEAN CORNWELL

You know what a treat that means

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COSMOPOLITAN
JUNE
1923

The Law and the Prophets

by S. E. KISER

I MAY not tell you how you cause
The day to brighten when we meet;
I must obey the man-made laws
That bid me to remain discreet;
I have no right to let you guess
That I observe your loveliness,
For Fate's a tyrant, Chance a cheat.

BECAUSE, one day, you stood before
A preacher who, perhaps, was old
And far past loving any more,
My love for you must not be told;
I must be careful to impart
No word that might delight your heart,
My look must be reserved and cold.

AND you must not, by word or sign,
Disclose the secret that you guard;
The joy that might be yours and mine,
Remember, is forever barred,
For this, they say, is Heaven's decree:
What's done is done, and was to be!
The sacred scroll must not be marred.

WE might rebel, and ask them how,
If Heaven directs and sanctifies,
Our ways diverged so far till now,
And why, when bound by irksome ties,
We are allowed to meet, too late—
Why, after we are tricked by Fate,
We both may see, with opened eyes.

AH, but I must not touch your hand
Nor speak the sweet, forbidden word;
I must not let you understand
When your heart calls that mine has heard;
Our souls must starve, lest we displease
Those who interpret Heaven's decrees
And think them holy, though absurd.

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The AMAZING
of Lazy Men *Who*
By GEORGE

LET us now turn our attention to the re frainers. Meaning that vast total of wel meaning neighbors who believe that virtue consists of side-stepping and ducking.

They are the ones who have caused icicles to form above the portals of many a church. Why? Because their manner tells us that the consolations of religion are intended only for people already saved.

If you could read the mind of a first class re-frainer, you might discover that his declaration of faith ran about as follows:

"I do not cuss and swear. I do not play poker for money. I do not have liquor in the house. I do not stay away from church unless I have a cold in the head. I do not joy-ride, or encourage all night dancing, or tell blue stories, or shoot craps. Therefore my ticket to Heaven is punched along the margin and stamped on the back and my salvation is a cinch."

He is sincere. The refrainers, as a class, believe that they are going to be rewarded and live in the midst of light and music throughout eternity, while the non-refrainers are going to lie on hot griddles and keep ringing for ice water that never comes.

Each day the refrainers are puzzled and shocked to observe that profane poker players who crave cocktails and have no sectarian affiliations are popular in their home towns, beloved by their associates, honored by the Rotarians — even elected to office.

So the refrainers decide that humanity is on the down grade and headed for the smoke pits. They feel that vice is being publicly endorsed because persons who have cultivated a few well known vices are greeted with smiles and handshakes, while prominent refrainers walk alone under the weeping willows.

Of course they are wrong. Poker players would not vote to legalize gambling. Our most proficient blasphemers punish the children for repeating bad

POPULARITY DRINK *and* LIE ADE

Illustrations by
Rea Irvin

ords learned in the alley. A very recent marvel as been the upholding of the Eighteenth Amendent, verbally, by thousands of persons who are ot offended by an invitation to drink.

Minor commandments may be violated in a holesale manner, but the violations are never pproved by formal vote.

Frailties and lapses are quite generally tolerated ecause they seem to be the trade-marks of our ommon brotherhood.

"Lightnin' Bill" Jones and Rip Van Winkle ave been the most popular stage characters of ne last half-century. Both of them were lazy rinking men who neglected their families, lied o their wives and invented lame excuses for their wn moral delinquencies. They have been beoved because they were gentle, charitable, sincere nd sympathetic—always pulling to make somene else happy.

Robin Hood is still approved by the public, ven if he did steal from the rich to give to the oor. He is not applauded because he stole but ecause he showered his yellow pieces where they ould do the most good.

The refrainers can get some wonderful tips from ightnin' and Rip and Robin. They need not ide their bottles, or become loafers or hold up ravelers on the highway, but they might arise ach morning all tuned up to make existence a ttle less annoying to all within reach.

The idea is to lay *on* instead of merely laying *off!*

This is no slam at the churches but merely a rief clinic on a minority of church members nown as refrainers. If they will get in line with ne progressive majority and learn that the new eligion includes basket ball, playgrounds, flower ardens, orchestral music, nurses for the sick, ork for the unemployed, charity for those who ub their toes, "Welcome" instead of "Verboten" on every signboard—they may, in time, ecome just as popular as their wickedest eighbors.



KATHLEEN NORRI

takes great pleasure in inviting you to mee

THE MURPHYS OF MAY

and their friends, includin

MA

CALLAHAN



Lizzie-Kate

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

These Lovable Folks are all Present at

Ellen's Luncheon

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg



Ellen

"I KIND of think I let you in for something, Lizzie-Kate," Ellen Murphy said dubiously.

Her sister, wringing with lean, brown, toil-marked young hands an incredible number of steaming squares of heavy cotton, smiled gallantly over her "set tubs."

"Well, I don't suppose it'll kill me to have two or three ladies come in for lunch," she said reassuringly. "Mama'll come over and help with the children——"

"Here's the way it was," Ellen interrupted eagerly, as her sister paused.

Ellen worked in the office of Beatty & Bird in New York, and made the nine mile trip every day from the shabby suburb where she and her sister lived.

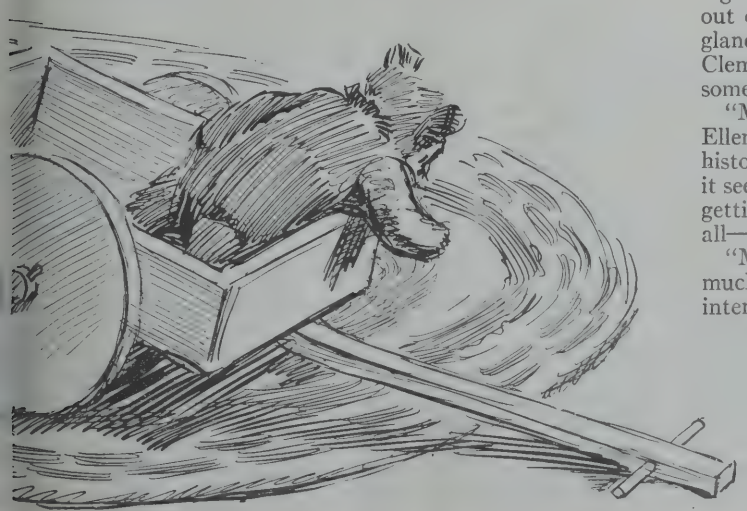
"It's Miss Brice, you know," she said. "She's head of the mail order department, and Miss Carter—Isabelle Carter, who is the president's confidential secretary, and Miss Carter's sister, she's with Boller and Company, and one other—a friend of Miss Brice's—that's four. And you see they have to come down here to that Chase wedding, we're all asked at half-past two, and there's no train between the eleven o'clock and the two o'clock. Miss Brice was talking to Miss Carter about it in our office, and Miss Carter asked me if there was a decent restaurant down here where they could get their lunch. Well, you know——"

Ellen interrupted herself eloquently. Then she went on:

"There's the Eyetalian place, where they smear tomato sauce on everything from the waffles to the ice cream, and there's the bakery, with that lemon pie in the window that Mart says looks as if the hand of death was on it, and those rolls with the fly specks——"

"Oh, it's terrible!" conceded Lizzie-Kate, in another pause. "You'd wonder they wouldn't have a good hotel down here, or a restaurant anyway," she mused, her wringing now finished. She began to stretch the squares with hard flaps, holding them by the corners.

"God in His Goodness be good to us all!" she ejaculated under her breath, dropping upon her knees before her first-born,



Flurry, who was staggering about the kitchen with a tin cart at his draggled little heels. "Open your mouth——" directed Lizzie-Kate sternly, exploring with an expert finger. "You bad, wicked boy, you!" she said, wiping his tear-streaming face with a corner of her apron, and rising to pursue instantly her employment and her conversation unruffled. "I wouldn't have to have much lunch for them," she said, of the wedding guests. "Some ham and some cake—and tea——"

"Oh, that'd be oceans!" Ellen assured her. "Maybe mama would make us her maple marshmallow cake," she added, with a rising inflection. For Mrs. Murphy's touch, with this delicacy, was unexcelled.

This question was presently answered in the affirmative by the lachrymose Mrs. Murphy herself, whose dingy weeds and spotted, colorless face now made their appearance at the kitchen door. Lizzie-Kate and her husband Joe Kane lived several blocks from her mother's shanty, and Ellen lived with them because it was nearer the trains. She had to report that she had stopped at Kate Oliver's, and that Bernadette looked as if she was sickening for something, and that she had met Minnie Cullinan, who said Ag was three months along.

Ellen and Lizzie-Kate kissed their mother affectionately, and Flurry was persuaded, under bribery, to submit his loose, soft, cool baby lips to her hard old ones.

"Minnie say anything about being engaged to Harry Casey?" Ellen asked, interested in the love affair.

"Aggie three months along again—my God!" Lizzie-Kate mused, interested in another young mother's problem.

"Poor girl!" her mother said, sighing. "Here she is with a man that'd pick a quarrel with his own guardian angel if he could see him, and another young one coming! You'd wonder a girl like Minnie Cullinan wouldn't have the good sense to keep out of getting married!" she finished darkly, with a significant glance in the direction of Ellen, whose preference for Mr. Clement A. Riordan was just now giving her mother and sisters some concern.

"Maybe I'm the kind that would never have a young one!" Ellen said shamelessly and blithely. "I was reading Immelda's history with her, the night I stayed at Jule's," she added, "and it seems there was a queen—and mind you, she was everlastingly getting up an excitement—but she never had any child at all——"

"Maybe she was one of them Produstunts—you couldn't expect much blessing on them!" Mrs. Murphy interpolated, with passing interest.

"She was a good Catholic," countered Ellen.

"Oh, well! then it was a trile God sent her," Mrs. Murphy decided contentedly. "And God only knows what He'll send *you*, Ellen," she added warningly to her latest born, "if you talk so free about what's none of your business, an unmarried girl like you! Me own cousin Jule Daly—that I named your sister for—wasn't she married a year, and took sick and all—and she says 'I don't know what's

the matter with me!' and the child screechin' in the room——"

Even the sober Lizzie-Kate's handsome young face twitched into an incredulous smile at this, and Ellen laid her mahogany head upon the table and laughed silently but frankly. Mrs. Murphy glanced from one to the other with slit-like, faded old eyes full of bewilderment and suspicion.

"Very good," she said, "go your ways—and make a mock of your mother——"

She entered upon an embittered silence, when both Lizzie-Kate and Ellen, repentant, appeased and caressed her. Ellen presently introduced the subject of the luncheon, and the maple nut marshmallow cake.

Mrs. Murphy received the suggestion unenthusiastically; she pursed her mouth, widened her eyes and began to blink rapidly. Her gaze was fixed on space.

"You could make it, couldn't you, mom?" coaxed Ellen.

Her mother sighed.

"Well, I suppose I could, if I could get the eggs off Daisy Lennon," she admitted. "Me stove's gone back on me," added Mrs. Murphy pathetically. "Didn't I try to make Mart a custard last night, and the whole of it as pale as milk, with soot on it? I had the man there cleaning the best of the morning."

"Dear, dear!" Lizzie-Kate murmured sympathetically, removing Flurry's churning fists from the lard tin. "Well, if you can't bake, mama," she said comfortingly, "I'll make some of my walnut drop cookies. Joe's always glad when I get round to them."

Mrs. Murphy sniffed wetly.

"I don't know why you wouldn't rather have my cake than yours, Lizzie-Kate," she said disconsolately. "I don't know what's come over the ger'rls nowadays," she went on perversely, "the way they'd set invited company down to a lot of cookies—that you'd give children anny day of the week, and they coming home with their schoolbooks from school! Why don't you buy them a ham sandridge off the delicatessen, the way the Polacks do, and call that their lunch?" she demanded scornfully.

"What else would you have, mama?" Lizzie-Kate diverged diplomatically. She was expert in handling her pessimistic mother, or indeed anyone else in her group. Lizzie-Kate was thirty-two; her environment and education had always been of the plainest; she was a trifle too freckled, too pale and too worn for beauty.

She had stepped to the bedroom to get the baby, and had returned, and was seated, with the delicious, damp, wakeful, ringlet-crowned little lump of humanity that was Joe Kane, Junior, in her arms. Everything about her, especially now, when his fat fist beat her flat breasts, and her big, lean figure was bent about the baby, expressed the humble service of poverty and love. Lizzie-Kate would never see her name in print, would live and die, perhaps, in this cheap, two story wooden house; but the older women of her circle said that she was one of God's saints.

Lizzie-Kate had kept peace and harmony between her brothers and sisters years ago, between her dismal mother and her noisy, gay, intemperate father, between the neighbors. She loaned Ellen her new umbrella, and gave Joe the entire tenderloin, and got up noiselessly in the cold nights to give Flurry his cough medicine, and rejoiced and exulted the while as if these were rare privileges.

Her first thought upon hearing of any trouble, however remote from the sphere of her own responsibility, was eagerness to take her share of it—more than her share. "I'll take the children—I'll go in and set with her—I'll send over some soup——" said Lizzie-Kate. And when her husband or mother occasionally suggested that with two roistering babies and a family of five to cook and sweep and wash and slave for, she was already sufficiently employed, Lizzie-Kate was almost shocked by their consideration.

"You'll have me spoiled—the lot of you!" she said.

The family took her for granted. Mrs. Murphy knew now that Lizzie-Kate would presently ask her to come over, on the day before the luncheon, and make the famous cake in Lizzie-Kate's own fine new stove.

Ellen knew that Lizzie-Kate would somehow dispose of the babies, and have the house sweet and quiet, and give her friends a delightful meal.

Mrs. Callahan, who presently came in with her big handsome face flushed from the early summer heat and rings of sloe-black hair plastered upon her forehead under her bonnet, was sure of Lizzie-Kate, too. She wanted Lizzie-Kate to suggest some "talent" for an approaching fair, and Lizzie-Kate was full of suggestions and ideas. This settled, Mrs. Callahan was interested in the luncheon party.



"I'd hate to have mama slaving for my friends, but if you



think it isn't too much ——" said Ellen. "I don't think it would do her no hurt," said Mrs. Callahan.

"Why don't you let me come over and fry you some chickens?" she asked. "There's nothing in the world I'd like better. It's Saturday, is it? And Mary's taking all the children into town, for shoes."

"I was thinkin' I'd run in and stuff some potatoes—it's very montonious for me now, what with Mart away all day," Mrs. Murphy added.

"All of you come!" Lizzie-Kate said cordially. "We'll not have much fuss. But there's the chicken and the cake and a salad——" She looked at Ellen interrogatively. "A salad?" she asked.

Ellen had been listening to the rapidly maturing plans with some inward dissatisfaction. She had asked these superior women from the office to an informal luncheon—it would be "fierce," thought Ellen, to have mama and Mrs. Callahan and Lizzie-Kate and the babies screaming and banging and laughing and gossiping in the kitchen, during the meal hour. The Kane house was so constructed that even whispers and smothered laughter and carefully lightened footsteps in the kitchen would easily penetrate into the dining room.

"Help!" said Ellen. "You'd think it was a wedding. Give 'em some spareribs like you had last night, mama, and let it go at that!"

"Listen to that!" Mrs. Murphy said, under her breath, in utter despair and contempt.

"Oh, Ellen, dear, you want it nice for them!" her sister exclaimed. Even the temperate Mrs. Callahan said reproachfully:

"You couldn't sit your friends down to spareribs, Ellen. I never heard the like of that in all my days. Why, at home even we'd kill a little pig, or maybe a goose, and have the lovely gooseberry jam that'd go with it, and maybe hot potato cake with the rich yeller butter melting out of it——"

"But Mrs. Callahan—but Mrs. Callahan——" Ellen protested eagerly. "These are just some of the girls from the office, that go out every day and have a cream cheese sandwich and a cup of cocoa, maybe! They won't expect much——"

"They'll get it then," Mrs. Murphy said grimly. "The least you could give them is a fowl—or maybe a young turkey——"

"Mama, for heaven's sake! Who ever heard of a turkey in June? You'd have them all laid out! They're on their way to a

wedding anyway—Miss Chase, who was in the office so long. And they'll get scads of food there——"

"Why not lobster salad, and then the chicken with stuffed potatoes and new peas and maybe asparagus, and hot rolls, and a few things like celery and jelly——" Lizzie-Kate was beginning, when Ellen again interrupted:

"Because I'd like it to be kind of—well, careless," she pleaded, with some hesitation. "You know, as if it was left over—as if it was just what we'd have anyway. I just said to them, 'Well, if you're down our way, there's no decent restaurant, so why don't you just come in and have a cup of tea with my sister and I?' I thought," added Ellen, after an imperceptible pause of faint doubt over the last pronoun, "I thought—remember last Saturday you had such good macaroni, heated up, and two fish balls left, and an omelette?"

"Well, I couldn't give them the leavings of a fish dinner!" Lizzie-Kate said, scandalized.

"As far as that goes," said Mrs. Callahan sensibly, "it's no more trouble to cook one kind of dinner than another. Leave it to Lizzie-Kate, dear, and you'll have enough and plenty, and better food than they get in restaurants, whether it's grand enough for your friends or not!"

They *wouldn't* understand her. Ellen made another effort.

"I'd feel terrible if mama and Mrs. Callahan and everybody was slaving around in the kitchen," she said, in a distinctly ungracious tone.

"Then I'll do it all myself!" Lizzie-Kate, horrified at the faint suggestion of discord, said hastily and good humoredly.

"Then you'll not," Mrs. Callahan, who was Joe Kane's aunt by marriage and hence sometimes assumed a maternal tone toward Lizzie-Kate, said firmly. "You with two babies, and the weather getting so hot——"

"Why, what is there to *do?*" Lizzie-Kate asked innocently. "A little taste of lunch for a few girls——"

This was the note Ellen wanted.

"You could give them a stew, or any old thing!" she said eagerly.

"You wouldn't have to set the table for a stew, or get out your good napkins, or polish your forks," Mrs. Callahan said in deep sarcasm.

Ellen flushed resentfully. "My goodness!" she muttered. "I wish I hadn't asked them, the fuss you make! Another time I'll—"

Ellen had been saucy all her life. But she had proceeded no further than she perceived that she had gone too far. Her mother's old gray eyes grew stony in their gaze; Mrs. Callahan flushed with that pride and dignity that is the special attribute of her race.

Majestically the latter rose, and imperially she inclined her handsome head faintly in Ellen Murphy's direction.

"I'll say good by to you, Lizzie-Kate," she said pleasantly, "for I'm making the children an Indian meal pudding, and it has to be in me oven a full hour. Are you going, Mrs. Murphy? Good day to you, Ellen. Come and see me some day when you haven't a great many things you'd rather be doing."

"I hope you'll have too much good sense, Lizzie-Kate, to make any drop cookies for anyone, with all you have to do," Mrs. Murphy, departing, said pointedly to her older daughter, in a terrible silence. "I'd get a cake at a bakery that any one of them could buy for thirty cents, and good enough for them! And be sure you send them on to the wedding good and hungry, that they'd always tell it on the Murphys that they didn't get enough to eat under their roof. No wonder the foreigners get rich on us, with their delicatessen," added Mrs. Murphy, her voice now coming back like a banner through the doorway whence she and Mrs. Callahan had taken their leave. "If it's to give your friends a little ham that's like a few shavings out of a carpenter's shop, and a plaster of Paris cake full of eggs the paper itself called rots and spots——"

Lizzie-Kate, hospitably and distressedly seeing them to the doorway, turned back into the kitchen, to see Ellen, with the baby in her lap, her eyes bright and hard, her cheeks burning and her breath coming quickly, regarding her from the rocker.

"Now, what did I do *then?*" Ellen asked defiantly.

"Oh, Ellen!" her sister sighed, sitting down beside the table and passing her hand over her troubled eyes.

"Don't you mind—they weren't mad," Ellen stated uncomfortably, after an uneasy silence.

"Oh, I think you hurt poor Mrs. Callahan's feelings terribly, Ellen," Lizzie-Kate said miserably. "You as good as said that you didn't want her to come and help out—and you know how wonderfully she cooks chicken, with cream and tapioca in the gravy, and everything! And mama, too—she has so few pleasures, and she does like to make those zephyr potatoes, and cake, and all! And it's only day after tomorrow—they'll not get over it for a week at least—and it does make me feel so badly——"

"Well!" Ellen sniffed and was silent. "Well!" she said again, hesitantly and doubtfully, with her eyes fixed anxiously upon Lizzie-Kate. "But my gracious, what could I say, Lizzie-Kate?" she pleaded, suddenly softened and penitent. "I *can't* have mama fussing and stewing out there all through lunch, and Mrs. Callahan walking back and forth——"

"You made them feel terrible," said Lizzie-Kate, dispassionate but inexorable.

Ellen looked down, sniffed and twisted a pretty ankle sideways to jerk the rocker, which her mother had sometimes described as the "traveler of the world," back into position.

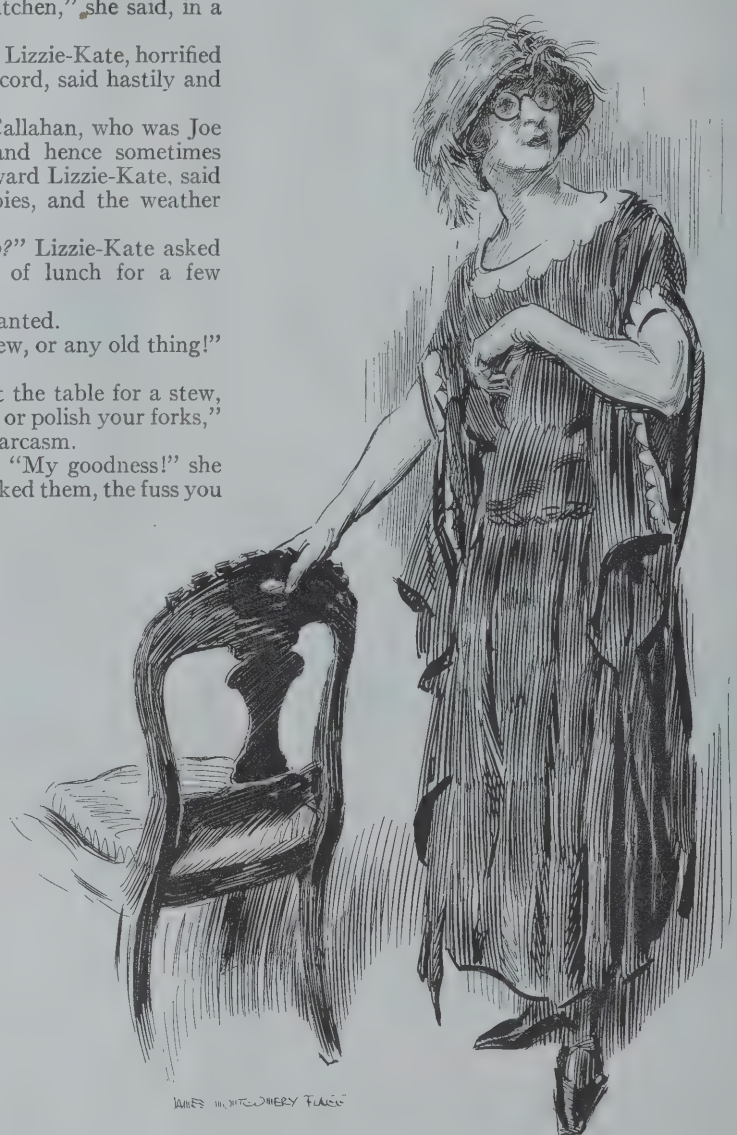
"Maybe you'd go over now and step into Mrs. Callahan's?" Lizzie-Kate suggested mildly, dampening a towel at the sink to wipe the sticky face of young Flurry.

"Maybe I wouldn't!" answered Ellen briefly, with a scowl.

Lizzie-Kate, unsurprised, continued to hold her hand patiently under the faucet whence hot water was supposed presently to flow, and Ellen continued to rock the blissfully sleeping baby. Nothing further was said upon the subject, until the unexpected arrival of Mr. Clement Aloysius Riordan.

Clem came to the kitchen door exactly as if it was an ordinary week-day, and an ordinary kitchen, and as if he didn't know or very much care whether Ellen Murphy was there or not. Clem with some girls could be a dashing, witty, audacious sort of man, big, good looking and confident. But not with Ellen Murphy.

This afternoon he had been walking about the neighborhood for twenty minutes and had twice passed Lizzie-Kate's house, moving rapidly and as one absorbed in thought, and all the time



Miss Carter—lean, dyspeptic and eye-glassed.



"Well," laughed Mrs. Murphy, "would anyone like Mart to go out and buy some bath mittens for supper?"

his entire being had thrilled to the one thought of Ellen, the one hope that today he might, by special action of a generous Providence, have one more glimpse of her somehow and somewhere.

She must have got home from the office early, was the first heart-chilling discovery. For the five-twelve and the five-twenty-nine trains came in, and she did not descend from their platforms. Maybe she was late——

Or maybe she was sitting in the kitchen with Lizzie-Kate. His heart turned to water at the mere thought, and his mouth was salt. Maybe she was sitting there, with her tousled bronze head and her bold, black-fringed blue eyes——

Clem walked briskly past the gate. You'd wonder, he thought forlornly, that that child of Lizzie-Kate's wouldn't be running about, and Ellen after him——

If he heard her voice calling "Clem!" he would pretend not to notice, for the first time——

He heard nothing. So after a while he opened the gate, his heart like a great dry lump in his throat and his honest face flushed, and went about the house to the kitchen door.

The orb of day itself, wedged into the old rocker, would not have dazzled Clem more than did Ellen, with a silk-clad ankle tucked beneath her and the little lolling body of the baby in her arms.

"Come in, Clem," said the immortally beautiful young voice, with resentment and appeal and laughter and all delicious provocation in it at once. "My sister's giving me the call-down of the year. I was just sassing mama and Mrs. Callahan, and Lizzie-Kate's excommunicating me!"

"I am not, then!" said Lizzie-Kate, with a shocked laugh. "It's her own guilty conscience that makes her feel bad, Clem."

"Why would you sass them?" Clem asked thickly, intoxicated at being here at the table, unconscious (*Continued on page 112*)



Solitaire had seen enough. The man approaching wore soiled overalls of blue jeans and what he carried was a smallish rounded package, enclosed in paper wrappings.

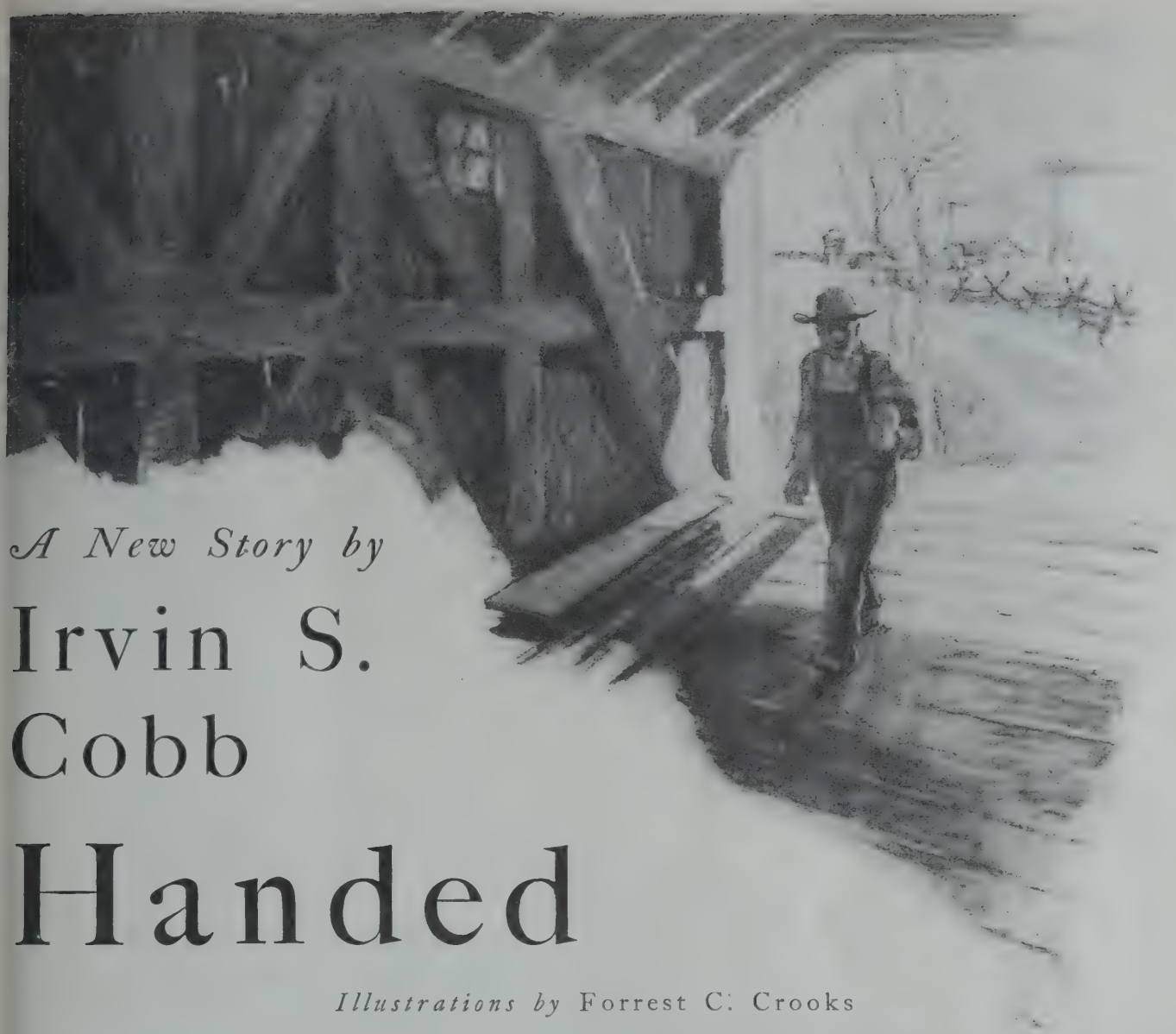
Red-

ACROSS a yellow creek ran a covered bridge perhaps two hundred and fifty feet long. The street narrowed where it met the bridge at its western end and broadened out again where it took up at the bridge's other mouth; but soon thereafter, as though depleted by the effort of getting over the hollow of the roiled stream. it lost all character of a street and frankly became a sand road, weaving off through the piney flats.

The bridge was built of wood, old but sound. Along its middle breadth even in broad day it was dark. almost. as a tunnel. There were small windows, set like square portholes high up and just under the pitched angles of the roof, but their panes were so dirty and so coated over with cobwebbing that they let in no light at all, and the loose ends of the cobwebs so thickened with dust and so fuzzy with hayseeds that they dangled down straight and stiff, like weighted top strings. Such sunshine as got into the center span at all came in by crannies overhead, where from age and weathering the shingles were warped apart, and it made sliced dapplings on the worn boards.

This being the nesting season, the barn swallows made soft whirring sounds with their wings as they went in and out of their dry-plastered homes under the rafters. At one place the 'dobe houses of the birds studded the side walls in an effect of a primitive mural decoration.

Just here, where the gloom was nice and thick, Solitaire waited for his man. He had been waiting for him for nearly half an hour now, sheltered behind one of the big square timbers that carried the upper works of the bridge. Where he was, he was excellently well sheltered. A person coming from the east to traverse the bridge had no chance to see him until abreast of him, if then. A person coming from the other direction might possibly see him, if that person



A New Story by

Irvin S. Cobb

Handed

Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks

traveled afoot and slowly and had very keen eyesight, or if Solitaire should move. He took due care not to move.

In this time while he waited, three pedestrians, all east bound, went right on by him with no sign on the part of any one of them of recognition of his presence, and a team and wagon rumbled through, making a tremendous clatter in that pent-in place and forcing spurts of dust from between the floor planks. In his ambush back of the support for the superstructure Solitaire felt quite safe. Better lighting would have revealed him, though, as an alien and a suspicious figure for these present surroundings. Realizing this, he was grateful for his artificial gloaming.

Because Solitaire nearly always played a lone hand he was Solitaire. All things considered, he found in the long run that it paid better. If, on the one hand, he took all the risk, on the other hand, he took all the profits out of an undertaking. When the job was finished there was nobody to claim a split with him nor did he run in the danger that somebody might talk too much. This was his way and, owing to it, he almost had lost the name he had been born with, which was Smith.

But in the matter in hand he had, by press of circumstances, been forced to break the rule and take on a partnership. Even so, he retained the captaincy, holding command of the major performance and playing the major rôle. In the jargon of the calling he was the Get-'em-up Guy. Five years ago the trade term for him would have been Stick-up; but crook language changes fast to match the changes of the times and the seasons. Upon him largely depended the success or failure of the major operation.

Still, and too, the duties of his associates carried responsibilities with them. Feary had their small swift new car halted, in readiness with the engine running, a hundred feet from the west entrance of the bridge. His task would be to cover the retreat, with gun fire if necessary, and afterwards to take Solitaire and himself away from there at fast flight. He was one of the Hard Boiled People, or by an argot now almost obsolete, a yeggman, bald in his craftsmanship but crudely efficient. His work, like Solitaire's, lay ahead of him. But the Sweet Caps Kid already had done his share. For two months now he had been upon the ground, spying out the lay of the land, generally getting the hang and the swing of local things. This had taken time, entailing also upon him a spell of uncongenial manual labor; nevertheless, and smothering his distaste for bread earned in the sweat of the brow, he had done his part well.

So both the others voted when, they having arrived, he made his reports to them separately. Feary, two days earlier, had come in overland, driving the car. Solitaire had traveled down by train from Richmond, which was the nearest large city, and had rented a room in a cheap boarding house. Feary was lodged elsewhere; and Sweet Caps yet farther away than either of them. It was desirable that in all preliminary measures they must seem to be as strangers to one another. It not only was desirable, it was most essential. Their one joint meeting had taken place the night before. To the conference the conferees had come by different ways, walking guardedly. The place of their meeting was a disused cotton gin at the end of the short side street whereon Solitaire temporarily was domiciled.

Beforehand, when the project was framed, the terms of division had been arrived at. For having, in the first place, smelled out the prospect Solitaire was to have a fourth; he also would be entitled to a second quarter share for his actual part in the operation. As the moneyed member of the firm he had from his own pocket provided funds for prior expenses. Out of his fifty percent he would reimburse himself for such outlays. The remaining fifty percent would go to Feary and the Sweet Caps Kid, cut even ways between the two of them.

So, at the rendezvous, there was no need for further discussion of financial details. Nor was there need for rehearsing, excepting

most briefly, the steps previously taken, nor the somewhat unusual conditions which had brought the three so far from the Big Town for this venture. Regarding this last they already knew all there was to know. It was Solitaire who had nosed the knowledge out.

The situation here was this: The Tuckahominy Mills, the second largest textile plant of private ownership in the State, had lately, by reason of a death and a deathbed request, come into the possession of new proprietors. The original founder of the business had, in his last will, devised that a goodish sum in surplus profits should proportionately be divided among such of his employees as had served him for a stated length of time, or longer. One group of his legatees was content to abide by this decree. But there was a second group who opposed it, proclaiming undue influences on a failing and moribund mind in the final hours of their kinsman.

In this issue and on this point litigation and yet more litigation had followed. With other arguments, the contestants advanced the claim that no individual in his right faculties conceivably could have desired to bestow so unreasonably large a benefaction upon workers hired at current top wages and abundantly paid for their past labors. They pointed out that in the active life of the decedent there had been no provable act or word which would indicate in him the forming of so generous and so irrational an impulse. But the high judges ruled that the will was good and the will must stand. By order of court the money, on or before specified dates, must be distributed in specie and currency—for so the testator expressly had required—to the eleven hundred and odd operatives competent to share in it. The total, or any considerable part of the total, made a delectable beautiful stream.

The purpose, therefore, of the federated three in caucus this night in the abandoned cotton gin at the foot of Solitaire's street, was to divert this golden, green-backed bonus out of its ordained courses into a private channel of their own providing.

The Sweet Caps Kid was speaking, his jubilance seeking to lift his note, his instinct for caution striving to hold him to undertones. So his voice ran curiously up and down:

"Now, here's the plant just like I gets it: The regular paymaster of the company is supposed to be bringin' the jack down on the train that gets in at three-forty. Well, the jack will be on the same train, all right, alrighty, but he won't have it on him. Get what I mean? The paymaster'll have a couple of private bulls along with him for a bodyguard, same as they've been doin' here ever since the Ballard mob throwed a scare into these folks six weeks ago with that post office job over at Vanceton, which is in the next county to this one; and he'll have a leather money satchel hitched on to him by a chain locked round his waist, as per usual. And him and his two bulls will get in a car together at the depot and ride up the main street and over the big iron bridge, goin' straight to the mills. But all he'll have in his little *keister* will be a few hundreds in loose silver—for change when a mill hand's bit don't run to even money. Get me?

"But here's the right dope: While he's gettin' off the train on the side next to the depot another guy will be climbin' off on the other side. My info is that he'll be in jumpers or overalls, like a guy finishin' off a day's work somewheres up the line and on his way back home. Anyways, he'll be carryin' the real bunch of jack—the important money. Maybe it'll just be tied up in a paper bundle like an extra shirt or maybe it'll be hid inside his lunch pail—dinner bucket's what these hicks down here would call it. I ain't right sure on that point, but anyways it's dead certain to be one or the other of these two ways. All of it bein' in bills, it'll fold up nice and snug.

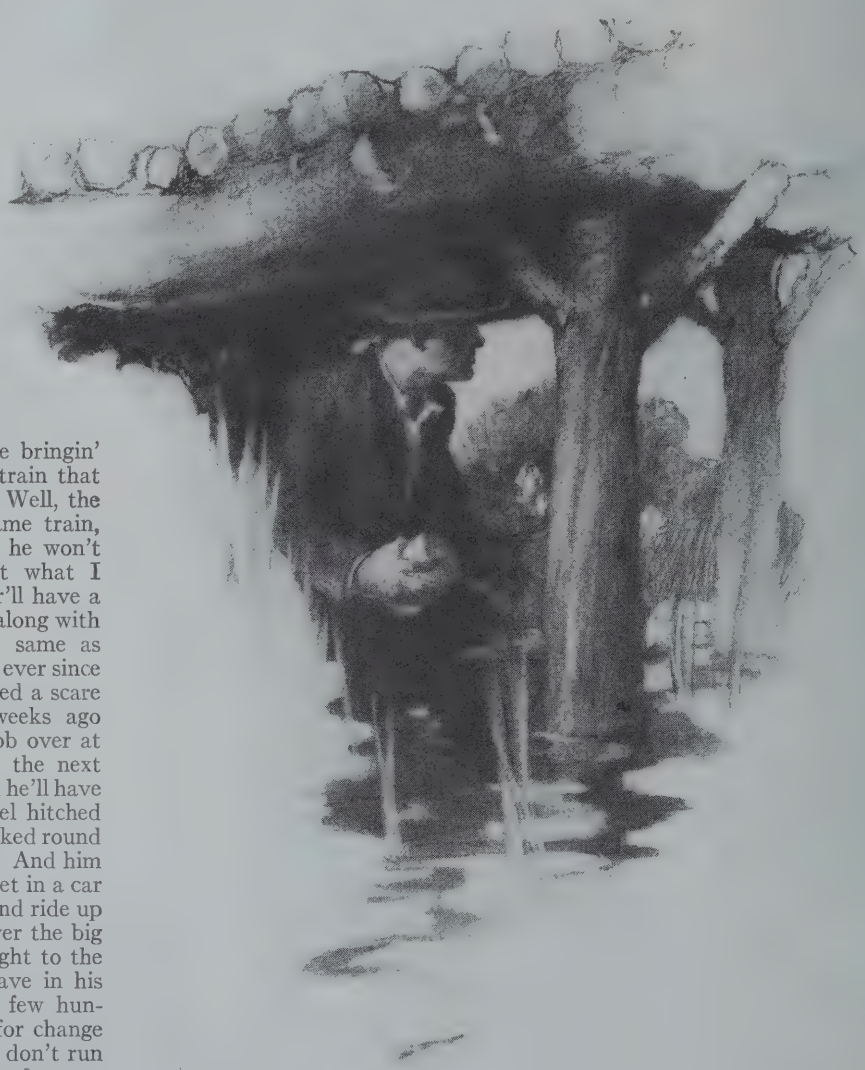
"Well, while the three guys with the phony roll are on their way to the front office of the mill, the guy with the big jack will be ramblin' away from the depot, swingin' north, and he'll cross over by the old covered bridge that you already know about—the one that's half a mile upstream from the iron bridge. Thinkin' that nobody's noticin' him, he'll head for the mill, meanin' to get in by the back door alongside the creek—river, they call it here.

"But he won't never get there—not with his bundle, anyways! These wisenheimers that run this dump think they're makin' it sweet and easy for themselves when all the time they're only makin' it sweeter and easier for us. First place, bein' a Saturday, it's the regular payday for the hands and they'd all be at the mill waitin' for their time even if there wasn't a special attraction to keep 'em there. Second place, everybody else in town that ain't in jail or sick in bed will be hangin' round there, too, to see the big pay-off of the gift money that this here old dead and gone pappy guy left to his pets. But say, listen: With any kind of a break it's goin' to be us three and not them dumb hicks that'll have the spendin' of——"

"Not so loud, Caps—you ain't makin' a speech," counseled the ever thoughtful Solitaire. "This guy that's to bring the important money across—besides his bundle and his workin' man's make-up, what else is there about him to help me spot him?"

"What else do you need? Chances are he'll be the only guy that'll come across that bridge, goin' toward the mill, round four o'clock tomorrow. Him comin' along with his nice tidy little bundle—ain't that enough? . . . Oh, folks"—even in his half whisperings his voice sang with the gloating that was in it—"oh, folks, this is goin' to be the swellest job that ever a small mob like this one pulled off anywheres! If they're only goin' to hand out one-quarter or one-third of the give-away dough tomorrow—and, as I told you, my tip all along is that they're figurin' to divide it up into three or four payments, a week apart, takin' care of the old hands first—why, what with the regular weekly pay-roll added on, the gross ought to run big.

"Why, it might go to seventy grand—eighty grand—ninety, even! And if they've switched



Solitaire could not wait another minute. He must have a look at what was inside, count it bill by bill.



"Oh folks!" said the Sweet Caps Kid, "this is goin' to be the swellest job ever pulled off anywheres."

the play unbeknownst and decided to bring along the whole amount that's due to these rubes all in one chunk—but say, that's expectin' too much! My cut on what we do get is goin' be enough for me. Soft livin' for all three of us—huh?"

In the darkness where they squatted they made little greedy sounds with their lips as though sucking juicy morsels. The leader was the first to swallow his imagined tidbit down.

"Well," he said, "the rest of the play is clear enough, eh? Me and Pink, here, we lam in the little car with the stuff. Somewheres down the line we ditch her in a swamp—Lord knows there's plenty of swamps between here and the coast. Then, if there's no hitch, we meet you, Caps, in Charleston four or maybe six days from now, for the big split. If we get there first we'll wait, layin' quiet at that place down by the station where——"

"Don't worry about that," cut in the scout. "I'll be waitin' there myself when you get in."

"Wouldn't it be better if you stuck round for a couple or three days anyhow?" suggested the bulky Feary, in his thick,

eaten-out rumble. "You beatin' it too soon might set these here hick bulls to thinkin' somethin', and if they trailed you—well, you know there's goin' to be the devil raised all over when the blow-off comes. And——"

"Not a chance," said the Kid crisply.

The Kid quite often had heard that saying touching on honor among thieves, but being a thief himself he never experimented, if possible to do otherwise, with a view to testing the soundness of the proverb.

"I'm trustin' you two with the bundle for these four or five days because I got to—and that's long enough. I'm beatin' it out of here Sunday, bright and fair. I gave the foreman my notice last Monday. Tomorrow I'm through. And Sunday I blow. I'm sick of this whole country—sick of gettin' blisters on my hands hustlin' stuff in the shippin' room over at that damn cotton mill, sick of talkin' to these Johnny Raws and country Janes that don't speak my language. And I'm sick of the chow they feed you on, thinkin' it's food—corn bread and cow peas and fried fat meat and boiled rice and gummy yellow yams. I don't care if I never see no more boiled rice again as long as I live. Me, with my roll, for the Main Stem quick as ever the rattler can get me back there!"

As he waited, the three foot travelers went by Solitaire but they all came from the east, from behind him, and so he gave them no heed excepting to flatten himself the more closely into his protecting jog until they passed. Then, soon after, the wagon rattled through in the dust cloud of its own raising. Then, watching out from behind his upright, he saw a lone pedestrian coming out of the west and heading toward him. • It was a man, moving along briskly. He carried something under his left arm. For a very brief space his figure was framed in the squared opening of the bridge, with all his contours sharply marked and outlined, and then as he entered the zone of false twilight, the shape became blurry and indistinct. But, for his purposes, Solitaire had seen enough. The man approaching wore soiled overalls of blue jeans and what he carried was a smallish rounded package, enclosed in paper wrappings.

Even in the cloaking dark it was plainly to be seen that this individual experienced a profound shock when, about midway of the bridge, Solitaire, stepping out of covert, met him breast to breast. But this shock for him instantly was swallowed up in a greater one as the barrel of Solitaire's automatic buried itself for half its short length in the bibbed frontlet of his overalls, belly-high on him.

"Stand still, bo!" commanded Solitaire. "Don't you move! And don't squawk!"

The advice appeared superfluous. From fright and astonishment the man was instantly rigid. Only his midriff, obeying a perfectly natural impulse, shrank mechanically inward under the pressure of that blued-steel muzzle.

"What's in that bundle you got?" asked Solitaire, his voice laden with menace. "Talk fast—but talk low." Ordinary procedure would have been to loot the victim without questioning him, but here Solitaire must make sure. In a business so important as this there must be no mistake made. He counted on fear to bring forth the truth.

But fear, it seemed, had in this case gone further. It locked the overalled man's jaws and swelled up his tongue. Striving painfully to answer, he only stammered:

"P-p-p-p——"

He strove harder:

"P-a-a——"

"I know—payroll," supplemented Solitaire, piecing out for him. "Payroll and what else?"

The other tried again but choked on his unintelligible effort. His stutterings made no sense.

"Tell it, bo, if you're hopin' to live," prompted Solitaire "What you got here?—what does it come to?—quick!"

"Q-q-quar—quar——"



"Just about now them suckers are shapin' to give us the race of our lives, Pink," cried Solitaire.

He gagged and gurgled, the sounds fluttering in his constricted pipes. With a supreme desperation he got the final syllables out:

"——m-m-m-m-il-l-l-ion!"

"Quarter of a million! What?"

Incredulity, gloating, a feeling of exultation so great he scarcely could make his brain accept what his ears had caught up out of these scraps of words — the incredible admission temporarily stripped Solitaire of caution. His own voice rose:

"Quarter of a million—that what you're tryin' to say?"

Quite speechless now, the man nodded his head as fast as he could wag it.

It was incredible and yet it was true. Not the payroll and a third or a fourth of the bonus; but the payroll and the full sum of the bonus lumped together—a quarter of a million! Past believing and still a fact.

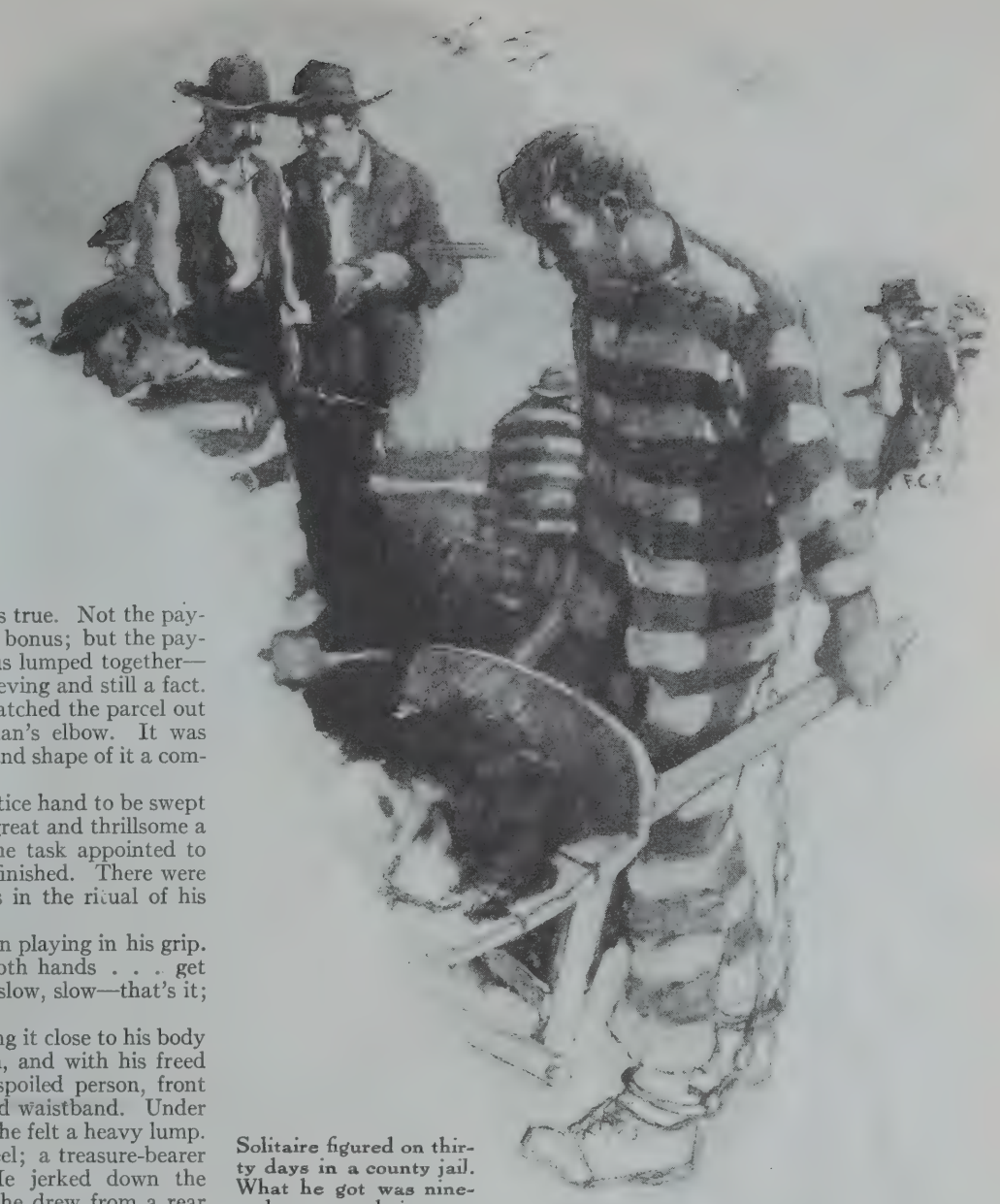
With his left hand Solitaire snatched the parcel out of the stiffened crook of his man's elbow. It was heavy, firm, solid, the very heft and shape of it a comfort to his clutching palm.

Solitaire, though, was no 'prentice hand to be swept off his feet by tidings of ever so great and thrillsome a joy—to break and run before the task appointed to him had been rounded out and finished. There were formalities remaining; essentials in the ritual of his craft.

He stepped back a pace, his gun playing in his grip.

"Get 'em up, buddy . . . both hands . . . get 'em up high! Now turn round slow, slow—that's it; now stand right still."

He shifted the package, gripping it close to his body by the pressure of his right arm, and with his freed hand he swiftly slapped the despoiled person, front and back, flanks and armpits and waistband. Under the thick jeans, on the right hip, he felt a heavy lump. That was what he expected to feel; a treasure-bearer naturally would go armed. He jerked down the shoulder-straps of the overalls; he drew from a rear pocket of the wearer's trousers a revolver and dropped it into his own side coat pocket. He yanked the sagging overgarment still farther down until it bunched and corrugated in folds on the other's lower legs. For added emphasis to this, his final warning, he bored his gun-snout into the man's spine.



Solitaire figured on thirty days in a county jail. What he got was ninety days on a chain gang.

"Stick right where you are for ten minutes, bo," he admonished. "If you move—if you squawk—if you turn your head to look round—if you make a sound—there's a pal of mine waitin' right here, handy by, to plug you good and plenty. You ain't got a Chinaman's chance. Ten minutes, remember, and then you beat it back out of here the same way you came."

He retreated swiftly, confident that no outcry of alarm would be raised behind him. His confidence was not misplaced. The robbed one, goggling, gasping—and obedient—stood stiffly where he was, his hands above his head, his ankles caught in the accumulations of their blue jeans fetters, a cold sweat rising out of his hair roots, and on his face the look of one who has had a tremendous and a stupefying surprise.

With his gun bestowed in its breast holster inside the vent of his waistcoat, Solitaire came out of the easterly mouth of the covered bridge. He did not run. A casual eye would have been caught by the sight of him running. But he walked very swiftly, like a man going upon an errand calling for haste.

Seeing him coming and seeing that he carried a round small package circular in shape with flattened ends, like a canister, and enclosed in paper coverings well tied on, with stout cord running round and round it and criss-crossed over its top and its bottom, Feary set the car in motion. It was going ten miles an hour as Solitaire, hurrying forward, swung himself up into the seat by the driver. It was going thirty-five when it came alongside the first of several many-windowed buildings of the Tuckahominy Mills Company that stretched in an irregular row along a low ridge of clayey red loam where the land dropped away to the shallow ravine of the creek.

Out of the corners of their eyes as they passed, the two men in the swiftly moving car saw that in front of one of the smaller buildings—one that bore the word *Office* painted above its doors—a big touring car stood, and about it a crowd that might number hundreds, patently made up of townspeople and operatives. Some few of these persons turned their heads with a mild curiosity as they whizzed on by, but their passing at such speed made no special stir among the crowd. Even in that flash of time they both could tell that much.

Nevertheless, Feary mended their gait. Immediately they left behind the most outlying of the negro cabins on the fringes of the town, and the heavier valley loam gave place to a light white sand where their way wound in and out among the loblolly ranks of cut-over pine lands. Until now neither had spoken a word.

With his eyes front on the road unreeling before him and his capable hands juggling the steering rim of the careening car, Feary, out of one corner of his mouth, presently spoke:

"Got it, huh?"

"Sure," answered Solitaire, who jounced and slid on the cushions, with his body half twisted about as he watched behind them, searching for signs of any pursuit in the spindling second growth, which whirled past, life-size, (*Continued on page 128*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY

South of Washington Arch, the magnificent structure designed by Stanford White, Lies

GREENWICH VILLAGE

The Melting Pot of American Art—New York's Bohemia

Greenwich Village

By O. O. McINTYRE

COME for a stroll through New York's "Bohemia!" It is a cloistered spot a stone's throw from the city's roar where Art and Hokum struggle valiantly for the highest expression. Welcome to Greenwich Village!

Watch Tiny Tim, arch-apostle of indigestion, in tam and velveteen coat, sell his tray of "soul candy."

See Sonia the cigarette girl, with cherry-red lips! The priceless Clivette, the Man in Black and his inspired daughter Sappho! Peter the smocked silhouette cutter!

Walt the caricaturist, who will sketch you as you dine. Diantha the bead girl. Jud the expressionist. Takiro the hatless Japanese poet. Fashion illustrators. Basket weavers. Brass pounders. Boys from Wanamaker's.

Hear Bobby Edwards carol in ribald song to the tune of his cigar box ukulele:

> Way down South in Greenwich Village
> Where the spinsters come for thrillage!

The Village sprawls about the triangular squares that spread out from Washington Arch where Fifth Avenue ends. There are Queen Anne cottages with ivy-clad lintels, musty stable studios, lean-to coffee shops and Colonial mansions with foot scrapers and shiny brass knockers.

Here is a section of New York not swallowed up in the omnivorous maw of progress. It slumbers along with the picturesque dreamers, nurturing the shiftless and cradling the genius.

The keystone of The Village is the historic old Brevoort—the last stand of the glorified table d'hôte—with its tiny office gay with French feuilletons. Southward is the dreamy background of imposing peace and quiet, studded at night with the flaming cross of the Judson Memorial and the Hotel Judson, haven of struggling artists and writers. Nine out of ten famous writers and artists have lived there at some time in their lives.

It is when the first candle sputters in Grace Godwin's Garret that the Village awakes from the slow tides of sleep. At Washington Arch the lumbering buses unload their quota of timid sightseers. Stable doors open. The curtain goes up on the nightly show.

Short-haired ladies and long-haired men move across the Square to cheerful open hearths in the food caravanserais. The intellectual fires are burning.

In a far-away corner at Bertilotti's the smocked young man begins reading Freud. Tonight he seeks the ambiguous thrill in higher thought. Tomorrow he punches the time clock at Macy's.

The worn brick pavements fill with leisurely groups on their way to see John Barrymore's house right next to a stable. Ambidextrous guides lead their wide-eyed charges down the middle of narrow streets flanked with flapping wet wash.

In Frank Shay's bookshop the boy book reviewers, newspaper columnists and juvenile cynics are defending Cabell and damning Sumner. While about the counters girls with slip-on dresses and ponderous horn glasses peep at tomes unexpurgated.

In Sheridan Square the auto salesman from Detroit hears the brigands roar under the buccaneering beams of Don's Pirate Den and lifts the loudest roar himself when he gets the check.

At The Mystic Shrine the sad-eyed lady lecturer reveals the phosphorous painting of the crucifixion. Her daughter is the reincarnation of Cleopatra and is inspired by Cleo to fashion reams of verse. She also dances odes to things and dies at the end of the dance, as is the custom.

In Barrow Street is the "secret" home of the intrepid Arctic explorer who seeks the quiet of the Village to soothe nerves rubbed raw by civilization.

Around a corner is The Samovar, a low-ceiled old stable where prim old ladies gather—the last stand of lower Fifth Avenue's generation of lavender and old lace. Up the street a sawdust-coated place where young men exchange boutonnières.

And just off MacDougall Street the studio of Miss Margaret Wilson. Hard by The Bamboo Forest, where Chinese students from Columbia serve home-cooked native dishes and tutor those seeking to master the intricacies of Chinese.

The whole is a disorderly jumble of tea rooms, coffee house and specialty shops. Each clashing the cymbals of Freedom.

A few yards of chintz, a coal-oil lamp and an iron kettle out front, and lo! a Village shop or tea room.

Tommy's, The Wood Box, Vagabondia, The Mad Hatter, The Pepper Pot, The Jade Buddha, Peg's Pantry, The Pig and Whistle, The Red Head, The Blue Horse, The Flamingo, Romany Marie's, Jean's Dye Pot, and so on without end.

From the cobwebby attics and dank cellars come the sagacious and slovenly, the unfed and unwashed, whose only crime is "idealism."

Some to whom Art is the mightiest shibboleth and others to whom Art inspires the interrogative: "Art who? And what's his last name?"

Overexploited and undernourished, the Village greets Life with an Eva Tanguayish shrug of "I don't care!"

It will apparently be as unmoved over the master hand that paints the deathless canvas as it is over the unspeakable bordel a few doors away where men paint their lips.

What cares the Village if ladies stencil their stockings, shear their locks, rouge their knees or smoke thimble pipes? Or if the men go hatless, sockless and shirtless?

No elusive complex the Village pursues is so complex as the Village itself. As rakish as a pirate brig, it manages to streak hocus-pocus with the alloy of greatness.

Genius is combed from the attic as well as the parlor and many of the foremost poets, authors, painters and sculptors came from there.

Out of a tumble-down shack two years ago a penniless youth named Schwartz went forth to Rome with the Tiffany prize to pursue his studies in plenty.

It was at a corner table in The Mad Hatter that Hendrik Van Loon patiently wrote "The History of Mankind" and at the same table drew his illustrations. O. Henry, too, wove many classic tales at the café tables.

In the salons you will find such gifted persons as Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor, Rose O'Neill, mother of the Kewpies, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and a host of others.

Few Village stores open during the day and the hubbub of trade reaches the crescendo after the dinner hour. Here one may buy a ten cent cigarette holder for a dollar and not give a hang. After all, one must remember the "atmosphere."

There are batik gowns, hand-woven dresses, old samovars made week before last in New Jersey, metal work, lamp shades, "new" antiques, naughty pictures and trick ukuleles.

After the shopping hour, the alley theaters with dramas sometimes classic but more often guttery draw their heavy audiences, who are unconcerned over the hard bench seats and gunnysack curtains as they thrill to Art's Great Impetus.

There is Harry Kemp's shrine of art with the vagabond poet selling tickets, passing programs and taking part in the play.

Butler Davenport a little north of The Village has his Bramhall Players with Davenport directing, acting, producing and sleeping upstairs. If you like the play drop a coin in the collection plate when the curtain falls.

Too, the Provincetown Players, who paved the way for Eugene O'Neill to Broadway. Here is an institutional flower that grew in the bog—giving the Rialto astounding plays.

After the play, to the Club Gallant, that aristocratic haunt of Barney Gallant, the Village Mayor. A shrewd little Hungarian, with a Piccadilly accent and Chesterfieldian manners.

A six by four stage with a Continental review and a female Balieff. Intimate and cozy, and one may find a sprinkling of Broadway's Who's Who willing to step out on the Lilliputian dance floor and "do their stuff."

One sees the circusey side of the Village and chuckles. And then turns down one of the quiet streets going home to see silhouetted figures in studio windows—patiently sculpturing, painting and scribbling until dawn pinks the sky.

And one wonders and wonders!

Jemima Made

A Story of a Woman who it Means to Love

Illustrations by



Jemima, slim, prim, with the clean beauty of a tulip, was made out of the stuff of martyrs.

THE missionary passion burned like red pepper in the soul of Jemima Taylor. Slim, trim, prim, with the bright, clean, upstanding beauty of a tulip or a hollyhock, she was made out of the stuff of martyrs. When she came to the town of Glory, she came, with her preacher-father's picture, her Bible, her volume of Whittier's poems and her Book of Sermons, ostensibly in answer to a call for schoolmistress, but covertly to "carry Christ."

And her Christ was the Christ of a New England Puritan, a figure unrecognizable upon the shores of Galilee or in the narrow alleys of Jerusalem, a Christ who did not eat and drink with sinners, who lifted no healing hand upon the Sabbath day, and who not only scourged buyers and sellers from the Temple but who gathered stones for the surer execution of a "certain woman"; a frigid, unsparing northern divinity whom it was difficult to imagine as the Beloved Son of any Father, human or divine. Nevertheless, in worship of Him, Jemima Taylor bent her slim pale knees and folded her slim brown hands. And in His name she felt strong enough to walk across hot ploughshares, to brave lions or—if it were really necessary for His service—to eat at the same table with Peter McQuarg!

It was not long before, as schoolmistress, she knew every man in the country, beginning with the more familiar town dwellers in that town of fifteen houses and ending after a few Saturdays and Sundays with the names and faces of the ranchers who rode or drove in for their weekly business and recreation.

In town the school board were her lovers to a man. Honesty Grill said that she "put him in mind of an old-fashioned garden"; Rawle Jones, the barkeeper, said she was as "pretty as a spotted pig under a painted wagon," which, with a wink, was his way of paying compliments; Bertie Maroon, the male milliner and barber, said she had a "poke-bonnet kind of face" and was accused of sitting up nights to fashion one for her.

When she told them sternly that Glory must have a new schoolhouse, of concrete, well heated and with modern ventilation, they knew that this must indeed be so and bent their brows. It would cost a pile of money and Glory was "short," always "short" and always in debt to Rawle Jones. But "something, Miss Taylor, would sure be done." When she started a Sunday school for her children the attendance was predominantly masculine and adult. It brought a grave slim dimple into that pink cheek of hers, to see them move across the schoolroom and settle into the little overwhelmed seats. But she thrilled to hear them singing "In the vineyard of our Father, Daily work we find to do" or "There's a home for little children above the bright blue sky," for she said to a rebellious sense of the comic, which had many a time been brought to death's door but which lived on faintly in spite of her, "except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

And there was so very much of the child in the souls and eyes and faces of these weather-beaten men; in all, that is, but the soul and eyes and face of Peter McQuarg. Plain to a Puritan instinct, there was set upon his countenance the Devil's seal of mockery. She would have dreaded his sure appearance on a Saturday evening if that had not meant also the sure appearance of his partner, Barney Griffith. She was not at all satisfied that Barney was not a Devil's disciple—certainly he followed upon the heels of Peter like a swaggering and slender shadow—but for so young and beautiful a disciple, with so disarming a gay smile, for a disciple with so sweet a deference, for a disciple, in short, whose very apparent wildness and lack of anything so stern as a Puritan upbringing was subtly appealing to a woman's tenderness, there was hope. If she had been sent by a merciful Father to Glory in time to save the soul of Barney Griffith, she had not been sent in vain. Thus reasoned Jemima.

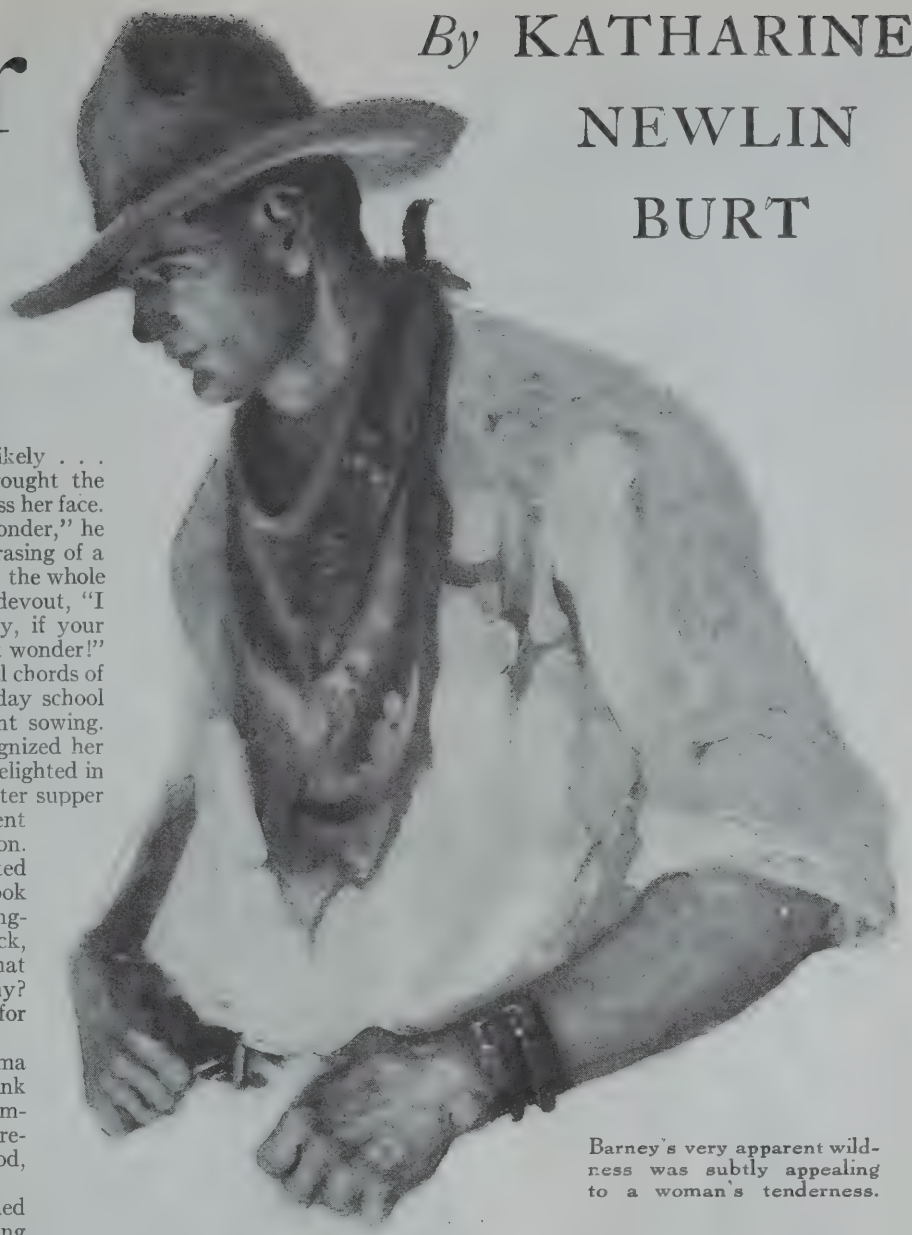
She lived in Room No. 3 at Mrs. Phin Clay's road house beside the creek which divided one half of Glory's buildings from the other, and she ate at Mrs. Clay's long narrow table. It was at this table on a Saturday and Sunday that she had to face McQuarg. Always he sat opposite to her. If necessary, he commandeered the seat. But this position was taken primarily for entertainment, not for admiration. His dark, weather-beaten, thirty-five year old face, given to terrifying vociferations, appalling stories of successful villainy perpetrated by himself and "the boys" he had known in a sinful past, prone to occasional queer oaths and quick with a sneering, whip-like mockery of her pretensions, took away her appetite. He had a horrible fashion of deferring to her speeches, of murmuring with a ducked

Over

Learned what Greatly

By KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Robert W. Stewart



Barney's very apparent wildness was subtly appealing to a woman's tenderness.

head, "Yes, ma'am? And *then* what?" or "Likely . . . likely!" in an incredulous drawl which brought the lively blood of unchristian fury tingling across her face.

At times he dared to be personal. "I wonder," he said once, interrupting her careful paraphrasing of a sentence from the Book of Sermons, to which the whole table was listening with eyes tender and devout, "I wonder what you'd look like, Miss Jemimy, if your face was dirty. Kind of pretty, I wouldn't wonder!" And there thrilled a giggle through the vocal chords of the devout. Just so one bad boy at Sunday school will tear out an acre of "teacher's" patient sowing.

She could see too that he perfectly recognized her fury, her hatred and her fear, that he even delighted in the trilogy of her emotions. Sometimes after supper in the crowded little parlor, he would present himself like an empty vessel for reformation.

"I was onc't inside a church," he admitted reasonably, "and a man dressed up to look like a ghost sure give me a reg'lar dressing-down. When I begun to answer him back, they throwed me out. Now, do you call that a square deal, man to man, Miss Jemimy? Would you 'a' had me throwed out jest for standin' up for myself thataway?"

"You were in God's house," said Jemima with a supreme exercise of courage, a pink forehead below her yellow hair, and a trembling voice, "and the parson was His representative. Would you talk back to God, Mr. McQuarg?"

"Likely . . . likely," sighed Peter; folded his hands between his knees and stuck his long tongue into his cheek. "You may be right about that representative business . . . but it ain't democracy!

"Now I want to ast you, Miss Jemimy, like one of your scholl'ards in the schoolhouse, would you marry a hard drinker?"

Young Barney Griffith, looking over a fashion magazine three years old, flushed scarlet and put the paper up before his face, not noticing that almost every other male face in the room had assumed what, under the circumstances, might almost be called "protective coloring."

"Certainly *not!*" Jemima answered and added rather weakly, "not that I think it a question you have any right to ask me, Mr. McQuarg!"

"Well, ma'am, just to be clear, and sence you hev answered—would you marry a man who drank strong liquor?"

"A man who loved me," Jemima murmured, "would be willing to give up alcohol for my sake, I presume."

"Likely . . . likely," drawled McQuarg, and while the faces about him faded to a strong self-sacrificial pallor, he swung one dusty boot across the other and went on, "Now, as to yer attitude towards tobaccy?—smoke *and* chaw."

Jemima rose and stood flowering vividly from a proud root; then she gathered up her papers, uprooted herself and stepped out of Mrs. Clay's red-hot parlor. As soon as she was safely upstairs the phonograph was turned on and a comic song, in which she felt there must be some impropriety or McQuarg would not so noisily have enjoyed its chorus, racketed through the frame house. In the middle of its third verse something came with a violent thud against her window.

Jemima stood up from her knees—anger at McQuarg had made prayer an instant necessity—and pushed up her sticky pane.

Below stood Barney, who had thrown his glove and now spoke wistfully: "It's real early, Miss Taylor. I was wishing you'd let me show you that pony I was telling you about last week."

Jemima hesitated. In the wide stare of a full moon, Barney in his rancher's best of new blue overalls, beaded boots, yellow shirt and flaring silk handkerchief, was as gorgeous as a passion flower. He needed salvation obviously and bitterly. McQuarg's partner, living day by day under the dissolute eye of an atheist, a mocker, a despiser of women—oh, how the poor boy needed her! Her heart—she thought it was her soul—melted, grew large and quivering and sorrowfully glad.

"I'll be down, Barney," she called in her voice like a wineglass touched ringingly. "I'd adore to see your pony!"

She wrapped her soft brown cape around her and came out, bareheaded, by the back door into the moonlight. Barney and the night and youth made her forgetful of her driving God. Her blood of a martyr was inevitably also the blood of an eager and dissipated lover of life. She was gay and sweet and her eyes warmed. Sometimes the dedication of her soul, renewed weekly with prayers and tears, to McQuarg's reformation, gave her beautiful, almond-shaped eyes a gray and shining splendor which was colder than winter dawn; but not so her resolution to save Barney. The temperature was altogether different and her eyes looked meek and quite unfathomable. Like all saints, she was far more dangerous in her softness than any sinner.

When, several months later, after tears and prayers innumerable, she consented to marry Barney, it was apparently in such a spirit of golden dedication. She refused to let him kiss her until they were man and wife.

"And, oh, Barney," she mourned when she had silenced his timid protests—he was still very much afraid of her—"must McQuarg live with you after we are married?"

"Why, sure! Ain't he my partner? Why, Jem, think of all you can do for him, girl!" By which it may be seen that Barney, even with his fears, was not without a certain artfulness.

She stood drooping, then seemed to gather herself together and held up her head like a lighted taper.

"With God's help!" she said, closed her eyes, opened them and added, "Won't I need it, though!"

Anyone but Barney watching the change from sanctity to vindictiveness in her twenty year old face would certainly have laughed.

Barney looked worship and uneasiness.

The night before she left Glory to follow her husband to his ranch ten miles away, Jemima, at Mrs. Clay's celebrating board, made a last appeal for the modern schoolhouse. She had not given up teaching the dear children of Glory, she said; she hoped to be able to go on with her work next winter. She felt that it was a work entrusted to her, to which she had dedicated herself; that, and the Sunday school. But she did please want them to make a supreme effort to give their children the healthful and civilized surroundings which their promise deserved. They ought to have desks which gave them elbowroom, seats which would not cramp and deform their supple little spines, and light so scientifically distributed that their sensitive young eyes would not suffer. There should be new clean books to replace the dirty, dog-eared, germ-saturated readers and arithmetics.

She left Glory brooding in a cloud of self-reproach, remorse and civic conscientiousness. If this dainty New England scholar had dedicated her flower-like self to the service of their offspring, even to the extent of being willing to ride twenty miles bi-weekly in winter to her duty, then should they not be willing to provide these improvements she demanded? But the cost! The cost! Fathers, yes, and conscientious bachelors, beat at their brains, while mothers, newly awake to the horror of germ existence, gave such looks as are difficult for a sensitive souled man to bear.

Jemima, meanwhile, proud of the disturbance she had wrought in Glory's domestic peace, drove on the high seat of a "white-top" by her bridegroom's side, away and away, slowly, behind the heavy team, from the kindly little dwelling places to that white road which went faring with a desolate pioneer courage out across the loneliness of plain and distant hills. She was, for the first time in her rapt life, afraid of living. She had the feeling of a disembodied creature who, after floating for pure æons in azure space, discovers that he has a body by being crashed against the earth. There went a shattering and grinding sensation through her bones.

On that soft and sappy day of June, a high rare June of snow patches and little ready golden flowers, McQuarg stood waiting, grave and clean and well controlled, in the doorway of their home. The two men had been at tremendous pains to sweep and garnish their abode. They had added to the original three-room shanty a fine, clean, aspen-scented chamber, freshly daubed and chinked, wide-windowed, its board floor washed with sunshine, furnished in bedstead, tables and chairs of peeled logs, and boasting, besides, Jemima's heart's desire, an open fireplace.

For a wedding gift McQuarg had sent as far east as Chicago for a wicker rocking-chair. He had allowed neither Barney nor himself nor the Airedale terrier to desecrate it. It was, like all rocking-chairs in his mind, sacrosanct to wifehood and maternity. He would have liked to lay a square red shawl smoothly across its back. Jemima pleased him with her pleasure when she came into the room, and especially with the look in her gray, home-loving eyes when she sat down in that rocking-chair of his.

But neither man had realized how the new apartment would contrast with the older portion of the building. Jemima's immediate desire—missionary zeal as usual—was to uplift the old level of living to the new. Therefore she turned everything out of doors, including McQuarg, Barney and the Airedale; she scrubbed and scoured, she swept and beat, she mended, she painted and she inconveniently demanded carpentry. Also, she made war upon the habits of McQuarg. A frenzied longing for the extremity of tidiness was a natural longing of her soul.

Jemima knew that the estate of matrimony was accounted holy, but not all the sacraments of all the priests in Christendom, not any fifteen minutes of churchly abracadabra could undo the sinister deformation of her mind, consistently shaped through twenty sensitive years, to the effect that a body in itself is unclean, shameful, sinful, that its natural pleasures and experiences are of an evil and secret complexion, and that, though a man may be a beast, a pure woman gives herself coldly like a pearl to swine. So, if Jemima at times was, in spite of her long inhibition, a thrilled and thrilling thrall to her young passion, it must be admitted that at other times, taking vengeance on herself and all mankind, she was something of a Tartar.



Jemima hit her man in the boot.

And because tenderness for Barney held her hand, she made McQuarg her victim. Causes of persecution were: his dirty-footed—even if she did kiss his nose in corners when nobody saw—dog, the mud from Peter's boots, his odor of the corral, his tobacco, his smelly old pipe, his newspapers, his cigarette ashes, the crumpled bandana handkerchief which always lurked in the corner of any chair which he had just vacated, his fishing tackle and bait, his old cap and mackinaw, the way he ate, his grimed and broken finger nails, the infrequency of his shaving, his need of a new pair of overalls and a sanitary toothbrush, his spitting into the stove.

McQuarg was curiously patient. He attempted small reforms. He even bought a brand new doormat and remembered, every now and then, to wipe his feet. He spared Jemima his wit, his laughter and his cynicism; he even curtailed the gorgeous exercise of his gift for satisfying and unusual oaths.

None the less, she contrived still to hate and to fear him. His spiritual conversion limped. He avoided the institution of family prayers. He never opened, she was sure, the Bible she laid upon his table. He did not bend his head for grace, which always caught him unaware with his mouth open for speech or food. He rode oftener than before into Glory and came back redolent of strong drink and boasting of a gambler's rewards. The beautiful persecution of her eyes, like slender greyhounds, pursued him about this home he loved; they were always cruelly on the scent of his soul.



"Oh Barney," cried Jemima, "must McQuarg live with us?" "Why, sure! Ain't he my partner?" said Barney.

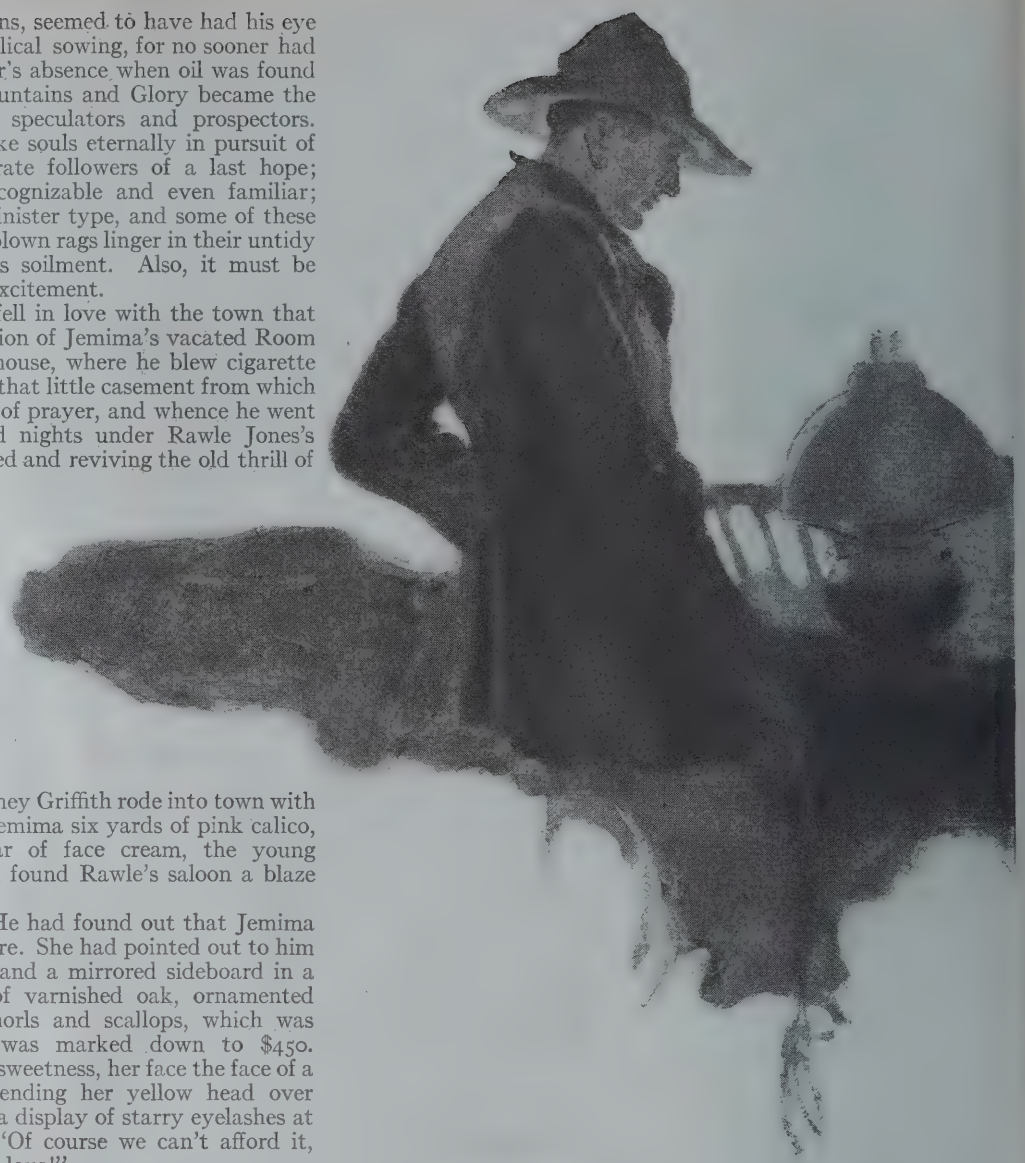
For Barney's soul she considered already saved. The man to whom she had sacrificed her spirit's conventualism must inevitably be saved. Besides, he was still very gentle and timid and obedient. The natural swagger of him, body and mind, had been chastened by his entire devotion. He feared her daytime self because, knowing so well the starry glory of her, he dreaded to frighten it and went softly through the hours in unconditioned surrender to the termagant for fear of losing forever her beautiful, desirous, loose-haired sister. He no longer sang the gaudy songs which so offended her; he chanted the hymns she had taught him.

O what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth
On whose sentence all dependeth.
Worthless are my prayers and sighing
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying
Rescue me from fires undying.
With Thy favored Sheep, O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
While the wicked are confounded
Doomed to flames and woe unbounded
Call me, with Thy Saints surrounded

Such words she sang, high and sweet and shrill, inside the house, while he outside, within earshot, sang the same words, strong and deep and true. It was a duet beautifully to her liking. Yet all the while a tiny worried corner of her consciousness was occupied by McQuarg, perched like a lean demon on a rail fence by her window, mending rope with his great, clever, labor-gnawed hands, and—oh, how well she knew!—with that terrible half pitying laughter in his deep-set crinkled eyes.

Satan, father of all lesser demons, seemed to have had his eye upon the field of Jemima's evangelical sowing, for no sooner had she turned her back for a summer's absence when oil was found in the flat plains beyond the mountains and Glory became the halfway house for a stream of speculators and prospectors. Some of these were eager, childlike souls eternally in pursuit of rainbow gold; some were desperate followers of a last hope; others were just speculators, recognizable and even familiar; but there were many of a more sinister type, and some of these last, going or coming, lingered as blown rags linger in their untidy journeyings, in Glory, to Glory's soilment. Also, it must be admitted, to Glory's pleasurable excitement.

There was one visitor who so fell in love with the town that he settled into months of occupation of Jemima's vacated Room No. 3 at Mrs. Phil Clay's road house, where he blew cigarette smoke on summer mornings from that little casement from which she had sent up the frosty breath of prayer, and whence he went out to spend his afternoons and nights under Rawle Jones's patronage, initiating the uninitiated and reviving the old thrill of the half forgetful in the delights of faro. Ambrose John was always friendly, smiling and beyond belief entertaining. Unheeded hours could drift over the head of an enchanted listener. He dressed with a sort of splendor, used pomade on his bright hair, waxed his mustachios and showed, when he laughed, teeth as bright as china between his healthful lips. A diamond flashed on his dexterous hand.



On that August night when Barney Griffith rode into town with Peter McQuarg in order to buy Jemima six yards of pink calico, ten yards of toweling and a jar of face cream, the young exile of love and of sanctification found Rawle's saloon a blaze of conviviality and mirth.

Barney had been depressed. He had found out that Jemima didn't like the living room furniture. She had pointed out to him a set of beautiful chairs, a table and a mirrored sideboard in a mail order catalogue: a suite of varnished oak, ornamented with nicely applied repoussé whorls and scallops, which was exactly her ideal. The suite was marked down to $450. She had smiled with renunciatory sweetness, her face the face of a Peri glimpsing Paradise, and, bending her yellow head over the page, she had looked up with a display of starry eyelashes at her husband, to reassure him. "Of course we can't afford it, darling, but wouldn't it be mar-ve-lous!"

For the first time in a careless, busy and self-sufficient life, Barney had felt the pinch of poverty. He owned a good little hay ranch, to be sure, and he and McQuarg between them could boast now of a tidy herd of cattle, a herd for which they had comfortable winter feed and upon which they were certain this year of a profit. But $450 was the cost of an entire year's supply of canned goods and was obviously not to be thought of. But oh, how the young husband yearned to make one of the big gestures natural to his generosity and to say, "Sweetheart, these elaborate upholstered chairs, this elephantine table and this sideboard, polished and magnificent, are—*yours!*"

He came out to his saddled horse—he had been delayed in his farewell to Jem by her absorption in the catalogue—with a bent head and a pinched face, so that McQuarg, mounted and waiting, had stopped abruptly in his whistling.

"Sacred Maria!" he ejaculated. "I must 'a' shed my old pants plumb in the middle of the floor."

"No"—Barney shook his head—"you're not in wrong this time, Peter. It's me. I'm a no-account kind of husband for a girl like Jem."

"Ain't you religious enough for her yet?"

"Religious? Oh, likely I am. But I'd sure like to buy the girl some store furniture."

Peter nursed his bewilderment in silence as they rode.

But Glory, ablaze and vocal, distracted the two ranchmen and the spell of Ambrose John fell dazzlingly upon them so that Jemima's cloud was lifted from their souls. When McQuarg went over to the furnishing store with its abstracted owner and a lantern, to buy six yards of pink calico, ten yards of toweling, and a jar of face cream, he left Barney deep in faro, flushed, a glass at his elbow and many times its contents inside of him. And McQuarg rejoiced.

"It was time that young feller bust loose a bit," he confided to his companion.

That night Ambrose John was like a man inspired. He stood up on his chair and made a speech. He said that the town of Glory had been so almighty good to him that he'd like to do it a service. He said he'd heard that Glory needed an up-to-date schoolhouse. He suggested that half the proceeds of the night's activities, Rawle's and the winners', all and sundry—there being a crowd of oil prospectors in their midst—be dedicated to the building of a schoolhouse worthy of the "best traditions of Old Glory, of which Old Glory might be Glory-ously proud."

His eloquence, his glittering black and white smile, his soft voice and flitting diamond, mounted like a firefly on his gesticulating finger, all cast their spell. Glory, its natives and its visitors, agreed to the proposal and prepared to be magnificent. Rawle's properties flowed and the card tables were overfilled. It was a night of mighty expenditure, not easily to be forgotten.

At dawn the proceeds were counted and divided by the one entirely sober man, Ambrose himself, and presumably the half dedicated to civic improvement was handed over to Honesty Grill for temporary safe-keeping. Honesty was especially reliable in his mild cups; the native guilelessness of his soul blazed like a ruby in his face. He invited Barney to accompany him when he carried the treasure to his home. He wanted to show the boy a newly "mountain head of mounted sheep." The transposition of syllables was unnoticed by Barney, who gravely and gracefully accepted the invitation.

That brief walk across the bare and windy central spaces of Glory between the saloon and Honesty's home was long enough to bring to Barney's consciousness the fact that he was drunk, that he had gamed away the money for the pink calico, the toweling and the face cream, and that Jemima had expected him home before midnight and that it was now very nearly morning. At that, a thousand tons of misery and fear thundered down on his mind and he followed Honesty into his kitchen with the face of the condemned.



Jemima flickered like a straight flame. "I'd as soon touch a poisonous toad—as him" she said with a spurning look.

Honesty put the money entrusted to him into an empty tobacco box and went out to bring in the "mountained sheep" from an outside shed. Before he went, he remarked: "Four hundred and fifty dollars! Four hundred and fifty dollars! That'll sure help Miss Jemima some!"

Barney, tottering to and fro near the table, began to whisper to himself: "Four hundred and fifty dollars! They're going to give her a schoolhouse when what the girl really wants is a set of furniture," and then his liquor-released soul suggested, "What'll she care if I do come home the worse for strong drink if I can say to her as I walk in, 'Girl, here's your set of furniture!' "

Golden light radiated through the inky blackness of his mind. All the weight of remorse, dismay and fear rolled from him. Like a boy who stands in immediate peril of a flogging and is miraculously provided with a convincing excuse, he staggered with the face of such a happily reprieved culprit across the room, transferred the $450 from Honesty's box to his own pocket and then sat down, his booted legs sprawled out, his handsome head thrown back, on his lips the smile of a kind deed well done, to wait for Honesty. Vaguely he felt that he ought to explain to his host the transfer of Jemima's money, but the obligation was not weighty enough to trouble his serenity. So he still sat when McQuarg joined him.

"We'd better be getting along towards home, Barney," said McQuarg uneasily.

"Sure had," agreed the boy provided with a good excuse, and amiably but without great physical certainty arose.

They made their excuses to Honesty out in the shed where he was still wrestling with the pale stiff face of the "mountained sheep," and just as Barney collected the words for explanation,

McQuarg pulled him away. "Can't stay here forever jawin'," he remarked.

They went over to their ponies. Barney mounted without the aid of his stirrup and saved himself with exultant laughter from falling off on the other side, and they galloped away under stars all pale and shaken by dawn across the gray sage plain pearly with coming light. Five minutes out of town Barney pulled up and wheeled.

"Peter," he said thickly, "you go on. I'll overtake you. Post office will be open now and I've got to get back. Money order."

McQuarg thought it just as well and rode on alone slowly. He was not, he told himself, especially "suffering with impatience" to see Jemima. There would be time enough, time enough. As he came to the outer ranch gate, Barney, galloping like a devil on a rocking-horse, overtook him, pulled rein and rode his lathered animal more soberly beside his partner's up the home trail. He looked white now and dazed and there were smudges as of burnt cork about his eyes and lips.

"You turn the hosses out, Pete, will you? I want to see Jem—quick!"

Peter, whistling doubtfully the tune of "O what fear man's bosom rendeth," eyed the swaying and stumbling figure as it made its confused way towards the cabin door.

"There will be hell to pay," said McQuarg, and made time with the untying of his cinches.

When at last he opened the door he found himself immediately face to face with Jemima. She was dressed in a wrapper of pale blue flannel, beneath which showed the hem of her long nightgown and the whiter insteps of her slippered feet. Her hair hung down like two thick ears of corn on either side of her face. Between these bands of golden color, she was gray with an extreme disgust. Straight at her feet like a shadow from a taper's foot, lay Barney. He slept noisily and his unconscious face was sodden and discolored. The sun had risen so that a cool, clean red light came through the open windows.

"Yes," said McQuarg, "we both drank more than was good for us and played cards. I carry my liquor better'n Barney. Let's get him to bed, Jemima."

Jemima flickered like a straight flame. She tightened her hands into slender marble fists.

"I'd as soon touch a poisonous toad—as him," she said, and her eyes swept the six feet of relaxed manhood with a spurning look.

McQuarg caught her eyes as they lifted from their castigation of his friend and for an instant held them.

He then put off his hat and coat and went over to Barney. His strength lifted the lumpish weight and supported it into that spotless, aspen-scented bedroom, where he got it into a bed only faintly disturbed by Jemima's half-hour of anxious sleep. After the victim of Glory's hospitality had been tenderly bestowed, McQuarg returned to Jemima. She stood at a window breathing deep breaths of giddy mountain air and staring at the untainted sky.

"You can go to him now," said McQuarg coldly; "he's pretty near good enough now to be looked at by his wife."

Jemima turned, came across the room and gathered herself together into one of the big log and rawhide chairs. She pulled up over her a coyote skin and resolutely closed her eyes.

"I will sleep here," she said, "until it's time to get breakfast. My bedroom is no better than a beast's den."

McQuarg's face, grim and pale, flamed redder than the day.

"Do you love my partner, Barney, Jem?" he asked.

"Not *that* Barney." Her lips spurned his name as her eyes had spurned his unconscious body.

"Well," said McQuarg and pointed to the door, "this is his home and the home of them that loves him, bad or good, drunk or sober, in Heaven or in Hell, uplifted or forsaken by Almighty God—like I do. What's love if it ain't more'n one-half loyalty and forgiveness?"

"He is a drunkard and a coward," Jemima answered, white-hot as her faith, and sitting up straight to face him. "He tried to buy my forgiveness with a lying gift. He said that he had made four hundred and fifty dollars at the gaming table and that he had sent a mail order for a suite of furniture. Then he asked me for a kiss!" She sobbed once.

But McQuarg had suddenly forgotten to be angry. The signals of his rage had been wiped entirely from his face.

"Four hundred and fifty dollars! Great guns! Honesty had just that amount of cash. Barney went back to send a mail order. Four hundred and fifty dollars! The boy gets clean out of his sense of what's his and what's your'n when he's good and drunk."

McQuarg's lips were drawn and his eyes scorched with dread of something. He went in and began a brutal and determined rousing of the stupefied man. After a half-hour of deliberately inflicted torment he came out to Jemima, whiter than she.

"Jem," he said, "Barney was clean out of his head. He took four hundred and fifty dollars from Grill's tobacco box and sent it off to buy your furniture. By now likely Honesty has missed the fund—it was to help towards the new schoolhouse. Glory is full of dangerous hoboes this morning and even its own folks won't be in a nice frame of mind if they're roused early after last night. Barney and I are the only men they can suspect. We was both at Grill's house. Barney showed his hand at the post office when he sent that money order. What in hell can we do?"

"What—in hell!" she muttered with a detached and dreadful bitterness.

"He's got to get on a horse and ride over to Gramer's and collect that money Gramer owes me. It's money he's had under his hand, as I asked him, to be delivered without question or delay at my demand. I'll write to him. If Barney's quick and if we can hold up any that comes to ask questions, he can just about make it and save his skin."

"He can't stand or walk, how can he ride?" she asked with the same impersonal and scornful aloofness.

"He's got to." McQuarg went in again. From behind the door came moans and enforced footsteps. At last Barney appeared, death-gray, his eyes wet and dazed with pain and weeping. He was fully dressed. Without looking at Jemima he stumbled past her and McQuarg presently had him on a horse. Unwillingly Jemima watched him ride past her window, sitting low in his saddle, bent forward like a man in pain.

McQuarg returned. He held himself quiet and taut like a listener. He did not look at Jemima again and she began to feel a queer sensation of disembodiment as though she had altogether ceased to exist.

"Ah!" said McQuarg sharply after a time of dreadful silence, and stood up. "Go into your room, girl, and stay there!"

As she rose she too heard the mad thudding of hard-driven hoofs. She obeyed him slowly.

McQuarg went out and stood before his door.

He had been right in his summation of the mood of Glory. These riders, half a dozen or so, who tumbled from their saddles and ran across his sage, were an advance guard of picked rascals who had galloped ahead of a more measured justice so that they could indulge their secret appetite for violence, cruelty and power. They demanded harshly:

"Where's Barney Griffith? We want a thief. And we want four hundred and fifty dollars."

McQuarg, standing at ease a little above them by his door, smiled down. "Sorry, boys, I haven't the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars in the house, and Barney is asleep."

"All right. You let us go in and wake him up. We want to see your partner, feller!"

"If anyone wants to see my partner in that tone of voice, he's got to hev a sheriff's warrant."

"To blazes with warrants! We forked out four hundred and fifty dollars' worth of charity and we ain't figgerin' to give the spendin' of it to Barney Griffith. We know he took it, man. The dern fool went and handed in the exact amount at the post office and sent a mail order."

"Hold up the mail stage then, why don't you?" McQuarg suggested.

"Oh, we ain't worryin'! We'll get the cash all right. But we're figgerin' on gettin' the thief, savvy?"

"Well, keep right on figgerin'. If you meet the sheriff on your way back to Glory, tell him if he rides quick he'll be in time to have his breakfast with us."

And McQuarg turned to go in at his door.

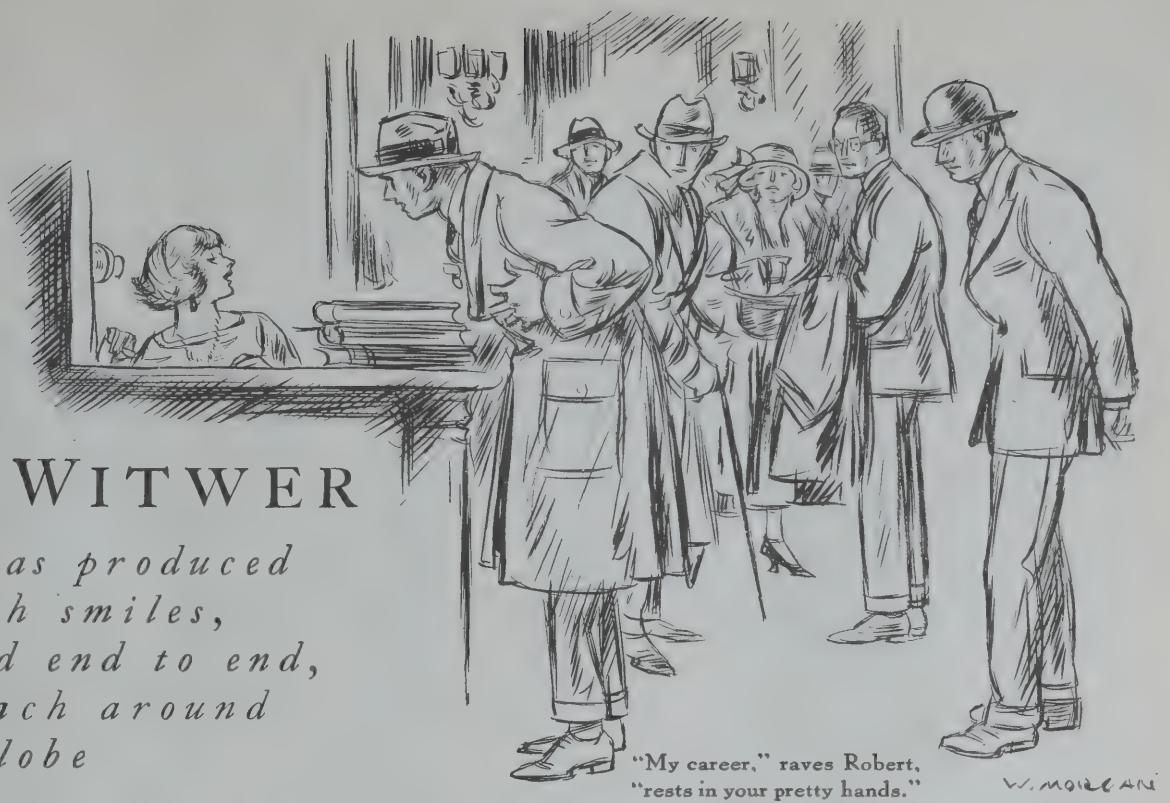
At this, one of the strangers, unsteady and blear-eyed, pulled out his six-shooter. The bullet stung the tip of McQuarg's left ear and made a hole in the door. He spun in swiftly, slammed it, locked it, and shouting, "Lay down on the floor, Jem!" he proceeded to clap to the heavy winter shutters of solid wood. When he had finished he found Jemima, fully dressed, standing beside him.

"There's a big square hole in one of the shutters," she said, "where Barney was going to nail a new board."

"Yes, ma'am. We got to close it."

Jemima put a thoughtful finger against her dimple.

"I've seen something just the right size and shape," she meditated, went swiftly in and out, and fitted her Book of Sermons into the open place. It filled (*Continued on page 112*)



"My career," raves Robert, "rests in your pretty hands."

W. MORGAN

By

H. C. WITWER

who has produced enough smiles, placed end to end, to reach around the globe

When Knighthood *Was in Tower*

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago, the late Mr. Samuel Johnson yawned, picked up his pen, jabbed it in the nearest inkwell and dashed off the following nifty:

"No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money!"

Now, really, with plenty of due respect for the deceased, I'm compelled to remark that in my opinion the above wise crack is the ant's smoking jacket. I admit that I have yet to stumble across a writer who made it a habit never to take any doubloons for his stuff, but I *do* know a milk-fed author who says it with plays and who doesn't give a good gosh darn whether he gets pennies for 'em or not, as long as he gets his concoctions produced with his name on 'em. My boy friend, Guy Austin Tower, is an incurable addict of that habit-forming drug, Fame, and he'd rather have three cheers than three dollars. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that this master mind is a full-blooded millionaire and that *does* make a difference, now doesn't it?

Mr. Tower's first play is still running on Broadway and if it isn't a success then neither is Henry Ford. Getting a seat in Heaven and getting a seat in the show shop where Mr. Tower's riot is on view are two feats of equal difficulty, and judging by the lines outside the box office there's the same number of people trying to get into both places. I have a season pass—to the theater, not Heaven—and can go as often as I can stand it. That's very nice, but what I *should* be clicking off is a large slice of the weekly loot, because if it hadn't been for *me* there wouldn't have been any play!

In case my face isn't familiar, I'm a telephone operator at the hotel St. Moe and one of the girls the Prince of Wales *didn't* dance with when he was seeing America thirst. The other girl who missed a one-step with His Highness can't get nobody to believe her. I was baptized Mary Johnson by poor but Irish parents and after winning first, second and third prize in a beauty tournament at Bountiful, Utah, I changed my name to Gladys Murgatroyd and descended on the movies.

Not so good! It didn't take me long to discover that Hollywood is a place where many are stalled and few are chosen, so I fled to Manhattan and while waiting for something better I accepted this portfolio on the St. Moe switchboard. Not much money, but lots of laughs.

Like all little girls which are not painful to the eye I get most of my innocent merriment from the wronger sex and I'm perfectly parked to watch their dizzy antics as they swarm around my switchboard, trying to get numbers—and me. But I'm generally a dead wire as far as the boys are concerned, giving 'em all nothing in the line of encouragement. I either smile and stall 'em or steam and bawl 'em, according to their method of approach. Being marooned on the island of New York, I have learned that I've got to be circumspect to avoid *dis*respect. Say—long ago I got fed up on getting out to walk from autos whose exceedingly disappointed owners in that way discovered they were poor guessers. Still, as France remarks to Germany, it's all fun!

Occasionally, however, this being alone gets much more monotonous than monotony itself. Going to movies and shows with Hazel Killian, my girl friend, is not very thrilling to a refugee from Hollywood, which Heaven knows is just Sleepy Hollow, but there *is* a kick in living in a place which everybody east of Albuquerque thinks would goal Nero. Then again, I'm wild about dancing and know how it's done, so there are times when I cast a speculative eye over the field and choose some safe and sane male, neither too old nor too bold, who I can ruin a few hours with when off duty and yet be able to look back to the excursion later with nothing more than a smile.

In that way I have twice broken my own rule and bounded around to perfectly proper places with boys. In both cases my merry men happened to be in a jam and little Gladys dried their tears and came to bat with some scheme that solved their problem. The first patient, Julius De Haven, who I helped get from the chorus of a musical comedy to stardom, urgently desired to commit matrimony with me as his accomplice. But, honestly, marriage is the furthest thing from my thoughts. I suppose wedding bells are as good a way as any to wind up a romance; still I've listened in at my switchboard to too many phone conversations between man and wife to want to be a ball and chain on any male, or versa vice. My second experiment was

Hurricane Sherlock, a gentleman who made his living by assault and battery. He was light-heavyweight champion of terra firma and I was beginning to like him when he introduced me to one of his relatives by marriage—viz., his wife.

My next imitation was Guy Austin Tower, the millionaire playwright who I made a knight for a day. Let's go!

At the time Mr. Tower crossed my path I had just finished reading a story entitled "When Knighthood Was in Flower" by Charles Major, and really Charley manipulated a wicked set of writing implements, no fooling! Often I'd close my eyes over that book at the switchboard and imagine I was living in the romantical days of old like the kind Charles wrote about and then I'd gaze around at the leering lounge lizards and smirking lobby hounds who jam the gorgeous corridors of the St. Moe—hunting in packs like the wolves they are!—and believe me, I'd come back to earth with a thump! Many and many a time I've wished *I* had been current when gleaming blades flashed in the sun for a lady's smile and when a perfumed glove, tossed from a balcony, was ample to start a revolution, a duel, an empire or a scandal. But now that's all as out of order as a suit of white ducks would be in a coal mine. These days, men start wars for dollars and fight for women with the same weapons.

Well, I was in this silly, sentimental frame of mind when along came Mr. Tower, and then the fun began!

The meeting was very scenario. I overslept one morning after going to a ball the night before with Hazel Killian. Hazel's a great drawing room favorite, that is, she poses in studios, and as all the other girls worked at the same gift, why, it really was a very *model* ball, wasn't it? Don't bother with that one if it's too difficult. Anyhow, on this morning which was to have so little effect on my future, I was afraid I'd be late at the mill so I blew myself to a taxi. About halfway to the St. Moe, the motor quit like a dog and after my fearful looking chauffeur had leisurely pottered around it and tried without luck to start it with curses alone, I impatiently commanded him to get me another and less shopworn bus. Time and tide not only waits for no man, but it waits for no woman either and I was frantic to get on the job.

"Hey, quit that hollerin' at me!" says the chauffeur politely. "I'm doin' the best I kin, ain't I? I'll git you downtown in good time. They seems to be somethin' the matter with the carburetor, but I ain't sure if——"

"You're a fine automobile mechanic!" I interrupt, with equal courtesy. "I bet you think a wrist pin is jewelry. It's taken you nearly fifteen minutes to go three miles!"

"Who d'ye wish to drive you for a buck and a half—Barney Oldfield?" he sneers.

"Listen!" I says. "I'm not going to do an act with you, so save that cross-fire patter for the garage. Call me a taxi with a motor in it and make it snappy!"

The chauffeur scowls at me.

"You certainly like to arg, don't you?" he says. "All right, I'll git you a cab. Gimme the one fifty what's on the clock for haulin' you this far."

I reached in my hand bag and then, honestly, I thought I'd swoon! In my mad rush to get out of my apartment and down to the hotel I had forgotten my purse—can you imagine that?

"I—it seems I have left my money at home," I began to stammer, my face as red as his ungainly nose. "If you——"

"Apple sauce!" butts in this charming gentleman of the old school. "Don't try to kid *me*, cutey. That stuff might git you by in them out of town slabs, but *I* was born and dragged up on Second Avenoo and I have met you gyppers before! I wouldn't care if you was so good lookin' you'd make a gold fish forgit to keep openin' and closin' its mouth, I'm blonde proof. You don't shove off from here till I git my jack and that's that!"

Ain't we got fun?

Well, an interested knot of innocent bystanders begins to rally round us and this modern Sir Galahad squawks his head off till, really, I never was so mortified since I first tried roller skating. I have met some hard-boiled citizens in tripping gaily along life's promenade, but Mr. Taxi Driver was a china egg if there ever was one! No give to him at all and the more I pleaded with him the more abusive he became and the more the shipping clerks, bootleggers, pickpockets and floorwalkers on their way to business seemed to enjoy it. Honestly, it was horrible!

At this critical moment along comes Mr. Guy Austin Tower, Esq., in his costly imported horseless carriage, built along racing lines to hold two people—if they're kind of affectionate friends. Mr. Tower leaps lightly and gracefully out of his car, shoulders his way to my taxi and raises his cap with the air of two Valentinos.

"As I live!" he remarks with a bright smile. "The Goddess of the Switchboard! May I be of service?"

Not even his mother will ever be any gladder to see him than *I* was right then! I remembered him instantly as my wealthy admirer who is parked in the royal suite on the tenth floor of the St. Moe—two hundred dollars the day, but then you get a lovely view of Central Park.

I made him a present of the smile that had no little to do with me winning that beauty contest, and reading the immediate effect in his eyes I felt more at ease right away.

"Thank you!" I says. "I left my purse at home and——"

"Blah!" the taxi apache shuts me off. "What d'ye wanna tell this cake eater that stuff for? Ask him to slip you the buck and a half you owe me, he looks dizzy enough to fall for it!"

Mr. Tower certainly was light on his feet for a big man and he acted promptly, as all first-class knights do. His arm shot out from his shoulder and down flopped friend chauffeur as if he'd been shot through the heart. A round of applause went up from the delighted spectators, just as a burly policeman pushed his way through the throng.

The cop looks at me and I'm trembling with fear, he stares curiously at the prostrate chauffeur who won't be any more still when he's dead, he gazes around at the grinning witnesses, and then he turns to the flushed Mr. Tower, who's standing there blowing softly on his skinned knuckles.

"Hey, what's all the excitement here, heh?" growls the gendarme.

Mr. Tower smiles cheerfully and pats John Law on the arm.

"Eh—just taking a movie!" he says pleasantly.



Going to shows with my girl friend is not very thrilling to a refugee from Hollywood.



"Hey, what's all the excitement here?" growls the cop. "Just taking a movie," says Mr. Tower pleasantly.

"Move along and give these people a chanct to see what they're doin'!" bawls the cop to the laughing crowd as Mr. Tower hands me into his car with so much grace that I could close my eyes and see him standing there in silken doublet and hose and hear him say, "I prithee, fair lady, wouldst step in yon equipage?"

I don't know what the name of Mr. Tower's car was, but I think it must have been a Leaping Tuna from the way it carried on when we hit bumps and crossings en route to the St. Moe. I promised to go to dinner with him at my earliest convenience, too, because by this time I was up to my neck in romance and I thought my millionaire cavalier was the gnat's bathrobe!

Enter Robert Meacham Westover, playwright number two. Robert was writing dramas for such producers as the Shuberts, A. H. Woods, Dillingham, Savage, Brady, Morosco and Lederer. He wrote for them all, yet unfortunately none of them gave his plays a tumble. Like Mr. Tower, Robert was young and comely, but he was also an incurable pauper and the other girls on the board liked him and carbolic the same way. Really, he was a fearful pest, hanging around the switchboard all day and asking over and over again, "Are you *sure* there were no calls for me today?" or "There *must* have been a phone call for me—I have a play being considered by Klaw and Erlanger, and——" etc. But there were no more calls for Robert Meacham Westover than there are calls for hot water bags in Hades.

Personally, I was very sorry for Robert, who looked like he never had a good time in his life. Every day and in every way he kept getting thinner and thinner, till he resembled a model for a "Help the Starving Kanakas!" poster, or something similar, honestly! I knew he didn't have a dime in the wide wide world and I often wondered how he managed to live. I even had a hazy idea of taking him out and feeding him some day as a simple act of charity, but of course a girl has to be careful mothering strange young men in New York—or anywhere else, for that matter. Look at the jam Eve got herself into by feeding Adam that apple!

It was Jerry Murphy who made up my mind for me regarding Robert. Jerry is the house detective at the St. Moe, a wild admirer of mine and about as useful as a toothbrush would be to a hen. He looks like a mock turtle and don't know what it's all about and every time he gets a chance he moors himself at the switchboard, gazing at me like a man on a raft in the

middle of the Atlantic would view the approach of the Aquitania. This gives the other girls plenty giggles, but Jerry's a good scout even if he is a total loss and I'm very lenient with him. However, one day he loomed up over the board just as Robert Meacham Westover had walked away.

"What's 'at clown pesterin' you about now?" growls Jerry, jerking a pudgy thumb over his shoulder at Robert's threadbare back.

"Are you my father?" I says, haughtily working the plugs.

"No," admits Jerry, "but they's a movie by 'at name right across the street. Listen, has 'at guy Westover been annoyin' you?"

"No," I says. "*You* do all that! What right have *you* got to question me about my friends? Run along and play, when I wish your services I'll whistle. Go on, shoo—you're on a busy wire!"

"Somebody must of put in a rap for me," says Jerry mournfully. "Seems to me you're *always* busy when *I* give you a ball, but 'at Westover mug can buzz you all day long and make you like it! Why show *him* any favors? He's been tryin' to promote you now since——"

"That's out!" I shut him off. "Don't get out of line, Jerry, or I won't let you talk to me at all. Besides, I don't believe Mr. Westover is even interested in women—he's too busy writing plays."

"Blah!" snorts Jerry scornfully. "Show me a guy which can't get no kick out of *you* and I'll show you a place in the East River where it's nothing but consommé! If 'at scissor-billed boloney ever tries to make a date with you I'll lay him like a carpet. I'm goin' to bear down on him anyways. He gets checked out of this trap tonight, or else——"

"Or else he don't!" I finish for him. "Look here, Jerry, I don't need a guardian and if you ever start a disturbance around here on *my* account I'll make you so sorry you'll sob yourself sick! Understand?"

"Don't get red-headed," says Jerry soothingly. "I ain't goin' to cuff him, but I got orders to *pinch* him. Laugh *that* off!"

"Arrest Mr. Westover?" I says, and I'm so startled I gave two people their right numbers. "What for?"

"He's got a hobby of not payin' his rent," says Jerry. "The big stiff! So he writes plays, hey? Well, six months on the island ought to give him plenty ideas for his next comedy!"

Then I saw Jerry was serious, so I got serious, too. Somehow the idea of this starving kid being thrown in the Bastille didn't appeal to me. No matter what anybody says, I have never believed that a writer does his best work when the world's against him. Why, six months in a cell might ruin that boy's entire future and prevent the world from meeting another Avery Hopwood! So I manage to smile and flirt Jerry Murphy into keeping his hands off Robert Meacham Westover till I had interviewed the young man and got a line on where, if anywhere, he expected to turn for some pieces of eight.

That very night as I was going out to dinner I ran across Robert standing in front of the big plate glass window of the Café les Infants, watching the chef juggling wheat cakes. Some of the numbing chill of New York's regard for a loser has crept into the air itself and Robert's coat collar is turned up, his hands are in his pockets, and in his eyes, glued on the golden brown wheat cakes, is a look of longing such as probably Cleopatra saw when Mark Antony first gave her the up and down. Just saying it was pathetic is not doing the scene justice. He started, kind of guilty, when he pegged me, but I grabbed his arm.

"Greetings!" I says smilingly. "Speaking of Lake Erie, come on, I'm going to feed you!"

Yes, men can blush.

"Why—I—why—eh—really, I'm not hungry," he stammers but how his eyes did glint at the mention of food! "I——"

But by this time I have crowded him inside and seated him at a table, where his protests got weaker and weaker. One glance at the line of march and he simply ordered everything on it and a pot of coffee. However, he insisted upon paying for his dinner and mine—borrowing ten dollars from me for this worthy purpose. Robert carefully marked down the loan on the back of a letter rejecting one of his plays, with the solemn promise that when his first drama was accepted he would repay me about two thousand percent. Tomato sauce! I waited till he had finished giving his one man banquet a beating and then I took him in hand.

"What's the idea of storing yourself in the best hotel in Gotham when you have no visible and apparently no invisible means of support?" I ask him, over the cheese and crackers.

Robert turns a rosy red.

"I imagine that *must* look a bit odd," he says. "But allow me to call your attention to the fact that I'm occupying the cheapest room in the—eh—hostelry, and I must have a good address to get even casual attention from the theatrical producers."

"Listen," I says quietly. "As long as you have failed to set the lake ablaze as a playwright, are in debt and have no more idea than a rabbit where you're going to promote any money, why not forget about the hard hearted theatrical producers and go to work?"

Robert's knife clatters to the table and his mouth opens wide. In his eyes is a look of genuine amazement. Then he smiles.

"You're joking," he says calmly.

I gaze at him, coolly sitting there eating the food I have paid for and grinning at the idea of earning his living, and honestly I get burnt up!

"You see something comical in the idea of getting a job?" I ask him, in a kind of strained voice.

"Naturally!" he answers, packing some more cheese on a cracker. "My dear girl, I wouldn't even know how to go about it! What would I do, for instance?"

"What would you do?" I says angrily. "Why, *anything!* Drive a truck, dig streets, sell books, learn a trade of some kind or enlist on the police force! Get up early in the morning, study the want ads and then lay out a route for yourself, taking the first job that's offered you! Why——"

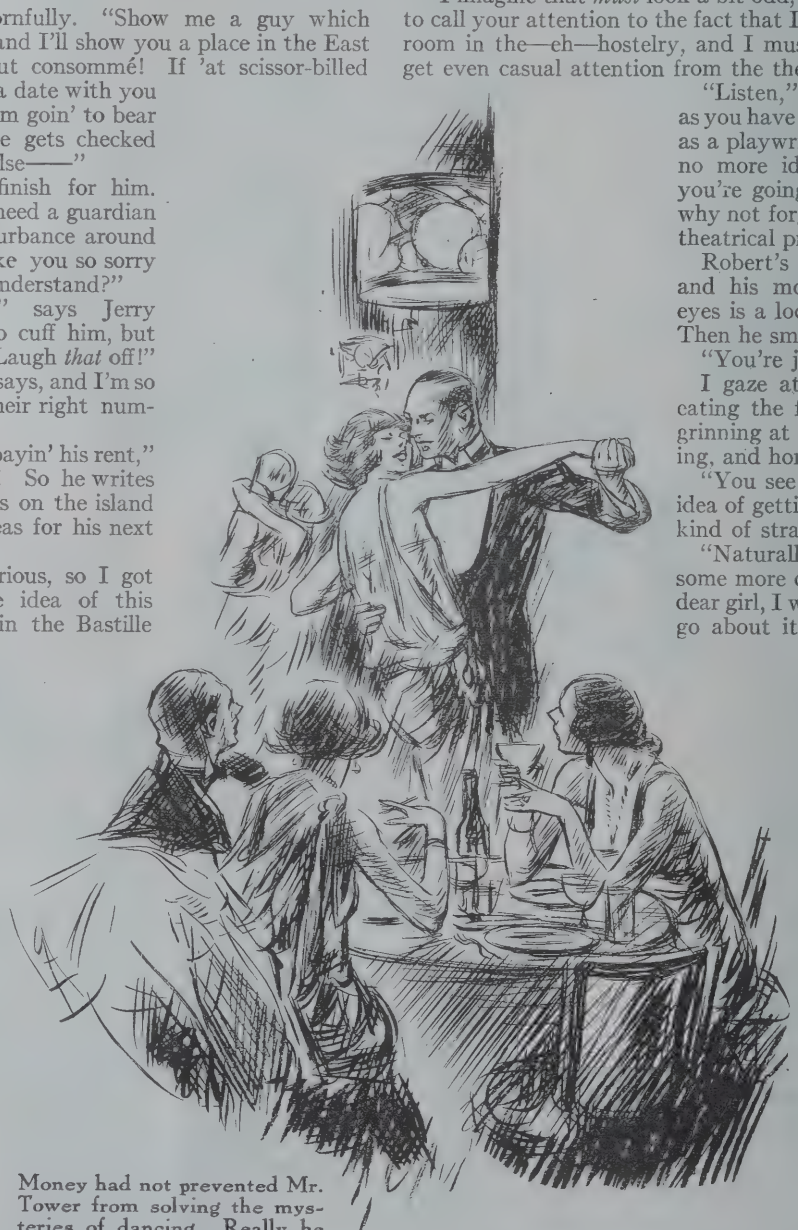
"I'm afraid you don't understand," butts in Robert, with coldly raised eyebrows. "I'm an artist—not a laborer!"

"I wouldn't brag about it!" I says. "Do you mean to say you have never done a day's work in your life?"

"I was at one time engaged in the work of bringing men's and women's attention to the fact that this life is not eternal—that death must come to us all!" says Robert. "And——"

"You were a minister?" I interrupt, full of surprise.

"No," says Robert. "An insurance agent."



Money had not prevented Mr. Tower from solving the mysteries of dancing. Really he glided a wicked ballroom.

Well, we sat there and argued till I was plenty late when I went back to my board. Honestly, I rode Mr. Robert Meacham Westover to a fare-thee-well in an attempt to make him snap into it. He broke out with an attack of temperament and angry words flew back and forth like swallows, till finally he threw up his hands and promised me faithfully that if his latest masterpiece, "An Illegal Crime," wasn't accepted within a week he'd return to the respectable science of selling life insurance, as he was doing when what he called the "divine afflatus" knocked him for a loop.

The very next day Robert gave me a copy of "An Illegal Crime" to read and I took it home with me when I went off duty that night. I must admit I didn't expect to get much of a kick out of it, but I thought I'd at least glance through it, so that when Robert crossexamined me about this drama, I'd know how many acts was in it, if nothing else.



Every day and in every way Robert kept getting thinner and thinner.

Well, really, I don't know when I got such a surprise! From the minute I started to read "An Illegal Crime" I simply couldn't lay it down, and it was nearly four A. M. when I turned out the light at the indignant request of Hazel Killian. I had read every word of Robert's play and some of it twice, and if it wasn't a knockout then I'm Queen of Sheba!

Two days later I kept my dinner engagement with Guy Austin Tower.

If I'd been going to get married I couldn't have donated more time to dolling myself up than I did on the day of this date. The first thing I did was to phone Mr. Williams, manager of the St. Moe, another male who fancies himself highly. If I had a dollar for every time this dizzy dumbbell has tried to take me out, he'd never be in a position to invite me again! I told him I was sick and couldn't report and he says I should try Doc Cooey's system, because all ills are only imaginary. So I sweetly said that in that case he could imagine I was there and then I hung up. My next move is to drop in at a beauty parlor and let the skilled labor there have a field day. I had my hair waved, my nails done, my classic features massaged, sat for a troubled hour with my face caked in mud, etc., etc., and even etc. When I came out I was all in, but I was also a success!

I have exactly *one* evening gown. Buying it swept away my lifetime savings and made Hazel Killian hysterical laughing at what she called my maniacal extravagance. I don't consider getting this dear of a dress was extravagance! Looking at it, wearing it, even *touching* it, gives me more joy than I can tell you. I just *love* it. If I had a million dollars I'd have $975,000 worth of clothes! This one is pink satin covered with crystals, wrapped tightly around the figure towards the front, where the draperies are fastened with large ornaments of silver leaves and buds. It's a rather daring gown and not everybody could wear it, but I didn't win that Utah beauty contest because the judges were nearsighted!

Mr. Tower called for me at seven and the look he gave me as his face changed color when I opened the door repaid me with illegal interest for my preparations. In dinner clothes, he was very restful to the eye himself. In fact, the openly envious Hazel thought my knight had stepped right off the screen and she told me later she got such a reaction that she deliberately broke a date with a boy poet from Greenwich Village and went out with a dashing young peddler of automobiles instead, simply because the latter sheik had a pleasing habit of wearing a tuxedo of nights.

Well, Mr. Tower and I had dinner at Jonquin's, the Polo Grounds of the restaurant league, and he seemed as proud of me as if he'd won me at golf. We talked about this and we talked about that and then, of course, the conversation got personal. I soon found out that Mr. Tower, who had nothing but money, was as temperamental as Mr. Westover, who had nothing but nerve. My millionaire is dissatisfied with things in general. Although his father left him about everything but South Dakota when he died, Mr. Tower says he wants to make good—that is, he craves fame. A moment afterwards when he confesses that he's an author and playwright, I nearly choked.

"What's the matter?" he asks me anxiously.

"Nothing," I says. "I—well, I seem to be in the midst of an epidemic of writers! I had dinner with one only the other day, Robert Meacham Westover. He lives at the St. Moe, too—do you know him?"

"No, I don't believe I do," says Mr. Tower thoughtfully. "But if his plays have been produced, I envy him!"

"Save your envy," I says. "What plays have *you* had produced, Mr. Tower?" I started something.

"None!" he says, banging the table with his fist. "And I or any other unknown playwright never *will* have his work produced while conditions in the theatrical business remain as they are. Genius is strangled, sacrificed to the god of the box office! Originality is penalized and becomes a serious handicap—art is symbolized by the lady on the face of the dollar!"

"In other words, it's all wrong," I says, feeling I should say *something*.

"Exactly," says Mr. Tower. "How quick you are to grasp one's meaning and how wonderfully sympathetic!"

"It's a gift!" I says demurely. "Like being able to wiggle your ears or play the oboe."

"By Jove, that's clever!" says Mr. Tower. "I shall put that in my next story. Have I your permission?"

"Go right ahead," I says. "Don't hesitate to call on me at any time. So you write *stories*, too? I suppose you're what they call ambidextrous, aren't you?"

Mr. Tower throws back his head and laughs like a kid.

"Now you're joshing me!" he says, wagging a reproachful finger at me. "Write stories? My dear girl, under various nom de plumes I have submitted verse, essays, short and long stories, jokes, epigrams, plays and what not to producers and publishers, but thus far I have failed to ring the bell. I have been told by competent authorities that my style and technic—the result of much study and training—leave (*Continued on page 118*)



Millicent Harden

The Hope of Happiness

Illustrations by
Pruett Carter

The Setting of the story is a Mid-west city today, and it concerns the lives of:

BRUCE STORRS, *a young architect of fine personal character whose mother has told him on her deathbed that he is not the son of her husband.*

FRANKLIN MILLS, *his real father, an aristocratic widower from an old family, rich, conservative, influential, domineering, and little understood by his fellow citizens.*

SHEPHERD MILLS, *Franklin's son, placed at the head of a storage battery plant by his father; a dreamer whose character is the antithesis of Franklin's.*

CONSTANCE MILLS, *Shepherd's wife, a social parvenu, restless and avid of personal admiration, rather disliked by her father-in-law.*

LEILA MILLS, *Franklin's daughter and favorite, charming but just now inclined to run wild.*

MILLICENT HARDEN, *a close friend of Leila's who has beauty, poise and artistic genius.*

"BUD" HENDERSON, *an old college friend of Bruce's.*

"BILL" FREEMAN, *a prominent architect.*

DALE FREEMAN, *his wife, whose home is the rendezvous for an intelligent social set.*

MRS. TORRENCE, *a widow, and delightful.*

A Résumé of Parts One to Three:

THE confession of his mother's one lapse in a faithful married life is a great shock to Bruce Storrs. At her dying request, Bruce goes to the Mid-west city where Mills lives to be near his unknown father.

There, keeping his secret closely guarded, he secures work as assistant to Freeman, and through Bud Henderson meets the city's "best people"—including his own family, the Millses. Indeed, some impish fate seems from this time on to be constantly dragging him into contact with the house of Mills.

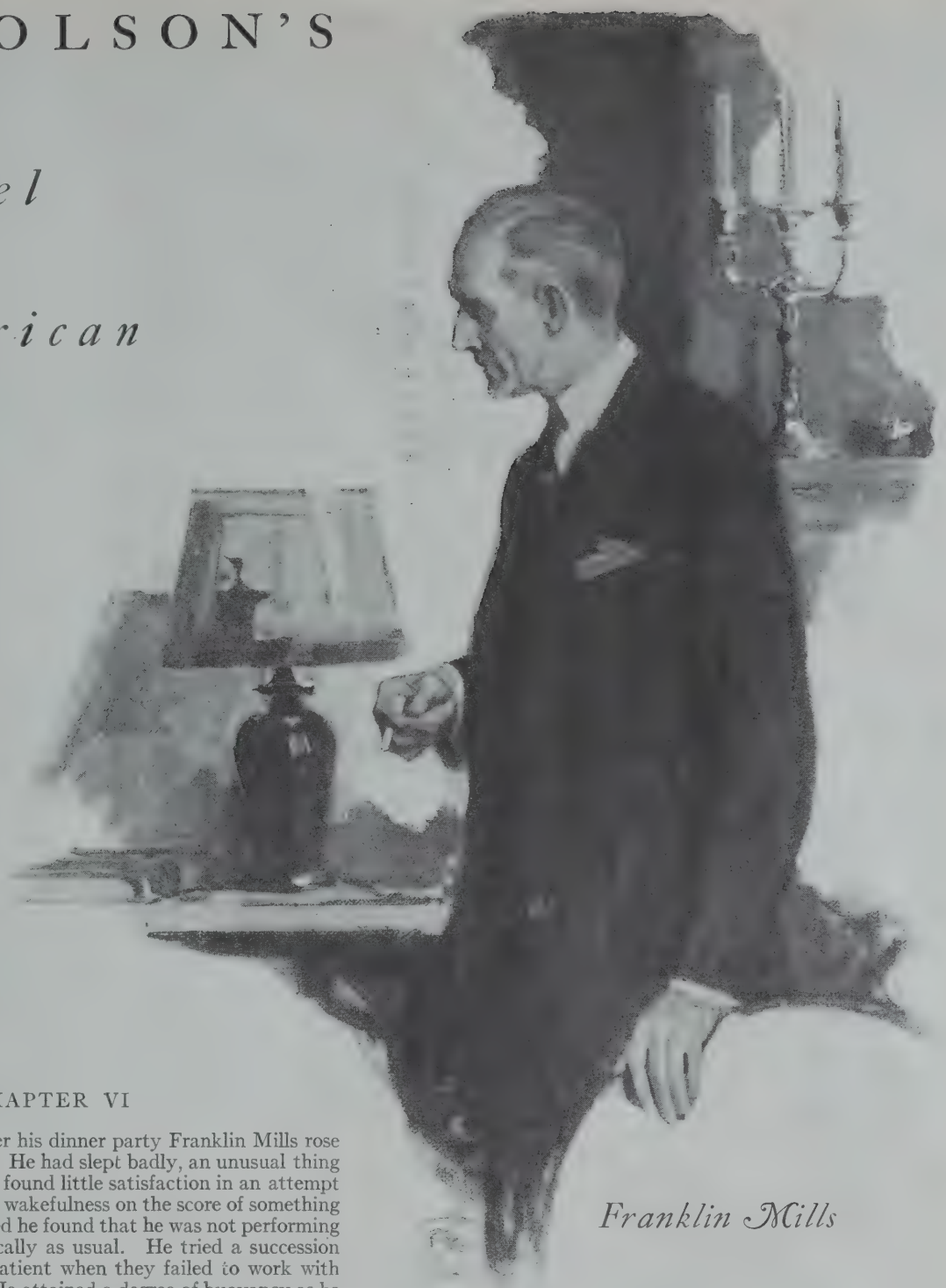
For instance, twice he rescues Leila from difficult situations when she is a little the worse for drink—once taking her from a stalled motorboat, once driving her home from Mrs. Torrence's. As for Constance Mills, each time he sees her she engages him in confidential chats that have all the earmarks of flirtation. And Shepherd Mills wants him to design a clubhouse for his workmen, until his father summarily refuses to sanction the scheme; even then, when his wife urges him to go ahead without his father's approval, Shepherd plans to consult Bruce again.

But the more serious contact is that between Bruce and his father. Bruce is attracted to Millicent Harden, though he has called on her only once and once played golf with her. He senses that Franklin Mills also may be in love with Millicent; indeed, his father is at Millicent's the night he calls.

The whole situation is wearing on Bruce's nerves. He finds himself growing frequently moody. Everywhere he turns, he runs into a Mills. He begins almost to dislike his father.

Franklin Mills too is beginning to be perturbed by this situation. And he strongly suspects that Bruce is his own son; a suspicion that nears certainty when he sees the astonishing resemblance Bruce bears to a portrait of his, Franklin's, father. Does Bruce, he wonders, recalling that brief romance of

NICHOLSON'S *Vital Novel of American Life*



Franklin Mills

long ago, know of this relationship?

The question comes home to him with especial keenness one night after a dinner party when he has been talking casually to Leila about Storrs. Alone with the portrait of his father, his meditations become intolerable.

Part Four: CHAPTER VI

THE morning after his dinner party Franklin Mills rose at eight o'clock. He had slept badly, an unusual thing with him, and he found little satisfaction in an attempt to account for his wakefulness on the score of something he had eaten. As he shaved he found that he was not performing the familiar rite automatically as usual. He tried a succession of blades and became impatient when they failed to work with their usual smoothness. He attained a degree of buoyancy as he dressed by thinking of his immunity from the cares that beset most men. No other man in town enjoyed anything like his freedom. He had not dreaded age because he never thought of himself as old. And yet the years were passing . . .

He must study means of deferring old age. Marriage might serve to retard the march of time. The possibility of remarrying had frequently of late teased his imagination. Leila would leave him one of these days; he must have a care that she married well. Mills had plans for Carroll's future; Carroll would be a most acceptable son-in-law . . . Leila had so far shown no interest in Carroll, but Leila had the Mills common sense; when it came to marrying, Leila would listen to reason.

He called his man to serve breakfast in his room, read the morning paper, inspected his wardrobe and indicated several suits to be pressed.

From his south window he viewed the Harden house across the hedge. Millicent was somewhere within . . . It might be a mistake to marry a girl as young as Millicent. He knew of men who had made that mistake, but Millicent was not to be measured by ordinary standards. With all the charm of youth, she was amazingly mature; not a feather-brained girl who would marry him for his money. There was the question of her family, her lack of social background; but possibly he magnified the importance of such things. His own standing, he argued, gave him certain rights.

Delay might be hazardous; he began thinking of the young men who had been attentive to Millicent. Most of them were of Leila's set; he had no very good opinion of any of them. And there was Storrs, who had so unaccountably projected himself into the scene. Storrs was young, handsome, with an artistic nature to which Millicent, with her own endowments and tastes, might easily respond . . .

The remembrance of the young architect's head superimposed upon the portrait of Franklin Mills III caused him an uneasiness which he was not able to dispel by a snap of the fingers. If Storrs boldly confronted him and asserted a claim upon his bounty the thing could be dealt with on a strictly business basis; but there was no reason for suspecting that he meditated blackmail. Possibly the young man himself was unaware that there might be a doubt as to his parentage; but how was he, Franklin Mills, to satisfy himself on this point? Any attempt to learn what had prompted Storrs to choose for his residence the city so long sacred to the Mills family might easily arouse suspicion.

The portrait in itself was a menace. People were such fools about noting resemblances! If his sisters met Storrs they might remark upon his resemblance to their father. And yet they were just as likely to note the removal of the picture if he relegated it to the attic . . .

By the time he had interviewed the house servants and driven to the office Mills had passed through various moods ranging from his habitual serenity and poise to apprehension and foreboding. This puzzled him. Why should he, the most equable of men, suddenly fall a prey to moods? He put on a pair of library glasses that he kept in his desk, though he usually employed a pince-nez at the office—a departure which puzzled Carroll, who did not know that Mills, in the deep preoccupation of the morning, had left his pocket case at home. Mills, in normal circumstances, was not given to forgetfulness. Aware that something was amiss, Carroll made necessary reports and suggestions with more than his usual economy of words.

"Doctor Lindley telephoned that he'd be in to see you at eleven. You have no engagements and I told him all right."

"Lindley? What does Lindley want?" Mills demanded.

"He didn't say, sir, but as you always see him——"

"I don't know that I care to see him today," Mills mumbled. Mills rarely mumbled; his speech was always clean-cut.

Carroll, listening attentively to his employer's instructions as to answering letters and sending telegraphic orders for the sale of certain stocks, speculated as to what had caused Mills's unwonted irascibility. A few minutes after eleven word was passed from the office boy to the stenographer and thence from Carroll to Mills that the Reverend Doctor Lindley was waiting.

Mills detained Carroll rather unnecessarily to discuss matters of no immediate moment. This in itself was surprising, as the rector of St. Barnabas, the oldest and richest church in town, had heretofore always been admitted without delay. The Mills family had been identified with St. Barnabas from earliest times and Doctor Lindley was entertained frequently by Mills not only at home but at the men's luncheons Mills gave at his clubs for visiting notables.

"Ah, Mills! Hard at it!" exclaimed the minister cheerfully. He was short, rotund and bald, with a large face that radiated good nature. A reputation for breadth of view and public spirit had made him, in the dozen years of his pastorate, one of the best liked men in town. He gave Mills a cordial handshake, asked after Leila and assured Mills that he had never seen him looking better.

Lindley was a dynamic person and his presence had the effect of disturbing the tranquillity of the room. Mills wished now that he hadn't admitted the rector of St. Barnabas, with his professional good cheer and optimism. He remembered that Lindley always wanted something when he came to the office. If it proved to be help for a negro mission St. Barnabas maintained somewhere, Mills resolved to refuse to contribute. He had no intention of encouraging further the idea that he could be relied upon to support all of Lindley's absurd schemes for widening the sphere of the church. It was a vulgar idea that a sinner should prostrate himself before an imaginary God and beg for forgiveness. Where sin existed the main thing was to keep it decently out of sight. But the whole idea of sin was repellent. He caught himself up sharply. What had he to do with sin?

But outwardly Mills was serene; Lindley was at least a diversion, though Mills reflected that someone ought to warn him against his tendency to obesity. A fat man in a surplice was ridiculous, though Mills hadn't seen Lindley in vestments since the last fashionable wedding. At the reception following the wedding Mills remembered that he had been annoyed by Lindley's appetite.

Mills wondered what he had ever seen that was likable in the rector, who certainly suggested nothing of apostolic austerity. Lindley threw back his coat, disclosing a gold cross suspended from a cord that stretched across his broad chest. Mills's eyes fixed upon the emblem disapprovingly as he asked his visitor to have a cigar.

"No, thanks, Mills; I never smoke so early in the day—found it upset me. Moderation in all things is my motto. I missed you at the Clayton party the other night; a brilliant affair. Dear Leila was there, though, and Shepherd and his charming wife, to represent your family. Margaret and I left early." The clergyman chuckled and lowering his voice continued: "I've heard—I've heard *whispers* that later on the party got quite gay! I tell you, Mills, the new generation is stepping high. All the more responsibility for the forces that make for good in this world! I was saying to the bishop only the other day that the church never before faced such perplexities as now!"

"Why do you say perplexities?" asked Mills in the quiet tone and indulgent manner of an expert crossexaminer who is preparing pitfalls for a witness.

"Ah, I see you catch at the word! It's become a serious question what the church dare do! There's the danger of offending; of estranging its own membership."

"Yes, but why is it a danger?" Mills persisted.

The minister was surprised at these questions, which were wholly foreign to all his previous intercourse with Mills. His eyes opened and shut quickly. The Reverend Stuart Lindley was known as a man's man, a clergyman who viewed humanity in the light of the twentieth century and was particularly discerning as to the temptations and difficulties that beset business men. Mills must not be offended; he was the largest contributor to St. Barnabas.

"My dear Mills," he said impressively, "you know and I know that this is an age of compromise. We clergymen can't soften our warnings—the wind, you know, no longer blows on the lost sheep with the violence it once manifested, or at least the sheep no longer notice it!" A glint in Mills's eye gave him pause, but he went on hurriedly. "In certain particulars we must yield a little without appearing to yield. Do you get my point?"

"Frankly, I don't know that I do," Mills replied bluntly. "You preach that certain things are essential to the salvation of my soul. What right have you to compromise with me or anyone else? You either believe the Gospel and the creeds that are used every day in our churches or you don't. I didn't mean to start a theological discussion; I was just a little curious as to what you meant by perplexities, when the obligation is as plain as that table."

"But—you see the difficulties! We have a right to assume that God is perfectly aware of all that goes on in His world and that the changing times are only a part of His purpose."

"Well, yes," Mills assented without enthusiasm. "But I was thinking of what you and the church I was born into declare to be necessary to the Christian life. I go to church rarely, as you know, but I'm fairly familiar with the New Testament. I've got a copy with the words of Jesus printed in bold type, so you can't miss His meaning. He was pretty explicit; His meaning hits you squarely in the eye!"

"But, my dear friend, above all He preached tolerance! He knew human frailty! There's the great secret of His power."

"Oh, that's all true!" said Mills, with courteous forbearance. "But you know very well that few of us—no—I'll admit that I don't live the Christian life except where it's perfectly easy and convenient. Why talk of the perplexities of the ministry when there's no excuse for any of us to mistake His meaning? You either preach Jesus or you don't! We lean heavily on His tolerance because we can excuse ourselves with that; it's only an alibi. But what of His courage? Whatever I may think of Him—divine or merely a foolish idealist—He did die for His convictions! It occurs to me sometimes that He's served nowadays by a pretty cowardly lot of followers. Oh—not you, my friend!—I don't mean anyone in particular—except myself. Probably there are other men who think much as I do, but we don't count. We pay to keep the churches going but we don't want to be bothered about our duty to God. *That's* a disagreeable subject!"

He ended with a smile that was intended to put Lindley at ease.

"You are absolutely right, Mills!" declared the minister magnanimously. "But as a practical man you realize that there *are* embarrassments in the way of doing our full duty."

"No; truly, I don't!" Mills retorted. "We either do it or we don't. But please don't think I meant to quiz you or be annoying. I wouldn't offend you for anything in the world!"

"My dear *Mills!*" cried the clergyman with the disdain demanded by so monstrous a suggestion.

"It never occurred to me before," Mills went on, his good humor only faintly tinged with irony, "it never struck me in just this way before, but I suppose if you were to preach to your congregation just what Jesus preached you'd empty the church."

"Well, of course——" began Lindley.

"Of course you can't do it! Jesus is the Great Example of a perfect life; but do we any of us really want to live as He lived?"

"Ah, Mills, we can only approximate perfection; that's the best we can hope for!"

"Thank you! There's some consolation in that!" Mills laughed. "But if we really took the teachings of Jesus literally we wouldn't be sitting here; we'd be out looking up people who need shelter, food, cheer. As it is I'm not bothering my head about them. I pay others to do that—Carroll hands me a list



"Do you really think me disgraceful?" asked Leila She seemed to Bruce like an impulsive child tonight.

of organizations he considers worthy of assistance and all I do is to sign the checks—ought to be ashamed of myself, oughtn't I?"

"Well, now, Mills," Lindley laughed pleasantly, "that's a matter I leave to your own conscience."

"But you oughtn't to! It's your duty to tell me that instead of riding up to a comfortable club today to eat luncheon with a couple of bankers I ought first to be sure that every man, woman and child in the community is clothed and fed and happy."

"What would you do if I did?" Lindley demanded.

"I'd tell you to go to the Devil!"

"There you are!" cried Lindley with a gesture of resignation. "You know your duty to your neighbor as well as I do. The affair isn't between you and me, after all, my dear friend—it's between you and God!"

"God?" Mills repeated the word soberly, his eyes turning to the window and the picture it framed, of a sky blurred by the smoke of factory chimneys. "I wonder——" he added, half to himself.

Lindley was puzzled and embarrassed, uncertain whether to try to explain himself further. His intuitions were keen and in his attempt to adjust himself to a new phase of Mills's character he groped for an explanation of the man's surprising utterances. There had been something a little wistful in Mills's use of the word *God*. Lindley was sincerely eager to help where help was needed, but as he debated whether Mills really had disclosed any need that he could satisfy, Mills ended the matter by saying a little wearily:

"What was it you wanted to see me about, Lindley?"

"It's about the Mills memorial window in St. Barnabas; the transept wall's settled lately and pulled the window out of plumb. Some of the panels are loose. The excavations for the new building across the alley caused the disturbance. Now that the building's up we'll hope the worst is over. That's one of the finest windows in the West. I had Freeman look at it and he says we'll have to get an expert out from New York to take care of it properly. The vestry's hard up as usual but I felt sure you'd want us to have the job well done——"

"Certainly, Lindley. Go ahead and send me the bill. Of course I'm glad to take care of it."

II

Mills was again himself. The mention of the Mills memorial window had touched his pride. The window not only symbolized the miraculous powers of Jesus but quite concretely it visualized for the congregation of St. Barnabas the solid worth and continuity of the house of Mills.

He detained Lindley, gave him a chance to tell a story, made sure before he permitted him to go that the minister had not been wounded by anything he had said. He had come out pretty well in his talk with the minister; it did no harm to ruffle the complacency of a man like Lindley occasionally. But he wanted to guard against a return of the vexatious thoughts with which the day had begun.

A ride would set him up and he would find some cheerful companions to join him at the farm. Usually he planned his parties ahead but the day was too fine to let pass. He rang



The towering white pillars, Bruce thought, made a fitting frame for Millicent, emphasizing her pictorial beaut

for Carroll, his spirits already mounting at the thought of escaping from town.

"I believe I'll run out to Deer Trail this afternoon. I'll ask some people who like to ride to join me. Will you call Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Torrence, Leila and Miss Harden? I'll be glad to have you go if you can arrange it—I'll leave it all to you. As to men, try Doctor Armstrong, Mr. Turner, Ralph Burton—say that I'll send machines to take them out unless they prefer using their own cars. You'll look after that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see; this was the day Freeman was to meet me out there to look over the superintendent's house. I've promised Jackson to make the addition he wants this fall. Freeman's probably forgotten it—he has a genius for forgetting engagements, and I'd overlooked your memorandum till just now. Freeman hates a horse but if he goes it will only take a few minutes to show him what's wanted."

III

Bruce was finding his association with Freeman increasingly agreeable. The architect, amusingly indifferent and careless as to small things, was delighted to find that his new subordinat was not afraid to assume responsibility and grateful that Bruc was shielding him from the constant pecking of persons wh called or telephoned about trivial matters.

"By the way, Storrs, can you run into the country this afte noon?" Freeman asked. "I promised Franklin Mills I'd mee him at his farm to look at his superintendent's house. I've pu him off several times and now that Brookville man's coming in t talk house and I've got to see him. There's not much to do bu get data and make my apologies to Mills. Mrs. Freeman jus called up to say she's going out there to ride. Mills is having party so he'll get through with you quickly. I don't want him t think me indifferent about his work. He's been a loyal client.

"Yes, certainly," Bruce replied, reluctant to trouble Freema by refusing, but not relishing another meeting with Mills.

"Everybody knows where Deer Trail is—you'll have no troub finding it. I think he said he'd be there by two-thirty. Liste carefully to what he says, and I'll take the matter up with hi tomorrow. Now about the specifications for that Sterlin house——"

It was thus that Bruce found himself at Deer Trail Farm o the afternoon of the day that Mills was giving his riding part



'Leila's really growing superstitious about you," she told him. "She says you're always saving her life."

Mills, with whom punctuality was a prime virtue, came down he steps in his riding clothes and good-naturedly accepted Bruce's excuses in Freeman's behalf.

"Freeman's a busy man, of course, and a job like this is a good leal of a nuisance. You can get the idea just as well. Can you ide a horse?"

Bruce, whose eyes had noted with appreciation the horses that ad been assembled in the driveway, said that he could.

"All right, then; we'll ride over. It's nearly a mile and we'll ave time."

He let Bruce choose a horse for himself from a dozen or more horoughbreds, watched him mount with critical but approving yes, and they set off over a road that led back through the fields. Mills sat a horse well.

Finding that Bruce knew something of the American saddle tock, he compared various breeds, calling attention to the good oints of the horses they were riding.

When they reached the superintendent's house Bruce found hat what was required was an extension that would provide he family with additional sleeping rooms.

He took measurements, made notes, suggested a few difficulties nd in reply to Mills's questions expressed his belief that the addition could be made without spoiling the appearance of the house.

"I suppose I really ought to tear it down and build a new house, but this hundred acres right here has been in my family a long time and the place has associations. I hate to destroy it."

"I can understand that," said Bruce, busy with his notebook. "I think I have all the data Mr. Freeman will need, sir."

As they rode back Mills talked affably of the country; spoke of the history and traditions of the vicinity, and the sturdy character of the pioneers who had settled the region.

"I used to think sometimes of moving East—settling somewhere around New York. But I've never been able to bring myself to it. This is my own country right here. Over there —you notice that timber?—well, I'll never cut that. This whole region was forest in the early days. I've kept that strip of woodland as a reminder of the men who broke through the wilderness with nothing but their rifles and axes."

"They were a great race," Bruce remarked.

There was sentiment of a sort in Mills. As an enigma Bruce found him increasingly provocative. Mills called attention to a young orchard he had lately planted, and to his conservatories, where he amused himself, he said, trying to produce

a new rose. "Won't you stay and join in the ride?" he asked as they dismounted. "I can fit you out with breeches and puttees. I'd be delighted to have you."

"Thanks, but I must get into town," Bruce replied.

"Well, if you must! Please don't let Freeman go to sleep on this job."

Bruce, glad that his duty had been performed so easily, was starting toward his car when a familiar voice called to him from the broad pillared veranda:

"Why such a hurry? Aren't you in this party?"

He swung round to find Millicent Harden, dressed for the saddle, standing at the edge of the veranda a little apart from the animated group of Mills's other guests. As he walked toward her she came down the steps to meet him. The towering white pillars made a fitting frame for her. Here, as in the library of her own house, the ample background served to emphasize her pictorial effectiveness. Her eyes shone with happy expectancy.

"I don't care if you are here on business, you shouldn't be running away! On a day like this nobody should be in town."

"Somebody has to work in this world. How are the organ and the noble knight?"

"Both would be glad to welcome you. Leila's growing superstitious about you; she says you're always saving her life. Oh, she confessed everything about last night!—how you ministered to her and set her on her father's doorstep in fine shape. And she's going to be a good girl now. We must see that she is!"

At this moment Leila detached herself from the company on the veranda and called his attention to the fact that Mrs. Freeman was trying to bow to him. Mills, who had been discussing the fitness of one of the horses with his superintendent, announced that he was ready to start.

"I wish you were coming along," said Leila; "there's scads of horses. We'd all adore having you!"

"I'd adore coming!" Bruce answered. "But I've really got to skip."

"I'll tell dada to ask you another time. Dada isn't at all bad when you know him, is he, Millie?"

"Oh, one learns to tolerate him!" said Millicent teasingly.

"You might like driving through the farm—good road all the way from that tall elm down there," suggested Leila, "and it takes you through our woods. The color of the maples is marvelous. There's a winding stretch over yonder that's a little wild but it's interesting, and you can't get lost. It would be a shame to dash back to town without seeing something of this gorgeous day!"

"All right, thanks, I'll try it," said Bruce.

With his roadster in motion he wondered dejectedly whether there was any way of escaping Franklin Mills and his family. But the sight of Millicent had heartened him. The glowing woodlands were brighter for his words with her. He wished he might have taken her away from Mills and his party and ridden alone with her in the golden haze of the loveliest of autumn afternoons . . .

Suddenly when he was beyond the Deer Trail boundaries and running along slowly he came upon a car drawn up close to the stake-and-rider fence that enclosed a strip of woodland. His quiet approach over the soft road Leila had described had not been noted by the two occupants of the car, a man and a woman.

Two lovers, presumably, who had sought a lonely spot where they were unlikely to be observed, and Bruce was about to speed his car past them when the woman lifted her head with an involuntary cry of surprise that caused him, quite as involuntarily, to turn his gaze upon her. It was Constance Mills; her companion was George Whitford.

"Hello, there!" Whitford cried and Bruce stopped his car and got out. "Mrs. Mills and I are out looking at the scenery. We started for the Country Club but lost interest."

"Isn't this a heavenly day?" remarked Mrs. Mills with entire serenity. "George and I have been talking poetry—an ideal time for it!" She held up a book. "Yeats—he's so marvelous! Where on earth are you wandering to?"

"I've been to Deer Trail—a little errand with Mr. Mills for my boss."

"Oh, is Mr. Mills at the farm? What is it—a party?" she asked carelessly.

"Yes, Miss Mills, Miss Harden, Mrs. Torrence and Mrs. Freeman are there to ride—I didn't make them all out."

"It sounds quite gay," she said languidly. "I've thought a lot about our talk yesterday. You evidently delivered Leila home without trouble. It was awfully sweet of you, I'm sure. I don't believe we'll go in to the farm, George. I think a crowd of people would bore me today, and we must get back into town."

Whitford started his car, and as they moved away Constan leaned out and smiled and waved her hand. Bruce stood for moment gazing after them, deep in thought. Constance Mil he decided, was really a very clever woman.

IV

After his visit to Deer Trail Farm Bruce found himself in cynical humor with reference to his own life and the lives of t people with whom he had lately come in contact. He w again isolating himself, spending his evenings in his apartmer where no one was likely to trouble him. He found no consolati in the thought that so many others apparently found as lit satisfaction in existence as he. Nothing was substantial definite. He read prodigiously—poetry and philosophy, a the latest discussions of the problems of the time—caught these an occasional gleam. It seemed centuries ago that had walked in the Valley of the Shadow in France. The trage of war seemed as nothing weighed against the tragedy of own life. *Why had she told him?* was a question he despairing asked himself. His mother had had no right to go out of t world leaving him to carry the burden her confession had l upon him. Then again, with a quickening of his old affecti for her, he felt that some motive, too fine and high for his und standing, had impelled her to the revelation.

He had settled himself to read one evening when Henders always unexpected in his manifestations of sociability, dropp in at his apartment.

"Maybelle's at Shep Mills's rehearsing in a new drama club show so I romped up here hoping to catch you in. guessed you'd be here laughing heartily all to yourself. I cut the booze; honest I have. My bootlegger strolled in tod but I kissed him good by forever. So don't offer me any lick my noble resolution isn't so strong that I mightn't yield t whisper from the Devil."

"You're safe! I'm a tame devil tonight. There's nothi stronger on the premises than a tooth wash warranted not remove the enamel."

Henderson picked up the book Bruce had been reading, World in Need of God," and ran his eye over the chapter headin

"'The Unlit Lamp,' 'The Descent Perilous,' 'Untend Altars'—so you've got it too, have you?"

"I've got the book, if that's what you mean," Bruce repli "I paid two dollars for it. It's a gloomy work; no wonder author put it out anonymously."

"It's a best seller," Henderson replied mournfully as seated himself and drew out his pipe. "The world is nerv about itself—doesn't know whether to repent and be good stroll right along to the fiery pit. Under my stoical exteri Bruce, old boy, I trouble a good deal about the silly human ra That phrase, 'The Descent Perilous,' gives me a chill. If edited that book I'd have made it 'The Road to Hell is Ea and drawn a stirring picture of the universe returning to ch to the music of jazzy bands. People seem anxious to be cau all lit up when our little planet jumps the track and runs amu But there really are a few imbeciles, like the chap who produ that book, who're troubled about the whole business. We think we're playing comedy rôles but if we'd just take a g square look at ourselves in the mirror we'd see that we're ma up for tragedy."

"Lordy! Hear the boy talk! If I'd known you were com I'd have hidden the book."

"There's a joke! I've been in several prosperous hon lately where I got a glimpse of that joyous work stuck un the sofa pillows. Everybody's afraid to be caught with i afraid it points to a state of panic in the purchaser. It's kind of thing folks read and know it's all true and get so low their minds they pull the old black bottle from its hiding pl and seek alcoholic oblivion."

"I bought the thing as a matter of business. If all creatio going to shoot the chutes I want to be prepared. It's silly me to get all set to build houses for people if the world's com to an end."

"By Jove, when the crash comes I'm going to be stuck wit lot of Plantagenets!"

"But this chap thinks the world can be saved! He says the mad rush to find some joy in life we're forgetting G The spiritual spark growing dim—all that sort of thing."

"Um-m." Henderson took the pipe from his mouth a peered into the bowl. "He may be right, at that. I'm a sin —chock full of sin, original and acquired. I haven't been church since my wedding except to a (*Continued on page 1*

By
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

A Love Story as fresh as a Spring Breeze

Beaver!

Illustrations by
Harrison Fisher



Marcia

"EVERY day, in every way," asserted Mrs. Conduit, looking firmly at herself in the mirror, "I am getting better and better. Every day in every way I am getting better and *better*. Everydayneverywaymgetnbettrbettr. Evryd——"

She stopped, abruptly. "But it doesn't! It just aches worse all the time," she confided, with a sigh. Then she brightened—she was a person of great persistence.

"If it only weren't for the *headache!* I could do it *so* nicely when there wasn't anything the matter with me," she thought resentfully. "So unobliging of it. Perhaps I'd better try the other way."

She straightened herself and began to apply the palm of her hand to her forehead with a curious circular motion as of rubbing in invisible cold cream.

"*Ça passe!*" she intoned. "*Ça passe! Ça passe, çapasssszzzz*——"

The rubbing grew faster. So did her chant. In a moment she was humming like a gigantic, dignified top.

"*Pzzzzzzzzz*——"

The door flew open, admitting, with a bounce, William Conduit Junior; a short, pink, worried looking young man with surprised blond hair.

"Mother! What on earth are you doing? Pretending you're a bee?"

"I was just trying a little *ça passe*, Billy, for one of my headaches," murmured Mrs. Conduit mildly, "and I really think it must have worked this time—or else it was your coming in so suddenly—startled me——"

"I'm awfully sorry. How is it?"

"Quite gone, I think," said Mrs. Conduit nervously. Then a smile came. She spread her arms, with a gesture. "Quite gone!" she repeated melodiously. "Quite—qu-i-te—go-one!"

"That's fine!" commented her offspring absent-mindedly. Then his grievance returned. "See here," he began in a threatening voice, "is this straight, what Dotty's just told me, or is she

lying again? Is it straight? Have I got—have **I** got——" His voice wavered. "She says you told her I've got to go down with the big car and wait for this wet smack of an English Egyptologist—Lord Whoozis. Oh, she doesn't know which his train is! Said he wired he was coming between five and eight. Between *five* and *eight*. And then I'm to shepherd him al around and see he gets dressed and over to the Club and si through the dinner and lecture and everything *myself!*" H uttered loud, rude sounds expressive of rage and dismay. "I she right, I ask you?" he finished with a snort. "Because i she is——"

"Now, William," began Mrs. Conduit patiently. "Now William—if you'll remember—at lunch——"

Her forehead contracted. She put her hand to it weakly.

"*Ça passe!*" she murmured "*Ça passe—ça passe—ça passe* All is Good. Good is All. Karma, Karma—oh no, that' theosophy, isn't it? *Ça passe*, I mean, *ça*——"

"Now, William!" said her infuriated child. "Now, William indeed!" Then he changed to a pleading whine. "Honestly mother—I can't. I just can't and that's all there is to it. I've go a date. I've got a tea date—a dinner date—and I'm going to the Marstons' dance—it's the year's best party—and——"

"William!" breathed Mrs. Conduit. She reclined her brow upon her hand. No man with a spark o chivalry could have failed her.

"Oh, all right, then—*all* right! I'm the goat, I suppose. *As* usual. Only——"

Mrs. Conduit's glance drifted towards a clock.

"I don't want to hurry you, William dear. Bu as long as he said that he might come at five——"

"Oh *Lord!* Why can't Dotty go?"

"She couldn't, dear. He would think it much too American."

"Well, isn't there anybody else?"

"No, dear!" said Mrs. Conduit decisively. "I would but—there's a meeting of the Friends of the Wayward Girl. At half-past five."

"Well, how long is he going to stay?"

"A week, I think. He has another lecture Wednesday."

William groaned aloud.

"A week. And it's only another week till I have to go back to college! I suppose I'll have to play nurse to 'Is 'Ighness the whole blame week. No that *I* count," he inserted bitterly. "I don't matter —*oh, no*—I——" His feelings choked him.

"I thought you might take him out for some gol on Monday," said his mother placidly. "I under stood from Mrs. Remsen that Lord Dolicho plays."

"Golf? An Egyptologist? I bet he thinks you play it with cues."

"Lord Dolicho is a very agreeable and well in formed young man. You will have a great oppor tunity before you in meeting him, William," said Mrs. Conduit. "International friendships—so de lightful!" she continued vaguely. "The bonds of a common heritage."

"Opportunity—huh! I bet he's agreeable—on of those nice, chatty Englishmen. Really? Aw-fly So good of you. Don't y'know! Oh, I *bet* he's a prize wet towel!" he concluded with extraordinary vehemence. Then a horrible thought occurred to him. "I don't have to take him along to the *dance*, do I?" he said in breaking tones.

Mrs. Conduit relented.

"I don't know if his lordship dances. From what I gather, he seems to be a rather serious young man." She smiled. "But of course if he *should* dance——"

"Oh, holy Henry Ford! He probably polkas Well—it's lucky I'm going East again—that's al I'll say. I wouldn't be able to speak to a girl if I stayed—after wishing a dumb bunny like that on a real six cylinder party."

"It's getting later, William," said Mrs. Conduit

"I suppose so. Don't worry—I'll be there—be tween five and eight. I'm going." He turned toward the door. "Say, how am I going to recog nize this baby? Will he wear a red carnation in his buttonhole or what?"

"He will have a great many bags." Mrs. Conduit was amused. "And an English accent. He is tal and, as I remember, wears gold spectacles. A charming young man."

"Nice specifications!" grunted her son. "And I suppose he'll wear one of those Airedale suits without any crease in the trousers. Oh really—



Billy

aw'fly—so glad to meet ya—darn!" He departed, slamming the door.

Mrs. Conduit waited a second. Then, "William!" she called.

"Yeah. What?"

"Oh, nothing. Marcia Mather will be at the dinner tonight."

She heard no intelligible reply—only something between a snort and a grunt. She turned back toward her mirror, smiling. Dear Billy—he was a little hard to manage sometimes, now that he was so sure of being quite grown up. But the Woman's Club she ruled with an iron hand had not nicknamed her the Holy Steam Roller for nothing.

II

"NUMBER SEVUN-TEEN," bawled the man with the megaphone. "Now re-ported forty-five minutes la-a-te!"

William Conduit Junior threw his cigarette on the floor of the station smoking room and stamped on it. It was nearly six-thirty and he had already met three trains without result.

"Oh mother—mother!" he moaned.

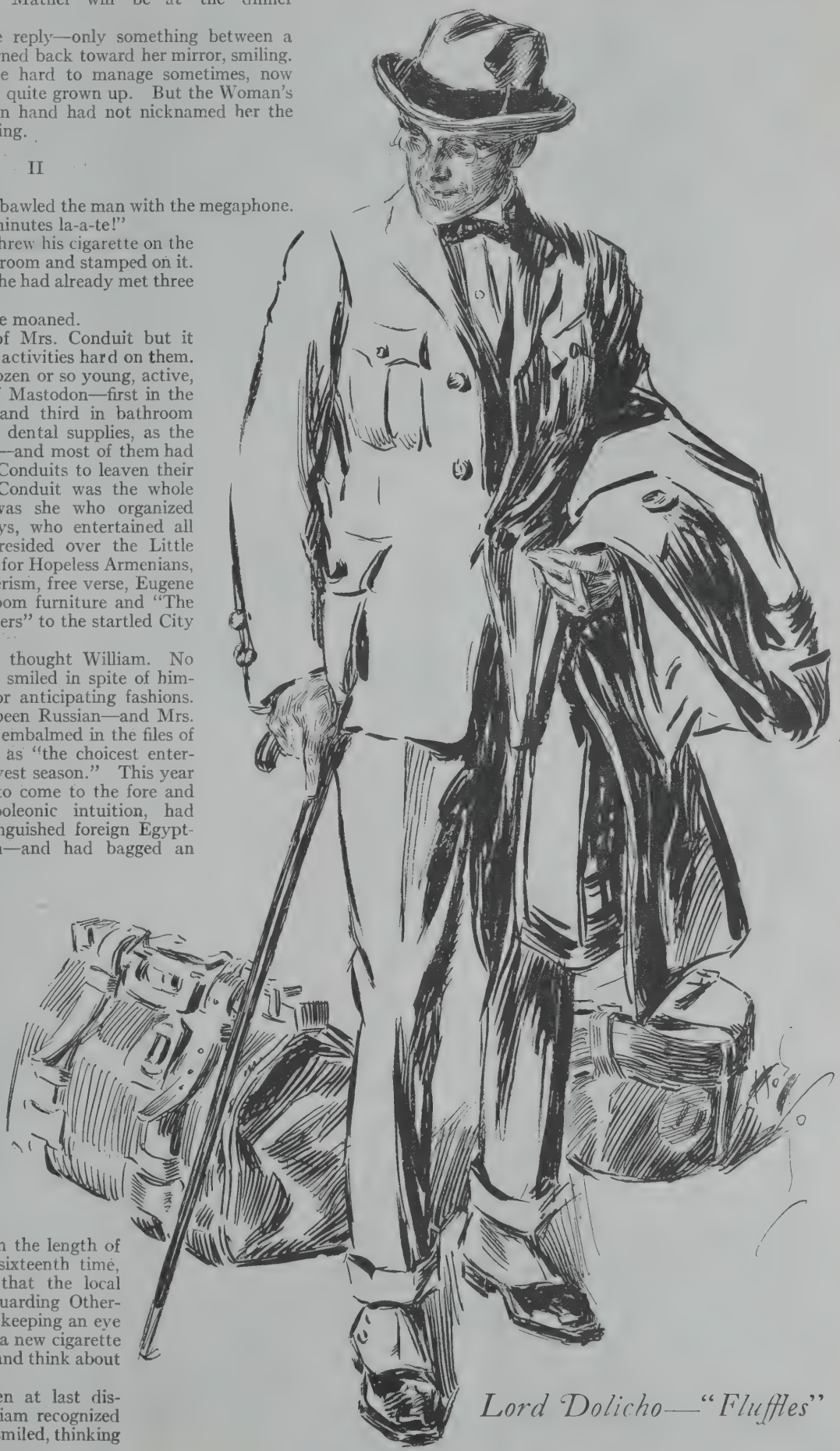
Her family was proud of Mrs. Conduit but it sometimes found her varied activities hard on them. The last census showed a dozen or so young, active, prosperous cities the size of Mastodon—first in the manufacture of adhesives and third in bathroom fixtures, waste baskets and dental supplies, as the Rotary Club would tell you—and most of them had from two to a dozen Mrs. Conduits to leaven their material side. But Mrs. Conduit was the whole thing in Mastodon. It was she who organized charity drives and tag days, who entertained all visiting celebrities, who presided over the Little Theater Guild and the Fund for Hopeless Armenians, who had introduced Fletcherism, free verse, Eugene O'Neil, hand painted bedroom furniture and "The March of the Wooden Soldiers" to the startled City of Mastodon.

His mother was superb, thought William. No doubt of it. But—— He smiled in spite of himself, recognizing her gift for anticipating fashions. Last year everything had been Russian—and Mrs. Conduit's Russian ball was embalmed in the files of the Mastodon Sun-Journal as "the choicest entertainment of Mastodon's gayest season." This year Egypt was just beginning to come to the fore and Mrs. Conduit, with Napoleonic intuition, had seized upon the only distinguished foreign Egyptologist west of Pittsburgh—and had bagged an English lord as well. It was magnificent—very—but William sighed and yearned for a quiet life.

Still, mother was square. She had managed to let Marcia Mather in for this terrible affair. William had suffered all summer from excessive competition—for Marcia was inordinately popular. There would certainly be little competition tonight—everyone else would be at parties preliminary to the Marston dance. William smiled. It really mightn't be so bad, after all.

He paraded up and down the length of the waiting room for the sixteenth time, feeling horribly conscious that the local agent of the Society for Guarding Otherwise Unprotected Girls was keeping an eye on him. Then he lighted a new cigarette and settled himself to read and think about Marcia.

When Number Seventeen at last disgorged its passengers, William recognized Lord Dolicho at once. He smiled, thinking of his mother's description. Lord Dolicho was just like that. He was tall, gold-spectacled and dressed in a fuzzy tweed. His collar was a size too large for him and his face had the bricky tint and extraordinary absence of all human curiosity which one associates with the leading juvenile in a British comedy



Lord Dolicho—"Fluffles"

of manners. Two porters carried his multitudinous bags. William went up to him.

"Lord Dolicho?"

"Yes."

"I'm Mr. Conduit—here to meet you. The car's outside. If you'll just——"

"Oh yes, rather! How do you do, Mr. Conduit. Jolly of you, this. Stranger in a strange land and all that sort of thing. Hope I haven't kept you waiting—the train was beastly late."

"Oh no—not at all!" said William politely. He was somewhat oppressed by wonder as to whether he should add "Your Lordship" or not.

Lord Dolicho relapsed into silence during the drive home, arousing only once when they swung down by the river.

"What—a river?" he said with apparent excitement. "Didn't know you had a river. Stupid of me."

"Oh yes, it's quite a big river!" said William, feeling like a fool.

He guided his guest to his room and then walked about nervously while Lord Dolicho began to fiddle with his numerous bags.

"I'm afraid you'll have to dress in rather a hurry," William said. "You see, it's after seven and I think you're having dinner at the Club at eight——"

"Right!" said Lord Dolicho at once and began to paw feverishly in the largest bag. "Notes for my lecture," he explained. "Can't think what I could have done with them—ah!" and he extracted about three pounds of typewritten matter and a huge collection of photographs. "I say, how long have I got? Mustn't drag it out too long, eh? Bore them."

"Oh, they're all very anxious to hear you!" said William insincerely. He gave Lord Dolicho up. He had visions of that suave and bricky gentleman dilating for hours upon the Egyptian vegetation myths while Marcia escaped to the Marston dance and he, William, sat in the front row with the smile of a dying gladiator frozen upon his lips. He would not be able to escape. He knew his mother.

He returned about twenty minutes later to find Lord Dolicho struggling with his tie. An inspiration had occurred to him in the interim. He carried it in on a tray.

"How about a cocktail?" he proffered hospitably. "I'm afraid the dinner'll be dry."

"Oh, very pleasant!" said Lord Dolicho. His face seemed to flicker with something approaching interest. "Jolly good of you."

William felt cheered.

"Well, here's to crime."

"Cheerio."

The process was repeated.

"Hot dog!" said William appreciatively.

"Excellent, what?"

"And now how about a little dividend?" said William persuasively.

"Ah well." Lord Dolicho seemed pensive. He abolished his quota with neatness and dispatch. William's heart began to warm to the man.

"A touch of Scotch?" asked Lord Dolicho diffidently. And in the instant he had conjured a gigantic flask from his bag.

"Real thing," he proffered. "Five star. Brought it over myself."

There was a knock at the door.

"Mrs. Conduit's compliments and the car is waiting."

"Just a nip?" said Lord Dolicho. "No time? Too bad."

"Take it along," said William firmly. The three cocktails had hit him all at once and he felt to Lord Dolicho as to a long lost brother.

"Really? But I say, would that be all right? Breaking laws and things?"

"Take it along!" said William decisively, his eyes beginning to bulge. "Like dancing?"

"Eh?"

"Like to dance? Oh, you know — tango — toddle — the lancers——"

"Oh, rather!" exclaimed Lord Dolicho, suddenly performing a perfect pirouette.

"All right. Big dance on tonight. We'll sneak away and crash in on it. Take that along—I'm going heeled myself."

"Sport. O nuts in May!" asserted that serious young Egyptologist, Lord Dolicho, and wedged the flask into his pocket where it seemed to sink without a trace.

III

Lord Dolicho's lecture was nearing its peroration, and William, in the front row, felt a trifle dazed. The dinner had not been a dry one—but that was not the reason, for he had been careful. What dazed him was the behavior of his friend, Lord Dolicho.

The dinner had begun like most good American dinners by the ushering of the guests into a side room for cocktails. Of these Lord Dolicho had partaken freely—William had counted three at least—and during dinner there had been champagne, which Lord Dolicho had by no means refused. After dinner, and just before his speech, he had also absorbed some quantity of Mr. Willoughby's hospitably proffered Scotch. With no apparent result except a slight additional brickiness of countenance and an occasional furtive smile.

"He must be lined with porcelain," thought William enviously. "Except where he's full of phonograph records on Egypt." He gritted his teeth. He was not having a very good time.

At dinner he had been seated between Marcia and Professor Grosbeak's wife, with Lord Dolicho on Marcia's other side. And from the fish course on he had seen nothing of Marcia except the back of her neck. It had been the work of a second—only a second—when he had had to turn and answer one of Mrs. Grosbeak's questions. But when he turned back to Marcia she was talking to Lord Dolicho and he had never been able to get her attention again. All he got was irritating scraps of what appeared to be Lord Dolicho's autobiography.

"But was it *really* a lion?" from Marcia, in her most innocent voice.

"Rather. A big fellow. But then, you see, my bearer . . . You American girls are jolly sporting, Miss Mather. It reminds me of one time when we were digging near Luxor and a sand storm . . ."

Things like that.

And now the dumbbell had been talking for at least two hours. William considered savagely, and everybody was simply popeyed about him. He craned his neck to look at Marcia. She was leaning forward, lips parted, fairly drinking in Lord Dolicho's description of the nuptial customs of the Shepherd Kings, that look on her face that is hardest of all for a suitor to bear when it is not directed at him—a Desdemona-like frankness of admiration for the hardy exploits of a big, brave, modest man.

Lord Dolicho sat down amid a storm of applause. He had to bow repeatedly, and even William admitted that he did it well. Women were pressing forward to shake his hand. William struggled against the current, looking frantically for Marcia.

"Hey, Marsh! Let's wander over to the Marstons'—I've got the car."

"You're an angel, Billy—I'll be with you in half a sec—I've just got to ask Lord Dolicho one question first. He certainly is the alligator's adenoids, isn't he?"

William swore.

Nor was he any more pleased when, after most of the audience had ebbed away, Marcia appeared, dragging Lord Dolicho after her by the hand.

"He's crossed his heart he's coming with us, haven't you, Lord Dolicho? He says he's just dying to go to a real American party. And he dances like Valentino—we've just been practicing."

"Indeed?" said William Conduit Junior in an unnatural voice.

The dance, though eventful, was not as William had pictured it. Lord Dolicho swept all before him—rather, I am afraid, in spite of William than because of him. William managed to stick him once with bulbous Minnie Colgate, but that was all. And then, mused William bitterly, Jim Colgate had to cut right in, of course. Once rescued, Lord Dolicho eluded all similar traps with a practiced airiness, devoting himself with unerring good judgment to a half-dozen of the most attractive—and first and foremost to Marcia. William, drooping like a limp lily on the edge of the stag line, regarded the gay scene before him with melancholy eyes. It was one o'clock and the party had just attained the condition known as "right"—and he hadn't seen either Marcia or Lord Dolicho for a long, long time.

He was joined by Obie Clark—an ex-rival rendered ally by the pressure of a common distrust.

"Say, who *is* this English sheik you and Marcia wished on the party, anyway?" Obie growled. "He's just about ruined my evening. The girls won't talk about anything else, and a for Marcia——"

"He's an Egyptologist," said William. "An Egyptologist. And I used to think that meant an old blind man with woolly whiskers! Have you seen his flask? It's a pocket aquarium."

"Have I seen it? Have you heard his line? Hot baby! He must be wild! He and Marcia have been parked in your car for the last half-hour."

"In my car?" said William incredulously. "In our car?"

"Oh rather!" mocked Obie viciously. "Rather—what?



Eloise

suppose because it's the most comfortable looking boat around. If there were any better looking ones he'd be there."

"I'm going to bust it up," said William, pallid but determined. "No Prince of Wales is going to get away with *that* while I'm conscious. In our car!"

"Now, Bill," the malevolent Obie reminded him, "now Willyum—don't get fractious! Remember he's your little guest!"

"*Guest!*" said William intensely, and made for the porch.

The cool air sobered him slightly, and besides he forgot, at the moment, just where he had parked the car.

He was about to go around toward the back of the Club when low voices came to him from a dark corner of the porch. He stopped, transfixed. It was Marcia and Dolicho, and their tone informed him plainly that they were completely unaware of his presence.

"It's so different—to meet a man who's really done things, Lord Dolicho. That is, I mean a real man who's done real things. Not just a boy. Honestly, Lord Dolicho——"

"Call me Fluffles!"

"What?"

"Title. Hate the beastly thing. Call me Fluffles, Miss Mather. All my pals call me Fluffles."

"Well, Fluffles"—her voice was exquisitely silvery—"if you'll call me Marcia——"

With a low cry William turned and fled to the coat room. He found Obie Clark there, engaged in extracting the cork from a bottle whose label said something stern about the contents being for medicinal purposes only.

"Find 'em?"

William nodded. "Gimme a drink. Gimme ten drinks. No—wait a minute! I got some gin. We'll mix 'em."

"Shades of a happier time!" said Obie, impressed. "What are you after, big boy?"

"Paralysis," said William, and reached for the bottle.

IV

Lord Dolicho's eleven foot putt just wobbled into the cup.

"That breaks it," said William resignedly. "Three and two. Sorry, Eloise."

"Oh, hot stuff, Fluffles!" cried Marcia enthusiastically. Lord Dolicho gazed at her fondly as they clasped hands.

"You were ripping!" he murmured. "Ripping!"

They stood that way for a most unnecessary length of time. William thumped the sand-box violently with his pet putter.

"Want to play it out?" he queried. "Only two more."

"Oh no!" said Marcia with a pretty yawn. "It's hot. Besides, we've demonstrated our superiority, haven't we, Fluffles?"

The foursome started toward the clubhouse. William devoted himself exaggeratedly to Eloise. (*Continued on page 124*)

It ALL

A Versatile Drama in Tw

[Including

By BERTON

Illustrations b



THE CHARACTERS: *Priscilla Dunn,*
Blonde, beautiful—and twenty-one;
William, or rather *"Billy" Moore,*
Handsome, gray-haired and forty-four;
Friends, kin, sophisticated mockers,
Crape-hangers, loyal boosters, knockers.

Place—anywhere; the *Time,* today
Or thereabouts. That sets the play,
Come on folks, let's be on our way.

Act One, Scene One

The play's begun

Discovered—*Bill,* also *Priscilla;*
Bill speaks, as they rest from a dance:
"That music would certainly thrill a
Dominican monk with romance!
And I'm not an anchorite—no, not at all,
For music like that casts a magical thrall
About all my being, and so—well, you see——"

Priscilla: "The music is nice as can be,
But weren't you thrilled—just a little—by Me?"

Bill: "Wasn't I? Darling and dearest of girls,
You thrill me till all of the blood in me swirls.
My heart fairly thunders and—whoa, Billy, whoa!
An old bird like you are can't play Romeo!"

Priscilla: "Old! Billy, why what do you mean?
You're just the right age, you are quite young enough,
Beside *you* the college boys seem sort of green,
I won't hear you spill such ridiculous stuff;
Now, what were you saying—or going to say?"

Bill: "I am December, and you—you are May.
At least that's what sensible people would say."

Priscilla: "December! September, my dear,
The loveliest, splendidest time of the year!
Go on—please go on; I am listening, Bill."

Bill: "No, no! I mustn't—I shouldn't! But still,
I love you, Priscilla, more dearly than life,
Oh, darn all my doubting! Will you be my wife?"

Priscilla: "I'll say so! Gosh, nobody knows
How hard I've been working to make you propose!"
(Concluding this scene is a regular cinch,
We merely remark that it ends in a clinch.)

And now we view
Scene Two

Priscilla's friends (or quite a bunch
Of her companions) meet at lunch
Or tea, perhaps, it doesn't matter;
And mid their energetic chatter



This is the sort of thing we hear:
"A terrible mistake, my dear.
He must be more than twice her age.
I don't see how she could engage
Herself to such a patriarch."
"Well, as for *me,* I must remark,
I think, it's Money."
"Nonsense, she has,
As much, or even more, than he has."

"Of course he's clever and all that,
And dances well—and isn't fat;
But just the same he's past his prime."

"He'll think she ought to spend her time
Darning his socks."
"And when she goes
To dances, parties, teas and shows,
She'll find he can't keep up the pace;
And he'll insist that woman's place
Is home sweet home."

Depends

Acts and Lots of Scenes an Epilogue]

BRALEY

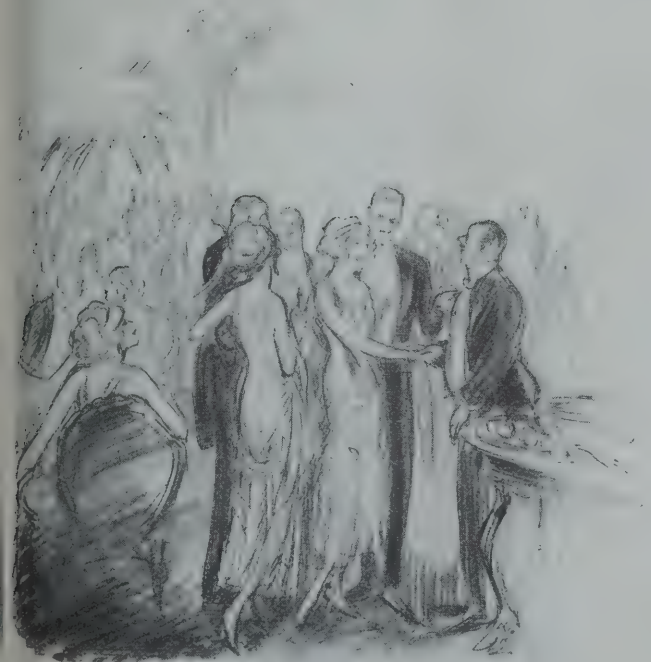
A. H. Henkel

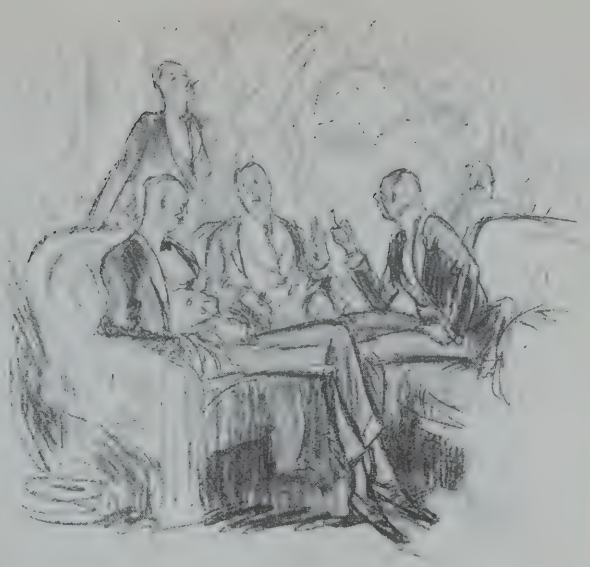
"To me it's clear
The marriage will not last a year."

Scene Three

Bill's friends;
A smoky cloud
Wavers and blends
About the crowd
Which holds some bachelors like Bill,
Some younger, and some older still;
Some married men, and two or three
Who "are not now, but used to be."

The talk runs thus:
"Bill's done for."
"Say
I wonder how they get that way,
These cradle robbers!"
"He'll regret it,
The poor old wreck!"
"Wreck? Say, forget
There's not a young man in this bunch
With half Bill's muscle, pep and punch!"
"But she's a flapper, just a kid."
"He's much too old. I never did
Believe in such a match."
"A wife
Will lead that bird an awful life."





"She's twenty-one, he's forty-four,
I give 'em, well, a year—no more."
"What could that girl be thinking of?"
"Well," Bill's best friend observes, "perhaps
You wise old guys and bright young chaps
Have heard of something known as—Love."

Act Two, Scene One

They are married, Priscilla and Bill,
The honeymoon's over, the first gorgeous thrill
Of marriage is passing. The conjugal pair
Are slowly but surely becoming aware
That there are a number of people about
Besides just the two of them. There's not a doubt
They're showing at last a decided proclivity
To welcome some measure of social activity.

Though home's where the heart is
They're going to parties
And Bill and his wife are the life of the crowd;
Priscilla is blooming, and Billy is proud
To take her about and exhibit his prize,
A wife who is easy on everyone's eyes.

They golf and they bridge and they tennis and dance,
And Bill is as gay as a youth of romance.

But—hark to the gossips, both female and male:
"They're certainly hitting the primrosy trail,
Bill can't keep it up!"
"She's a regular gadabout;
Oh, somehow there's something that's awfully sad about
A man at the middle-aged season of life
Who tries to keep pace with a very young wife!"
"I'll bet he is tiring
Of constantly squiring
Priscilla around to these various places."
"His face shows some most unmistakable traces
Of having enough
Of frivol and fluff."
"Poor Bill."
"Well, his future is certainly tough,
He loves her, no doubt,
But she'll wear him out
With all of this dancing and running about!"
"December and May—
Bill's getting more gray!"
"I wager he's begging Priscilla to stay



More often at home for an evening of quiet
In place of society's turmoil and riot."

"It all shows the cold inescapable truth
That age can't keep up with the vigor of youth."

Act Two, Scene Two

Priscilla; Bill.

Priscilla: "Dear, it's time to go."

Bill: "Aw, let's stick around until
The party's over. If we blow
We'll miss a lot of gorgeous fun.
Seems like the evening's just begun.
Come on, kid, where's your well known pep,
Let's do that latest fox-trot step;
We'll show this bunch a married pair
That, as a dancing team, are *there*."

Priscilla: "Billy, please let's stop!
I am so weary I could drop.
We've been out every night this week
Till two o'clock or three or four,
I'm so fatigued I want to shriek,
I simply *can't* dance any more.
Please take me home and let me sleep,
I can't sustain the pace you keep."

Act Two, Scene Three

Priscilla lies
Abed, with heavy-lidded eyes.

Bill tiptoes in all shaved and dressed
And radiating vim and zest,
Smiles as he sees her sleeping there,
Kisses her lightly on her hair
And tiptoes out to work. And when
He calls his house at half-past ten
Priscilla answers: "Morning, Bill,
I just woke up. I'm sleepy still;
But if you'd like to have me to,
I'll lunch at one o'clock with you."

Epilogue

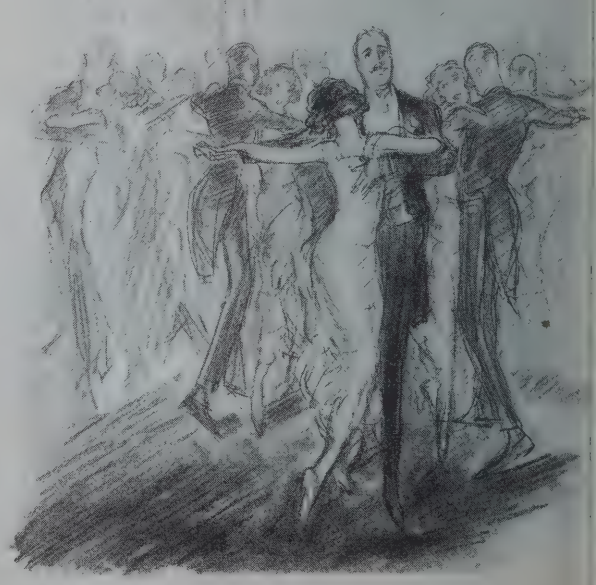
The method dramatic we'll herewith abandon,
It isn't as easy a job as we planned on.

In simple narration
The Moores' situation
Has come down to this—that Priscilla stays home
While Bill is the butterfly, eager to roam
With other gay spirits. He urges his wife
To join him in "getting some fun out of life,"
And sometimes she goes
To dances and shows,
Or plays in society's mad hurly-burly,
Providing that Bill
Makes promise he will
Be certain to bring her home "decently early."
And now all the knockers
And gossips and mockers
Are busy constructing a peppy scenario
With Bill as the wicked and cruel Lothario
Neglecting his spouse
That he may carouse,
And setting a pace which "no weak little woman
Can possibly travel."
"It's simply inhuman
The way that he treats her," the gossipers say.
"I wonder she stands it for even a day!"

The Moores, as a matter of fact, are quite happy.
Bill's busy and daily more peppy and snappy;
He outplays the young 'uns at golf; and at tennis
He's known and respected as always a menace.
The flappers enthuse over Bill and his dancing,
Which seems to grow better as years are advancing

Priscilla's contented, and proud of him, too.
And as for herself—she has plenty to do.
With three husky young ones to nurture and train,
She's busy for most of her time, it is plain.

The moral is simply: *You Never Can Tell.*
There isn't a rule which works equally well
For different cases. December and May
Have often been wed in the happiest way.
December is, frequently, you may recall,
A brisk, snappy, vigorous month, after all.





MARION DAVIES has a most congenial rôle in the Cosmopolitan picture, "Little Old New York," as the plucky Patricia O'Day who left her native Ireland and came to New York disguised as a boy.



JULIA ARTHUR has closed her very successful engagement in a tabloid version of "Hamlet" in order to play the part of Queen Elizabeth in a new Cosmopolitan picture with Marion Davies and an all star cast.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE STUDIO



ALLYN KING, who violates the tradition that blondes are passive and calm as she breezily sings and dances her way through Lew Canter's musical comedy, "Sun Showers," wherein she is prima donna.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROS.



DOLLY WEGMAN, who has that rare combination, blue eyes and brown hair, and who came here from Petrograd and achieved immediate success, her latest engagement being in "The Dancing Girl."

PHOTOGRAPH BY APEDA

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE



His Past

A Story of the Inside of a Man's Heart

Illustrations by Grant T. Reynard

THE clerk who ushered the woman into the private office grinned furtively at the big man who sat behind the big desk. He had been his employer's lackey for years enough to know how Henry Staggard, of Staggard, Inc., would treat such a timorous visitor as this. The boss certainly was a wonder at getting rid of women.

Staggard did not invite the woman to sit down. He busied himself for fully five minutes with important looking documents, while the perspiration grew thicker upon the forehead of the visitor. Standing there, fidgeting, picking at her shabby coat with stubby nervous fingers, pushing back from her wet temples sparse strands of gray hair, she was an object to inspire chivalrous pity in the heart of a decent man. Life had been so harsh to her; one knew that the callouses on her hands had not been put there by golf clubs or tennis rackets, but by the laborious wielding of a mop upon an office floor. The sun gleaming upon the sands of a beach had not weakened her eyes; painstaking work of nights with a needle had dimmed them.

Suddenly Staggard looked up. "You're Mary Fenwick, aren't you?"

She bobbed her head. "Yes, sir, Mr. Staggard, sir."

He frowned heavily. "Don't you know that I'm a busy man? I've written you letters explaining that I can't do anything for you, and yet you force your way into my office."

She was white; the crimson of embarrassment had given way to the pallor of fear.

"Your advertisement said that Tri-State Oil would be worth twice what it cost," she said.

"It will be," declared Staggard.

"But the doctor says I've got to quit work, and I tried to sell my stock, and nobody'd buy it. I need the money, and that's why I wrote to you."

"And I replied that you must be patient," said Staggard.

"But I must have my money," cried the woman.

"Is that so?" asked Staggard. "Are you threatening me? If you are I'll send for a policeman."

She burst into frightened tears. "I don't know what I'll do," she moaned.

Staggard rang a bell; the clerk entered, wiping a grin from his mouth with the back of his hand. Staggard pointed at the woman.

"Show her out," he ordered.

Unresistingly the woman followed the clerk. There was something brutal about the bigness of Staggard that made her forget all that she had planned to say. She knew how useless words would be. Staggard smiled as the door closed behind her. He had kept well within the law when he sold the stock.

Five minutes later the clerk announced that a man was calling, and that he was a tough customer.

"He's liable to kick up a fuss, and I thought maybe you'd better see him yourself," explained the clerk.

"All right," said Staggard. His manner was entirely different as he noted the bulk of this visitor. He was fully as big a man

as Staggard, and had a bronzed color that spoke of outdoor work.

"Are you Staggard?" he demanded.

Staggard beamed expansively. "I certainly am," he replied breezily. "What can I do for you, partner?"

The visitor's ire lessened perceptibly. "You can give me back the money I paid for a hundred shares of Tri-State," he stated.

"That so?" Staggard was interested. "What's the matter?"

"Plenty! I got talking with some friends of mine and they said your stock was a fake."

Staggard whipped a fountain pen from his waistcoat pocket and drew a pad of paper toward him. "Names! Addresses!" he cried.

"What for?" asked the other.

"Sue them," exclaimed Staggard. "Sue them for criminal libel; put them in jail where they belong."

The bronzed man whistled. "Oh, you needn't get het up!" he said. "They're just friends of mine who are kinda interested in me. You see, there's no market for Tri-State——"

Staggard uttered a grunt of impatience. "Of course not! Not now. But in three months—— Give me the names of those people."

"Then the stock is good?" asked the man uncertainly.

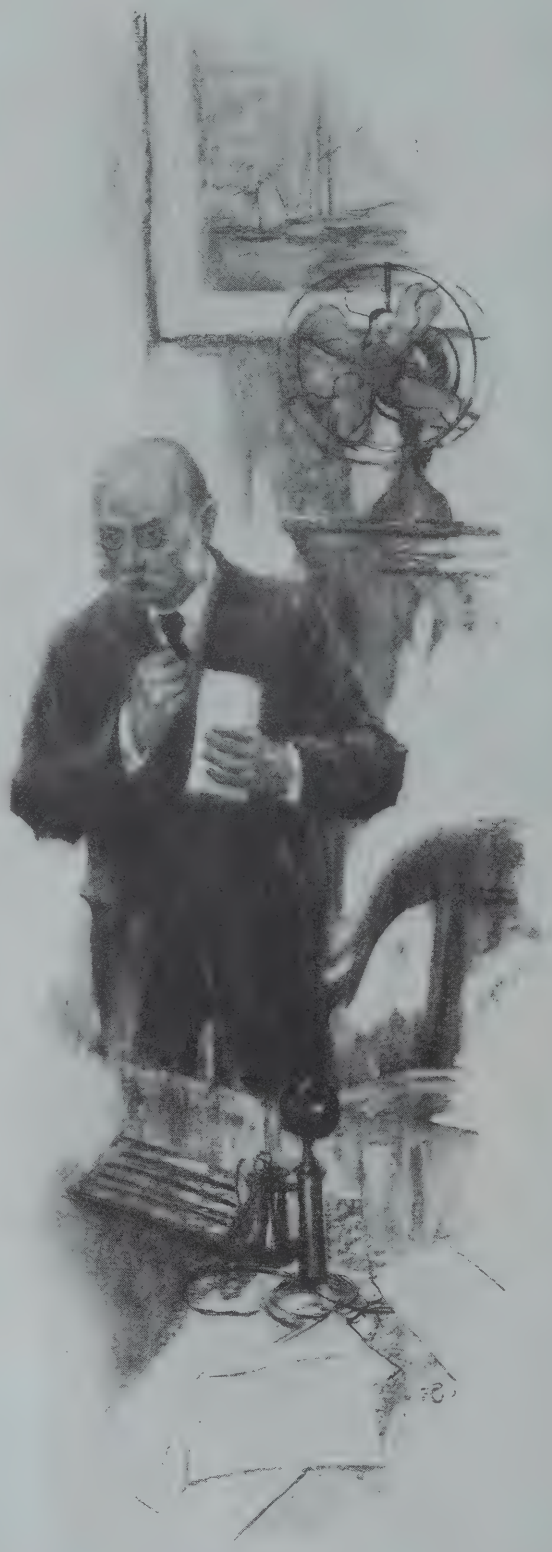
Staggard eyed him pityingly. "Do I look like a man who'd sell worthless stock? I tell you, partner, that the way to get ahead in this world is not to listen to a lot of simple minded friends, but to listen to a shrewd business man. Have your friends made a million dollars? I guess not. But *I* have! And I have hundreds of thousands invested in Tri-State."

Simple, as nearly all men who live by their hands are, the man was impressed by Staggard's blunt speech. "I guess I'll wait awhile," he declared.

Staggard smiled almost affectionately. "That's good sound sense," he said. He rose, gripped the man's hand fervently, and ushered him from his office. He returned, grinning, to his desk. There was always a way. If threat were inadvisable, blunt camaraderie would serve . . .

He leaned back comfortably in his chair. His thoughts ceased to dwell upon business; they traveled toward Rose Bellamy. On the way they rested upon Frank Allen, just long enough for him to sneer. For he was quite sure that Rose Bellamy was not going to marry young Allen. He had his ways of finding out things; he could draw conclusions from scattered facts. And if she had decided not to marry Allen, it could be only because she had decided to marry Staggard. His smile of self-content was expansive. Today he would arrive at the summit toward which he had been traveling so long.

And how easy the road had been! He had begun with nothing save a certain gift for chicanery. He could tell part of the truth with an engaging frankness that made his auditor feel ashamed of himself for wishing to ask searching questions. And he could lie in a downright fashion that compelled belief. But he was a bit afraid of the complete falsehood. It was, he learned, so much easier to say something that was based upon a flimsy foundation of truth, and later to maintain that he had been misunderstood or duped himself, as the case might be.



From his pocket Blaney took—Staggard's past.

Most of the time he got away with it. But there had been two times when he hadn't, and a third when he had felt the manacles reaching out for his wrists.

On the first two occasions clever lawyers had aided him; once he had escaped with a suspended sentence and the other time with a fine. After that he had been careful—save once. And then he had signed a confession, paid back several thousand dollars and considered himself lucky to have been permitted to live.

Not that he condemned himself from a moral standpoint. Most certainly not. Fools were his meat, and he was a long-fanged wolf. But he had been too confident of himself, too sure of the asininity of the victim . . . He shuddered now when he thought about it.

And today he was thinking about it. It had always been a cloud upon the serenity of his outlook. He was a practical man; he knew that the confession, signed though it was, could be discounted. In these days of prosperity he could befog the matter, claim that he signed to protect a third person . . . Only, along with the confession had been certain other papers that would eternally disprove any attempt on his part to prove himself a victim of circumstance . . .

But now, this minute, he beamed. This morning would settle it all. Not merely the confession, but the evidence that would prove the confession not to have been extorted unfairly: all were to be returned to him.

It was about six months ago that the idea had come to him. That was when a group of citizens had expressed to him their desire that he should run independently, on a platform of reform, for the Congressional seat from the district. He had accepted, and the next morning he had withdrawn.

He was rich, he was successful. But he was by no means famous. The press, the general public—he was not even a name to them. But let him accept a reform nomination and his name and picture would be spread broadcast by the newspapers. And out in a certain Western town a lawyer would read about him, would say to himself, "Henry Staggard, eh? Ah-ha! Hen-ry Stag-hard."

One thing or the other would then happen—blackmail or exposure of that third occasion in Staggard's life when no lawyer could have saved him. Either would be most unpleasant.

But he couldn't forever refrain from that gratification of ambition that public laudation meant. It was not sufficient to be rich, to be successful in business. He wanted to let the world know about it. There were other things, too. For instance, certain conservative bankers, merchants, financiers, looked upon him with disdainful eyes. His methods were not theirs. Of course, he kept within the confines of legality, but—they didn't care for him. When the inner circles met at dignified clubs Henry Staggard was not present. Oh, they did *business* with him, but only because it was necessary!

And he wanted them to do business with him because they wanted to, because they liked him.



Staggard was a man who would never fall in love with anyone. But Rose Bellamy belonged to the inner set.

But he had not been asked to join the right sort of club; he had never dined in the houses on Park or Fifth Avenue, or one of the proper side streets that cross these. Not even a nomination to Congress, he had decided, would bring him the coveted invitation.

And so, the money ambition having been gratified, he turned to methods whereby he should achieve this later ambition, the outgrowth of financial success, without which money meant little—he wanted to *belong*.

He knew how—instantly. If he could marry the right woman . . . To meet her was not too difficult. One who has money may not necessarily be welcomed in the home, but may be greeted with open arms at the charity bazaar. It was at one of these that he met Rose Bellamy.

He didn't fall in love with her. He would never fall in love with anyone. But she was well born, belonged to the inner set, was beautiful, gracious . . . That an English duke had recently joined a group that had formed (*Continued on page 108*)



© Pirie MacDonald

ALBERT

What Am I

I THINK that Fifty ought to correspond to the stock-taking season in business. It is an ideal time to find what one has lost and what one has gained and what is left in stock and how the assets line up against the liabilities.

Let's tackle the liabilities first. There are more of them; though that doesn't mean necessarily that they outweigh the assets. A dozen lumps of dirt don't outweigh a single pound of gold; even though they outnumber it, twelve to one.

Into the liabilities side of the scales we may as well dump the body. The body, from the ears down. Dump all of it at once, to save argument. Apart from its brain there isn't one fraction of an inch of it that is anywhere near as good as it was twenty-five or fifteen or even ten years ago.

At this point I can visualize some brawny fifty year old with wide shoulders and deep chest and ruddy skin and clear eye. He rises to declare: "I'm every bit as good as I was at twenty-five. I live clean and I keep out of doors and I exercise steadily. Where d'you get that stuff about my not being as good physically as I was at thirty? I feel as husky as ever I felt. I played thirty-six holes of golf yesterday and I——"

Then I interrupt: "Oh, sit down! You're the very man I've been wanting to answer. You need it. As good today as you were at twenty-five, are you? I seem to remember your boxing ten fast rounds with me when we were in the late twenties; and finishing as fresh as you began. Put on the gloves. No, not with me. I'm too old for that

Good For—Now That I'm Fifty

sort of fun, and I realize it. Put them on with that twenty-eight year old middleweight. He is lighter and shorter than you; and he isn't much of a boxer. But he's in the twenties. . . . Time!

"My friend, you've boxed only three moderately lively rounds; and I can hear you puff clear across the room. Your poor face is purple, and your knees are wobbly.

"Besides, tomorrow those light swats he's handed you are going to swell and turn yellow-green; and you're going to be as sore all over as a smashed thumb. And you were as slow after the first round as a hippopotamus. So far as boxing is concerned you've proved my point. Yet not one man in ten, at your age, is as strong and as fit as you are.

"The test wasn't fair, eh? Very good. Remember the day you and I ran all the way from Paterson to Pompton, uphill and down, just for the fun of it? Pretty fair clip we hit, too; and we finished the eight miles strong, and hardly out of breath. Well, then, just run a single mile now on level ground, and sprint at the finish. No, I won't be your pacemaker. I'm sane enough to know I wouldn't last half the distance. Here's a fifteen year old schoolboy who'll pace you. On your marks! Get set! *Go!* . . .

"Yes, old chap, it was rotten of the kid to laugh at you when you caved in on the last quarter, and your sprinting muscles wouldn't sprint. But you *did* make a show of yourself.

"Convinced, are you? Good! Then cut out that nonsense about 'feeling as husky as ever you felt!' A bankrupt can still feel like a millionaire—till he begins to write checks."

At Fifty—usually long before—a wise man realizes his body can no longer do the splendid things which once it could achieve with ease. He learns the true tragedy of that most tragic of the Bible's myriad tragic lines; the line which tells of the shorn Samson when he went forth with his wonted confidence that he could crush his Philistine foes by brute strength, as of old:

"*He wist not that the Lord was departed from him!*"

Not that Fifty is an age of decrepitude. But it is an age when a score of things which once were fiercely necessary are now merely desirable; and when no man but a fool will attempt to excel in athletics. Moderation must be Fifty's keynote.

True, at Fifty you can walk comfortably in the wake of a gutta-percha pill on the links. You may acquire or retain a very creditable stroke at golf. But that entails only a few dozen arm motions and a calm trudge over turfed ground.

Some big doctor has said a man needs no violent exercise after he passes forty-five. Some big doctor is right.



True, E. P. Weston walked innumerable steady miles on a stretch after he was seventy. But he *walked* them, remember. And walking is nature's own subconscious form of exercise. It lasts when almost every form of active endeavor has died.

A fat Wall Street man of Fifty went to Muldoon's and besought the master to put him in such shape that once again he could touch his finger tips to the floor without bending his knees.

"Sure," assented Muldoon. "I'll teach you to do it if you'll give me one sane reason why you want to do such a thing."

Then there is the matter of eating. This morning I had a glass of orange juice, a soft boiled egg, a thin slice of toast and a half cup of coffee for breakfast. The egg was added because I planned a five mile tramp with the dogs. My luncheon was toast and bacon. My dinner will be reasonably heavy. If it is *un*reasonably heavy I shall pay the penalty.

Twenty-five years ago my breakfast invariably consisted of fruit, cereal with much cream, a couple of big cups of coffee, some form of hot bread and two or three chops or liver and bacon. My invariable luncheon was a pound of blood-rare steak, a heaping dish of fried potatoes and a quart of beer. I ate a hearty dinner at night. And I ran a fast mile, directly after dinner, to settle the repast. Usually I wound up the day by a before-bedtime Welsh rarebit and a bottle of beer.

Only by exercise of memory can I make myself believe I ever ate *and digested* such hoggish quantities of food and drink. One month of that diet today would do unspeakable things to me.

Nor can a man of Fifty eat hearty and indigestible late suppers and drink all manner of things at them, as he could in the twenties and thirties or early forties. That, too, is past. His body can't stand it. Nothing tastes good enough at night to warrant next morning's pangs of indigestion.

It is still more the case with sleep. At Fifty we don't need quite as many hours of slumber a night as younger people like to have. Yet we not only need our sleep mighty regularly but we are prone to go to pieces if we don't get it. Said a fifty year old officer of the A. E. F. to me:

"I could fight alongside the younger men and I could march or starve or suffer alongside them. But I couldn't lose sleep as they could without feeling it. Two or three sleepless nights put me out of business. That's how I knew I was old."

So much for the liabilities of Fifty. The assets are fewer, but more worth while. For instance, when I was twenty-four years old and an athlete I undertook to write for three hours a night after my day's work at the office was done. In three weeks it gave me insomnia and ripped my nerves to ribbons.

At Fifty I can sit down to my desk five evenings a week, if need be, after a fair day's work, and can write steadily for five hours; and then sleep like a child and wake up none the worse for the toil. It is so with many another fifty year old.

In other words, the mind is stronger; the ability for steadily continued mental overwork is far greater at Fifty than at twenty-five. What we oldsters lose in body we seem to gain in power of mental labor. My mother, at eighty-eight, often spent nine hours a day at her desk, with no after-fatigue. At twenty-eight she suffered a severe nervous breakdown from much shorter hours.

At Fifty the mind is at its best. It may not be much of a mind. But such as it is, it is doing its strongest and most sustained work.

That is something business men may find it profitable to remember when they plan to discharge a fifty year old employee because he seems to be aging. And the employee will find it even more profitable if his boss will bear this in mind.

There is too much talk about the value of young blood in a business's routine departments. If you want a fine piano mover, hire a young man. If you want good and sustained brain work done, don't kick out the man of Fifty.

By CYNTHIA STOCKLEY

The Garden of Peril



Part Three:

THE spell was broken. She came kittening and cozening to his bedside next morning, dropping a tender kiss on him when the nurse had her back turned for a moment, full of solicitude for his languor, and of gentle chiding at the melancholy that had returned to his eyes. But the spell was shivered into a thousand atoms, as a crystal ball is shivered by the blow of a hammer. Those words that had burst from her lips during that strange scene the night before when she stood in the dining room, amid bright stains and broken glass—"*What a fool you are!*"—those haunting words possessed a ring of truth that he could not discern in these soft cajoleries of the morning.

Something unreal, too, rang in her brightness. Shades of deeper blue lay under the forget-me-not of her eyes, and lines of sleeplessness were scribbled about them, and well he knew she was not one to greet the dawn with smiles after a bad night. Yet she smiled and said nothing of wakeful hours passed. And there was a strange watchfulness in her glance. Even while she laughingly excused the previous evening's "access of nerves," the sharpness of the scrutiny she set upon him keyed his own jangled nerves to unbearable tension.

Consciousness was forced upon him of something going on under the smooth surface of things; something he did not understand. He did not want to understand it either, for it was disquieting, sinister, disintegrating. Fear of understanding it came at last to eat him more agonizingly than the rat at his vitals.

Some more desperate change, too, had entered into his bodily condition. Dissolution of his physical elements appeared to be occurring within him. His very viscera seemed composed of fire, and the marrow in his bones to have turned to molten liquid. Appetite had gone. Nothing remained except a burning thirst. But he did not ask for stimulant now . . . only water . . .

Bruce Kelly's concern and puzzlement was such that he spent almost the whole day in the sick room, sitting beside the patient to insure his remaining in bed, inspecting every grain of food and drop of liquid that came into the room. The injections for the first time were discarded. By six o'clock that evening he announced his intention of wiring for a consultant from Johannesburg unless the patient's condition had improved by morning. That, from Bruce Kelly, was admission of defeat, and his face looked terribly old and tired when he made it, standing by the sick man's bed, in the presence of Nurse Gordon and Doria.

But Pam only smiled rather wearily, and said he'd be all right. He did not know . . . particularly did not *want* to know what was wrong with his body. He only knew that the spirit of *joie de vivre* so recently revived in him had received a mortal blow; that dreams were composed of dust, and ashes were the ordained fare of fools.

Nevertheless, when morning came he seemed a shade better, and after that from day to day an improvement, almost infinitesimal yet enough to satisfy Doctor Kelly, was maintained. After that things went on much as usual, only that the patient was quieter than he had ever been, uncomplaining, gentle with his wife, obedient to his nurse, but with the last spark of his old fire dashed out and dead. There were no more sloe gins and sundowners, naturally. Impossible under the circumstances to dodge Doctor's orders, even had Pam or his wife been so inclined. But indeed Doria, when they were alone together, had explicitly renounced "the game"; for a while.

"We must give Doctor Kelly the reins now," she said, "and see if you are the better for it. If not—well, of course, darling, *I* think he's wrong, and as soon as you feel able to take your little drinks again I am quite ready to abet you in what I am sure cannot be bad for you."

It was not long before Pam got to his feet again, being one of those who openly averred a preference for walking to the gates

A New Novel of South Africa by the Author of "Ponjola"

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell



Bruce Kelly's face looked terribly old and tired as he stood by the sick man's bed in the presence of Doria.

of death rather than waiting to be wafted there on his back. The old order of things resumed, with Peril coming to read to him in the afternoons while Nurse Gordon took her two hours off and Doria aired herself in the sunshine. The latter, in spite of her dissension with Doctor Kelly, still continued to make his garden the scene of her rest cure; and one evening on her return, looking refreshed and happy, she carried in her hand a couple of little dappled primulas, which she openly admitted to having stolen from a big bed of them just out in all their spring glory. But as she went to fix them in the buttonhole of her husband's lounge coat, Peril gave a startled exclamation:

"What is that stain on your fingers?"

The girl leaned forward with an expression of anxiety unusual to her serene features, and just for a moment Pam Heseltine witnessed in his wife's eyes that expression of animal fright that once before he had seen, but so fleeting was it that almost he might have believed himself mistaken. Doria was laughing now with her hands whipped behind her like a naughty child.

"I'm a grub . . . I've been poking round your garden as well as stealing your flowers. Shameful of me not to have washed before I came in here!"

She fled on that, but when she returned Peril still wore a troubled preoccupation that did not disperse on Doria's casual recital of the purchase of a pomegranate from a coolie fruit vendor, and the subsequent devouring of it in the garden and making a horrid mess of herself.

There is not really any need to make a mess of yourself when eating a pomegranate, for no fruit is more delicately arranged for dainty eating; and perhaps Peril was thinking of this when she walked home with knitted brows and a bewildered expression on her face. The Doctor was out to dinner that evening as it happened, so she had time and solitude for her uneasy meditations, whatever they were. Afterwards Valpy brought in the housekeeping books to go through with her. Just as Valpy was in the act of departing she remembered something else.

"Oh! and Mrs. Keable was asking me if I knew anything to take out stains, Miss Perrul. Her lady's beautiful sea-green tea gown is all a mess with sloe gin. I said I'd ask you."

"Sloe gin!" uttered Peril, arrested by the words and some correlation of ideas they aroused. Instantly she had a vision of Doria Heseltine leaning over the little gate of "the garden of peril," her handkerchief extended; her gay excited exclamations: *"What a heavenly color! . . . I must have some! . . . a sloe gin tea gown!"* Then she remembered the stain she had seen on Doria's fingers that very evening, and realized clearly at last why it had startled her. A little tense line like a cut showed suddenly between her brows.

"Did Keable tell you how it happened?" she asked slowly.



Doria uttered a hard, contemptuous laugh. "What horrid, spying people! Inventing fantastic nonsense! Really, Miss Kelly, I am surprised at you."

"Jest an accident. Mrs. Heseltine spilt a glass of the stuff over herself an' was in an awful rage about it nex' morning, insisting that Mrs. Keable shall get the marks out again. But as I tell her, Miss Perrul," continued Valpy in her soft, blurred Cape accent, "she never will. They look to me more like some of the stains you an' the Doctor makes on the labertery towels —you know what a business of boiling in soda *that* is. But you can't boil a beautiful Parus wrapper of sea-green silk, can you?"

Peril did not answer, and Valpy, enjoying the office of narrator, continued:

"It appears that it's all over the dining room carpet too. A nice fuss there'll be when the Mintos get back from Muizenberg to their old Lodge!" She added with relish, "And a nice bill to pay for damages."

Peril was not listening to this chatter. The little line between her brows had turned into a deep groove.

"Bring me the tea gown to the laboratory, Valpy," she told the woman.

Pam felt a good deal better that morning. In fact he had been aware for some days of a sensible diminution in his physical misery. Besides, he knew from the gray pin point of acute intelligence in Bruce Kelly's eyes that that vaguish, stoutish, reddish man of medicine was more at ease as to the general condition of his patient. Could it be possible, after all, Pam



"Will you give up the berries," Doria persisted quietly, "if I promise you to tell no one, to speak to no one about it?"

Heseltine wondered, that Life with long years in her hand waited upon him? And what was the worth of long years with only dust of dreams and ashes of hope to fill them?

"What is a violet, with no one to give it to?" Or was he wrong in thinking thus bitterly? Had sickness turned him into a jaundiced misanthrope full of foul and ungrounded suspicions? Had suffering poisoned his brain and distorted his mental vision into seeing guilt where only innocence was? On that morning of sweet autumn sunshine and mellow airs these were the questions he asked himself. At any rate, it seemed to him, after Nurse Gordon had settled him on the sofa and gone off on some urgent duty at the hospital, that the garden would be a better place than this darkened room in which to think out and perhaps banish forever from his mind the dark and hateful suspicions that haunted it.

The house was very quiet. He met no one as on somewhat shaky legs he made his way out through the drawing room and stoop down the steps into the mild green and gold of the garden. But the sense of exhilaration with which he had started soon passed. Physical effort after days of prostration left him exhausted and he looked round for a place to rest, but nothing offered except a lopsided Madeira chair too decrepit to bear his weight.

Nothing to do but return slowly to the house.

He reached it on its left side, and spied on the stoop there an old Dutch settle of substantial oak, on which he stretched himself at length, hands under head and body at ease on the laced leather thongs composing the seat. Only then did he realize that he was right under the window of Doria's bedroom. He heard the rustle of her movements in the room above him, the little humming sound she often made with her lips when her hands were engaged doing one thing and her mind clearly occupied with another. They were very slight sounds, but somehow they made it impossible for him to concentrate his mind on those problems he had wanted to solve. Besides, he had grown suddenly very tired . . . so tired that he presently fell asleep.

That which roused him was a voice, tranquil yet with a grave note in it; a voice he knew well, speaking in Doria's room.

"*I must ask you to give them to me, please, Mrs. Heseltine—those berries you plucked in the Doctor's drug garden.*"

Then Doria, a haughty edge of astonishment to her tone: "I'm afraid I don't know what you are talking about, Miss Kelly!"

But Peril continued, firm and steady:

"You see . . . Valpy saw you take the key of the drug garden from its nail inside the surgery window. Being curious, she went up to her bedroom and watched you go in and gather the berries. You must give them to me, please."

Doria uttered a hard, contemptuous laugh.

"What horrid spying people! Watching from windows—inventing fantastic nonsense and lies! Really, Miss Kelly, I am surprised at you—listening to servants' gossip!"

"No—not gossip. I called Valpy into the laboratory and questioned her after I had discovered a reason myself for thinking——"

"All I can say," broke in Doria impatiently, "is that you bore me with this idiotic story. It really doesn't interest me in the least to hear what your impertinent servant says, and I know nothing whatever about berries."

"You *do* know of berries, Mrs. Heseltine. Those that I once warned you of, in the drug garden—that they were a slow deadly poison. You said their color fascinated you—reminded you of sloe gin." Her voice suddenly became urgent. "*Do* give them up to me, please. There were just five left on the bush yesterday—before you went to rest in the garden—and now there is not one. You must give them to me."

"You are mad."

"Will you give them up if I promise to tell no one, to speak to no one about it?"

"I wish you would be good enough to go away," drawled Doria, coldly insolent. "You are boring me to the verge of tears." But there was no movement of departure.

"Then I must tell Uncle Bruce."

"Tell him!" cried Doria, suddenly violent. "Considering that he has been filling my husband *with that very poison*, and against my wish, I fancy he would have some difficulty in proving that I——" She pulled herself up sharply. "Anyway, the whole thing is too fantastic. No one would believe you."

"Oh yes they would!" Peril persisted quietly. "And there would be other things to tell. The stain on your fingers when you came back yesterday—after you had been plucking them. You said it was a pomegranate bought from a coolie—but pomegranates are not ripe enough for eating till the end of next month. Then—the silk gown on which you spilled the sloe gin, *mixed with some other red stuff*. I have that gown. Keable brought it up to Valpy for advice."

"How *dare* she!" Doria's exclamation rang sharp and furious. "And how dare you come here . . ." Her words died away, as though something she saw in Peril's eyes frightened her. Indeed, the girl's voice was cold and relentless now, like that of a judge arraigning a criminal at the bar.

"You see, I happen to know about drugs and stains, and I recognize the curious magenta juice of that poison berry on your gown. You must have gathered them before—when you went to rest in the garden! And for some reason that I do not know you made them into a liquid and mixed them with sloe gin. That mixture was spilled—I cannot tell under what circumstances. So yesterday you went for more berries, and took the last of them. What your purpose has been in all this I am not able to guess. I can only say that you will have to explain it to my uncle unless you give me those berries now, at once."

There was a heavy silence then, a silence that seemed to fill the room, pass out of the open window, slowly tumbling like a stone upon the heart of the man lying there. No more denials now from Doria. No protestations of anger or boredom. Just silence, broken only by the sound of someone breathing hard, long, deep breaths, in-drawn with a slight hissing. Then the sound of a chair, dragging feet across the floor; a cupboard door opened and shut again with a sharp click; again the dragging feet. At last Doria's voice, flat, toneless, muttering incoherent phrases:

"This little bottle . . . I made them into liquid . . . I told you the color fascinated me . . . I wanted to experiment with . . . dye silk for a gown . . . only a woman would understand, of course. No doctor would . . . men are such fools . . . But you promised, didn't you, if I gave it up? *Not a word to anyone?* . . . That's all right, then. You see . . . he wouldn't understand how silly I am . . . about color . . ."

She was still murmuring disjointed phrases when Peril went. Pam, lying like one already dead on the old Dutch bench, heard a door close, and the girl's light feet pass through the house and down the garden. It seemed to him that that was the last kind and friendly sound he would ever hear in this world. Inside the bedroom Doria had begun to laugh. Trill after trill of silver chimes, jangled and out of tune, echoed through the house.

When Nurse left at three that afternoon for her "off duty" spell, she naturally supposed that Peril according to custom would be with the patient in a few minutes. Heseltine did not think it necessary to inform her that he had sent a boy to The Hill with a message to Peril not to come down until half-past five. The fact was that he had things to do in which he required neither help nor company; and when Nurse had gone he locked himself into his room and set about doing them.

He did not really anticipate interruption, for Doria, the only person with any right to intrude upon her husband's privacy, had not, since the morning's fit of hysteria, emerged from her bedroom. For some little time Keable, with flurried look, rushed back and forth, carrying alternate lumps of ice and jugs of hot water. But at length it was evident that emotion had exhausted itself.

A period of hush ensued. The victim of "nerves" rested. Fresh air, however, and an entire change of scene being essential to complete recovery in such case, Mrs. Heseltine, with the *savoir-vivre* that distinguished her and doubtless kept her young and fresh while others grew weary of living, proceeded later to arrange for this supplementary cure by having a cavalier rung up and invited to come after tea and take her for a long drive. It was just as Pam had finished writing the last of two difficult letters that he heard a racer belonging to the "Hon. Jon," purring like a tame tiger outside the front gate.

After the pleasant flurry of departure was over and the house all quiet again, he went to the box room to hunt through old trunks and portmanteaus for something he had brought from home but had never expected to need. Finding it at last, he hid it in the drawer of his dressing table, then lay down on the sofa to rest, for the exertions and emotions of the day had tired him out.

It was there that Peril found him when she came. She had brought with her a volume of Adam Lindsay Gordon's poems—now a special favorite of his—and he surprised her by asking at once for "Doubtful Dreams," a strange sad thing full of the anguish of a man's wasted days, and bitterness for bright hopes turned to ashes. Her glance tinctured with distress flickered mournfully upon him from time to time as she read, but he seemed very composed, lying there listening with closed lids. When she had finished he spoke calmly.

"Peril—I want you to promise to do something for me . . . in case I don't last much longer."

She put out her strong little hand and laid it on his. "Of course I will do anything. But you mustn't talk like that, you know."

He smiled at her. "I only said 'in case' . . . and after all it's on the cards for any one of us . . . isn't it?"

"You are getting better every day."

"Yes, I know . . . but accidents happen in the best regulated families . . . You ought to humor a sick man, anyhow."

"Not in being morbid . . . but, of course, you can rely on me to do anything. Tell me."

"There's a man I'm fond of, and want to help . . . and supposing I were not here in the flesh . . . it's you who must do it for me. Do you understand?"

"But what—how could I?"

"If you saw him in what you believed to be danger . . . not to his body, perhaps, but his soul, his future . . . then you must put out a hand and stay him. Could you do that for me?"

She nodded, with troubled eyes.

"Even if it meant betraying a secret? No. I can see you are going to say no to that, so I won't press the point. Only



When he found her at last under the trees, Punch knew that all he had dreamed of was true.

remember this: it nearly always lies in some woman's loved and trusted hands to make or wreck a man's life. . We Heseltines, for instance, are like that. We give everything into the keeping of the one woman . . . our souls, our future, our hopes of Heaven.

"So . . . if he delivered himself up into the hands of the *wrong* woman . . . well, you can see where old Punch would be."

"*Punch!*" At that the peace and grace of Peril's face was invaded; from the low forehead, like a bar of ivory beneath the darkness of her hair, to the base of her throat, color flushed and flooded her. "It is your cousin you are speaking of?"

"Yes—old Punch."

Pam, staring hard at the wild rose beauty awakened by the sound of his cousin's name, understood slowly, and then was

swiftly thankful. A great many things had become intelligible to him during the hours of this long day. It was as if for his benefit a Hand had turned on the awful searchlight of the Day of Judgment, revealing to him dreadful acts and the motives that had urged them. By that white, strong light he saw again the look in Doria's eyes and heard the sharp edge of her voice when Punch announced his departure.

Only too well now he knew the meaning of both. It was not very difficult to realize how much more desirable such a man as Punch would seem, compared to himself, in the rôles of lover, husband and Peer of England. The sequent happenings, then, ruthless, remorseless, crueler than the grave in their subtle and hideous contriving, were all quite logical. The whole plan of action and every move in it were clear as the noonday sun.

But Punch he exonerated from any share in it. The Heseltines fought clean and struck in the open. No poisoners and assassins in that race! And now when he saw that this girl with her white soul, the promise of mountain tops and untrodden wastes in her eyes, loved his cousin, he was glad with a great gladness.

"Yes, old Punch," he repeated softly. "If ever he's in danger, Peril, remember he's worth saving. There are big things in him. But often the bigger a man is the more completely is he wax in the hands he loves and trusts . . . And *supposing they are the wrong hands!* That is what you've got to watch out for. That is where I am going to depend upon you . . . Reach out if you see him in danger. Save him. Remember, you have promised that! And one more thing . . . I want you to take this letter and deliver it into his own hand when next you see him."

"But," she objected quickly, "you will see him first. He is sure to come straight here when he returns on the tenth."

"Ah—coming on the tenth, is he? You've heard from him, then?"

Again she flushed. "He wrote because he is bringing me a bush-baby. You remember when my little Evvie was killed . . . he was so kind about it, and he found me another up at Kafüe . . . on about the tenth he said he would be here."

"That settles it, then. He's sure to come to you first. A man's not going to lug a bush-baby round while he calls to see his sick relations. So take the letter, and be sure to give it him if you see him first. And now, I wish you'd read me 'How We Beat the Favorite,' will you, before you go? Then I think I'll try and sleep a little before Doria gets in."

So, when she had finished that breathless narrative which some sportsmen think the finest racing poem ever written, Peril shook his hand and left him, for he seemed tired and desirous of being alone. Yet when she had gone he did not sleep. Instead, he took the book of poems and opening it again at "Doubtful Dreams" he set to work to copy one of the verses on a half-sheet of note paper. His hand shook and scrawled, but the task was accomplished at last. Then, very quietly, he went to the dining room, filled a little liqueur glass with sloe gin and carried it carefully to his wife's room. Placing it on the dressing table, just where anyone coming to the mirror would instantly see it, he laid the scrawled sheet of note paper on top of it. Then he went away to his own room.

Doria, returning from a forty mile an hour rush through the air, to say nothing of the exercise of bouncing over boulders and skidding against tree stumps, might reasonably have been expected to feel invigorated, if not refreshed. Instead, her soul was filled with detestation of her companion and an abomination of despair. The Hon. Jon, though a daring fool, and at his best with his hand on the steering wheel of a racer, remained a fool, and his callow adoration bored her horribly. Even while she listened to him she was aware of an ache that ate like fire for the sound of Punch Heseltine's voice and the sight of his eyes.

She had borne that ache with patience while hope stayed with her. But now! . . . Trembling just below the polite surface of things lay the memory of the morning's bitter happenings . . . the fear and mortification she had tasted . . . the future's uncertainty and disappointment! Her castle of hope, fashioned subtly with her hands and the bright instruments of death, lay in the dust. Broken, ruined, smashed—by a girl! She could not brook it . . . Oh God, she could not brook it! Fury and murder were in her heart at the thought. But fear was there too. She feared that girl. Ah! *that* was bitter.

How then should she feel refreshed by her drive, or predisposed to courtesies at the end of it? The Hon. Jon, much to his chagrin, found himself callously dismissed at the gate.

All she longed for was the privacy of her own room where she could throw off the gauze shroudings that sometimes came near to suffocating her, breathe freely and plunge once more into plot and counterplot. That she would have to go slowly now she knew well, walk warily, mingle the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove as never before, wait long weary months perhaps for the fulfillment of the passion that devastated her. But she would *not* be defeated—would *not* relinquish her plan . . .

And above all she must cherish her beauty more than ever, for by that chief weapon she would still beat, beguile and burrow her way to triumph as Marchioness of Kenchester and wife of a man who set her veins aflame as no man in the world had done.

Her first act, then, on entering her room and throwing off her veils, was to approach the mirror, to examine her face and compute how much havoc the day's experiences had wrought upon it. Instantly, of course, her eyes fell upon the little glass standing there, with the paper laid on it. What was this? *Sloe gin . . . and a verse of poetry in Pam's writing!* Her face blenched with terror and guilty apprehension as she looked first at the one, then slowly read the other:

For nothing on earth is sadder
Than the dream that cheated the grasp,
The flower that turned to the adder,
The fruit that changed to the asp;
When the day-spring in darkness closes,
As the sunset fades from the hills,
With the fragrance of perished roses,
With the music of parched-up rills.

While she still stood there with the paper in her hand a revolver shot rang through the quiet house.

There are pink brides and blue brides; lavender, primrose and *eau de Nil* brides; but it is difficult to introduce any dashing variety into the trappings of widowhood and yet retain the sympathy of your friends.

Doria Heseltine, however, had always been unusual in coping with the conventional, and clever enough withal to make her way of doing things excusable, if not exactly acceptable to the crowd. Her decision, therefore, to become a white widow was not so severely criticized as it might have been with some women.

"You see," she gently explained, "one can mourn just as deeply for one's beloved clad in a cool white garment as laden with heavy blackness." She added pathetically, "Pam always loved me in white, and I feel it is a kind of tribute to him, somehow, to look as nice as I can."

She certainly succeeded. Her "weeds" were of a snowiness that was dazzling, and to say that she looked seraphic in them is to express the facts very mildly. The combination of a Florentine head of daffodil-yellow, blue eyes haunted by grief and the pearliness of a ravishing skin framed sorrowfully in the finest crêpe de Chine, composed a vision that few men could have witnessed without being stirred by uneasy longings "for the mystical better things," as the poet hath it. That at least is what the Hon. Jon thought, after catching sight of her walking in her garden at even. For of course she received no men visitors; received no one, indeed, except a few kindly women almost as overwhelmed as herself by the dreadful tragedy of a suicide happening in their midst.

Shyly they came, offering their sympathy to the beautiful *dame du haut monde*, and were touched and impressed by the dignity and simplicity of her grief. She seemed to them more like a tragic bride than the widow of tragedy. And when they left her they thought of her still, picturing her, beautiful and desolate, wrapped in her sorrow. For she continued to stay at Minto Lodge, inaccessible to all but the chosen few, hidden in her shaded and silent abode as the pearl of great price is hidden in the jeweler's case . . . until that propitious day when someone with the price on him shall come along!

People rather wondered at first why she should linger in Umtété, marveling too at her "nerve" in continuing to inhabit that house of fateful incident. But it was given to few to compute the quality of Doria Heseltine's nerve.

One man at least knew its inflexibility and her strength of will to fashion circumstance to her desire. But that man tarried in his coming. Up beyond the Zambesi, work detained him that even the calamity of his cousin's death did not induce him to curtail. Fortunately his presence was not officially necessary, and the inquest had gone forward without him.

The last letter written by the dead man, and addressed to his doctor, had made everything dramatically simple. In it he set forth his gratitude for all that (*Continued on page 176*)

By FRANK R. ADAMS

A Story of Love in the City of a Thousand Tongues

Scandal Street

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell



"Call me," she told Harrison, "either Cora or May, unless you want to make up a sweet nothing of your own."

Work at this studio will be suspended today, Thursday, March 22, on account of the death of Harrison Halliday. Services at the chapel of Grey and Craigin, Morticians, at 10 A. M. tomorrow.

THE camera man and the extra girl happened to be standing side by side as they read the notice. They were early. Extra people very often are early, especially if they need employment rather badly, as this one did.

"Funny," growled the camera man, "to close the entire Keeley-Kane Studio for the funeral of that guy—and right near the finish of the biggest picture we ever filmed, too. It'll cost ten thousand bucks to lay off this outfit for two days like that. And the sun is shining perfect for the location stuff that is scheduled."

The extra girl was not worried much about the sun. She was wondering if she would get paid for the lay-off. Still, she replied, just to register interest, "I don't even know who Harrison Halliday is."

"You wouldn't, probably," conceded the man. "He isn't around the studio much. We used him mostly on location. He's the guy who doubles for Neil Keeley in all the rough stuff. Nice, quiet chap but nobody to hold much of a funeral over at that."

The notice closing the studio for the day had just been posted by Sol Friedman, president and general manager of Keeley-Kane Productions, Inc. He had stuck it up with four or five thumb tacks and had then hurried away like a man who has a guilty secret to hide.

Mr. Friedman was not feeling absolutely top-hole that bright sunshiny morning. For one thing he had not been in bed since the morning before.

At eleven forty-five P. M. he had been called to the telephone just as he was undressing.

"This is Stewart."

"Yes. Anything wrong?"

"He's dead."

"Good Lord, no!"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Listen, chief. This ain't going to sound right over the telephone. Better come out here pronto yourself. I'm the only one that knows it yet."

Friedman reflected. "All right. Where?"

"Pick me up on the Coast Highway north of town about six or seven miles out. I'll be looking for your car and flag you."

Sol Friedman put his clothing back on his round little body and went out to his garage. His roadster would be the fastest and he usually drove that car himself anyway.

His ordinarily resourceful mind was fighting a blank wall for the time being. He did not yet quite comprehend the situation.

The man who had called him on the telephone was William Stewart, ex-sergeant of police and now a private detective, whom Friedman himself had hired as a sort of special bodyguard for Neil Keeley, the biggest financial craft that Friedman had ever piloted.

No names had been mentioned over the telephone but the little manager knew that the "he" referred to must be Neil Keeley himself.

Dead! It was incredible. Friedman did not want to believe it.

Not that he was so fond of Keeley. On the contrary, he, in common with nearly everyone else on the lot, rather cordially disliked the handsome star. For one thing, there was the way he treated his wife, who had elevated him from mediocrity when she had married him and given him the chance he would never have had otherwise. And there was no denying the fact that his riotous escapades had caused more than one of the white hairs that fringed Friedman's bald spot.

But even though it was not a cause for inconsolable personal grief, there were many reasons why Keeley's taking off just at that time was as crushing a blow as the loss of Friedman's right arm would have been.

The Keeley-Kane production of "The Idylls of the King" was two-thirds completed with Neil Keeley as Lancelot. A million and a quarter dollars, many of them Sol Friedman's own, were already tied up in the production. A tremendous advance publicity campaign had been under way for nearly a year and motion picture fans all over the world had been keyed up to expect something rather extraordinary.

Some of the most expensive sets had been demolished in order to make room on the lot for others needed in later sequences. They would all have to be rebuilt in case it were necessary to shift another star into the principal rôle.

All in all the loss of the principal player just at that time was practically the same as the finish of Sol Friedman's career, too.

He had plenty of time to think that all out before he arrived.

Stewart, standing in the middle of the road, was stopping all north bound cars until he found his employer.

"Well?" demanded Sol Friedman. He had his poker face on now and was not going to admit to anyone how much he was disturbed.

"He's over here in the ditch," the detective replied, "under a car. It's just where your headlights miss it as you go around that turn so nobody's seen it yet but me. I wouldn't have noticed it either except that I was only a few hundred yards behind and saw them go over."

"Them? The other one was a woman?"

"Yeh."

"She killed, too?"

"No, not hurt much, I guess. Anyhow she beat it and I haven't seen her. I thought it was more important to notify you than to trail her."



Sheila

They had arrived at the wreck. The detective had a flashlight so they were able to see it distinctly.

"Why, this isn't Neil Keeley's car," Friedman declared.

"No," the detective admitted, "this is one of those you rent for fifty cents an hour downtown. But Keeley always does that when he's going on a party. Thought I'd reported it. The first time he did it he fooled me because I was looking for his big flashy bus. He leaves his own car at one garage and walks a block to another, where he rents this cheap outfit that looks like every other car you see anywhere. I ain't had no trouble trailin' him since I got wise to the trick. I know where he goes and everything. I didn't recognize this Jane though. Mebbe she's a new one or else she's got on a different hat or something. Your orders was merely to keep an eye on him and help if he got into a scrap."

"Yes, that's right." Sol Friedman was thinking of something else by that time. "I'm going back to town. You stay here long enough to cut the name tags out of his clothes and remove any identifying papers. Then go home and go to bed. Keep your mouth shut and report to me at noon."

"Gee, boss, what are you going to do?"

"I'm not sure yet myself, Stewart, but whatever it is you're going to be one of the few men in the world who will be 'in the know,'" said Friedman.

Friedman did not call up but went directly to Neil Keeley's home. Mrs. Keeley, or Sheila Kane as the world knew her, had gone to bed but was not sleeping and came down herself in a dressing gown to answer Friedman's pounding on the door.

"I thought it was Neil," she explained. "He usually loses his key."

Sol Friedman was not a very tactful man and he confronted the task of breaking the news to Sheila with an overwhelming sense of his own shortcomings in that line.

Sheila was so little, so young looking, so elflike in the impression she made upon one, that it seemed quite probable that she would not be able to support the contact with sordid tragedy.

Still, she had lived with Neil Keeley for two years. She must know something of sorrow. Her eyes said so, anyway. Perhaps it was only the dim light in the reception hall that made them appear so large and so sad.

So he told her, simply, directly, in the only language that he knew, the language of business.

"The biggest money making star in the film business was killed tonight and——"

"Neil?" Unerringly.

"Yes."

"That woman shot him?"

"Why no," Friedman replied, puzzled. "You were expecting something of the sort, then?"

"I had warned him to be careful," she said unemotionally. "I'm very sorry for Neil."

"Aren't you sorry for yourself?"

"I suppose so. But part of me has been dead a long time so I don't feel things so much any more. But Neil wasn't ready to go yet. There was much he had to do——"

"You said it. The King Arthur story ain't over two-thirds finished."

"I wasn't referring to the film."

"Mebbe not but we might as well because that's the reason I came myself to talk to you instead of sending somebody else or telephoning."

"Yes." Pleasantly. Her tone gave him permission to proceed.

"There's two or three reasons why this thing hurts like the deuce just at this time. You know what Will Hays says—'No more front page stories out of Hollywood. Clean up Scandal Street from Gardner Junction to Glendale.'

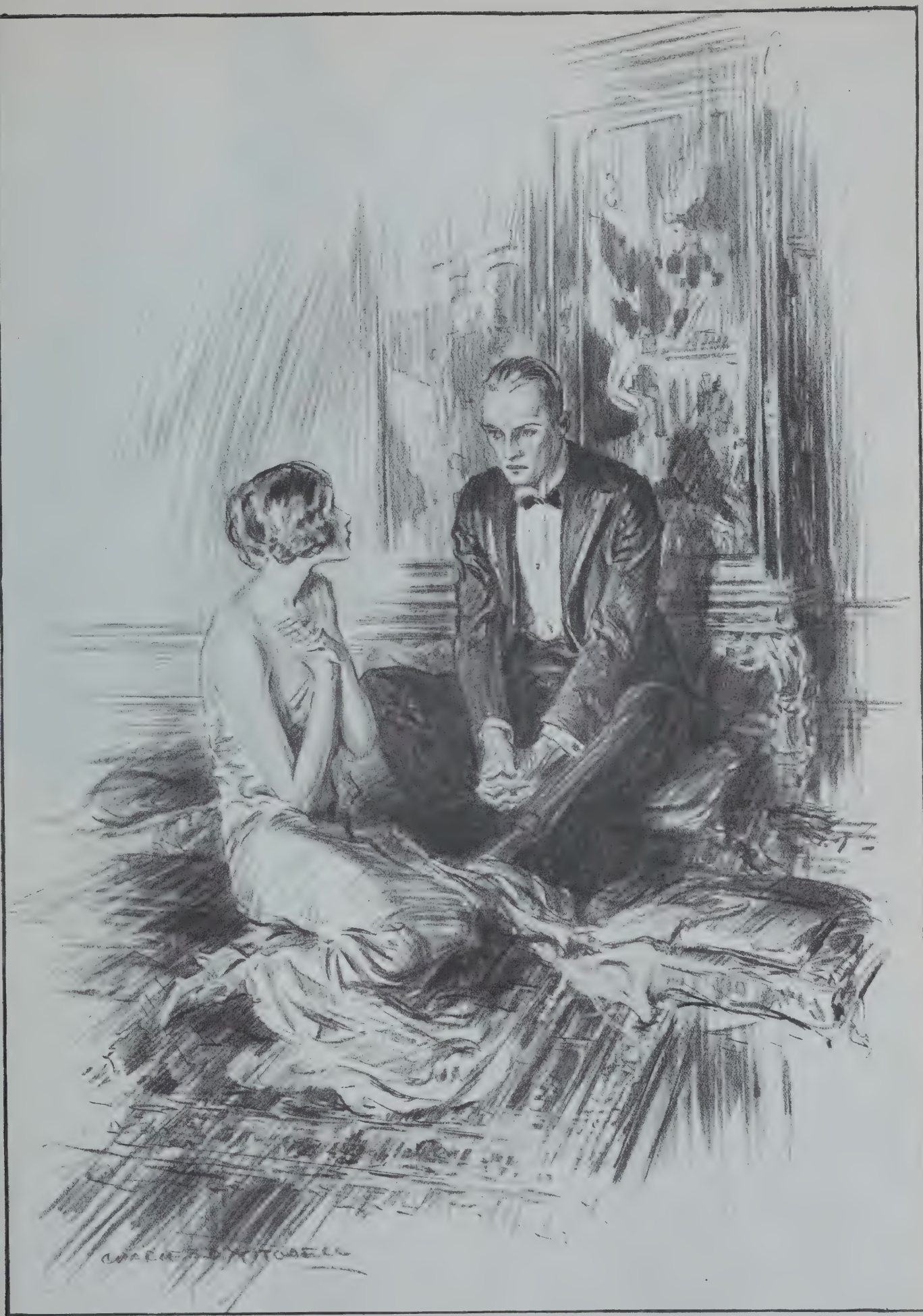
"The motion picture industry can't stand another scare head. Enough is enough. We've got to keep off the front page or we're done for. We all know that. No more murders, no more dope, no more wild parties.

"Another reason is we've got over a million dollars in this film and if we put someone else in as Lancelot it will mean retaking almost all of it. Even if it was all done the fact that Neil was dead would queer it with the public. Neil can't be dead."

"But you say he is."

"Nobody knows it yet and you've got to help me keep 'em from knowing."

Harrison Halliday brought his high hopes West with the avowed intention of making a name that would be blazoned in electric lights before most of the theaters in America.



Sheila swayed to the music like a charmed cobra. She was beautiful, she was sweet and she was enticing. On the gentle current of the vanishing melody she floated to Harrison and dropped at his feet.



Halliday had reason to expect to make good. He was not an inexperienced movie-struck youth. On the contrary, he came from four generations of actors. His grandfather had once been the idol of Broadway. There were traditions back of Halliday, fine ones, even if the name had been slightly forgotten in the press of more recent luminaries. Still, there was no reason why Harrison couldn't put the patronymic back in the public eye. He knew how to act, he was good looking, well built and had a pleasing personality.

But when he arrived in Hollywood he ran into a distressing situation.

He looked so much like Neil Keeley that everybody laughed when he asked for a job, and then, when he proved that he wasn't Neil, they refused to employ him on the ground that it would seem as if they were trying to cash in on an imitation.

At the end of six months Harrison Halliday was down to one meal a day at a lunch counter and one suit of clothes that was beginning to lose that look of smartness so necessary to one seeking employment, especially in the show business.

There were unhappy times in the motion picture industry, anyway. People had less money to spend for amusements and even the inexpensive neighborhood theaters failed to catch them. Many studios shut down.

The Keeley-Kane production of "The Idylls of the King" proved a blessing to the entire industry because it used such a tremendous cast of players and literally thousands of extra people.

Quite naturally Harrison Halliday, in his rounds, landed at the Keeley-Kane studios with sickening regularity. He seemed to be one of the few men in Hollywood who could not get a job even there. It was that confounded resemblance again. They didn't dare use him even in a mob scene for fear it would confuse the audience.

And then came the curious chance. They were filming some tournament scenes and the actor who was doubling for Neil Keeley in the tilting got a very mean fall while they were rehearsing. Not to go ahead with the camera work on that particular scene meant laying off a great many actors who were called, and the great Fenway, who was directing, got distinctly temperamental about it. "Get me somebody else and get him quick!" he demanded.

And the message was carried duly to the casting director, who was just on the point of yanking out another wisp of hair when his eye fell on Harrison Halliday about to pester him again.

"Can you ride?" the casting director demanded.



"If we plant your papers on him, Halliday, there won't be any trouble," said Sol Friedman, "and he will be buried under your name."

"I can do anything," Harrison declared optimistically.

The casting director grinned.

"I've been down on the rocks myself before now, but if you are willing to back that up by taking a chance on your life I'll tell you what you can do."

He told the young man what had happened and let him decide for himself whether or not he cared to make the acrobatic contribution to the cause of art.

Halliday decided he couldn't be any worse off than he was and asked to be introduced to the assortment of tinware that he was expected to wear for a winding sheet.

As soon as he appeared on the lot, Fenway, who had never seen him before, got good-natured right away.

"Great!" he exclaimed. "You look enough like Keeley himself so that we can take a medium shot of this fight. We can even show you in one of the rounds with your helmet off. That will put their eye out. Let's go!"

That was only the beginning. Whenever there was any scene that Neil wasn't quite up to, too many nerves or something like that, Fenway always sent for Harrison. Keeley detested Halliday and never lost an opportunity to sneer at his double's ability. But Fenway wouldn't give him up.

It wasn't in the least what Harrison Halliday wanted to do and it certainly wasn't building up any reputation for himself. But it was one way of earning bed and board. He was at the point now where that was essential.

It took Sol Friedman quite a while to find out where to locate Harrison Halliday. He went through the casting director's desk with all the efficiency of a burglar, with a flashlight, too, because there was no particular point in attracting the notice of the night watchman to the fact that the general manager was prowling around in offices not his own.

He found the address and proceeded to the rooming house where Harrison lived, arriving about two o'clock.

There he managed to wake up the landlady and, without letting her know who he was, and allowing her to infer that he was drunk, he got the young man out to his car.

In the street Friedman demanded brusquely, "You know who I am, don't you?"

"Yes."

"All right. Have you any papers in your pockets that will identify you?"

"Why"—in surprise—"yes, I guess so, a letter or two and a driver's license."

"Good, come with me."

Mystified and slightly awed Harrison Halliday took his seat beside the man who could make or break a star on twenty-four hours' notice. Friedman did not say where he was going and Halliday did not ask. His wonderment was not abated when the car drew up before Neil Keeley's quarter-million dollar bungalow. Sheila Kane admitted them.

"Now," Sol began when they were seated in the big star's living room, "you want to get ahead in the motion picture game, don't you?"

"Why, naturally," Harrison replied.

"Well, your chance has come, then. Neil Keeley is dead and you're going to take his place until we finish 'The Idylls of the King'."

"But," objected Harrison, "how can we do that?"

"Well," Sol returned, "I'm not absolutely positive we can, but there seems to be a good chance. Nobody knows he is dead yet but just we who are here and one private detective who is in my employ. Neil's body is lying out in the road six or seven miles north of here. It hasn't even been found by the police yet. It was an accident, and his face—pardon me, Mrs. Keeley—is not so easily recognizable as it was once. If we plant your papers on him, Halliday, there won't be any trouble. The coroner won't be very excited about it and he will be buried under your name. The whole thing won't get more than a paragraph in the newspapers. But you know what would happen if the truth came out.

"What do you say? I am not positive that it will work but there is a chance for you and for me both. I'll give you Keeley's salary, which is something scandalous for size as you probably know, and then when it is over I'll see that you get another good job. It is the one way to make good in a game that you haven't got a chance in the world of succeeding at otherwise."

Harrison was silent, debating the proposition.

Sheila Kane took a hand in the discussion for the first time. Her voice was a little high and shrill. "I trust, Mr. Halliday, you will pardon me if I ask you to come to some sort of a decision as soon as possible. I will do whatever I can to help you in any way, shape or manner, but"—she faltered—"it isn't going to be easy for me, you know, and even right now I don't think I can stand much more."

She had stood up and her fists were clenched as if she were repressing a scream. It was quite obvious that she was laboring under a mental strain, a cumulative strain that had been building up for weeks. She appeared very frail, very white, all spiritual, not a creature of flesh and blood at all. Her face was colorless with a sharp black frame of hair and two dim coals for eyes. Her ultimatum delivered, she swayed slightly and the two men jumped to catch her lest she fall. She straightened herself with a hand on the arm of each.

"I am quite all right," she said. "Thank you."

Sol Friedman looked across questioningly at the young actor. "What do you say?"

Harrison hesitated a moment.

"I'll try it," he said.

"Good! Sheila, go to bed! Sleep if you can, my dear. Have breakfast in your room in the (*Continued on page 165*)





CRAZY

Words and

JOHN T.

A FAMOUS wit once confessed to a secret ambition to throw an egg into an electric fan. Very likely he will go through life with this wish ungratified, although gratification is easily within his means.



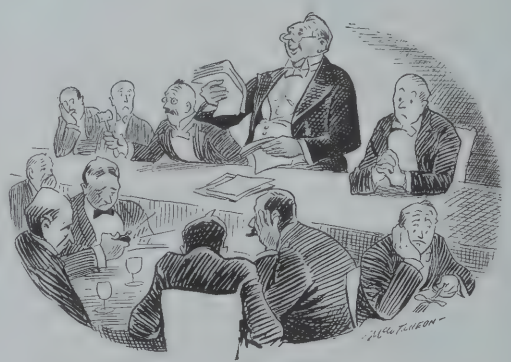
Another man, equally great in his line, was once seized at a large dinner party with the impulse to throw a stuffed tomato at the gleaming shirt front of the gentleman opposite. The more he thought about it the more the idea fascinated him. Perfectly aware that all standard books on etiquette are opposed to such quaint conceits, he nevertheless acted upon the impulse, greatly to the surprise of the gentleman opposite, who, however, responded in kind. Soon all the guests were likewise engaged and so continued throughout the salad course.



Very few people would have had the courage to act upon such an impulse, although nearly everyone has at times been tempted by other impulses just as bizarre.

Who has not been almost irresistibly beguiled—when the minister inquires if anybody knows just cause why these folks, etc.—into hopping up and shouting "He has a wife in Oskaloosa."

Who among churchgoers has not felt the urge in the midst of a drowsy, long drawn out sermon, to rise in his pew and wail plaintively, "Are you never going to end?" He would be echoing the thoughts of all present, but what a terrible uplifting of eyebrows there would be. His wife would speak to him about it after he got home—long after.



And surely it is fortunate, in the interest of the peaceful conduct of banquet programs, that people are taught to curb their impulses. There is always at least one speaker who forgets to stop when the stopping is good.

During the first ten minutes the banqueters listen with rapt attention. "Say, this fellow is a wonder." "The best after-dinner talk I've ever heard."

At the end of twenty minutes they are beginning to look around to see how the others are taking it. At thirty minutes they are thinking, "Why doesn't he stop?" and at thirty-five the back tables are buzzing with conversation, the worried toastmaster is pounding for order, watches are snapping shut with meaning clicks and every white shirt front covers a black impulse to shout "For heaven's sake, sit down!"

And yet if any one of those present, with the courage of his convictions, were to arise and sing out those welcome words, steps would be taken by the banquet committee to insure his absence at ensuing functions.

Once a distinguished gentleman had seen the new year in at a fashionable restaurant and was starting for a less dignified eating place where there was a prospect of seeing a good deal more of the new year in. As he wove his way out between the crowded tables, a large lady's expansive and aristocratic back arrested his attention. It gleamed invitingly at a moment when resistance was at its lowest ebb. There was no chance for a sober second thought, or even a sober first one.

He hauled back and slapped with a resounding smack, contrary to all rules of etiquette, for he didn't even know the lady.

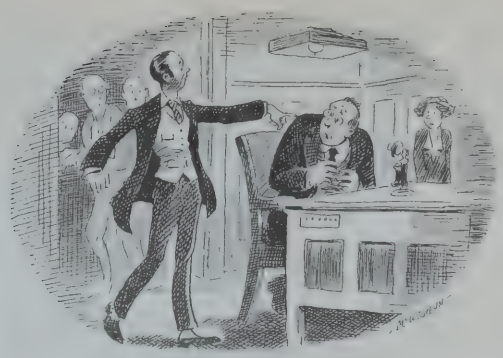
Pandemonium broke loose. If it had happened a hundred years ago he would have been dated up for duels every morning for a week, Sunday included.

By good fortune he escaped to the street and is alive and well today.

Here was an impulse gone wrong, and yet for one delirious fraction of a second he must have enjoyed the realization of it. Many impulses spring from a real desire to effect good in the world, such as cutting short long-winded speeches and sermons; others are more or less ignoble, and should rightly be choked at the source, for example, the one just quoted. Still others are inspired by simple curiosity to see what will happen under such and such circumstances—such as pouring a glass of near beer into a base horn when it is in action or sticking a pin into a







Impulses

Pictures by McCUTCHEON

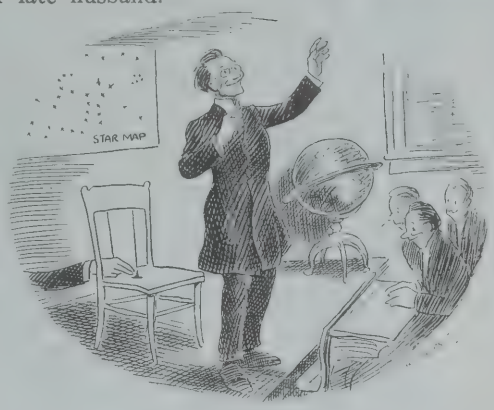


pompous gentleman who is bowing before the king.

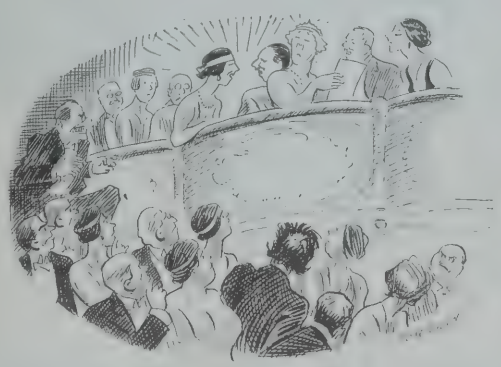
In giving dinner parties the hostess is always careful that no discordant elements are included at the same dinner. Mrs. Blank, recently divorced with sensational publicity, is not to be asked with her late husband. Political rivals and social feudists never confront one another across the table of an intelligent hostess.

But who, in planning a dinner party, has not been momentarily intrigued by the fascinating possibilities of a dinner table surrounded by the most discordant elements, the Honorable Bunk with the editor who has been crucifying him, the young lady and the man she has heartlessly jilted, the capitalist and the Red.

It would be a most interesting occasion, but the hostess would have to be a composite of Lucretia Borgia and a full grown East Indian rhinoceros, I am afraid, to pull it off.



What employee, smarting under a scathing call-down by his employer, has not entertained the thought, "I'd like to tell him what I think of him, the big stiff." But somehow he never gets beyond rehearsals. In the quiet watches of the night he conjures soul-satisfying scenes in which he stands before the employer's desk, pointing out to that cringing creature the limitations and defects of his character, ancestry, breeding and appearance.



This is one of the most prevalent but least vociferous impulses.

When watching one of these interpretative eurhythmic dances, the kind where the dancers wear a few yards of chiffon and in bare legs and feet impersonate a faun being chased by a satyr or something, who has not idly toyed with the thought of what would happen if he tossed a tack or a lighted cigarette in the path of the prancing satyr?

The tack motif, although low-brow in its comedy aspects, nevertheless occurs frequently in conjunction with impulses. When the Prof. in closing his lecture on astronomy says that "The contemplation of the vast immensity of space so dwarfs our little world that one is enabled to regard petty earthly worries with philosophic calm—too petty to warrant more than a shrug of the shoulders" and then prepares to sit down, it occurs to you how easily a little tack could play havoc with his philosophic calm.

Happily no one would dream of converting this thought to action, for the Prof. is a lovable old party.

Perhaps one of the commonest impulses is that which surges and boils within you at the opera where you have paid five dollars for the purpose of hearing the music. In the box near-by a party arrives in the middle of the second act. They are still full of conversation. "*Sh's*" greet them. Angry glances are shot at them, but glance off. A girl, dripping with pearls, is telling a chinless youth with plastered hair what she said to Gwennie and what Gwennie said to her.

Who, in this situation, has not harbored a martyr's willingness to pay the death penalty for the satisfaction of standing up and thundering as follows: "Blankety blank, blankety blank— xx ! ! - - xx ( ) - ! ! " supplementing this remark by grabbing the girl by the string of pearls and throwing her out the nearest exit to the alley below?



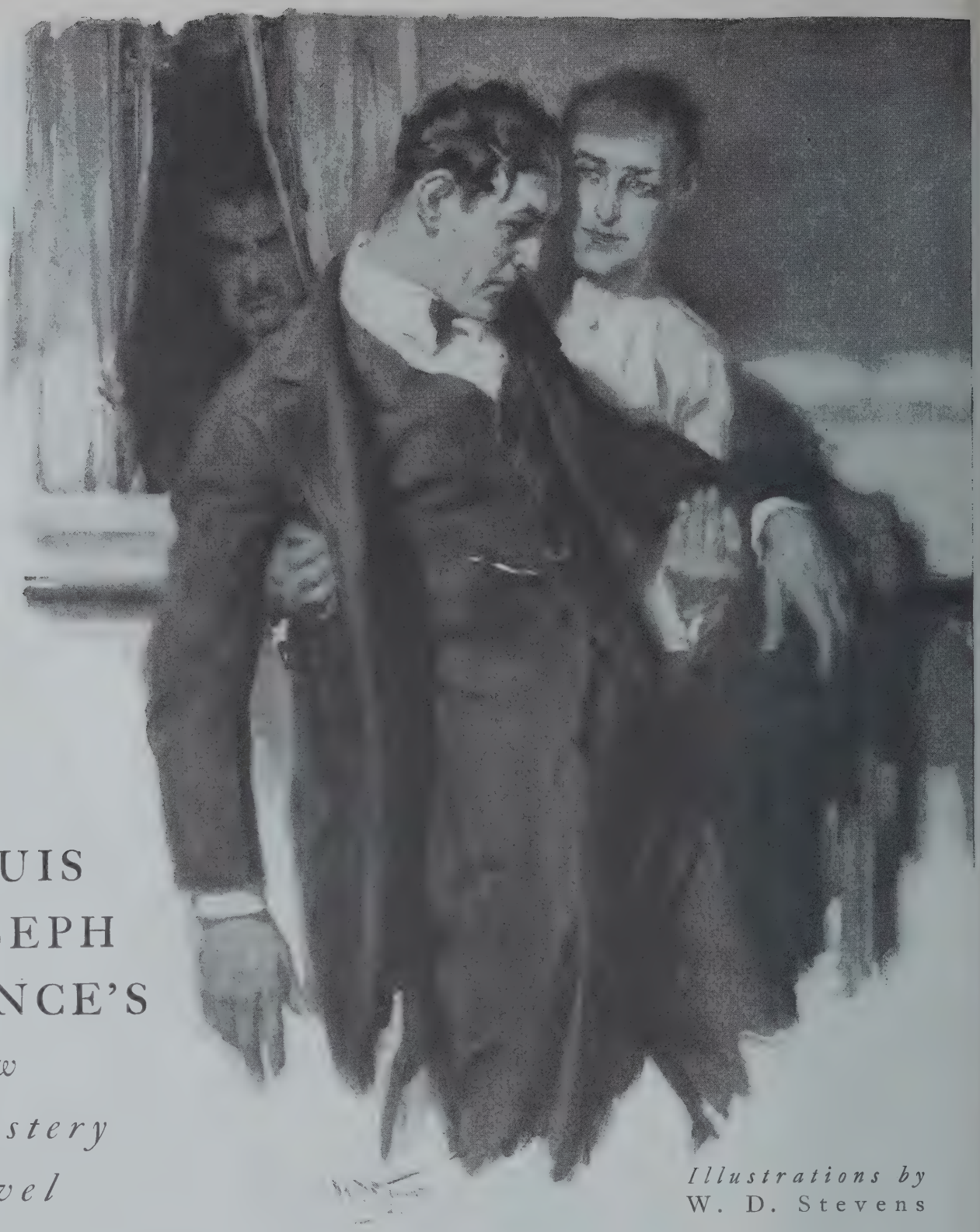
It is a crystal day in June and the graduating class is herded together to hear an address by a pompous old party whose life and works have put him on the first page in Bradstreet's.

After Prexy has introduced the speaker as a man who, etc., the speaker arises and counsels honesty, perseverance, thrift, industry and character.

The new-fledged graduates drink it in, but you, made cynical by inside information concerning the speaker's business career, nurse an impulse to interpolate. His war profits are still awaiting action by the Department of Justice, his income tax report is a marvel of scientific evasion, his cellar is receiving frequent accessions from neighboring countries, his generous campaign contributions insure special favors in Washington.

Yet nobody pulls the chair out from under him when he sits down! There is dutiful applause, led by Prexy, who is hoping for a generous contribution to the endowment fund.

And so it goes.



LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE'S *New Mystery Novel*

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens

The Setting of the story is the New York of today and it concerns:

MICHAEL LANYARD, THE LONE WOLF, *once prince of European jewel thieves, now a member of the British Secret Service on leave of absence in America.*

EVE DE MONTALAIS, *whom he loves as he has never loved before—a woman of beauty, of charm, of wealth.*

MORPHEW, *powerful New York bootlegger and director of criminals.*

PAGAN, *a satellite of Morphew's.*

MALLISON, *gentleman crook and member of Morphew's crew.*

LIANE DELORME, *demi-mondaine and one-time Parisian underworld acquaintance of the Lone Wolf.*

MRS. FOLLIOTT MCFEE (FOLLY), *a society woman, piquant, rich.*

CRANE, *New York detective, an old friend of Lanyard's.*

A Résumé of Parts One to Four:

WHEN Michael Lanyard falls in love with Eve de Montalais, he believes that he cannot marry her because, despite his reform, he is a marked man on whom society will pounce at any excuse or none. But Eve will not listen to his reasoning; and he determines to make his life so blameless that nothing can come between them.

The machinery of fate at once sets to work against him. He accidentally meets Liane Delorme, who introduces him to Morphew, who in turn has been planning for some time to get Lanyard in his power. Morphew's proposal is that Lanyard go to thieving again under his, Morphew's, protection.

This occurs in the Clique Club, a drinking and gambling resort of Morphew's.

Lanyard, contemptuously refusing, escapes unharmed only because the place is raided. One of the raiders is his old



The Lone Wolf Returns

He goes to Folly's that evening, slips in unobserved, sees Liane, Pagan and Mallison at dinner with Folly, goes upstairs and hides. There, by intercepting a phone call on an extension, he learns that Mallison has "framed" Folly for blackmail. Lanyard quietly phones Crane's office and leaves word for the detective to come to Folly's address.

Mallison leaves, but sneaks back (having fixed the lock) and also hides upstairs. Then when Folly, in négligé, is about to retire, he seizes her and makes violent pretended love to her.

As Lanyard hears Mallison's accomplices, who are to discover this compromising situation, at the door downstairs, he steps out, floors Mallison with a blow, and calmly confronts at the bedroom door a woman who pretends to be Mallison's wife, a "shyster" lawyer and a fake detective. These are, of course, upset by the turn of events; more so when Crane appears, searches Mallison, finds on him a kit of burglar's tools and Folly's stolen emeralds, and arrests the lot.

Folly is grateful, if mystified. At Lanyard's request, she phones for Morphew to call; and him Lanyard confronts with the tale of his foiled plot and the arrest of Mallison. In a rage, Morphew threatens Lanyard's life before the hidden witness, Folly.

Lanyard laughs, but he is not yet safe. Next day he goes with Eve to a Westchester inn for dinner, and there tells her all that has happened. As they talk he is called to the phone, where a long distance call, obviously from a proxy of Liane's, warns him—"*Prenez garde*"—take care!

He and Eve find their chauffeur drugged, but manage to escape from the inn in the car, driving at tremendous speed apparently unpursued; until a blowout stops them. They get out of the car, nonplused. Of a sudden gleaming headlights appear from the opposite direction; simultaneously a pursuing car, *driven without lights*, bears on them from behind. Lanyard flings Eve off the road—too late to save himself. The world seems to explode like a bomb; he is hurled into an everlasting abyss of night impenetrable.

friend Crane, who passes Lanyard out with Folly McFee. He accompanies her home and warns her of the character of her associates, Morphew's crew.

But Morphew strikes back quickly, through Pagan, who with Liane comes to Folly's. Pagan mixes drinks for all, and apparently drugs the one for Lanyard. At any rate, Lanyard suffers from powerful delusions as he walks home, and falls on his bed unconscious.

Next morning he is awakened by Crane, who breaks the news that Folly's jewels have been stolen overnight. Crane has searched Lanyard's clothes and exonerates him of the crime. No sooner has the detective gone, however, than Lanyard finds the jewels in the tail pocket of his own dress coat; finds, too, that his shoes are covered with mud like that behind Folly's house. Were the emeralds "planted" on him? Or did he really steal them in a semi-conscious, drugged state? The question is an agonizing one he cannot answer.

Part Five: CHAPTER XV

PAIN that threatened to rend his head asunder played before his eyes in blinding flashes, like ragged lightning, crimson and soundless—or the man was deaf to its thunders whose every other faculty was numb in subjugation to sense of pain intolerable, who was faint with pain, sick with it . . .

Hands clipped his body beneath the armpits, a thin, far rumor of articulate noise pronounced some stupidity which he made no attempt to acknowledge. Arms, wrapped round him from behind, tightened, heaved, he was set upon usnteady feet. then half carried, half guided to an angle of some sort and propped up in it, with arms resting upon its two broad, plane surfaces, elbow-high. A rudely genial voice volunteered: "There you are, sir, and no 'arm done. Now you'll do nicely . . ."

Lanyard wanted to tell the speaker he was a fool.

It was impossible for one to have come through that motor wreck, impossible for any mortal to have been caught between two heavy cars meeting head on in headlong flight, without incurring desperate if not deadly injuries. How reasonable that was this pain proved that racked him from head to foot, but more particularly his head, and made him want to retch, pain so intense it paralyzed the very instinct to complain . . .

His tongue temporarily refusing its office, Lanyard contented himself with a feeble grunt through locked teeth; and because his knees were as water, hung on with both hands to the rounded surfaces that met behind his back to form the angle, till presently the pain grew less, the feeling of nausea passed off, his senses renewed contact with their environment and flashed strange tidings to his brain in respect of conditions they could neither grasp nor accommodate themselves to . . .

Some moron had taken to amusing himself with the headlights of one of the motorcars, switching them on and off while they stared Lanyard full in the face at such close range that he was conscious of the heat they generated between the spaces of darkness. Furthermore, a storm of sorts had evidently sprung up out of that clear midnight sky; he remembered well how cloudless it had been just before the collision, how bright with mockery the gibbous moon; the boding calm which had bound everything in nature he recalled distinctly, too. But now a great wind was shrieking like a warlock, gusts of warm rain spattered the flesh of his face, the very earth beneath him was convulsed, bucking and rocking like a wild mustang, and the keen, sweet smell of the inland night had given place to the salt breath of the sea . . .

Lanyard opened his eyes, only to close them tight the next instant and shut out what was indisputably the delusion of a mind deranged; yet a vision so vividly colored and in every particular so circumstantial, stamping the retinae with such an impression of brilliance and animation, that he could not refrain from looking again, if only to convince himself of the sheer wonder of it—but half expecting his sight, on this occasion, to be greeted by another illusion and a different, if one quite as impossibly unreal.

He saw precisely what he had seen, and rejected, before . . .

A length of steamer deck, looking forward from the angle in which he stood at the after end of the superstructure, with deck chairs all folded and lashed to the inner rail and window ports all fast; its scoured planking now blue with the shadow cast by the deck overhead, now flooded with sun glare from end to end, as the vessel rolled heavily in a rough seaway. Beyond the rail a bright blue sky without a cloud, a horizon unbroken by any loom of land, a sea of incredible ultramarine creaming under the lash of a full gale, the sleek hollow bellies of its charging waves a-dazzle with the sun's spilled gold, its flying spindrift sprays of diamond dust . . .

Forward, opposite the entrance to the saloon companionway, a girl clinging to the rail, bobbed blonde hair fluffed out by the wind, filmy yellow sweater and brief sports skirt of white silk molded to her slender young contours, intent eyes turned aft to Lanyard. In the dark mouth of the door a cluster of men and women, likewise staring. Nearer and a little to the left a lithe young man of British cast, wearing a look of cheerful concern and the white duck jacket of a steward, with long legs well apart balancing to the motion of the vessel while he watched Lanyard.

Finding himself the target of the latter's blank regard, the man grinned broadly. "Nahsty tumble, sir," he cried in the penetrating pitch of a seafarer schooled to talk against the wind, and with an inflection that suited precisely his racial type, "and a wicked crack it did give your 'ead and no mistike. Like a pistol shot it sounded. Thought for a minute it 'ad done you in for fair, but it didn't tike long to mike sure you 'adn't broken no bones. 'Ow do you feel now, sir?"

"What . . ." Lanyard's voice in his hearing was attenuated and strange. His tongue felt unwieldy. "What . . ."

The figure in the white jacket waved a hand toward the foot of a ladder near-by. "You was comin' down from the bridge deck, sir—don't you remember?—when a sea 'it us and knocked you clean off your pins. 'Ad to 'ang on to the rail to keep from bein' knocked abaht myself."

Lanyard replied with a sign of exorcism, releasing the rail with one hand to describe it. At the same time he shut his eyes fast and made a determined effort to shake off the bondage of this fantastic dream. But when he looked again nothing had changed, the hallucination remained as definite and bright as ever, perfect to its last least detail.

"Feel a bit shiken up, don't you, sir?" The steward moved to Lanyard's side. "I don't wonder. But if you'll just tike it easy awhile, I think you'll find you ain't much 'urt."

Dumbfounded, Lanyard wagged his head, bringing about recurrence of its splitting ache, which none the less led to the discovery that, barring a bruised shoulder and elbow, a soundly battered head was all his damage. But this too he laid to delirium, as being a manifest physical inconsistency in one who had just taken part in a motor smash of the first magnitude. And wondering if exertion of will would bring this lunatic scramble of a world round to its right guise of reality, he fixed the steward with an exacting eye, the eye of a man who had made up his mind to stand for no more nonsense.

"Madame de Montalais," he enunciated distinctly—"is she all right?"

But demonstrably this wasn't the requisite magic formula; enunciation of it failed to do away with those unbelievably factual circumstances of a summer gale at sea and set up in their stead an autumnal nocturne of moonlit hills and vales. Its only effect, indeed, was to light a flicker of real solicitude in the steward's eyes.

"Beg pardon, sir—what was that you said?"

"The lady with me—was she injured?"

"But there wasn't any lidy with you, sir—you was quite alone, arfw'y down the ladder, when the sea 'it us. I 'appened to be watchin' you, sir, though not 'andy enough to save you the fall, I'm sorry to s'y. But per'aps you feel strong enough now to let me 'elp you to your berth and fetch the doctor to give you a look over."

Lanyard in despair resigned himself; the world had gone stark staring mad and he was the maddest madman in it. Weakly he suffered the steward to take his arm in a respectful yet persuasive hold.

"Let me see, now, sir—what was the number of your stiteroom?"

In unbounded amazement Lanyard heard himself reply without any hesitation:

"Thirty-nine."

"Quite so, sir. This w'y, if you please, and lean on me."

A door in the after wall of the superstructure admitted to a passage by way of which it was only a step to Stateroom 39. Here the steward considerately removed the passenger's coat and shoes and made him comfortable in a berth wedged with pillows, then hurried away to call the ship's surgeon, leaving Lanyard to wait in a temper of dull indignation, satisfied that he was being somehow sold by his ingrate senses, but quite incapable of understanding how. His head still hurt badly—there was a cruel swelling above one ear—and seemed to be utterly of no service other than as a container for pain-impregnated cotton wool that stifled every essay of his wits to seize the meaning of his present plight. After a while he gave up trying to think and lay looking round the room with resentful eyes.

The stateroom had been designed and fitted to accommodate three people without crowding. Nevertheless it had every appearance of dedication to the uses of a single tenant. A solitary dressing gown and only one suit of pyjamas hung on the hooks behind the door. One assortment of shaving implements and other masculine toilet articles cluttered the shelves above the washstand. A lonely kit bag, obviously on its first voyage out of the shop, displayed the monogram A. D. None of these was Lanyard able to identify as property of his. If you asked him, he could swear he had never laid eyes on them before. But neither was he on terms of visual acquaintance with the coat which the steward had stripped from his shoulders and which was now oscillating like some uncouth and eccentric pendulum from a hook at the foot of the berth. A garment fashioned of the smokiest of Scotch tweed but with an incurably American accent, it gave circumstantial contradiction to the feeling that one had no business to pose as the rightful tenant of that stateroom; for quite as apparently one had had no business posing as the rightful tenant of that coat.

But the affair as a whole was past puzzling out by a head whose buzzing mocked every attempt at ordered thought; and with a sigh Lanyard gave it up for the time being, and shut his eyes to screen out refracted sun-glare on the white paint overhead . . .

Consciousness was on the point of lapsing when the door latch rattled and the inimitable cadences of a British public school voice hailed him with an affectation of friendliness whose falsity was more elusive, and yet somehow less successful, than it commonly is in the bedside geniality of the general practitioner.

"Ah, Mr. Duchemin! Been tryin' to butt a hole through the promenade deck, have you?"

Disguising instinctive resentment, Lanyard smiled amiably up at a new face that proved a good match for the voice, the



The photograph of the man at the safe door was an exact likeness of the Lone Wolf.

sanguine face of a young man, cleanly razored, set with hard blue eyes and an arrogant, thin nose. "Monsieur . . ." he managed to say, rousing on an elbow; but the effort caused agony to stab through his temples again and he dropped back to his pillow, groaning.

"Bad as all that, eh?" the other commented in a tone that somehow implied he wasn't being taken in. "Well! needn't punish yourself to prove it to me; I'm not fussy about fine points of etiquette. Lie still now, and let me have a look."

"You are the ship's surgeon, monsieur?" Lanyard inquired with difficulty because his teeth were set to stifle grunts as fingers deft enough but none too gentle searched out the sore spot.

"Well—I leave it to you," their owner replied in ironic patience . . . "Hm'm—worse than I expected. Miracle you got off without a fracture . . . Do you think I've been pullin' your leg about my ratin' these last few nights? Or d'you mean my luck at bridge qualifies me in your estimation as a card sharp

first and a seagoin' sawbones last? . . . Hold still, now, and don't try to answer; I'm goin' to sponge this noble contusion and decorate it with a becoming patch."

An interlude of acute discomfort came to an end with the announcement: "You'll do now, I fancy; but if I were you, my friend, I'd take it easy and watch my step till this hatful of wind blows itself out—which it ought to before long, goin' by the glass."

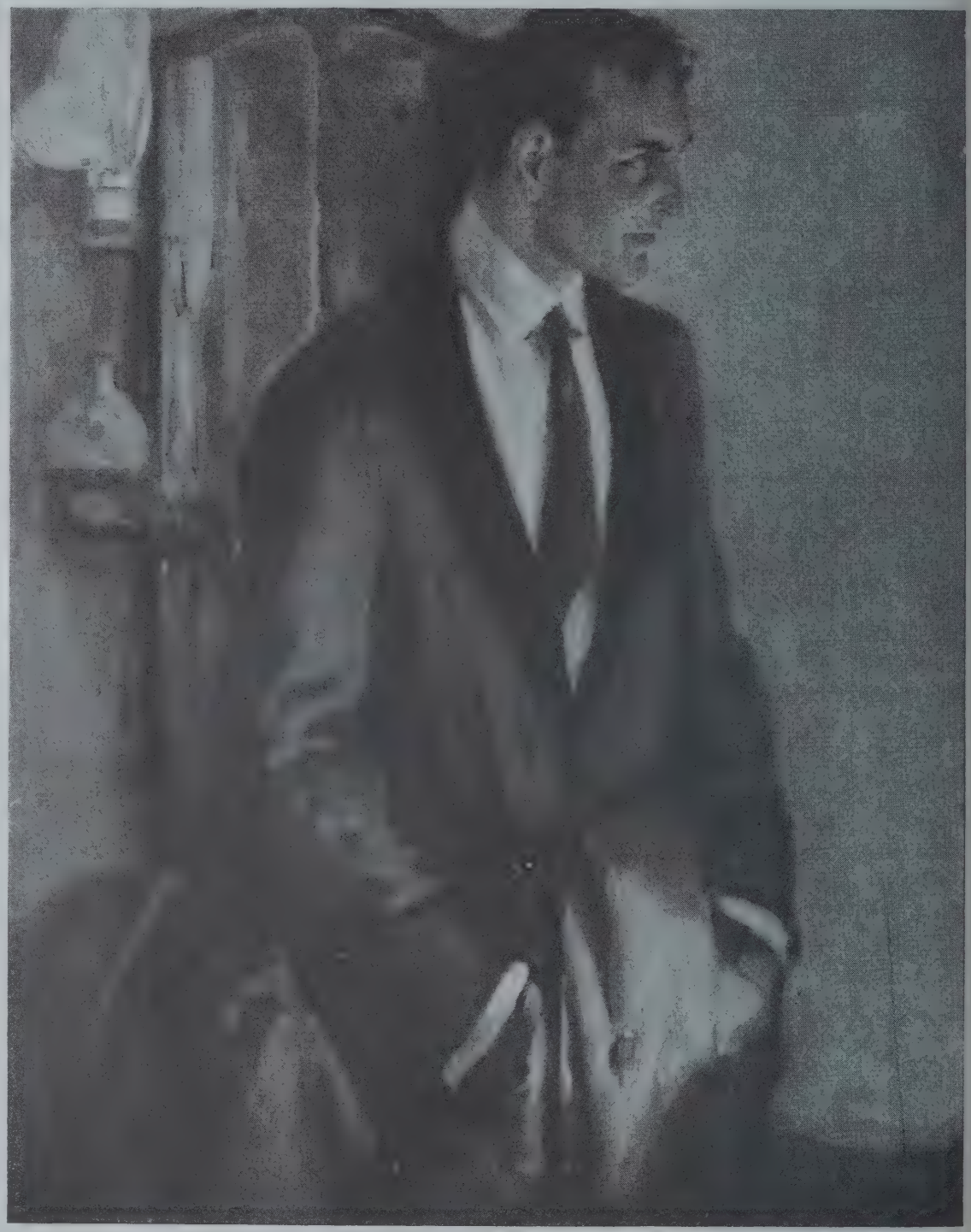
"Many thanks, Monsieur——"

A rising inflection made that last word an open bid for the name of the person addressed; who, however, chose coolly to ignore it.

"And now, if you don't mind ownin' up," he said with a clearer note of sarcasm, "what the devil are you drivin' at? *Am* I the ship's surgeon! Tryin' to make out a triflin' crack on the head has knocked you silly? Because it's no go, if you are; I may be the demon bridge player of this vessel, but I'm a good enough medico besides to know that, barrin' a beautiful bump, you're as right as rain."

It was anything but easy to school oneself to swallow such superciliousness of phrase and look; but it had to be done if one hoped to learn the inwardness of several matters.

"If you would be so good as to sit down one moment, monsieur," Lanyard suggested civilly, "assuming, of course, your valuable time permits—I would be most grateful indeed for your professional advice."



The woman gave a start, drew back with a veering glance as if disturbed by some noise unheard

"Right-o!" The surgeon drew up a chair and settled himself in it with the manner of a man who didn't mind humoring a persistent child just this once.

"What's on your mind, Mr. Duchemin—more than your casualty?" he went on.

"To begin with, I should be glad to know the time of day."

"Why not consult that pretty trinket strapped on your wrist? Or was that, too, cracked by your fall?"

Indignation failed while Lanyard studied the timepiece to which his attention had thus delicately been drawn, with the more interest because, to the best of his knowledge, the watch, unmistakably a fine one, was none of his.

Through the concert of the gale three double strokes of resonant bell metal sang and were followed by a single. "Seven bells of the forenoon watch," the surgeon interpreted of his own accord. "Does yours agree?"

"Precisely . . . Monsieur," Lanyard said earnestly: "I should like to consult you concerning myself in strict confidence . . ."

"Let the oath of Hippocrates comfort your misgivings."

"Then let me tell you something." After a brief pause Lanyard announced with a deal of true diffidence: "It is now some twelve hours, or little more, by my best reckoning, since I figured unfortunately in a motorcar accident on the Armonk Road, in Westchester County, thirty miles or so north of the City of New York."

"That's interestin'," the Englishman commented with a skeptical twitch of lips, "especially interestin' in view of the fact that we are now three days' run south of New York."

"Monsieur is not making fun of me?"

"No, thanks: that sort of thing doesn't amuse me as it does you."

"But I am entirely serious, I assure you."

"Haven't the slightest doubt of it. All the same, I'd give somethin' to know what it is you're so serious about."

"Be patient with me another minute, monsieur." Lanyard devoted at least that much time to anxious thought. "Yesterday," he at length submitted, "was the third of November, nineteen twenty-one."



by Lanyard, then laid her finger to her lips, sprang up lightly and went to the port to look out.

"You're going to have trouble, my friend, makin' that statement jibe with the log, which calls today the fifth of June, 'twenty-two."

Lanyard lifted a hand to beg for grace, and did the sum in his head while the Englishman sat watching him with what all but insufferably seemed to be contemptuous amusement. But one couldn't afford to resent that yet.

A double line deepened between Lanyard's brows. His first guess appeared to have been a poor one; the elapsed time proved that Morphew hadn't picked him up unconscious after the crash, hurried him in that condition back to New York, and caused him forthwith to be shanghaied.

"Seven months to be accounted for," he mused aloud, "seven months lost out of life!"

"Oh?" None but a Briton could have infused so much cynic incredulity into one lonely syllable. Lanyard flushed.

"Oblige me, monsieur, by believing that, between losing consciousness in that motor crash of November fifth and regaining it after being thrown from that ladder half an hour ago, I remember nothing whatever."

"Astonishin'."

"Eyen so, not—I believe—a case without precedent."

"Quite so."

"One is misled, then"—Lanyard's tone was as cold as his eye—"by an impression you give—no doubt without intention—of disbelief in my sincerity?"

The eyes of the Englishman winced, he colored in his turn, but with anger more than with mortification to find his unmannerly attitude so directly challenged.

"My dear Mr. Duchemin," he protested uncomfortably, "when you consider one has seen a good deal of you in the last few days, talked with you, dined with you, played bridge with you for hours at a time and found you always a man of entirely collected mind, no different from the man one is conversin' with at this moment, perhaps you'll agree there's some excuse for one's bogglin' over a pretty tall tale on the face of it."

"It makes me very happy to accept your apology, monsieur." Gravely Lanyard watched the face of the surgeon burn a deeper red. "And on my part I am truly sorry to think I have put too great a strain upon your charity. Yet, you must let me assure you again, what I am telling you is the simple truth. I am afraid I shall need time to get my bearings, and I would be vastly grateful for assistance."

"By all means," the other said in a stifled voice, " 'm sure."

"It would help measurably to know what vessel this is . . ."

"The Port Royal—Monon Line."

"Ah! a fruit steamer, I take it?"

"Right; you took it for Nassau, Havana, Kingston, the Canal Zone and Costa Rica."

"I think you said we were three days out? Then we ought to be not far from Nassau now."

"This gale has held us back a bit, but we ought to make port by daybreak tomorrow."

"One can send a cable there, of course . . ."

Either a mistrustful mind deceived Lanyard or the Englishman wasn't happy in his efforts to disguise a thrill of keen inquisitiveness. "Of course; but why wait? Mean to say, there's our wireless at your service if you're keen to get some message off your mind, Mr. Duchemin."

"How stupid of me to forget." Lanyard's smile could be as charming as he chose, and he chose it to be entirely so just then, intent as he was on disarming one whom he had reason to think curiously hostile to him. "But then you will be indulgent, remembering the circumstances. One question more, Doctor——"

"Bright!" that person snapped curtly.

"Thank you. I am wondering . . . No doubt you saw me when or soon after I embarked?"

"Happened to be standin' by the head of the gangplank when you came aboard, in point of fact."

"If you could tell me whether that event was marked by any unusual circumstances, such as might possibly shed light upon the riddle of why I came aboard at all——"

"Sorry, but you seemed to be quite peaceable."

"Nothing to lead you to suspect I wasn't in full command of my faculties?"

"Rather not!"

"I was—alone?"

"Quite."

"Nobody to bid me *bon voyage?*"

"At least, I saw nobody."

"And my subsequent behavior has been, I trust, discreet?"

"To the letter of the word. If you mean your smokin' room habits, they've been above reproach—more than one can say of most Americans since the 'greatest country on God's green footstool' dried up."

"But I am not an American——"

"Never thought you were, Mr. Duchemin." Doctor Bright's sprained self-esteem was now convalescent. The eyes he bent on Lanyard were lambent with secret satisfaction, as if he knew something that Lanyard didn't, and found this proof of his superiority gratifying. "There's your name, for one thing. And then no American ever spoke such French; saw enough service in France to know the true Parisian accent when I hear it."

"Indeed? So I have found occasion to speak French about this vessel?"

"Rather. You've been at it daily, and a good part of every day, with the attentions you've been payin' the pretty lady."

Lanyard's eyebrows went up alertly. "'Pretty lady'?"

"Madame la Comtesse de Lorgnes. At all events that's her style on the passenger list. Most fascinating and highly finished piece of work this tub has ever carried."

"Good to look at, you mean, monsieur?"

"Good to look at is a feeble way to put it. Every unattached male on board is balmy about her; and the attached ones aren't what one might call unconscious when she's in sight. And every man jack loathes you like fun because the pretty lady has a hospitable eye and you haven't given anybody else a ghost of a look-in."

"Beautiful and—shall we say—not ingénue, eh?"

"Look here," the Englishman laughed knowingly, "if you keep on guessin' so closely, I'll have to suspect your memory isn't as poor as you claim."

"It is true," Lanyard admitted with an air of perplexity, "that name, de Lorgnes, seems not unfamiliar. One wonders where, or when, one has heard it before, if possibly this lady is some friend of younger years . . ."

"Not this Comtesse de Lorgnes," Doctor Bright asserted in another turn of impertinence, "that is, unless the two of you have been playin' a game with me."

"Impossible, monsieur."

"Then you'll have to take my word for it—just as I took yours—you never met Madame la Comtesse before the first day out, when I had the honor of presentin' you—at her request."

"It must be an echo," Lanyard speculated, "that name—from some forgotten yesterday. I recall now—it is odd, I think—the number of this stateroom fell spontaneously from my lips when the steward who picked me up asked for it."

"Not really?" The surgeon had the laugh of one hugely entertained. "There's another point you've overlooked, I fancy—your name, Duchemin. Feel quite at home with that, don't you? You answer to it readily enough."

"But naturally," Lanyard returned with the utmost naïveté "Why should I not, seeing it is my name?"

"Well! there you are. Cases of submerged identity always go by another name while their first personality is in under the cloud. But you came aboard as André Duchemin, you admit you're André Duchemin now; and I dare say you were André Duchemin at the time of that motor crash, what?"

"Monsieur is quite right."

"That settles it, as I see it. You'll find it will all come back to you, everythin' you've forgotten, bit by bit as the shock of your tumble wears off. It would be an interestin' thing from a professional view point if this should turn out to be a true case of mislaid identity; but I'm afraid you needn't hope for that."

"Hope, monsieur!"

"Mean to say, you'll find it's somethin' much more simple and elementary with you. You've had a bad fall and a rap on the head that recalls a similar mishap several months old, and for the time bein' everything that has happened in between seems wiped out. But I'll go bail it will all come back to you inside of twenty-four hours."

"Why twenty-four hours?"

"As soon as you've had a sound sleep, that is—same thing. Let me send you in a powder, and by dinner time you'll be ready to apologize for tryin' to take advantage of my innocent and trustin' nature. What do you say?"

Lanyard said that monsieur was too kind . . . "But a favor, my dear doctor," he added with a tolerably crestfallen air. "We won't find it necessary to tell our fellow passengers what a sorry fraud I am, will we?"

"Oh, I won't be the one to expose you!" Bright replied with vast conceit in his ambiguity. "And you won't have a chance to tell on yourself before the sea goes down a bit. Meanin' to say, Madame la Comtesse is a poor sailor. But you see, your anxiety not to be made a laughin' stock to her proves that your memory is improvin' every minute."

"One wastes time trying to deceive you," Lanyard admitted with humility. "But there is one thing, I believe, that might aid my recovery—a look at the passenger list. Do you think you could by any chance find a copy for me?"

Contentment with his great cunning sustained this shock with poor grace; the surgeon frowned a frown of impatience mixed with mystification. Was it possible this chap still imagined he had found an easy dupe? But, one had to be diplomatic . . .

"Oh, very well!" Bright said shortly. "I'll have the steward bring you one with your sleeping powder. Though I must admit I don't quite see . . ."

Lanyard forgot to offer any explanation; and when the passenger list had duly been delivered and scrutinized was obliged to confess that he had exerted himself to no purpose. "Madame la Comtesse de Lorgnes" was much too transparent an incognita for Liane Delorme; and the discovery that she was a fellow passenger had been excuse enough for the surmise that others of their common acquaintance might be keeping them company *en voyage.*

But if such were the case, the printed list of passengers gave no clue; no other name suggested a likely alias for Morphew, or Pagan, or Mallison, or . . . Mrs. Folliott McFee.

Neither did anything reward his eager search for a name whose music was like an old song singing in one's heart.

The list slipped from his grasp and joined the surgeon's rejected sleeping powder on the floor. Lanyard lay with a face that mirrored pain more real than that which racked his head, blindly studying the play of rainbow gleams upon the painted ceiling. Seven months lost beyond recall . . . And Eve?

CHAPTER XVI

WITHIN the hour thought flagged for sheer weariness of beating to no purpose against that wall of oblivion whose featureless façade sequestered seven mortal months of forfeit yesterdays, nerves grew weary of the zooming wind, incessant slap and slash of broken water streaming down the side, the tuneless crooning of the engines; Lanyard slept.

A noise of light knuckles on the door awakened him when the afternoon was old and wind and sea had both abated, as the muting of their deep diapason affirmed.

Without waiting to receive permission, Liane Delorme turned the knob and entered.

Most adept of actresses, she carried herself now with an air of delicate audacity that would have (*Continued on page 136*)

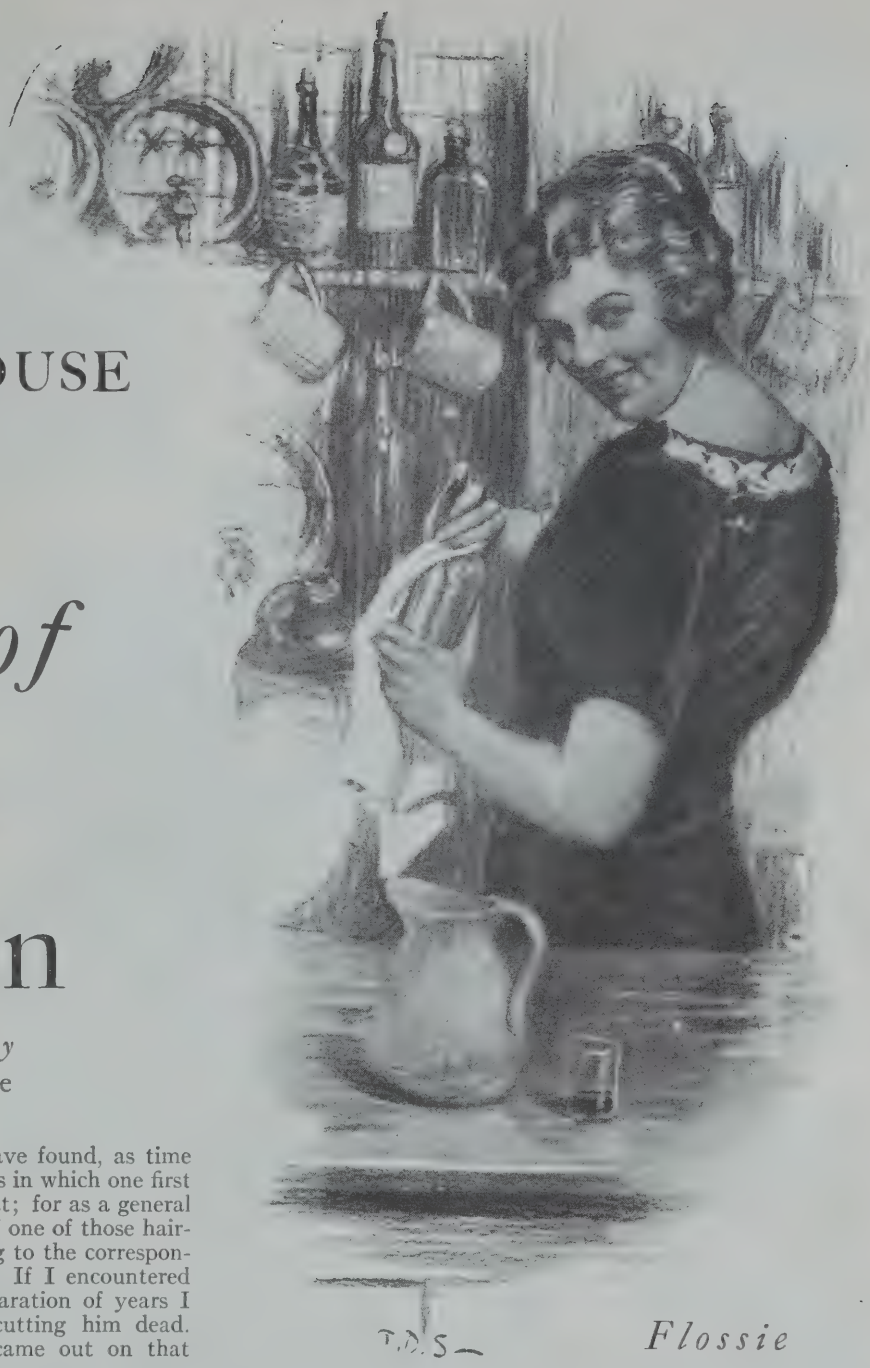
An Exploit of Ukridge, The Incorrigible Optimist,

By

P. G. WODEHOUSE

The Début of Battling Billson

Illustrations by
T. D. Skidmore



IT BECOMES increasingly difficult, I have found, as time goes by, to recall the exact circumstances in which one first became acquainted with this man or that; for as a general thing I lay no claim to the possession of one of those hair-trigger memories which come from subscribing to the correspondence courses advertised in the magazines. If I encountered Mr. Addison Simms of Seattle after a separation of years I should probably spoil his whole day by cutting him dead. Certainly I should not ask him how he came out on that granary deal.

And yet I can state without doubt or hesitation that the individual afterwards known as Battling Billson entered my life at half-past four on the afternoon of Saturday, September the tenth, two days after my twenty-seventh birthday. For there was that about my first sight of him which has caused the event to remain photographically lined on the tablets of my mind when a yesterday has faded from its page. Not only was our meeting dramatic and even startling, but it had in it something of the quality of the last straw, the final sling or arrow of outrageous Fortune. It seemed to put the lid on the sadness of life.

Everything had been going steadily wrong with me for more than a week. I had been away, paying a duty visit to uncongenial relatives in the country, and it had rained and rained and rained. There had been family prayers before breakfast and bezique after dinner. On the journey back to London my carriage had been full of babies, the train had stopped everywhere and I had had nothing to eat but a bag of buns. And when finally I let myself into my lodgings in Ebury Street and sought the soothing haven of my sitting room, the first thing I saw on opening the door was this enormous red-headed man lying on the sofa.

He made no move as I came in, for he was asleep; and I can best convey the instantaneous impression I got of his formidable physique by saying that I had no desire to wake him. The sofa was a small one, and he overflowed it in every direction. He had a broken nose, and his jaw was the jaw of a Wild West motion picture star registering determination. One hand was under his head; the other, hanging down to the floor, looked like a strayed ham congealed into stone. What he was doing in my sitting room I did not know, but, passionately as I wished to know, I preferred not to seek first-hand information. There was something about him that seemed to suggest that he might be one of those men who are rather cross when they first wake up. I crept out and stole softly downstairs to make inquiries of Bowles, my landlord.

"Sir?" said Bowles, in his fruity ex-butler way, popping up from the depths accompanied by a rich smell of finnan haddie.

"There's someone in my room," I whispered.

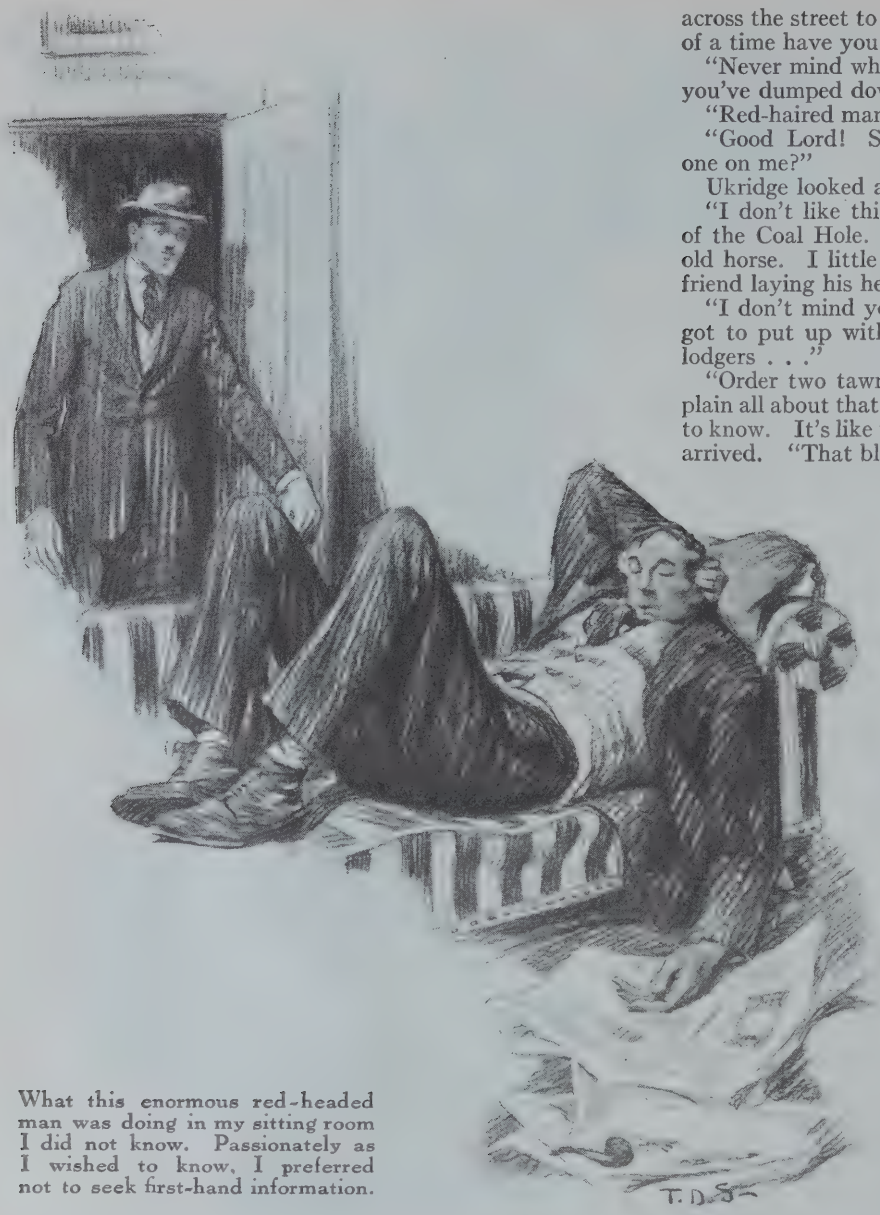
"That would be Mr. Ukridge, sir."

"It wouldn't be anything of the kind," I replied with asperity. I seldom had the courage to contradict Bowles, but this statement was so wildly inaccurate that I could not let it pass. "It's a huge, red-headed man."

"Mr. Ukridge's friend, sir. He joined Mr. Ukridge here yesterday."

"How do you mean, joined Mr. Ukridge here yesterday?"

"Mr. Ukridge came to occupy your rooms in your absence, sir, on the night after your departure. I assumed that he had



What this enormous red-headed man was doing in my sitting room I did not know. Passionately as I wished to know, I preferred not to seek first-hand information.

your approval. He said, if I remember correctly, that 'it would be all right.' "

For some reason or other which I had never been able to fathom, Bowles's attitude towards Ukridge from their first meeting had been that of an indulgent father towards a favorite son. He gave the impression now of congratulating me on having such a friend to rally round and sneak my rooms when I went away.

"Would there be anything further, sir?" inquired Bowles with a wistful half-glance over his shoulder.

He seemed reluctant to tear himself away for long from the finnan haddie.

"No," I said. "Er—no. When do you expect Mr. Ukridge back?"

"Mr. Ukridge informed me that he would return for dinner, sir. Unless he has altered his plans, he is now at a matinée performance at the Gaiety Theater."

The audience was just beginning to leave when I reached the Gaiety. I waited in the Strand, and presently was rewarded by the sight of a yellow mackintosh working its way through the crowd.

"Hullo, laddie," said Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge genially. "When did you get back? I say, I want you to remember this tune so that you can remind me of it tomorrow when I'll be sure to have forgotten it. This is how it goes." He poised himself flat-footedly in the surging tide of pedestrians and, shutting his eyes and raising his chin, began to yodel in a loud and dismal tenor. "Tumty-tumty-tumty-tum, tum tum tum," he concluded. "And now, old horse, you may lead me across the street to the Coal Hole for a short snifter. What sort of a time have you had?"

"Never mind what sort of a time I've had. Who's the fellow you've dumped down in my rooms?"

"Red-haired man?"

"Good Lord! Surely even you wouldn't inflict more than one on me?"

Ukridge looked at me, a little pained.

"I don't like this tone," he said, leading me down the steps of the Coal Hole. "Upon my Sam, your manner wounds me, old horse. I little thought that you would object to your best friend laying his head on your pillow . . ."

"I don't mind your head. At least I do, but I suppose I've got to put up with it. But when it comes to your taking in lodgers . . ."

"Order two tawny ports, laddie," said Ukridge, "and I'll explain all about that. I had an idea all along that you would want to know. It's like this," he proceeded, when the tawny ports had arrived. "That bloke's going to make my everlasting fortune."

"Well, can't he do it somewhere else except my sitting room?"

"You know me, old horse," said Ukridge, sipping luxuriously. "Keen, alert, far-sighted. Brain never still. Always getting ideas—*bing*—like a flash. The other day I was in a pub down Chelsea way having a bit of bread and cheese, and a fellow came in smothered with jewels. Smothered, I give you my word. Rings on his fingers and a tie pin you could have lighted your cigar at. I made inquiries and found that he was Tod Bingham's manager."

"Who's Tod Bingham?"

"My dear old son, you must have heard of Tod Bingham. The new middleweight champion. Beat Alf Palmer for the belt a couple of weeks ago. And this bloke, as opulent looking a bloke as ever I saw, was his manager. I suppose he gets about fifty percent of everything Tod makes, and you know the sort of purses they give for big fights nowadays. And then there's music hall tours and the movies and all that . . . well, I see no reason why, putting the thing at the lowest figures, I shouldn't scoop in thousands. I got the idea two seconds after they told me who this fellow was. And what made the thing seem almost as if it was meant to be was the coincidence that I should have heard only that morning that the Hyacinth had come in."

The man seemed to me to be rambling. In my reduced and afflicted state his cryptic method of narrative irritated me.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. "What's the Hyacinth? In where?"

"Pull yourself together, old horse," said Ukridge with the air of one endeavoring to be patient with a half-witted child. "You remember the Hyacinth, the tramp steamer I took that trip on a couple of years ago. Many's the time I've told you all about the Hyacinth. She docked in the Port of London the night before I met this opulent bloke, and I had been meaning to go down next day and have a chat with the lads. The fellow you found in your rooms is one of the trimmers. As decent a bird as ever you met. Not much conversation, but a heart of gold. And it came across me like a thunderbolt the moment they told me who the jeweled cove was that, if I could only induce this man Billson to take up scrapping seriously, with me as his manager, my fortune was made. Billson is the man who invented fighting."

"He looks it."

"Splendid chap—you'll like him."

"I bet I shall. I made up my mind to like him the moment I saw him."

"Never picks a quarrel, you understand—in fact, used to need the deuce of a lot of provocation before he would give of his best—but once he started—golly! I've seen that man clean out a bar at Marseilles in a way that fascinated you. A bar filled to overflowing with A.B.'s and firemen, mind you, and all capable of felling oxen with a blow. Six of them there were, and they kept swatting Billson with all the vim and heartiness

at their disposal, but he just let them bounce off and went on with the business in hand. The man's a champion, laddie, nothing less. You couldn't hurt him with a hatchet, and every time he hits anyone all the undertakers in the place jump up and make bids for the body. And the amazing bit of luck is that he was looking for a job ashore. It appears he's fallen in love with one of the barmaids at the Crown in Kennington. Not," said Ukridge, so that all misapprehension should be avoided, "the one with the squint. The other one. Flossie. The girl with yellow hair."

"I don't know the barmaids at the Crown in Kennington," I said.

"Nice girls," said Ukridge, paternally. "So it was all right, you see. Our interests were identical. Good old Billson isn't what you'd call a very intelligent chap, but I managed to make him understand after an hour or so, and we drew up the contract. I'm to get fifty percent of everything in consideration of managing him, fixing up fights and looking after him generally."

"And looking after him includes tucking him up on my sofa and singing him to sleep?"

Again that pained look came into Ukridge's face. He gazed at me as if I had disappointed him.

"You keep harping on that, laddie, and it isn't the right spirit. Anyone would think that we had polluted your confounded room."

"Well, you must admit that having this coming champion of yours in the home is going to make things a bit crowded."

"Don't worry about that, my dear old man," said Ukridge reassuringly. "We move to the White Hart at Barnes tomorrow, to start training. I've got Billson an engagement in one of the preliminaries down at Wonderland two weeks from tonight."

"No, really?" I said, impressed by this enterprise. "How did you manage it?"

"I just took him along and showed him to the management They jumped at him. You see, the old boy's appearance rather speaks for itself. Thank goodness, all this happened just when I had a few quid tucked away. By the greatest luck I ran into George Tupper just at the very moment when he had had word that they were going to make him an under-secretary or something—I can't remember the details, but it's something they give these Foreign Office blokes when they show a bit of class—and Tuppy parted with a tenner without a murmur. Seemed sort of dazed. I believe now I could have had twenty if I'd had the presence of mind to ask for it. Still," said Ukridge, with a manly resignation which did him credit, "it can't be helped now, and ten will see me through.

"The only thing that's worrying me at the moment is what to call old Billson."

"Yes, I should be careful what I called a man like that."

"I mean, what name is he to fight under?"

"Why not his own?"

"His parents, blast them," said Ukridge moodily, "christened him Wilberforce. I ask you, can you see the crowd at Wonderland having Wilberforce Billson introduced to them?"

"Willie Billson," I suggested. "Rather snappy."

Ukridge considered the proposal seriously, with knit brows, as becomes a manager.

"Too frivolous," he decided at length. "Might be all right for a bantam, but . . . no, I don't like it. I was thinking of something like Hurricane Hicks or Rock-Crusher Riggs."

"Don't do it," I urged, "or you'll kill his career right from the start. You never find a real champion with one of these fancy names. Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, James J. Corbett, James J. Jeffries . . ."

"James J. Billson?"

"Rotten."

"You don't think," said Ukridge, almost with timidity, "that Wildcat Wix might do?"

"No fighter with an adjective in front of his name ever boxed in anything except a three-round preliminary."

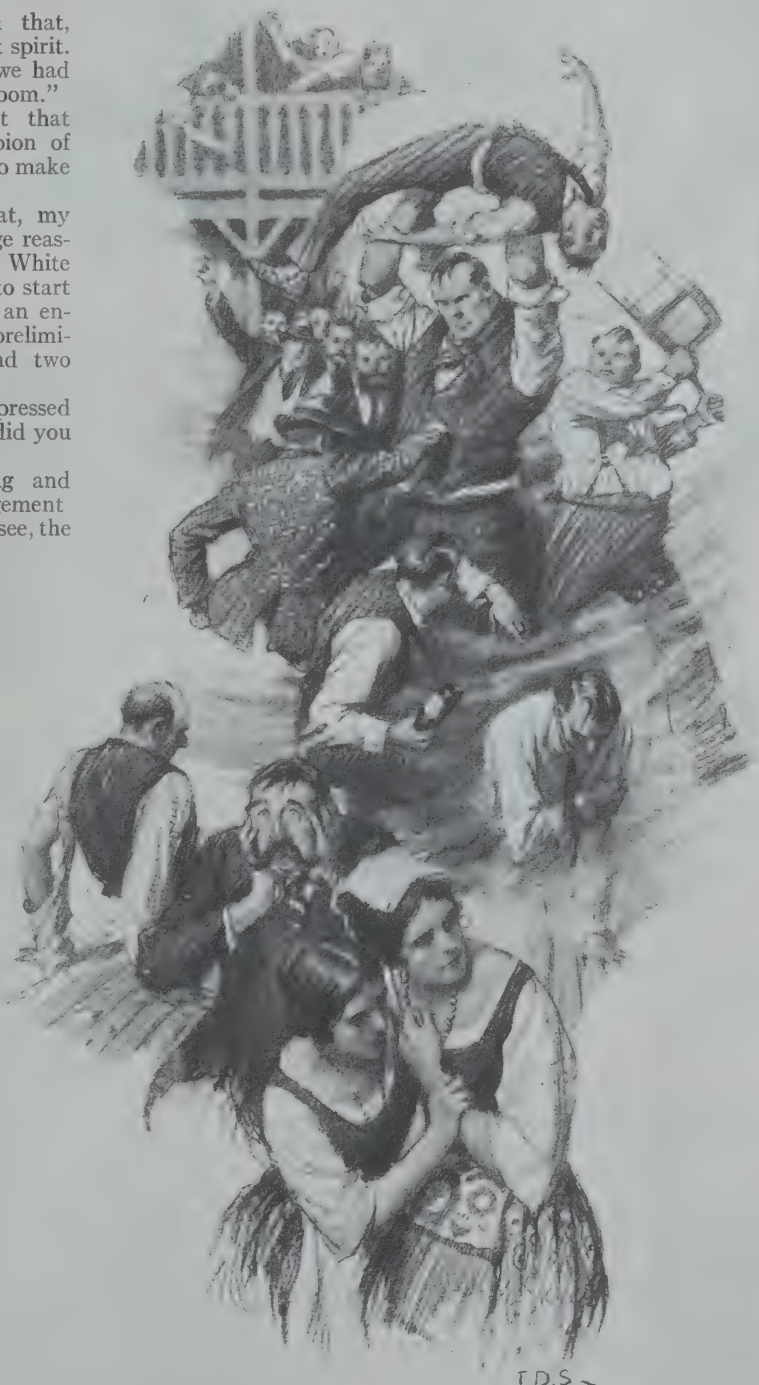
"How about Battling Nelson?"

I patted him on the shoulder.

"Go no further," I said. "The thing is settled. Battling Billson is the name."

"Laddie," Ukridge said, in a hushed voice, reaching across the table and grasping my hand, "this is genius. Sheer genius. Order another couple of tawny ports, old man."

I did so, and we drank deep to the Battler's success.



In a dance hall in Naples, Billson took on eleven Italians simultaneously.

My formal introduction to my godchild took place on our return to Ebury Street, and—great as had been my respect for the man before—it left me with a heightened appreciation of the potentialities for triumph awaiting him in his selected profession. He was awake by this time and moving ponderously about the sitting room, and he looked even more impressive standing than he had appeared when lying down. At our first meeting, moreover, his eyes had been closed in sleep; they were now open, green in color and of a peculiarly metallic glint which caused them, as we shook hands, to seem to be exploring my person for good spots to hit. What was probably intended to be the smile that wins appeared to me a grim and sardonic twist of the lip. Take him for all in all, I had never met a man so calculated to convert the most

truculent swashbuckler to pacifism at a glance; and when I recalled Ukridge's story of the little unpleasantness at Marseilles and realized that a mere handful of half a dozen able-bodied seamen had had the temerity to engage this fellow in personal conflict, it gave me a thrill of patriotic pride. There must be good stuff in the British Merchant Marine, I felt. Hearts of oak and all that.

Dinner, which followed the introduction, revealed the Battler rather as a capable trencherman than as a sparkling conversationalist. His long reach enabled him to grab salt, potatoes, pepper and other necessaries without the necessity of asking for them; and on other topics he seemed to possess no views which he deemed worthy of exploitation. A strong, silent man.

That there was a softer side to his character was, however, made clear to me when, after smoking one of my cigars and talking for a while of this and that, Ukridge went out on one of those mysterious errands of his which were always summoning him at all hours and left my guest and myself alone together. After a bare half-hour's silence, broken only by the soothing gurgle of his pipe, the coming champion cocked an intimidating eye at me and spoke.

"You ever been in love, mister?"

I was thrilled and flattered. Something in my appearance, I told myself, some nebulous something that showed me a man of sentiment and sympathy, had appealed to this man, and he was about to pour out his heart in intimate confession.

I said yes, I had been in love many times. I went on to speak of love as a noble emotion of which no man need be ashamed. I spoke at length and with fervor.

"R!" said Battling Billson.

Then, as if aware that he had been chattering in an undignified manner to a comparative stranger, he withdrew into the silence again and did not emerge till it was time to go to bed, when he said "Good night, mister," and disappeared.

It was disappointing. Significant, perhaps, the conversation had been, but I must confess that I had been rather hoping for something which could have been built up into a human document, entitled "The Soul of the Abysmal Brute," and sold to some editor for that real money which was always so badly needed in the home.



Billson's opponent passed out of the room as we came in. "I been talkin' to 'im. 'E's 'ad a lot of trouble," said the Battler.

Ukridge and his protégé left next morning for Barnes, and as that riverside resort was somewhat off my beat, I saw no more of the Battler until the fateful night at Wonderland. From time to time Ukridge would drop in at my rooms to purloin cigars and socks, and on these occasions he always spoke with the greatest confidence of his man's prospects. At first, it seemed, there had been a little difficulty owing to the other's rooted idea that plug tobacco was an indispensable adjunct to training; but towards the end of the first week the arguments of wisdom had prevailed and he had consented to abandon smoking until after his début. By this concession the issue seemed to Ukridge to have been sealed as a certainty, and he was in sunny mood as he borrowed the money from me to pay our fares to the underground station from which the pilgrim alights who wishes to visit that Mecca of East End boxing, Wonderland.

The Battler had preceded us; and, when we arrived, was in the dressing room, stripped to a breath-taking seminudity. I had not supposed that it was possible for a man to be larger than was Mr. Billson when arrayed for the street, but in trunks and boxing shoes he looked like his big brother. Muscles resembling the hawsers of an Atlantic liner coiled down his arms and rippled along his massive shoulders. He seemed to dwarf altogether the by no means flimsy athlete who passed out of the room just as we came in.

"That's the bloke," announced Mr. Billson, jerking his red head after this person.

We understood him to imply that the other was his opponent, and the spirit of confidence which had animated us waxed considerably. Where six of the pick of the Merchant Marine had failed, this stripling could scarcely hope to succeed.

"I been talkin' to 'im," Battling Billson said.

I took this unwonted garrulity to be due to a slight nervousness natural at such a moment.

"'E's 'ad a lot of trouble, that bloke," said the Battler.

The obvious reply was that he was now going to have a lot more, but before either of us could make it a hoarse voice announced that Squiffy and the Toff had completed their three-round bout and that the stage now waited for our nominee. We hurried to our seats. The necessity of taking a look at our man in his dressing room had deprived us of the pleasure of witnessing the passage of arms between Squiffy and the Toff, but I gathered that it must have been lively and full of entertainment, for the audience seemed in excellent humor. All those who were not too busy eating jellied eels were babbling happily or whistling between their fingers to friends in distant parts of the hall. As Mr. Billson climbed into the ring in all the glory of his red hair and jumping muscles, the babble rose to a roar. It was plain that Wonderland had stamped our Battler with its approval on sight.

The audiences which support Wonderland are not disdainful of science. Neat footwork wins their commendation, and a skillful ducking of the head is greeted with knowing applause. But what they esteem most highly is the punch. And one sight of Battling Billson seemed to tell them that here was the Punch personified. They sent the fighters off to a howl of ecstasy, and settled back in their seats to enjoy the pure pleasure of seeing two of their fellow men hitting each other very hard and often.

The howl died away . . . I looked at Ukridge with concern. Was this the hero of Marseilles, the man who cleaned out bar-rooms and on whom undertakers fawned? Diffident was the only word to describe our Battler's behavior in that opening round. He pawed lightly at his antagonist. He embraced him like a brother. He shuffled about the ring, innocuous.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"He always starts slow," said Ukridge, but his concern was manifest. He fumbled at the buttons of his mackintosh.

The referee was warning Battling Billson. He was speaking to him like a disappointed father. In the cheaper and baser parts of the house enraged citizens were whistling "Comrades."

Everywhere a chill had fallen on the house. That first fine fresh enthusiasm had died away, and the sounding of the gong for the end of the round was greeted with censorious catcalls. As Mr. Billson lurched back to his corner, frank unfriendliness was displayed on all sides.

With the opening of the second round considerably more spirit was introduced into the affair. The same strange torpidity still held our Battler in its grip, but his opponent was another man. During round one he had seemed a little nervous and apprehensive. He had behaved as if he considered it prudent not to stir Mr. Billson. But now this distaste for direct action had left him. There was jauntiness in his demeanor as he moved to the center of the ring; and, having reached it, he uncoiled a long left and smote Mr. Billson forcefully on the nose. Twice he smote, and twice Mr. Billson blinked like one who has had bad news from home. The man who had had a lot of trouble leaned sideways and brought his right fist squarely against the Battler's ear . . .

All was forgotten and forgiven. A moment before the audience had been solidly anti-Billson. Now they were as unanimously pro. For these blows, while they appeared to have affected him not at all physically, seemed to have awakened Mr. Billson's better feelings as if somebody had turned on a tap. They had aroused in Mr. Billson's soul that zest for combat which had been so sadly to seek in round one. For an instant after the receipt of that buffet on the ear the Battler stood motionless on his flat feet, apparently in deep thought. Then, with the air of one who has suddenly remembered an important appointment, he plunged forward. Like an animated windmill he cast himself upon the bloke of troubles. He knocked him here, he bounced him there. He committed mayhem upon his person. He did everything to him that a man can do who is hampered with boxing gloves, until presently the troubled one was leaning heavily against the ropes, his head hanging dazedly, his whole attitude that of a man who would just as soon let the matter drop. It only remained for the Battler to drive home the final punch, and a hundred enthusiasts, rising to their feet, were pointing out to him desirable locations for it.

But once more that strange diffidence had descended upon our representative. While every other man in the building seemed to know the correct procedure and was sketching it out in nervous English, Mr. Billson appeared the victim of doubt. He looked uncertainly at his opponent and inquiringly at the referee.

The referee, obviously a man of blunted sensibilities, was unresponsive. "Do It Now" was plainly his slogan. He was a business man, and he wanted his patrons to get good value for their money. He was urging Mr. Billson to make a thorough job of it. And finally Mr. Billson approached his man and drew back his right arm. Having done this, he looked over his shoulder once more at the referee.

It was a fatal blunder. The man who had had a lot of trouble may have been in poor shape, but like most of his profession he retained despite his recent misadventures a reserve store of energy. Even as Mr. Billson turned his head, he reached down to the floor with his gloved right hand, then, with a final effort, brought it up in a majestic sweep against the angle of the other's jaw. And then, as the fickle audience with swift change of sympathy cheered him on, he buried his left in Mr. Billson's stomach on the exact spot where the well dressed man wears the third button of his waistcoat.

Of all human experiences, that of being smitten in this precise locality is the least agreeable. Battling Billson dropped like a stricken flower, settled slowly down and spread himself out. He lay peacefully on his back with outstretched arms like a man floating in smooth water. His day's work was done.

A wailing cry rose above the din of excited patrons of sport endeavoring to explain to their neighbors how it had all happened. It was the voice of Ukridge mourning over his dead.

At half-past eleven that night, as I was preparing for bed, a drooping figure entered my room. I mixed a silent, sympathetic Scotch and soda, and for a while no word was spoken.

"How is the poor fellow?" I asked at length.



"This bloke says 'Put 'em up!' Tod says 'Put wot up?' 'E says 'Yer 'ands.' An' then they're fightin' all over the shop."

"He's all right," said Ukridge listlessly. "I left him eating fish and chips at a coffee stall."

"Bad luck, his getting pipped on the post like that."

"Bad luck!" boomed Ukridge, throwing off his lethargy with a vigor that spoke of mental anguish. "What do you mean, bad luck? It was just confounded bone-headedness. Upon my Sam, it's a little hard. I invest vast sums in this man, I support him in luxury for two weeks, asking nothing of him in return except to sail in and knock somebody's head off, which he could have done in two minutes if he had liked, and he lets me down purely and simply because the other fellow told him that he had been up all night looking after his wife, who had burned her hand at the jam factory. Infernal sentimentalism!"

"Does him credit," I argued.

"Bah!"

"Kind hearts," I urged, "are more than coronets."

"Who the deuce wants a pugilist to have a kind heart? What's the use of this man Billson being able to knock out an elephant if he's afflicted with this maudlin mushiness? Who ever heard of a mushy pugilist? It's the wrong spirit. It doesn't make for success."

"It's a handicap, of course," I admitted.

"What guarantee have I," demanded Ukridge, "that if I go to enormous trouble and expense getting him another match, he won't turn aside and brush away a silent tear in the first round because he's heard that the blighter's wife has got an ingrowing toenail?"

"You could match him only against bachelors."

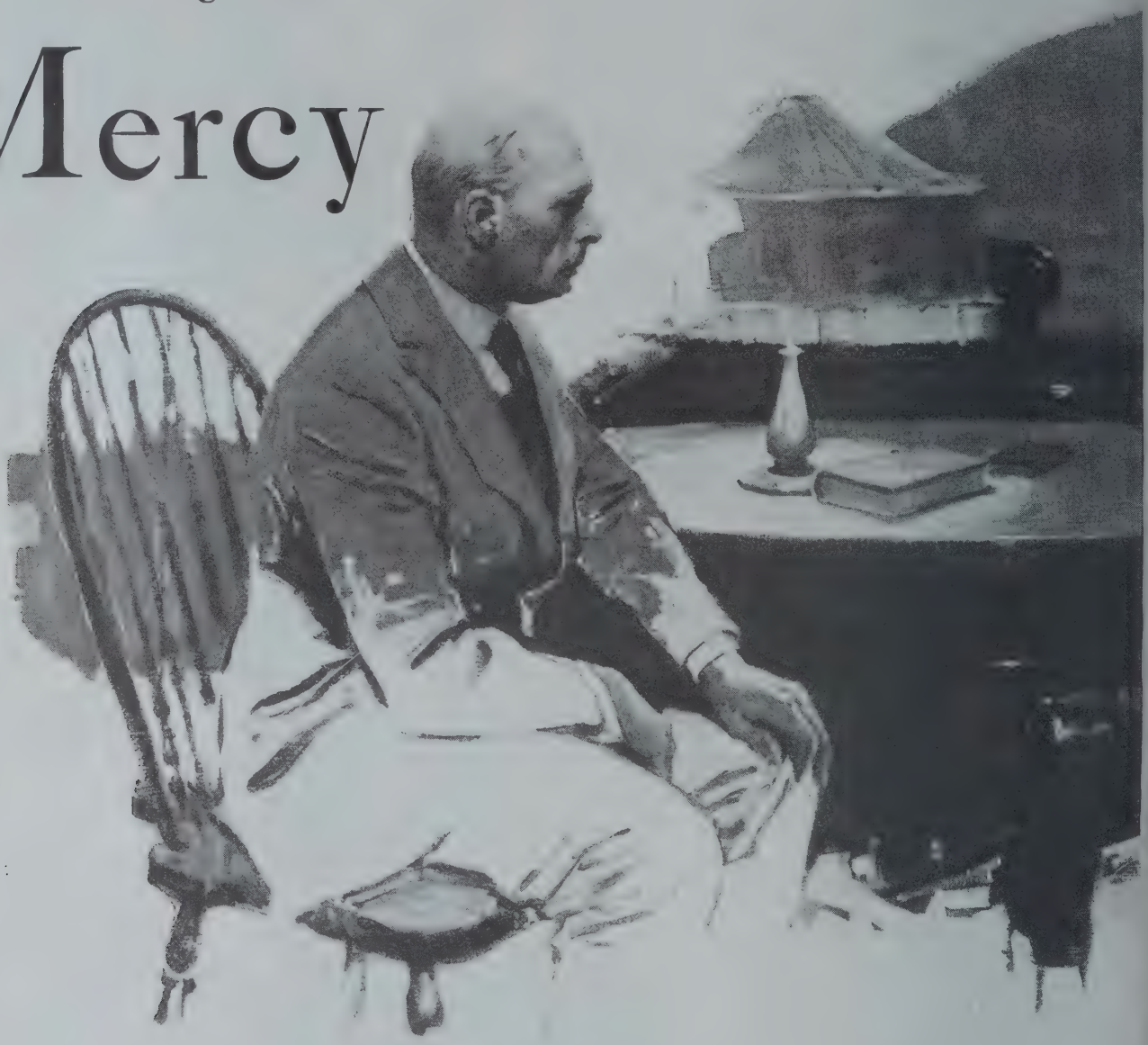
"Yes, and the first bachelor he met would draw him into a corner and tell him his aunt was down with whooping cough, and the chump would heave a sigh and stick his chin out to be walloped. A fellow's got no business to have red hair if he isn't going to live up to it. And yet," said Ukridge wistfully, "I've seen that man—it was in a dance hall at Naples—I've seen him take on at least eleven Italians simultaneously. But then one of them had stuck a knife about three (*Continued on page 151*)

The Second Part of

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE'S

True Story of a Man's Conscience, a Woman's Love, and a City's Heart

Mercy



THIS is a true story. It is the story of a once prominent minister, whom the author names Robert N. Wills. In his youth, Wills abandoned his wife and children to run away with a beautiful young woman in his choir. Under the assumed name of Walton, he found work on a newspaper. One night he spoke in a prayer meeting; spoke so movingly that the congregation insisted on his taking the pastorate of their obscure little church. Despite his past wrong-doing, something deep in Walton made it impossible for him to resist the call.

From then on, his life was a strange one. Pursued by fear of discovery, he and the woman he loved fled from one church to another, each larger than the last. His influence grew. He seemed to command a curious love and admiration; he understood men. Yet there was always a shadow in his eyes. At last, after many years, two women from his first congregation found him in his large city church. He confessed to them; and they were so moved by his story that they agreed to keep his secret. But a man, who also knew it, in a fit of anger told one of Walton's church leaders. Horrified, he wrote a letter threatening exposure unless Walton resigned at once.

THIS letter of Hollis Gant was handed to the Reverend Robert N. Walton at the midweek prayer meeting. Some intuition must have told the man it threatened to denounce what the envelope contained, for he thrust it deep into his pocket; and only at home, in the secure privacy of his study, with the faithful partner of his ghastly secret by his side, did he read the letter—read it and put it from him, lips twisting, but with a new kind of weakening in the glance he bent upon the brown-eyed woman. Years—years, and that one fatuous yielding up to hope—must have softened his endurance; for, hitherto, at the first hint of exposure, it had been enough for him to fly. Tonight he felt that he had not only to fly, but that he must tell somebody—*tell!*

The man he turned to was Elder George Fawcett, soft-spoken, kindly, of about his own age, diligent in business, diligent for the church, diligent also in his friendships. He, having just parted from his pastor in apparently normal spirits at prayer meeting, was astounded to hear the pastor's stricken voice on the telephone. Backing his roadster out of the garage, he reached the parsonage in a few minutes and the sweep of his lamps picked up the figure of the minister already waiting on the curb.

"What's wrong, Bob?" he inquired anxiously, with a sympathetic lowering of his voice.



Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops

"Mrs. Walton," Mose demanded abruptly, "have you got any sand in your craw? Are you a fighter or a runner?"

"Let's drive, George!" proposed Walton hoarsely. "I've—I've got to tell you something."

It was a four hour ride they took, northward out of the city and into the night; and at length the minister had labored out a story—*a story of what he was!*

Fawcett had listened with slowly congealing horror and instinctive shrinking from the man by his side. This man! This idol of his church—not merely weak but sinful, and through a lifetime deliberately a hypocrite in the most sacred relations of life! Why, it was unbelievable—yet related with an agony which enforced belief. But after a time the elder had bucked himself up sufficiently to face the fact.

"There—there must have been mitigating circumstances," he urged.

"No, no! No alibi! I wish there was," groaned Walton. "No, it was just the flesh! I saw this young woman and I wanted her. Oh, God, how I wanted her—more than faith, more than honor, more than anything! I knew it was wrong, but I didn't care, I wanted her so much. I just—took her! She has been everything to me ever since . . . But afterward I did care," he panted. "I did care. But then it was too late; I couldn't undo it. There was nothing to do but just—go on. No, there isn't any alibi. Not even God could find one!"

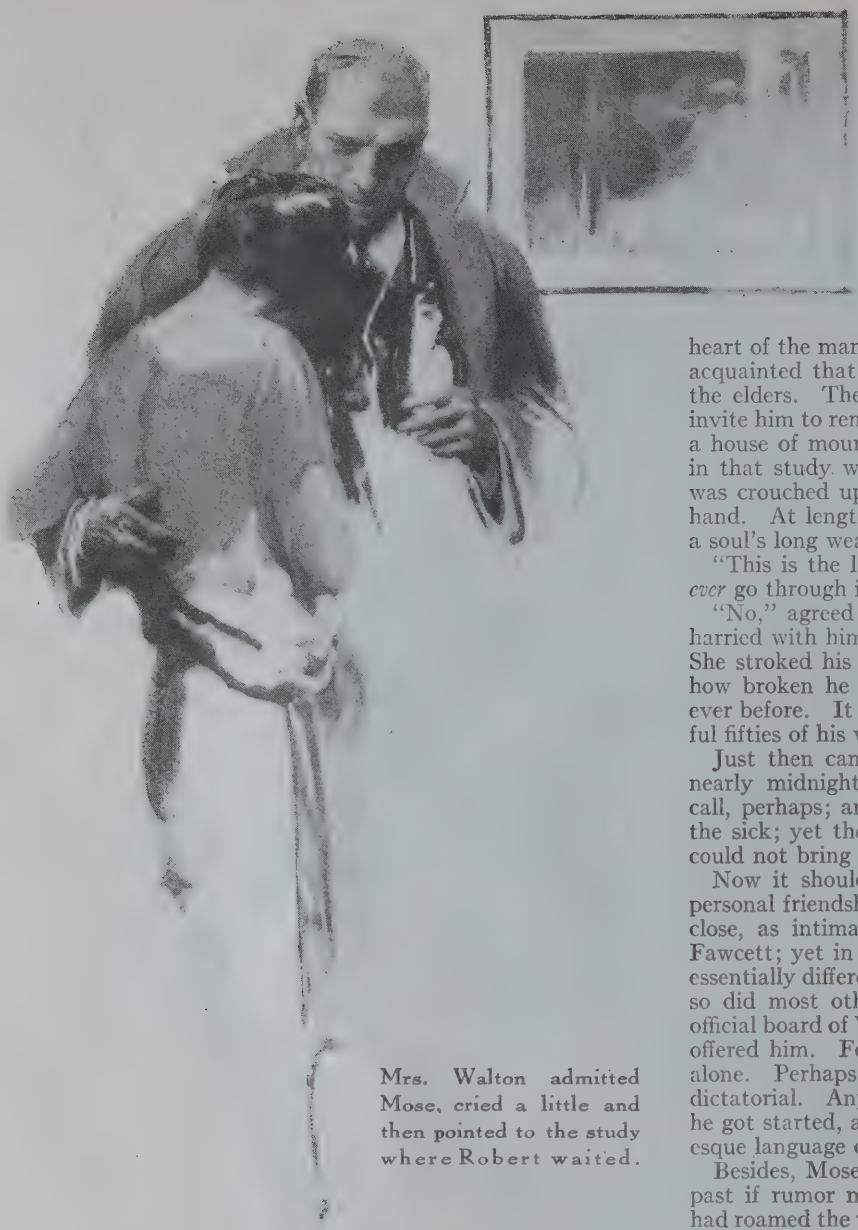
The elder, loving his friend, trying to find excuses for him, found it a mitigating circumstance now that no mitigating circumstance was pleaded; then reproached him gently: "Of course, Bob, this going right on in the ministry is what puts the worst angle on it."

But at this point the convulsed sinner rallied and had something to say for himself.

"I didn't want to, George; you can be sure I didn't want to," he urged in his defense. "I went into another business; and I was getting along all right. But somehow I couldn't keep away from the church, and when I went I couldn't keep from speaking, and—well, can't you see, George—that part of it?" And Fawcett, at the wheel, felt the hands of Walton tugging at him to understand that much of it. " 'Unclean! Unclean!' I kept crying to myself, but they would have me in the pulpit. Finally, Brownie and I said to each other: 'Well, if the Lord can use us this way, why not let Him?' So we did. Wasn't that right, George; wasn't it, do you think?"

And Fawcett found the plea in his friend's voice almost irresistible; found all this later life of his suddenly comprehensible.

"And think of it, George," besought Walton; "think what it's been to be dogged by fear for twenty-five years—afraid to go



Mrs. Walton admitted Mose, cried a little and then pointed to the study where Robert waited.

out on the street, afraid to go to the church, afraid to look out over the congregation for fear of seeing a familiar face; afraid to answer a knock at the door or a ring on the phone, afraid to open a telegram or a letter, afraid to pick up a newspaper—afraid to be found out, George, and see a wreck made of the work that, under God, I've been permitted to do. It was ghastly, brother; ghastly!"

The hoarse voice was swallowed up in a shudder and at last the man broke down and wept inconsolably.

"And now it's come!" he sobbed. "It's come! There's nothing to think of but the good name of the church. We'll go, Brownie and I and the boys; we'll go." The man gulped another sob as he mentioned his boys. "Oh, we'll go quick! We must. I want you, Brother Fawcett, to lay my resignation before the elders tomorrow night. You'll have to call a meeting. Tell them my reasons are imperative. Tell them if they love me, if they've ever cared a thing for what I've done, to accept the resignation without a question. I'll be gone before Sunday."

It was now two o'clock in the morning and Fawcett was by this time beginning to recover himself somewhat. The sin seemed less enormous now in the light of those twenty-five good years. His heart went out to the sinner less reservedly. He spared an arm from the wheel to put it round him. He loved him again—as much as ever—more tenderly than before. But—he was a churchman. The church must be protected at all costs. He saw this just as clearly as Walton did, and he believed it just as fervently. Therefore on the succeeding night, which was Thursday, he called the elders together.

Without giving them any reason except the minister's imploring demand, Fawcett presented the resignation of Robert N. Walton to their astounded eyes; and such was the power of his appeal, such was the measure of their faith in him, such was their love for their pastor that they bowed to his communicated wish. They became responsible to the congregation for the acceptance of its pastor's resignation—a quite irregular procedure. Having done which, they sat or stood or stared, stunned and wondering.

Yet their confidence in Walton was still unimpaired. George Fawcett, seeing this, knowing it would comfort the anxious heart of the man, was careful to tell him of it when he made him acquainted that same night with the result of his efforts with the elders. The minister thanked him gratefully but did not invite him to remain. George, heavy in spirit, went out as from a house of mourning and Walton dropped in his Morris chair, in that study which had become his Gethsemane; the woman was crouched upon a hassock by his side, holding tight to his hand. At length he heaved a deep-drawn sign, freighted with a soul's long weariness.

"This is the last church, mama," he mourned. "I—I can't *ever* go through it again."

"No," agreed the little woman sadly, who had so long been harried with him from field to field. "No—you mustn't ever." She stroked his hand, gazing up into his unseeing face, noting how broken he looked this time—so much more broken than ever before. It was the long strain, she told herself; these fruitful fifties of his were to be also his failing fifties.

Just then came a ring upon the telephone. The hour was nearly midnight. That ring meant a sick call—a deathbed call, perhaps; and Robert N. Walton never refused himself to the sick; yet the days of his pastoring were at an end and he could not bring himself to answer. But the jangling persisted.

Now it should be explained that the minister had another personal friendship in this flourishing city of E——that was as close, as intimate in all respects as that with Elder George Fawcett; yet in its essence different, for Moses Mullen was an essentially different man. Mose Mullen he called himself; and so did most other people. Moses was not a member of the official board of Walton's church, although that dignity had been offered him. For Mose was *sui generis*—and inclined to go it alone. Perhaps his reputed three or four millions made him dictatorial. Anyhow, he had a resistless way with him, once he got started, and a marvelous command of biting and picturesque language once he set out to command language at all.

Besides, Mose was known to have had a past—a hell-roaring past if rumor might be believed—and sometimes it can. He had roamed the world around. He had roped cows and punched steers; he had navvied in many ports; he had played a year or two in professional baseball and sat in at more poker games than there are verses in the Bible.

But eventually he had graduated himself into the business game, and being by temperament a gambler, found his way into the Chicago wheat pit, there to attract the attention of Frank Norris at the very moment when he was gathering material for his second great epic of the wheat. Struck at once with the picturesque force and charm of Mose—young Mose then—the California author transplanted him in all but name to the pages of his immortal story, and there you may find him in the broker sent to execute that series of startling and eventually disastrous orders with which the dénouement of the tale is brought about.

But Mose wasn't on 'change now. He was chastened a great deal, cured from the eccentricities and errata of youth; but he had still the instinctive independencies of the Southern-born. His grandfather had been a great breeder of race horses; his father had been selected by General Lee to rule with stern hand over Quantrell's famous undisciplined band; and Mose was himself now a sort of guerilla—even about things in the church. True, he loved the church—this church which had received him a penitent into its arms when he was a liability even to himself, and carried him along till now he was an asset to church and community. But—he was a bushwhacker Christian—fighting the Devil according to tactics of his own devising. Yet he had always been devout. Even in his gambling days, many was the time he had fervently prayed for another ace in the draw, and religiously had he sent his winnings home to his God-fearing parents, scrupling only to tell them that they were winnings and not earnings.

Yes—Mose had seen the seamy side of life and lived some of it; the seams were still visible upon his face. Serene in the consciousness of his fundamental rectitude, he lifted himself above



"This is the last church, mama," he mourned "I—I can't *ever* go through it again."

resenting the brethren who couldn't understand him. He understood them and that was enough. His heart was full of charity; but this did not blur his almost uncanny powers of discernment.

The first time he met Robert N. Walton, he put him on probation as it were; as if he recognized in him an unusual man, but—with something doubtful about him.

"I'm going to watch you for a year," he said bluntly.

"Fair enough," agreed Walton, accepting the challenge. "I've heard enough to know that you'll bear watching yourself."

Both men laughed.

"So good so far!" announced Mose at the end of that twelve months. "I'm going to watch you another year."



"It isn't often a church gets a chance to do a great big Christian thing," Mose told

At the end of that second year, he said, "Walton, I want you to join my lodge." That was Mose Mullen's supreme compliment to any man; and the joining of that Masonic lodge became later almost as significant as this striking hands between two men who had seen far down into the open craters of human passion.

Now it had happened that Mose was away on a fishing trip on the day when Robert Walton received that disturbing letter from the zealot of the Bible class; therefore still away when the minister got home at two o'clock in the morning from the long ride with the elder in which his resignation had been agreed upon; and nobody could have been gladder of this than Walton himself, for it would have been bitter hard, this parting from the rough old walrus of a Mullen, who loved him with a love that went clear down into the taproots of his being. Accordingly the minister had put his farewell into a short, poignant note, breathing affection and communicating the startling fact that he had resigned and would be gone before his friend returned to the city.

But fate—or was it Providence?—brought Mose Mullen home from his fishing four days earlier than he had expected; and though it was late at night, some "hunch" that would not be denied drove him immediately to his office. There he found an envelope marked "Private and Strictly Confidential." He tore it open, read it with a picturesque exclamation, literary rather than profane, and reached for the telephone.

It was Mullen's ring that Walton had been sitting for some seconds afraid to answer; but at last he got up courage to take the receiver from the hook.

"That you, Bob?" came over the phone.

"Yes," answered Walton, recognizing the voice at once.

"Well, what in blazes do you mean?" blustered Mose, in his biggest roaring voice.

"Just that—that——" faltered Walton, heart melted by this boisterous friendliness in which surprise, reproach and grief were mingled in equal parts. "Just that——" But his voice broke. He could not talk.

"Wait up, Bob! I'm coming there fast!" bellowed Mose, sensing a tragic situation; and as quick as twelve cylinders could bring him, he was there.

The woman admitted him, cried upon his arm a little while his big hand patted her brown head, then pointed silently to the study door where Robert waited, covered with shame, to face one of the finest, truest friends a man ever had. And he did face him and he told his story again, as frankly, as mercilessly to himself, only more coherently perhaps, than he had told it to Fawcett; but Mose Mullen was far less shocked than the elder had been. He was hurt; he was astounded, and a good deal indignant; he looked Robert N. Walton through with such a glance as had never shaken him before. But he *understood* more easily than Fawcett; for he knew better the wild horses that are in man.

He could understand how Robert N. Walton, a very intense sort of fellow in all that he did, had been for some days in his life just a weak, flabby sinner; and he knew out of his wide experience that there is no man who has not his weak and flabby moments and that lucky are they who do not in them commit some such sin as manacles them for life. Lucky, that's all, lucky; God, he believed, caring no more for them who have been saved from sin by cowardice or chance than for those who by that same chance are snared.



them. "You've got it now. God has forgiven this man. Can't this church forgive him?"

Mose was much less horrified by Walton's confession than Walton was horrified by himself. Fawcett and the minister, when they looked at this blighted career, felt concern first for the church. Mose felt concern first for his friend. Of course there was this difference between Fawcett and Mullen: the elder had grown up in the church, got his religion from the church, and he thought of it as the nourishing mother of the Christian spirit; while Mose had got his religion at a human mother's knee. Christianity wasn't a thing of institutions with him; it was just spirit, a spirit of forgiveness, of saving, of helping. He looked across at the pitiably dejected figure of Robert N. Walton and he thought: "If Christianity is any good it ought to save this man." And for Mose to think a thing was to begin at once to act it.

"Mrs. Walton!" he called out in that large voice of his. "Come in here!"

She came—quickly, revealing that she had been listening at the door, quite as he divined.

"Mrs. Walton, have you got any sand in your craw? Are you a fighter or a runner?" Mose demanded abruptly.

The brown-eyed woman stood, halted by the seeming import of those words, scanning the broad face of the man, broad and hard, yet somehow mellow; for though Mullen's forms of speech were at times uncouth, there was in him a tenderness like the tenderness of a woman.

"You've been running away from this for years! Are you willing to stay here and make a fight?" he proposed bluntly.

Robert N. Walton himself was staring. Was the man meaning—meaning that they should face it down? Face open denunciation? He was actually amazed that his wife weighed her answer to Mullen's question; but she did weigh it; for she had been harried until the worm in her was about to turn. She was rebellious that this great work which God had wrought through her husband should be broken off, wrecked or even impaired because of a sin they two had committed in the hot blood of a youth that was now pitifully departed from both of them. She fixed her wide, wistful eyes upon this rugged friend with a sudden crystallization of her rebellion into faith.

"Yes," she answered hoarsely. "Yes, Mr. Mullen; I *am*."

"Hear that, Bob!" commanded Mose triumphantly, his voice ringing out, for he couldn't help ringing out when he was in deadly earnest. "Hear the little woman! She's going to stand by you and fight. So am I. God A'mighty hates a coward, Bob. He sure does hate a runner."

But protest was in Walton's face; horror was rising into it. "But the church must not be brought into——"

"Bob!" Mullen broke in solemnly, "it's very seldom a church gets a chance to practice—really *practice* the Christian religion. This church is about to get it. The elders are going to squelch that resignation."

"No, no!" groaned Walton. "I've gone through this agony for the last time. No; I must go away."

"You'll *not* go away!" thundered Mose. "But you're right, Bob, you've gone through this for the last time; because now we're going to tell those elders the truth."

"The truth?" inquired Walton, in a ghastly whisper. "*The truth?*"

"You must *tell the elders tomorrow night!*" declared Mose, inexorable.

(*Continued on page 144*)

Stories That Have Made Me LAUGH



IN AMERICA and England it is customary for comic papers to run at intervals paragraphs headed "English as She Is Spoke," being a form of humor derived from the attempt of some poor foreigner during a moment of excitement to speak the English language. Here in Mexico City some of the heartiest laughs that taxi drivers and waiters have enjoyed in years are elicited by the attempts of a miserable American writer to make his wants known in the Spanish language.

In retaliation therefor, let me say that there was a Spaniard in London who was heard to say to a cabman:

"If I did know ze English for ze box, I would blow your nose, by damn, I am."

There was also a waiter in an English restaurant professing to be Swiss who repaired to the kitchen with an order for a plate of chicken and tongue. He came back to the customer and shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Tongue iss no more," he announced. "Schicken never vas."

Lastly, another waiter in an English hotel was accustomed to address the guests at breakfast somewhat in the following fashion:

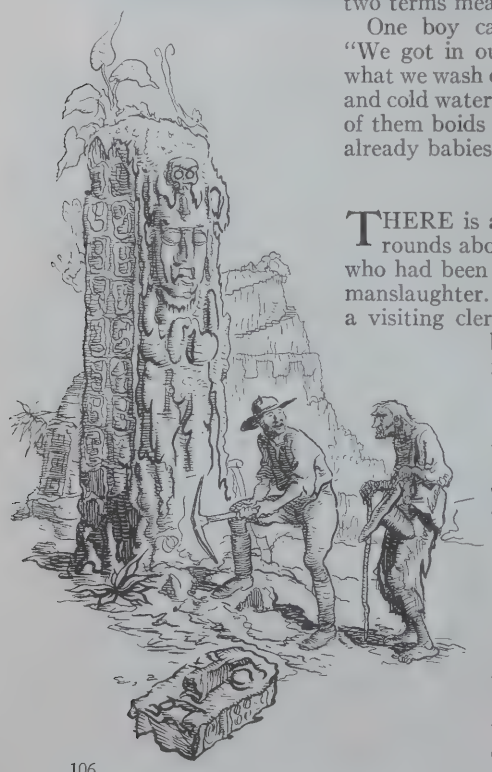
"How you like your eggs boilt? Tight or loose?"

DURING the recent business depression two cloak and suit merchants met on the street.

"Hello, Ben," one said to the other. "How's business you darned liar."

A DOCTOR told me this one. He said he found it in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The children of an East Side school were being instructed in the difference between a cynic and a stoic. Before proceeding with the lesson, the teacher asked her class of little boys what they thought the two terms meant.

One boy called Louis said: "We got in our rooms a cynic what we wash dishes in it by hot and cold water, but a stoic is one of them boids which they bring already babies."



THERE is a story going the rounds about a colored man who had been put in prison for manslaughter. When asked by a visiting clergyman if he had been sentenced for life, he replied:

"No, suh, not for life. Jes' from now on."

This story may or may not be derived from a volume which I ran across in a book store on the Avenida Francisco I. Madero, in Mexico City, where this is being written. It was called "Mexican Life and Character" or some such title and tells about a peon in Coyoacan who was present at the excavation of some Toltec or Aztec remains. He was an extremely old man, and some of the other peons present thought that the relics must have been buried there within his recollection.

"They were not buried in my time," he said.

"And you have lived here all your life?" the excavator asked.

"No, *caballero*, not all my life," the old peon replied. "Only up to now."

NO DOUBT you have seen pictures of mountain climbers scaling the Alps with alpenstocks in their hands. Sometimes a party of six or seven will be roped together so that if one of them slips the others will dig in with their alpenstocks, and altogether the whole thing is done in an out-of-date fashion—not at all in the manner of California mountain climbing.



In California, people climb mountains in parties of six or seven roped together in flivvers or sometimes not roped together but just tucked in so snugly that they cannot possibly fall out. In fact they can't even breathe, except in turns. My friend Doctor A. R. Goodman of Mexico City says that during a recent stay in California he heard of at least three thousand hardy California mountain climbers ascending the summit of Mount Wilson in this fashion on one Sunday alone.

There was one still hardier mountain climber who made his ascent on that particular Sunday in a limousine. He did it in the afternoon and met all the other climbers flushed with success on their way down from the summit. Now the Mount Wilson toll road is just wide enough for one car when driven by a courageous driver, and not wide enough for me by about six feet or on a bet of a million dollars. At intervals of a quarter of a mile or so there are turn-outs, and the rule of the road is that if two cars meet the ascending car must back down to the nearest turn-out.

The limousine mountain climber had backed down to the nearest turn-out ten times for ten flivvers and after completing his tenth back-down he had proceeded to within a hundred feet of the next turn-out when he rounded a curve in the road and encountered his eleventh flivver. They stopped radiator to radiator, and the limousine mountain climber alighted from his car.

"Stranger," he said to the driver of the flivver, "how much will you take for that car of yours?"

"Why, this is a new flivver!" the stranger said.

"I don't give a whoop," the mountain climber retorted. "How much do you want for it?"

"I'll take five hundred dollars," the flivver owner said, "and not a cent less."

"Well," the limousine man said, pulling a bill fold from his

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by Gordon Ross



breast pocket and counting out five one hundred dollar bills, "if there's any keepsakes in that car you don't want to have go down the side of this here mountain, I'll give you sixty seconds to take them out."

HERE is another story which has recently been revived and has also been pinned on after-dinner speakers and any other Reformer who works for his audience's kind applause. It was told first about Arthur Lloyd and one Vance, both of them well known music hall artists.

"Shocking thing about poor old Vance!" Arthur Lloyd said one day back in 1880. "They hissed him frightfully last night. I went on immediately afterwards and quieted them down with a couple of songs. But when I finished, blest if they didn't start in to hiss old Vance all over again."

Koppel may or may not have been reading Professor Sumner's "Folkways," which cites examples of stone hammers hanging behind church doors in mediæval Scandinavia to be used for the humane purpose of keeping grandpa out of the Bergen Home for Aged and Infirm Scandinavians.

It is doubtful whether Koppel will mourn the untimely end of his poor father as did the old countryman cited by the London Morning Post.

"Ah!" he said sadly, somewhat muddled by conventional grief and the beer he was sipping. "I just come from burying my poor old feyther; he were ninety-five, he were. I be only seventy-four last Christmas. We don't live to them old ages nowadays."

A BANKER in a Southern city writes me that he holds a mortgage on a small farm in a remote part of his state. The interest had been in arrears for nearly three years, and the other day he was much gratified to receive a visit from the owner of the farm, who handed him not only the entire interest to date but the principal as well.



"Things must be looking up for you," the banker said.

"Tolerable," the farmer replied.

"How is it that you were able to raise all this money?" the banker inquired.

"Well, it's like this," the farmer said. "For several years I planted my land to cotton and it didn't make out so good, but this last year I planted the whole durned place to corn."

"And did you do well?" the banker asked.

"Better than I expected," the farmer answered. "I got about six gallons to the acre."

A NEW YORK theatrical manager was contemplating the purchase of a Chicago theater and took his consulting architect with him to look over the auditorium. They were standing in the rear of the orchestra seats during a performance when the architect nudged the manager.

"The acoustics of this place seem very bad, Jake," the architect said.

The manager sniffed vigorously once or twice. "Maybe I've got a cold or something," he said, "but I don't notice it."

THERE is an old story about a colored man on trial for burglary who was asked if he would like to have counsel assigned to him for his defense. On inquiring as to what all that miscellaneous language meant, he was told that the court proposed to assign him a lawyer to get him off.

"And whaffo' is all dem gen'lmen ovah dar?" he asked, pointing to some talesmen sitting in the enclosure for counsel.

"They're jurymen," he was told.

"An' kin dey git me off?" he asked.

"Well, I suppose they can," he was told by the clerk.

"Den Ah reckon Ah'll take a juryman," he replied. And this is only preliminary to the story of another colored man. He was assigned as his joint counsel two young lawyers who had recently gone into partnership in a Southern town. The colored defendant consulted with these inexperienced attorneys for some time, and every minute or so the word *alibi* could be heard by the judge.

At last the defendant rose and addressed the court.

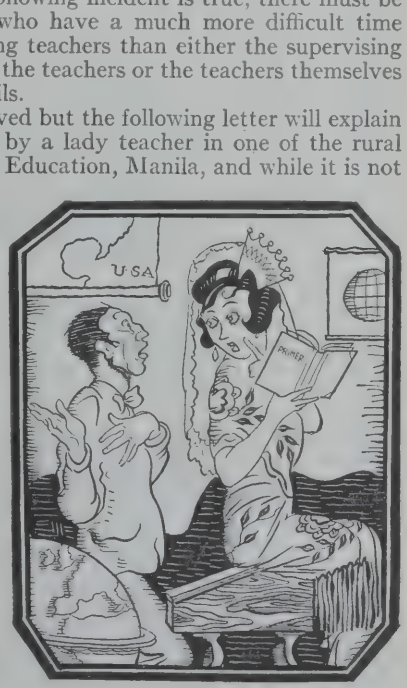
"Jedge, Yo' Honah!" he said. "Ef it's all de same to you all, Ah'd sho like to trade one of dese hyuh lawyers fo' a witness."

THE San Antonio Express recently contained a news item which said that Koppel Light, a fish peddler, was sentenced to jail for failing to pay two dollars a week towards the support of his 106 year old father, Reuben Light.

"Koppel's ingratitude," his sister told the court, "has broken his father's heart. He will not live long."

PUBLIC education in the Philippine Islands has now reached a stage of organization where the greatest efficiency prevails—at least in the matter of organization, if not in education. There are teachers to teach the children, supervising teachers to teach the teachers, and if the following incident is true, there must be supervising supervisors, who have a much more difficult time supervising the supervising teachers than either the supervising teachers have in teaching the teachers or the teachers themselves have in teaching the pupils.

This sounds a bit involved but the following letter will explain everything. It was sent by a lady teacher in one of the rural schools to the Director of Education, Manila, and while it is not offered as a form to be followed by any lady teacher of these United States who may at some time find herself in similar circumstances, it is recommended as vividly yet simply conveying what it sets out to convey:



DEAR SIR:

I have the honor to resignate as my works are many and my salary are few. Besides which my supervising teacher makes many lovings to me to which I only reply, "Oh, not, Oh, not."

Very respectfully,

Josefina Villareal

His Past

(*Continued from page 71*)

a semi-organization called "Men whom Rose Bellamy won't marry" did not deter Henry Staggard. The more difficult the battle the greater the victory.

She was ice, but he knew the fire that burned beneath the ice. Carefully, he studied her. He analyzed the men who, if gossip could be trusted at all, had wooed and failed to win her. Every last one of them had inherited his wealth and his position. Could it be that she had entered her twenty-eighth year, still a belle, but unwed because she asked of her future husband something of that iron strain that these men whom she met in her everyday life might seem to lack?

Staggard had succeeded because he had traded upon the weaknesses of human nature. Knowledge of weakness gives one knowledge of strength. He believed that he had learned the method whereby Rose Bellamy could be won.

She was secretary, he learned, of a society whose purpose was the Americanization of the foreigner. He sent her a check for twenty thousand dollars, to further the society's aims. He knew, he wrote, what the right sort of work could do for the immigrant. He himself had been turned adrift at the tender age of nine; he had fought for education, fought for success . . .

He was invited to address the society. He was a good looking chap, and his forty years sat lightly upon his broad shoulders. He had the trick of looking one directly in the eye, of gripping one's hand firmly, of affecting an open generosity.

At the society's meeting he was as frank, apparently, as a child. He'd had a hard time; he'd struggled, slaved! He'd won out. No, he'd be honest—he hadn't won out. The things that belonged to men who had been born in gentle homes could never be his. He knew it; he wouldn't be weak enough to delude himself with the idea that he could measure up with born gentlemen. But he'd made, he could safely say, a good job with poor materials. And what he'd done any foreigner, *anybody*, could do, provided he had ambition and were willing to work. And after all, he asked ingenuously, why should a man aspire to heights beyond him?

"But," said Rose Bellamy to him later, "I think it's ridiculous the way you disparage yourself. Because you were not the son of wealthy parents——"

"That is kind of you," he told her. "But the thing that I would want must be denied to me."

She wanted to know what he wanted. She was his champion without realizing it. And so from an invitation to tea he progressed to an invitation to dinner. She came to understand what it was that he wanted—herself.

She was not in love with him. But there was a glamour about his achievements. His modesty, his unwillingness to push himself—why, these were the attributes of gentility, of a gentleman, the thing which he thought that he was not.

A woman of Staggard's own stamp would have known him for what he was, an unscrupulous adventurer. Confidence men would have read him at sight. But a woman like Rose Bellamy never had a chance with him. She believed him. And so today he knew that, whether or not she really loved, it would not be difficult to persuade her that she did. And so he beamed. There was no warmth in the beam; it was cold as the winter sun.

Ah, well, this afternoon he'd propose, be accepted—he was sure of that; Rose Bellamy was intrigued with the things that she might make of this self-made—thus far—man from the West.

His secretary interrupted his pleasant dreams. "Mr. Blaney to see you."

"Show him in," said Staggard curtly.

Blaney entered. A stoop-shouldered man, with furtive eyes that watered easily behind thick glasses, his face wore a defiant expression now. He waited until the secretary had vanished behind the softly closed door. Then he spoke.

"If this is a trick, Staggard——"

Staggard waved him to a seat. "Why should I trick you?" he asked.

"Once a thief, always a thief," quoted his visitor.

Staggard did not become angry. No red showed in his cheeks. His easy acceptance of the insult proved his dishonesty. "Have a cigar?" he invited.

The watery eyed man shook his head. "I want the money," he said harshly.

Staggard opened a drawer in his desk. He drew out an envelope. He tossed it to his visitor. "Count it," he advised.

Blaney fingered the envelope a moment. He glanced over his shoulder as though he were afraid. Then his air of defiance came back to him. He opened the envelope, withdrawing from it packages of currency, each package neatly bound in tape upon which was printed the amount within.

"Fifty thousand," he said at length.

"Exactly what I agreed, Now—give me what I want," demanded Staggard.

Slowly the other unbuttoned his coat. From an inner pocket he produced an envelope. He handed it to Staggard.

For a moment the room turned upside down for Staggard. This was his past. Ah, how many persons were ever privileged to hold their pasts in their hands, to do with as they willed, to destroy, wipe out, obliterate? And he could do that. He looked through the papers inside. There was the evidence of his crime of years ago; there was his own confession . . . How cheaply, all things considered, he had managed to purchase them from the lawyer who held them. Now he could do as he willed. Blaney had surrendered the things that prevented Staggard from entering into his own. He could enter into it now.

The shabby lawyer arose. He fumbled for words. He found "Much obliged."

Staggard smiled. "Same to you, Blaney. Hope this money will help you to a better place."

He, the crook, suddenly patronized the lawyer who alone had held evidence of his crookedness. Blaney flushed. It had taken months of negotiation before he had surrendered his decency, had taken hush money. Now he realized that he was as low as Staggard. He shuffled from the room.

"Every last one of them—they have their price," grinned Staggard. He need fear no exposure; he could go to Rose Bellamy . . . Ah! He reached for the telephone.

"Miss Bellamy?" he asked a moment later. "This is Henry—Staggard." He paused after uttering his first name; then courage failed him. To go slow, until the psychological moment, and then to sweep her off her feet; that was the way. So he gave his full name.

"Good afternoon," she said.

"It will be a good afternoon if you are to be at home," he told her.

She laughed. Another man would have thrilled at the low delicious tones. But not Staggard. Although by every right that the possession of beauty, breeding and charm conveys, she was entitled to give any man a thrill, she could not do that to Staggard. No one could. He was that sort. He'd marry her and get along with her, but—he was of the commonest, meanest clay; his kind could not appreciate a Rose Bellamy.

"That's a pretty speech. I couldn't very well refuse now. At tea?"

"If I may," he said.

And so it was agreed. Once again he dreamed. He saw himself received in all those mansions whose occupants ignored him now. Political place, too, he would dare accept now . . . He roused himself, rang for his secretary, gave some business orders and left the office.

His car was awaiting him. The quiet, polite chauffeur did his share in contributing toward the sense of well-being that possessed Staggard. How pleasant it was to roll luxuriously uptown while millions hung on to subway straps . . . On the Avenue, slightly above Forty-second Street, he stopped. He entered a florist's shop and selected long-stemmed roses, two dozen of them. They would arrive, the florist assured him, at Miss Bellamy's address within twenty minutes. That suited Staggard; his entrance would follow just soon enough upon the flowers.

It was a brisk day of early spring, Octoberish in the air's tang. His Japanese servant had lighted a fire in the living room, huge for an apartment in New York. Staggard warmed his hands before the open blaze. Then he withdrew from his overcoat pocket the fateful documents that he had this day purchased.

When first he had opened negotiations with Blaney looking to the recovery of the papers, he had thought, of course, that once they were in his hand he would destroy them instantly. But burning paper in his office would look queer to his staff. "Looking queer" was something that, with his desire for respectability, nowadays mattered a lot to Staggard. So he had decided to burn them at home. But now, looking at them, he could not bear to relinquish the thrill that handling them gave him.

The small boy undoes the bandage about his thumb and presses against the cut; he knows that it will hurt, but still . . . So Staggard read, reread and fumbled these documents. Their destruction should be a matter of formality; when one obliterates one's past one should pay the action the tribute of a ceremonial.

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

When you should eat vegetable soup!



Really good vegetable soup is a splendidly filling and hearty dish. It appeals most when you are more than usually hungry. After a good day's work, following vigorous exercise in the open air, or at the midday meal it is both nourishing and stimulating.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is real food, tempting to the appetite and rich with sustaining, healthful nourishment.

Fifteen fresh garden vegetables. Big barley grains. Alphabet macaroni. Broth of choice beef. Tasty herbs and seasoning. Thirty-two different ingredients combine to make Campbell's Vegetable as wholesome and satisfying a soup as you can place on your table.

21 kinds 12 cents a can

My game of golf is something classy
I wield a fearsome, wicked brassy
And when I've laid them all a stymie
Straight home to Campbell's Soup I hie me!



Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Later this evening he would sit down before the fire, tear each paper slowly across and across again—feed them, bit by bit, to the flames . . . He put them back into his coat pocket. He hung the coat in the closet off the hall. Then he went to his bedroom, where his servant was now laying out some clothes.

He changed from his office suit, not to don anything approaching afternoon formality—that would not be within the scope of the part of rugged self-made man which he had planned for himself—but into garments not creased by sitting before a desk. He selected his tie carefully; he admired himself cordially in the mirror. Then, in the hall, he stopped, reached into the closet and brought forth his overcoat. He put his hand in the inside pocket to take out the papers that he had bought from Blaney. But his hand came back empty. It was better to have them with him. It wasn't particularly safe to leave them around the flat.

Besides, it rather intrigued him, the thought of proposing to Rose Bellamy, winning her because of his rugged honesty, while a few feet from her would repose evidence of a guilt that would make her shrink from him. He grinned at the thought. Marriage was to him no sacrament; it was a means whereby ambition could be gratified.

So he put on the coat, descended in the elevator to the street floor and stepped again into the waiting limousine. Ten minutes later he was admitted to the Bellamy home. It was a pleasant home, an old-fashioned brown-stone house in the Murray Hill section. It was dignified; he thought that he preferred it to a house farther uptown on the Avenue.

The manservant held out his hands for Staggard's hat and coat. The visitor remembered. He thrust his hand into the coat pocket and transferred several envelopes to the inner pocket of his jacket. Then he entered the drawing room.

Many men had loved Rose Bellamy. None of them characterized her as a flirt. She was not that sort. They believed her when she told them all, regretfully, that she did not love them.

Of late she had begun to wonder what love was, if it perhaps could exist without one's knowing it. She was drawn strongly to Staggard. He had achieved. By his own strength of character, not by some inheritance of millions, he was winning a place for himself. That was the sort of man she admired. She wondered if her admiration really amounted to love. There was another man, and for him she felt a feeling that was different from that which Staggard inspired. She trembled when young Allen was near her.

Yet Allen had never done anything. He was a gentleman and that was all. That all was not enough—for her.

Well, she would soon know. For, being a woman, she knew that Staggard would speak when she gave him opportunity. She was giving it to him today.

"Aren't you," she asked, "neglecting business? Afternoon tea is for idlers, not men of affairs."

He sat down, deliberately, as he did all things. She was giving him, he knew, an opening. He took it.

"My business, Miss Bellamy, is you," he told her.

Well, she was face to face with it. She could look the other way, or meet the issue. She didn't love him, but—she respected him, was fascinated by him, felt that love might come. So she said:

"I don't think I understand."

"I love you," he told her. Oh, he'd planned it carefully, and he had decided to dispense with rhetoric! Simply, as became the rugged, honest, self-made man. "And I want you to marry me," he said.

She was silent a moment. "I don't think that I love you," she finally said.

He smiled, a humble sort of smile. "Of course you don't. I wouldn't expect that. But in time—perhaps——"

He stopped; he waited for her to speak. Uncertainly, her voice the least bit shaky, she said: "I—I cannot be sure. I respect you—tremendously. Of all the men I've ever met, it seems to me that you are the most honest. And honesty, I think, is the greatest thing in the world."

Inwardly he smiled. It pleased his sense of chicane, of underhandedness, this praise of his honesty, when all the time he had upon his person the evidence that would damn him to anyone.

"You are too kind," he told her. "I—I do try—oh, Miss Bellamy—Rose—please——"

"I will marry you," she said.

A second later she was in his arms; a second after that she knew that she did not love him. There had been another man, and only yesterday, because he had achieved nothing particularly in life, she had sent him away. He had been a gentleman, charming but—without achievement. Now, as Staggard's lips touched her own, she knew that she loved the other man.

But honesty, keeping one's word—these were the only things that mattered. Rose Bellamy was that sort.

And so twenty minutes later, when she had dismissed Staggard, she went weeping upstairs to her bedroom while Staggard went swaggering, smilingly, toward his car. He had succeeded. She loved him; anyway, she'd marry him; love meant nothing to him, even the possible love of so adorable a creature as Rose Bellamy.

Inside the car he patted his breast pocket, within which reposed the confession and the other papers. When he reached home, having achieved the final ambition of his life, he'd hold a party . . . He took the envelopes out of his pocket. The one he sought was not among them. Then he felt in his overcoat pocket, from which he had transferred them when the Bellamy servant had taken his coat.

The confession was not there. His somewhat highly colored face went dead white. Ass! Fool! When he'd transferred them he'd dropped them . . . By now, undoubtedly, the butler had handed them to Rose Bellamy. The envelope had not been sealed . . . She'd *read* the papers!

Harshly he spoke through the tube to the chauffeur. Ten minutes after he'd left her drawing room he was speaking to Rose Bellamy again. He'd made no mistake. Look at the traces of tears on her cheeks, her eyes a bit swollen, red. She'd learned what he was. But there was a chance. A profession of utter frankness, of love having awakened him to the final knowledge that honesty was above all . . .

"Rose, I had to come back to you," he said. "I've deceived you. Fifteen years ago I was a thief; I stole. I saved myself by confession. I've never done a dishonest thing since."

She stared at him. "A thief?"

He bowed his head. "Yes," he said humbly. "And I release you from your promise to marry me."

That was the final stroke. She knew all about him anyway; no woman on earth would have failed to read the contents of that envelope. By pretending that his conscience forced his confession to her he'd discount all the revulsion toward him that the reading must have aroused in her. And then he heard the words of his doom. For him no place in the social sun!

"I thank you for your release, Mr. Staggard. I—I am sorry, dreadfully sorry, but——"

He never remembered what else she said. He vaguely knew that it was gentle, pitiful. But he wanted to strike her, to crush her slim throat between his two hard hands. He'd have done it, too, but for the fact that her menservants were doubtless within hearing. And so he left her.

So consumed with anger was he that he forgot the envelope, forgot everything save the fact that, while he might make money, the things he wanted would be forever denied to him. For he recognized the soul of Rose Bellamy. If he announced an engagement to one of her friends—and only among her friends could he find what he wanted, needed—she would insist that he tell his past . . . Rigid, uncompromising . . .

The Jap servant let him into his apartment. He flung himself before the open fire, staring gloomily, hatefully, into the flames.

The servant came to him. "Here is an envelope, sir. I found it as I was about to press your coat. In the pocket."

Wild-eyed, Staggard stared at the envelope that held his confession.

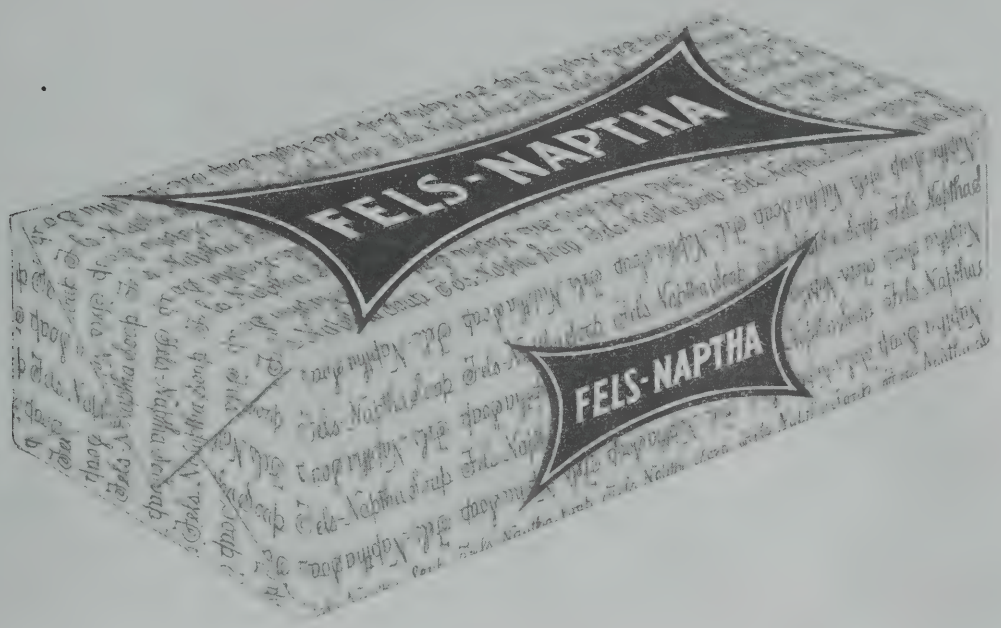
He realized what he had done. This second coat was the one he had worn to call upon Rose Bellamy. The first one was the one that he had worn from the office. He cursed the habit that made him, in fall or spring, affect always the same sort of coat. The two were almost identical. Envelopes with papers were always in his pockets. He had not examined them when he had transferred them to his jacket in the Bellamy home. And all the time, when he had thought that she had read the proofs of his guilt, those proofs were at home in another coat!

If he hadn't confessed . . . Why, when he had worn a coat, did he keep it? And why, oh why, had he assumed that Rose Bellamy had read papers that did not belong to her?

Suddenly he knew that she would have died before prying into a matter that did not concern her. He was seeing things a bit more clearly than ever in his life before. Of course she'd never have stopped to read his private papers. But he'd assumed that she would . . . He strode to the open fire. Into it he hurled the evidence that he had bought today from Blaney.

But he knew what all men must, soon or late, know: neither flames nor water, craft nor cunning, man nor devil, can obliterate the past.

For the past is not written on pieces of paper that may be destroyed. It is written in the hearts of men.



The soap that radiates FELS-NAPTHA *Cleanliness!*



You can tell Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor

There is deeper cleanliness to clothes than you can see. A kind that goes below the surface, where dirt is routed from every thread.

Soap alone will not produce it. But you get it from real naptha, that amazing dirt-loosener, combined with good soap in the Fels-Naptha way.

Clothes sop up perspiration, and dirt sticks. Then they need the deep-down cleanliness of Fels-Naptha. The real naptha goes through every tiny thread, and silently, gently makes the dirt let go. The sudsy water flushes it away completely. A good rinse, and clothes are safely washed—sweet, and *hygienically* clean.

Fels-Naptha sends its Cleanliness also into the kitchen, the bathroom, and to every part of the house where there is dirt to be washed away and things to be made sanitary.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha that gives you the benefit of both these two great cleaners at one time, and in one economical golden bar.

Get Fels-Naptha, and know the deeper *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness.*

Campers are enthusiastic Fels-Naptha users. Even with cold water it cuts grease from pans, it makes clothes thoroughly clean, and removes grit and grime from hands.



Buy Fels-Naptha in the convenient ten-bar carton. The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.

PROVE the cleanliness of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for a sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1923, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

Jemima Made Over

(*Continued from page 44*)

it with exact and snug dimensions and McQuarg's eyes glittered into a smile.

"And now what?" asked Jemima.

He said: "I can keep the front under range——"

"Give me Barney's gun and I'll look out for the back," said Jemima. "When must I shoot?"

McQuarg lifted his voice.

"The man that comes six steps nearer any door or window in this house gets *lead!*" he announced.

There was no answer. In the dimness of their lair he saw Jemima smile. "That scared them, didn't it? I've always heard that a mob was easy scared."

"It's the devil to handle them, though," McQuarg admitted. "They ain't a mite reasonable. These fellers now don't keer so derned much for their money—unless they mean to get away with it before the sheriff calls. But they've got sore heads and they're half drunk and they're as dangerous as a locoed beast. They want to kill somethin'. I've seen queer things.

Two fellers, out'n out strangers to the parts they was travelin' through, and nice, quiet boys, got herded into a cabin up Montany way and besieged by a posse all day, shootin' and cursin', and they not allowed to come out and explain theirselves. The dern fool posse had got a notion they was some hoss thieves they was after. When the two chaps surrendered and agreed to git hung that evenin' and came out limpin' and bleedin' with their hands above their heads, why the besiegin' gang knowed right away they'd been barkin' up the wrong tree. And the rest of that twenty-four hours was just plain celebratin'. They was bound, you see, to treat them pore devils like kings . . .

"Well," Peter sighed sharply, "I hope that fool Barney boy is travelin'. If I hadn't betted on some of the old crowd that knows him, the sheriff or a number of real folks, bein' on the spot right soon after these hoboes, I'd hev told Barney to make his get-away."

While McQuarg talked, made loquacious by excitement, the two prisoners had posted themselves at convenient loopholes and were ready. There were several raucous summonses from without, something in the nature of a consultation and then a pattering of bullets. McQuarg laughed.

"Send out Barney and we won't hurt you!" they shouted.

No answer was required for this. They rushed simultaneously the front door and the back and Jemima, laughing with a catch in her breath, made her gun bark in unison with McQuarg's. She hit her man in the boot and hid her eyes. McQuarg unhatted his quarry. There were no more rushes. After that followed intermittent firing. At last a bullet found some chink and McQuarg, starting, cried out softly and put a hand against his shoulder.

"Sacred Maria!" cried Jemima loudly. "You're hit!"

An outburst of applause showed that the besieging party rejoiced in this information.

McQuarg took away his hand and laughed. "Jes' touched me!" he said as loudly as she had spoken; then he added, chuckling: "What you said must 'a' turned the bullet, Jem! Keep away from that side of the room."

In fact from outside there began to be a systematic search for that vulnerable spot, then presently, a second rush.

Peter groaned. "If we really hit any of 'em, Jem, our game is up. Aim for the ground. Why don't them sensible fellers hurry up and—come!"

Jemima bent her white, keen face to her loophole, flushed suddenly, dropped her gun and wailed: "It's Barney, Peter, it's Barney coming back. He's riding up behind them—O my God! My God!"

Barney had chosen the manner of his appearance with audacious cleverness. Anything advancing upon this pack, anything in flight from it, was inevitable prey, but this slim, amiable and laughing youngster, trotting confidingly from behind into their midst, wan-faced, indeed, and dusty, but clear-eyed and entirely sweet mannered, was like a contrary wind in a full sail.

"Say, boys," drawled Barney, dropping down among them and holding out a roll of bills, "I guess you've come after this. I knowed you were good friends to me and to that little schoolmarm wife of mine, so, since I was almighty anxious to get off an order for her birthday present, I borrowed your money. I knowed I had a cache with enough and some over to pay you back before noon today. Why, you sure ain't sore at me, are you?"

The aggrieved and astonished dropping of his voice was their undoing. One burst into a tremendous roar of mirth. Others succumbed to that contagion. The roll of bills was entrusted to the oldest man; thereafter they clapped Barney's shoulder, wished his wife a happy birthday, mounted their ponies and rode fast away, "to intercept the sheriff." Their raucous shouting and guffaws dropped into the stillness of the August plain.

Barney came slowly into the opened house. He closed the door, leaned against it, turned his back to Jemima and, dropping a contorted face into his bent arm, sobbed like a despairing boy.

"I always knowed," he choked, "that I couldn't keep your love. Now that I'm a drunkard and a coward—and a thief—I've lost you. Oh, my God, Jem, I hev lost you!"

Jemima turned him about with her two gentle, powder-scorched hands.

"Don't you ever be afraid of me like that again!" she cried in a sort of tender anguish. Then she shook him with her hands tightened on the edges of his coat, and began to cry. "I—I have been all shamed," she wept, "I don't feel *good*. I will never feel so good again. I'm all broken up inside. I'll have to be made over. Barney, teach me to forget my soul, to—to love you, with loyalty and courage and self-sacrifice—like Peter McQuarg—like dear Peter McQuarg!" She buried herself in her husband's arms, trembling down into the strength of him.

Peter, sitting where she could not see him and absently nursing his wounded arm, showed a face stern and happy, irradiated with a cold and shining joy, the joy of an evangelist, the joy of a successful reformer. And his lips unconsciously shaped themselves to a tune. McQuarg whistled in soft spiritual triumph:

> With Thy favored sheep, O, place me,
> Nor among the goats abase me,
> But to Thy right hand upraise me.
>
> Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
> Yet—good Lord, in grace complying
> Rescue me from fires undying.

Ellen's Luncheon

(*Continued from page 29*)

that he was sitting upon Flurry's old red sweater, and that his hat was revolving in his big hands, and that Lizzie-Kate was sweeping dexterously out of sight several small garments not usually displayed to bachelor eyes—unconscious in fact of all material and external matters, and desperately fumbling for the casual words and smiles that would save him from betraying his inner agitation.

"I don't know," Ellen said, enchantingly small and childish and sorry. "I've a good mind to walk over to Mrs. Callahan's and make the peace with her," she submitted, with a rising inflection.

"I'll—I'll walk with you," Clem began, clearing his throat and trembling like a man who sees a lode of gold shining in pebbly earth.

"Oh, I wouldn't take you out of your way for the world!" said Ellen considerately.

"I'm goin' that way anyway," Clem assured her.

It was sunset, June sunset, and the world was flooded with glory, and filled with men and women streaming home along the broken sidewalks, and windows flashing back the red light, and children squawking and running like scattering fowls. There were magnificent elms along the shabby street, elms rich in rustling leaves, and the ends of the irregular lanes lost themselves in gold haze—a haze charitably disguising into beauty even heaps of rusting old iron, and out-dated stables, and minor factories, and lumber piles.

The air was warm, moving and alive, but still sweet and scented with kitchen fires and cut grass and now and then a clean rift of bacon smoke. Everybody was out, murmuring and laughing and exchanging cheerful views of this punctual world. Men jaded from hot offices, and women jaded from hot kitchens, met at the bakery door, and the children whose small hands they held exchanged shy smiles.

"Ellen," said Mrs. Callahan dispassionately, from the stove, when Ellen and Clem



How do you picture the woman you would like to be? Do you think of her as a happy wife—a happy mother?

The Woman You would Like to Be—

How do you picture her? A happy wife—a happy mother—a great artist, or an accomplished woman of the world? In a hundred ways—it lies in your power to make yourself the woman you would like to be. Below you will read of one way—simple as it is, no girl can afford to neglect it.

Do you wish, more than anything else, to be beautiful? To have a face that charms and attracts the people about you?

Make up your mind, then, that you will have a beautiful skin; that you will not rest until you have made your skin absolutely clear, smooth, flawless.

For how can woman's face be lovely and attractive if her skin is disfigured by blackheads — by ugly little blemishes? if the pores are too large? if her nose is shiny with oil?

Any of these faults can be overcome

If you are troubled with any of these faults — begin, now, to overcome them. You *can* make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give the *new skin* the special treatment it should have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

You will find the right treatment for your special type of skin in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Complete treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in this booklet. Two of these famous treatments are reproduced below.

By using these Woodbury skin treatments regularly, thousands of girls and women have overcome the faults in their complexion and have gained the lovely clear, soft skin they longed for.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today, and begin, tonight, to give *your* skin the treatment that will make it fresh, radiant, flawless, as a beautiful woman's skin should be.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. You can also get Woodbury's in convenient 3-cake boxes at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Send today for this new 10-cent offer!

For 10 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing week-end packages of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder, *together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1606 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1606 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.*

FOR CONSPICUOUS NOSE PORES

To reduce conspicuous nose pores, use this special treatment:

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once* if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION

To keep your skin free from blackheads, use the following treatment:

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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reached her kitchen door. She slid a smoking pudding dish upon the wet boards of her sink, making one more scar upon the scarred wood.

"How do, Mis' Callahan," said Ellen.

She sat down; Clem remained silent. Annie Callahan Curley's baby looked up, solemn and hostile, from the mud-colored floor where his little romper gave a striking instance of protective coloring.

There was a silence. Then Ellen said: "Goodness—don't that pudding smell good!"

Mrs. Callahan glanced at it dispassionately, with no softening of her grave face.

"There's some likes home cooking," she observed.

Silence again. Ellen made a fresh start: "Here's the thing, Mis' Callahan," she said bravely. "I do want these girl friends of mine to have the best, you know, and yet I hate to ask you—with all you have to do—to come over to that hot kitchen of Lizzie-Kate's and fuss with that wonderful chicken of yours. I don't suppose I could learn to cook it?"

Mrs. Callahan looked unconcerned.

"Oh, you'll be able to find them lots of better things than that!" she said lightly and evenly, measuring baking powder into flour with a quick dexterous jerk of the opened tin. Mrs. Callahan scorned set measures for seasoning or shortening.

"What do you think?" Ellen, undaunted, pursued patiently. "Do you think it's bad for mama, cooking so much? You know her better than anyone else—I'll never forget what you did for her when papa died. The priest said mama might have died herself if it wasn't for Mrs. Callahan, Clem," Ellen assured her escort seriously. "Mrs. Callahan sent over chicken soup every day for a month—and that was every mouthful of food mama took. I guess the Callahans got pretty sick of chicken," said Ellen adroitly.

"I guess it didn't hurt them," Mrs. Callahan said grimly.

This was not much, but it was something. The girl was encouraged.

"Is it broilers you use in the creamed chicken, Mrs. Callahan?"

"They're best, of course."

"And do you fry them first?"

"Well, you can."

Silence. Then Ellen rose. "Well, I'll be going on. I want to see mama. I hate to have her slaving for my friends, but if you think it isn't too much for her——"

Mrs. Callahan yielded a reluctant inch. "I don't think it would do her no hurt."

Ellen and Clem departed.

"Ellen," said Mrs. Callahan, when they were on the kitchen porch. The girl turned back. "Maybe I'll get one of the kids to write out the creamed chicken for you tonight and send it over by Martin," said Mrs. Callahan, very busy with her biscuit dough. "Get in a quart of cream and some instant tapioca."

"And how many chickens ought I have?"

"Well——" Mrs. Callahan came to the door now, her expression once more its usual pleasant self and her eyes interested. "There'll be you and Lizzie-Kate and your mama and your four lady friends—seven of you——" she mused. "I'd get three—wait a minute. I'll get them for you, Ellen," promised Agnes Callahan wholeheartedly, "and then I'll step over Friday and get them started cooking. So don't concern yourself——"

"Well, then you'll be at the luncheon too?" cried Ellen loyally.

"I will not. You couldn't get me there under chloroform," the older woman assured her. They parted upon a friendly laugh.

So there were great friendliness and great doings in the Kane kitchen forty-eight hours later. The day began with scorching heat at dawn; it was a day of lowered awnings and wilted collars and parsimonious blots of hot shade in blazing streets.

But Ellen had foreseen this the day before, and had bought eight tall glasses and eight lemonade spoons in a department store, and her mother and sister had washed the straw and chaff and stuck tissue paper from them, and there was to be iced tea—lots of it. Mrs. Callahan and Mrs. Murphy arrived early, in time to direct Mart and Joe Kane in the enlarging of the table; everything was in encouraging shape as Ellen left the house for the office at ten minutes past eight.

Mrs. Murphy and Lizzie-Kate had humbly begged not to be present at the luncheon, preferring to remain invisible, and serve. But Ellen would not hear of this—she persisted that she only wanted a family meal, filling, delicious, unpretentious—just a convenience to friends who chanced to be passing that way, and in no sense a social overture of her own. Her mother and sister must of course share it. As for Mrs. Callahan, she flatly refused to do anything but come in and help.

Ellen and the ladies could not arrive before twenty-seven minutes past twelve. The wedding was a short car ride away, at half-past two. There would be but an hour and a half of strain, and to that Lizzie-Kate, with her hair crimped, and her mother, in her best black silk, felt equal.

At twelve all was in order. The baby was asleep. The ladies of the family were dressed. The table was set and the tea made and a bowl of chopped ice waiting. The chicken, the stuffed potatoes, the vegetables simmered, and were tasted and approved, and simmered again. The hot rolls were covered with a white napkin, the homemade strawberry ice cream with ice and salt and an old gunny sack sacred to this purpose, the maple nut marshmallow cake stood in magnificence and perfection upon a hand-painted plate that Loretta Keating had given Lizzie-Kate for a wedding present. Cascading uncomfortably upon the ice in the ice box were seven carefully arranged plates of lobster salad, and Lizzie-Kate went about saying mentally a hundred times: "Well, it's only a home lunch. This is all you get!"

The shades in the dining room were drawn, a glint of bright sunlight touched the dome of currant jelly, and the saltines, and the olives, and the green pickles, and the chow-chow with its ornate plated spoon from Niagara Falls, and the freesias delicately arranged with maidenhair, in the center of the table. At each place was a frilled paper cup of salted almonds, and what was always called the "Sheffield type bonbon" was neatly loaded with candy. Ellen, browsing idly over a fashionable magazine months ago, had come upon an illustration of the "Sheffield type bonbon" and had sent three dollars for it, and felt well satisfied. It certainly added a tone.

This half-hour of waiting was hard for the three matrons. They peeped, murmured, tasted, loitered about. Flurry had been sent to Kate Oliver, the baby slept on like a baby angel. Mrs. Callahan said she was only going to wait for one good look at the company.

At last the sound of girls' voices was heard under the heavy foliage of the elms, motionless in the hot spring noon, and then the chip-chipping of feet and the bang of the gate. The women in the kitchen fluttered, stirred, advanced, reconnoitered and retreated, finally went to meet their guests with a sort of surprised spontaneity—well, here they all were!

Miss Carter, who was lean and dyspeptic and eye-glassed, came first; then her sister, who was thin and had a bad skin; and last, plump, jolly Miss Brice. Miss Brice's friend, unfortunately, could not come. So that meant that one place must be spirited away from the table before the churning and twisting guests all were introduced and had laid aside silk coats and bags and had filed into the dining room.

Cream of tomato soup first; it was perfection. Mrs. Callahan decided to stay in the kitchen, at the last minute, and simplify serving and clearing. Ellen and Lizzie-Kate and their mother ate their soup; but Miss Brice would not take anything with cream in it, she was on a no-fat diet, and the Carters had to be careful of acids.

Then the marvelous chicken. And now it developed that the older Miss Carter was an out-and-out vegetarian; she was pleasant about it, taking some peas and just a taste of the mushrooms.

"I am not going to let you put that wonderful piece of chicken on my plate, Mrs. Murphy," said Miss Brice frankly, forking it back to the platter with a lack of ceremony that outraged the secret heart of her old hostess. "Nothing with gravy or starch."

"I feel the same way," murmured the younger Miss Carter, with a shy smile. "I'll tell you, Mrs. Murphy. You know how it is. I've been having what they call a duodenal infection—have you ever heard of that?"

"My God, no!" whispered Mrs. Murphy, awed, her stony gaze never leaving the speaker.

"They won't let me eat anything but gluten bread and stewed vegetables and fruit," pursued Miss Carter. "But I'm going on a perfect carouse today and have just a tiny bit of that wonderful looking chicken—no, just the wing, please—no, truly, no more, for I shall just waste it! And a tiny bit of gravy——"

"I simply have to diet," said Miss Brice. "I'm engaged to be married, you know, and my young man looks like a crane. He says he'll love me up to one hundred and fifty pounds, and not a pound over, and I'm one hundred and sixty-eight now. So I've cut myself down to three hundred calories a day—no, thanks, no bread. No, no jelly—looks delicious! If you could see me, standing outside of bakery windows with the tears running down my face, you'd feel for me. I don't eat gravies, sauces, starches, sweets, oils, fats or sugars——"

"At which meal don't ye?" Mrs. Murphy, shocked out of her affronted silence, asked in involuntary pity.

"At all! Never! Not at any!" Miss Brice said. "Take away those rolls, I

What ten million motor cars have taught women about their skin

The method they have learned to depend on

Two unbroken lines of cars wind along the popular motor roads. Everyone is motoring—week-ending at the beach, or the country club, or just driving for the pleasure of it. Fine dust settles in their skin and the wind brings a dry tightness.

Yet many women's complexions are younger and lovelier than ever before!

The severe exposure of motoring has taught them how important it is to find the right way to care for their skin, keep it beautiful and supple in spite of all exposure.

Today millions of women have found a method so wonderful in results that in all the world it is used more than any other—Pond's Two Creams. They leave your skin softer, more supple than you could have dreamed. They give just that finishing touch of loveliness you have always wanted.

A fine light cleansing that never leaves your face heavy with cream—gives the beautiful suppleness you want and then wipes entirely off! This is why millions of women prefer to cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream.

A marvelous freshening, an adding of youth—and unfailing protection. No wonder that the women of the United States alone use several millions of jars and tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream every year!

TRY THIS FAMOUS METHOD

See the wonderful improvement in your skin

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then, in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels! How new and charming the reflection in your mirror! The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

Always after a motor or railroad trip, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream and finish with the Vanishing Cream and powder. To see how these two creams will improve your skin use this method regularly. Begin now by buying both creams in jars or tubes in any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co.



removes coarsening dirt—restores suppleness
defies exposure—holds the powder



Photo by Victor Georg

Florence Nash says she likes Pond's Cold Cream because it leaves her face feeling so refreshed—not heavy and oily. And that Pond's Vanishing Cream really keeps her skin wonderfully smooth and fresh.

Exposure starts these troubles or makes them worse

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. But the process is so gradual that except on specially severe occasions you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. For the insidious every-day exposure use the same method that saves your skin from the excessive damage of a long motor ride or a day on the beach. Keep your skin properly oiled by a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection. This method will keep your skin smooth and young years longer than would otherwise be possible.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must protect yourself from all exposure and keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly and keep it from scaling and peeling. Then it will not develop little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the exposure of the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally, prevent your skin from drying out again. Always carry a tube with you on motor trips to counteract their drying, ageing influence.

That Distressing Shine

Sometimes shine is due to a dry, tight skin, and motoring or even the slightest daily exposure aggravates the condition. You must apply an extra amount of Pond's Cold Cream at night after the cleansing and let it stay on. See how gladly your skin will absorb the fine light oil of this cream, how it will soften and relax and the shine disappear. Put on the Vanishing Cream in the morning to keep this suppleness through the day and be sure to carry it with you and use it frequently on any occasion of unusual exposure.

Accumulation of dirt and fat in the pores

Sometimes the oil in your skin accumulates in the glands and attracts dirt and bacteria—dust that blows into your face when motoring, or the daily soot of city streets. Your complexion is dulled, disfigured. You need specially careful cleansings. Pond's Cold Cream is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Do this every night and always after any motor or railroad trip, and you will avoid a dull, muddy skin.

GENEROUS TUBES—
MAIL COUPON
WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 134P Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

feel a sort of weakness coming over me," she added, to Ellen. "You know, you never take it off until you're just ravening with hunger," she told her hostess.

"Take what off?" said Mrs. Murphy, bewildered.

"Fat—fat—fat!" the girl answered. "You get so that you can't think of anything else. My brother and I are doing it, and we compare notes at night. No sugar, thanks—is there sugar in it? I use saccharine."

"Next week," said Miss Carter, "a friend and I are going to try this new idea—nothing but raw food."

"God save us—like the horses!" muttered Mrs. Murphy.

"Lettuce, apples, nuts and sun-sweetened prunes and raisins," said Miss Carter. "Grated carrots—they're delicious."

"Grated—holy mother!" Ellen heard her mother murmur.

"We tried the chop and pineapple diet," Miss Rose Carter contributed with animation. "You eat a hot mutton chop and two slices of pineapple at every meal, and nothing else. It seems that the dietary balance is perfect—it's like that old famous diet of lettuce and chocolate, or the eggs and milk diet——"

"You're going to have some salad?" Ellen, whose face was somewhat flushed, asked at about this point. Her mother had fallen silent.

"Oh, no, thank you! Truly, I've eaten enormously. I've had more than I usually eat."

Miss Carter had a few peas, two mushrooms and the crust of a roll, buttered, for her meal. Her sister had a chicken wing, some gravy and half a roll. Miss Brice had some white meat carefully scraped of the tapioca gravy, some peas and the lettuce from under her lobster salad. A platter full of chicken returned to the kitchen; the candy and the rolls, the jelly and the big cake, the stuffed potatoes and the ice cream, were untouched.

"I usually allow a hundred for luncheon, fifty for breakfast and a hundred and fifty for dinner," said Miss Brice, of calories. "But I've certainly had a hundred and fifty here. I shan't eat anything at the wedding, I know that!"

"You've et nothing at all here," Mrs. Murphy said flatly, too demoralized by the turn of events to think of manners. "I never heard the like! Horse food, and pineapples with lamb chops, and calleries and hay, for all I know—— I don't know what a body would be eating that way for at all," pursued Mrs. Murphy, her voice falling to its customary note of vague complaint. "There's no blood in bran and hay and carrots, unless it'd be for an animal that ate it. And the two of you look as if you wasn't eating enough, even of sawdust and raw turnip!" she added, half apologetic for her own boldness.

"Oh, we eat enough!" Miss Carter said with a light little laugh. This kind little old peasant woman, with her apple cheeks and her nights of deep, childlike sleep, naturally had no idea of what complications might go wrong in the human system.

"As for you," Mrs. Murphy continued, her keen old eye now turned to Miss Brice, "God help us all! Didn't there used to be fat people and thin people, the way God made them? You'd never sit down to a meal, I should think, that you wouldn't be thinking more of the fats and thins and the starching and the blueing it would do to you, rather than say your grace that you had it at all! Calleries, is it? And a few years ago it was microbes, the way many a one wouldn't cross herself with holy water for fear she'd be poisoned in the church itself!"

"Well, I guess there's a lot in what you say, Mrs. Murphy," said Miss Brice, laughing good temperedly. "And yet, you know, it is nice to have your clothes comfortable, and not to be puffing on a hot day just because you're greedy!"

"Some's fat and some's thin, and the Lord et what His friends did," Mrs. Murphy said dazedly but stubbornly. And when Ellen and her guests suddenly rustled away from the scene, declaring themselves already late for the wedding, the old woman sat on, puzzled, baffled and vaguely angry, in the pleasantly shaded room.

Lizzie-Kate, who had been superintending the baby's luncheon, and Mrs. Callahan, who had been lurking in the kitchen, now came in.

"Whatever happened the lot of them?" said Mrs. Callahan amazedly. "Was the fowl high on us that they'd not eat it? The shame that come over me when that platter come back into the kitchen will foller me to the grave!"

She seated herself before the tumbled napkins and the broken rolls. The great column of pink ice cream was melting, something like a sixteenth of the great cake had been cut, the candy retained its perfect formation.

"I don't know what's come to them at all!" Mrs. Murphy said drearily. "You'd wonder they wouldn't fold their clean napkins at least. All they done was say what they couldn't eat, and sure it was nothin' but elephant food I heard them talk about! A couple of Zulus out of Roosia would eat more than they done! It was all hay and bran and carrots and middlin's—I declare it doesn't sound Christian. There was never anyone at home that didn't have a taste of potato cake and tea when there'd be company in, but faith you could fit up me fine young ladies in any stable in this country!"

"Maybe they had a little snack in the train," submitted Lizzie-Kate, nibbling a nut and marshmallow loaded fragment of cake.

"Ellen said all she wanted for them was toast and an omelette or some such trashy stuff," said Mrs. Callahan, with a troubled and puzzled look. "I'll bet she's got the grand mad on us all!"

"I'll bet she's fit to be tied that we made such a fuss," Ellen's sister said musingly. "She hates a fuss, you know, and her face got perfectly blazing as they went on refusing, and picking at their food like a lot of monkeys!"

"We'll have a scene with her—sure, I don't know where she'd get the temper she has on her at all," said Mrs. Murphy fearfully.

"Oh, mama, papa was a holy terror!" said Lizzie-Kate unfilially but affectionately.

"Well, he was—in a way——" his relict conceded reluctantly. "He tuk a little dish of curds I had on me table one day ——" she remembered, smiling.

The conversation rambled on comfortably; even with the melting ice cream confronting them, no one of the three practical women felt inclined to move. The afternoon was blazing hot, and the dining room and kitchen windows faced west.

The kitchen, they knew, was a welter of sticky plates, cooling food, congealed vegetables, half filled saucepans, platters, plates, bowls and cups. Later, well before supper time, they would all get to work and reduce the place to what was supposed to be cleanliness and order.

Meanwhile they idled and chatted, nibbling, drinking from the new iced tea glasses, growing more and more critical of their guests all the time and more restively and resentfully apprehensive of Ellen's anger when she returned.

What finally interrupted them was confusion in the yard. Who was it—what was it—God save us, it looked like a funeral! muttered the women as they rose to their feet and craned anxiously at the window.

Mart—it was Mart Murphy, for one—Mrs. Murphy's bachelor son. Mart, anyway, and who else? Who was it? Was it Lucy Mullen and all the young children?

They met them at the kitchen door. Lucy it was, a pale, sad young woman in streaming, shabby weeds. And with Lucy were her two big boys, Willie and Paul, and her two small girls, Gertie and May, and the old baby, a stout, curly-headed girl of three, and the new baby, a drooling, stolid child of fourteen months.

Lucy had not seen the Murphys and Mrs. Callahan since her husband's funeral two months ago; as she came in she burst into bitter weeping, and all the children, as well as Lizzie-Kate and her mother, cried too.

"To think that you—and me—Lizzie-Kate—that made our first communions together—and me wid the whole crowd of them at Tom's grave!" sobbed Lucy, hiccuping, shaking, clinging first to Lizzie-Kate and then to Mrs. Callahan, and then collapsing into a chair and gathering into her forlorn young arms as many of the children, besides the whimpering baby, as she could encircle at once.

"Mama, look here!" said Mart eagerly. "I met the whole gang of them streaming down the cemetery road in the blazing heat, and they've not had a bite of lunch, and here was Lucy going to take them to White Plains, and half kill herself—say, can't these kids have some of this cake?"

"I couldn't run the whole crowd of them into any restyrant," pleaded Lucy pathetically, her eyes brimming again. "I'm kilt as it is, what with them all weepin' over Tom's stone and yelling to him to come back. 'Papa!' May says——"

But Lucy was again overcome at this memory, and wept with her face against May's curls.

"And I haven't the money for it, Mart," she added with dignity, regaining her self-control suddenly. "I have me two little houses to rent, but I have the whole of them to feed and dress on a hundred and thirty-three dollars a month. And I had to paper one of me tenants, the way he would have walked out on me. If it was only fried potatoes in a restyrant it'd cost me a dollar before the whole of them was filled up! And to fast for a day," ended Lucy, half defiantly and half apologetically, "won't hurt them none!"

"Well, they'll fast no longer," said Mrs. Murphy, wiping her reddened eyes.

At the end of the dance

FROM the ballroom floated the strains of a waltz, and from out beyond came the sleepy night-sounds—the late call of a bird, the faint whispering of leaves in the summer breeze.

The man watched the woman before him in the mellow glow of the lanterns, drinking in her loveliness with eyes that could not leave her face.

"What is it?" she asked softly. "You look as if you were in a dream."

"I think this is a dream, and you a dream woman," he answered; "for I never saw anyone so lovely! There is something that makes you stand entirely alone, in a delicate, glowing radiance. I think the greatest charm of all is your wonderful coloring."

The last notes of the waltz were quivering into silence. "That is the end," she said. "I think it is the beginning," he answered, still watching her.



"I think it is the beginning," he answered—

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The Girl Who Was Out of Date

By Mme. Jeannette

Not long ago I had a call from a young friend. She came in wearily and sank into a chair. The brilliant afternoon sunlight fell full on her face, and I was appalled when I saw how pale she looked.

"What is the matter?" I asked, expecting to be told that she was ill.

"Oh, I'm just tired," she said; "so tired I don't care how I look."

I was so indignant that for a moment I could not speak. There is no possible excuse for such an attitude!

To make the best of herself is the conceded duty of every woman, young or old; and a modish gown means very little when her complexion is uncared for.

"Come here," I said to her, "and let me see what I can do for you."

First I used a vanishing cream, gently patting it into the skin. This was Pompeian Day Cream. I always use this, for it leaves only a faint creamy film on the surface and holds powder and rouge so well. Next a coating of the soft, clinging Beauty Powder. Then a bit of rouge blended downward and outward from the cheekbone; dusting over all with a last touch of the powder. And this I had done to only *one side* of her face!

I turned her around to face the mirror. You never saw anyone so surprised! She looked and looked, turning from side to side; and I don't wonder, for she saw two entirely different girls, and one was so much lovelier it seemed incredible.

"That is what you can make of yourself every day, and it will take only a few minutes," I told her.

I couldn't help laughing at her astonishment; she had never had an idea she could be so pretty. She realized now the mistake she had been making, and watched with the keenest interest, while I made the other side of her face just as charming, adding at the last a touch of Pompeian Lip Stick.

She didn't say very much, but all the afternoon I saw her eyes straying toward the mirror. I hoped then that she would profit by my little lesson, and I know now that she did, for I've never seen her looking pale and weary since.

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Right in the midst of a busy morning's painting an adventurous bee buzzes into the picture. In fact, there are two bees, both buzzing viciously.

What should the steeplejack do?

There being in the profession no local rules for buzzing bees, your average steeplejack probably would get the all-clear signal from below and slide promptly down to safety.

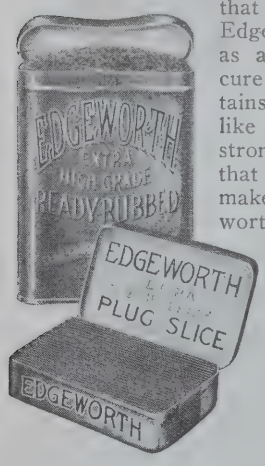
But not Our Hero. He takes out his pipe, lights it, and goes on painting.

"It soothes the nerves," he says frankly about pipe smoking.

We have no way of knowing what kind of tobacco the steeplejack pours into his pipe on these bee-buzzing occasions, but we have a feeling that it is Edgeworth.

For Edgeworth does much to give the smoker a sense of calm, peaceful security.

Of course we wouldn't care to go on record as claiming that smoking a can of Edgeworth is as good as a two-weeks rest cure in the mountains; but we would like to register strongly the opinion that smoking any pipe makes life seem more worth living and that smoking a pipe filled with Edgeworth helps a lot.



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To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

"Go upstairs with Lizzie-Kate and wash your eyes and lay off your bonnet, Lucy," added Mrs. Callahan, easily assuming command. "Take the baby with you and put him down on a bed—the child's dropping asleep. And you children run out into the yard and play until we call you! I'll pop the cream back into the freezer, and all we have to do is wash up a dish or two and heat the food——"

"Oh, but that's such a lot of trouble!" protested poor Lucy, clinging to the kindly hands even while Lizzie-Kate firmly drew her away. "Just bread and butter would do for the lot of them—and God knows you're angels to think of that——"

This was at about four o'clock, and it was quarter to six when Ellen Murphy came slowly through the side yard of her sister's home and stopped short, in a state of stupefaction at the scene in the kitchen.

The eager young Mullens, aided by Mart and Joe Kane and adoringly abetted by young Flurry, were having their faces wiped at the sink by four excited and interested women, preparatory to an orgy. They had played for two hours with the exhilaration of sensible children who know that every degree of increasing appetite represents an eventual deepening of delight.

Now the feast was spread; the big platter was loaded with chicken again, and the rolls and potatoes smoked appetizingly into the bright afternoon air, and there were jelly and nuts and celery and candies, and a cake that the Mullens would never forget, and a damp gunny sack over the freezer.

"For the love of St. Louise of Prussia!" said Ellen simply. Her mother's heart stood still; Lizzie-Kate paused, in the very act of tying on a big apron, and sent her sister a fearful glance.

"Hello, Lucy," said Ellen, with a kiss. "Hello, kids! Why didn't you bring the family, Lucy? Hello Mart! My God, are we going to eat again?"

She went up to her mother and managed the feat of encircling with her arm the little dried-up walnut of a woman, whose hands were filled with hot dinner plates.

"Mama, are you mad? I was awfully ashamed of those girls today," Ellen said bravely. "The gall of them—the airs of them—eating in a boarding house in Madison Avenue, and then coming down here to pick faults in your food! I'd like to have told them what I thought of them—but you know how it is, mama—you *can't*, in your own house! I wanted to say 'the sole of my foot and the back of my hand to the whole crowd of you!' what with Mrs. Callahan coming down here and cookin' herself to death for them——"

Mrs. Murphy and Lizzie-Kate exchanged an innocent, wondering glance, their eyes wide with amazement and relief.

"I didn't mind it at all, dear," said Mrs. Murphy then, in a tone not often heard by Ellen nor any one of her children. "As long as yourself is the dear, good, appreciative child you are!" added the pessimist astonishingly.

And immediately, in a riot of laughter, they were all seating themselves at the table and fussing with re-folded napkins and buttering and jamming bread for the famished youngsters. And then came that rarely heard sound, the laughter of Mrs. Murphy.

"I didn't let on I seen nothing today at lunch——" she began.

"Oh, no you didn't!" said Ellen, in high feather. "All you did was to call them horses and camels!" And at this her mother's grizzled thin hair actually went down on the tablecloth in a spasm of mirth.

"Well, would anyone like Mart to go out and buy some tanbark or a few bath mittens for supper?" she sobbed joyfully. And there were shrieks.

"Sit back—and hold your horses—and have some manners to you!" said Lucy Mullen, in a sudden imperious voice. Her children slid the buttered bread from their obedient hands; even the curly-polled "old baby" shut her round black eyes.

"Will you say grace?" Lucy asked Mrs. Murphy.

The Murphys looked a trifle guilty. Lizzie-Kate indeed "blessed herself," and her food, at every meal. But for the rest of them this old country custom had somewhat lapsed.

But they were all silent now, and in the silence Mrs. Murphy's old pipe, still thinned with laughter, said reverently:

"Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, which we are about to receive from Thy bounty. Through Christ our Lord——"

And all the little Mullens, eying the gravy and the candy and the big maple nut marshmallow cake on the golden oak sideboard, said "Amen!"

As you read the next story by Kathleen Norris, in July COSMOPOLITAN, *you will find laughs and lumps meeting each other in your throat*

When Knighthood Was In Tower

(*Continued from page 49*)

nothing to be desired, but it appears that I lack that unusual imagination necessary to invent new and interesting plots. Perhaps that is because I have not seen enough of life in the raw—I have never actually experienced hunger, fear, envy; in fact, few, if any, of the standard emotions. There has been no necessity for me to feel them. My infernal wealth has been fatal to inspiration. Yet, by heaven, I *can* write, and some day I——"

"But with all your money, Mr. Tower," I interrupt, "why not rent a theater and produce one of your own plays yourself, since all you really want is to see it on Broadway?"

"Yes, I could do that," he tells me, "but that is not my desire. I want my work accepted by a disinterested producer, on its merits!"

"Fair enough!" I says, foiling a yawn in my throat. "Isn't that waltz they're playing delightful?"

Well, money had not prevented Mr. Tower from solving the mysteries of



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dancing, and really he glided a wicked ballroom. While we're tripping the light fantastic, as they call it on Avenue A, I can't seem to keep my mind off this queer situation in which the millionaire Mr. Tower and the starving Mr. Westover play the leading parts. The thing interests me strangely, and having helped a chorus man and a prize fighter to solve similar problems, I can't see why I should be baffled by a couple of synthetic playwrights. Then in a flash the answer comes to me! I will have Mr. Tower *buy* "An Illegal Crime," which will put Mr. Westover on his feet and give him a stake for coffee and cakes while he writes other gems. In turn, Mr. Tower through his influence can have Mr. Westover's play produced *under his own name* and in that way gather the fame he craves, because I'm satisfied "An Illegal Crime" will slap Broadway for a row of parsley!

I'm so excited over my idea that I talk of nothing else to Mr. Tower all the way home in his car—this time it's a Boles-Joyce limousine, carrying a crew of two on the front seat. When we reached my bower, I ran up and got my copy of "An Illegal Crime" and gave it to Mr. Tower to read, together with my proposition to think over. He was very doubtful and far from sold on the idea. In fact, he seemed much more interested in getting a rough estimate from me on when he could play around with me again. I said let's get his future all fixed up and we'd speak of recreation later. He then told me I was wonderful and I told him good night.

The very first thing the next morning Mr. Tower called me on the switchboard and he's the height of enthusiasm over both "An Illegal Crime" and the idea of buying it from Mr. Westover. Could I arrange a meeting? I said of course I could—and then it suddenly dawned on me that I hadn't yet mentioned a word of my scheme to Mr. Westover.

At first the highly astonished Robert couldn't see my proposition with a telescope and he most indignantly refused to have anything to do with it. What, allow his brain child to appear as the progeny of another? Never! He barked and meowed along these lines till I called his attention to the fact that he was broke, in debt, on the brink of being streeted from the St. Moe and had a six months' vacation in the hoosegow staring him in the face for not being able to pay his hotel bill. This made Robert thoughtful and he finally agreed with me that he who writes and makes it pay will live to write another play. He insisted, however, that he wouldn't take a nickel less than a thousand dollars for "An Illegal Crime." When Mr. Tower offered him $7500 cash for it Robert nearly swooned, but he recovered in time to gurgle "Sold!" Then the gambling millionaire starts the rounds with the play.

Well, where poor Robert Meacham Westover had to be content with interviewing office boys and having stenographers pass on his play when *he* was peddling it, Mr. Tower was ushered right in to see the big theatrical moguls themselves. There's only one place on earth where a man who is able to write a check for a million and get it cashed can't get attention and that place is called Nowhere. Sidney Rosenblum, the first producer Mr. Tower called on, looked greatly disappointed when the young money king declined to put up the sugar to produce the play or even to go fifty-fifty on it. Still, out of respect to Mr. Tower's bankroll, Rosenblum glanced carelessly over "An Illegal Crime." Mr. Tower told me afterwards that before Rosenblum had finished reading the first act he rang for his secretary and asked her to break out a contract!

Six weeks later the play was produced with Mr. Tower's name on it as author, and to the hysterical joy of Mr. Tower, me and Rosenblum, it turned out to be the success of the year. The critics went crazy and point-blankly accused Mr. Tower of having wrote the great American play. Honest, he was interviewed silly and his picture was plastered all over the papers—in other words, he was famous and his lifelong ambition was realized.

Then along comes the fly in the ointment and the fly's name was Robert Meacham Westover, the real author of "An Illegal Crime." When Robert sees what a knockout his drama has turned out to be and realizes that he has sold all his rights in it, he's fit to be tied, no fooling! He made quite a scene at the switchboard, blaming *me* as all men since the first one blame the woman when anything goes wrong.

"I worked the best part of a year on that play," he almost sobs to me. "I starved and slaved in composing it, and now, by heaven, I have to *buy tickets* to see my masterpiece, with another's name on it as its author! It's driving me insane!"

"Well, why didn't you think of that when you sold your frolic?" I says, but I'm really a bit upset myself. "You took seventy-five hundred dollars for it and Mr. Tower took all the chances. Suppose it had been a flop, would you have given him back his money?"

"I'll give him back his paltry seventy-five hundred *now!*" raves Robert. "Why, 'An Illegal Crime' will make that in royalties within a few weeks. I'll *make* him take back his gold and return my play! It's my greatest effort and I demand the fame and prestige it will give me and which is my right. Oh, whatever possessed me to enter into such an indecent, immoral bargain—to sell the child of my brain! I may never again compose such a plot. I'll have to start all over again. I——"

"Be still!" I butt in. "You got everybody in the lobby looking at you. As long as I started this, I'll try and finish it. I'll talk this over with Mr. Tower today. Remember, I promise nothing, but I'll do my best!"

"Straighten this out and you will never regret it," says Robert frantically. "My career now rests in your pretty hands!"

Well, honestly, I was very sorry for Robert and the more I turned matters over in my troubled mind the more I began to see some justice in his stand. After all, it *was* his play that New York was wild over and it must have been horrible to have to see someone else get the credit. I hated myself for getting mixed up in his affairs at all, even though what I did was only done to help him. Then there was Mr. Tower's side to be considered, too. Hadn't he gambled his seventy-five hundred—just seven and a half times what Robert asked for "An Illegal Crime?" Mr. Tower had no way of knowing that the play would get over.

I just couldn't stand thinking about it any longer, so I went right to Mr. Tower and



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Offers You Its Specialized Services in Choosing a School

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This year many young people will again be perplexed by the problem of finding the right school. Why not let us help you?

The Chicago Daily News maintains this service absolutely free of charge to you. No need hurriedly to select a school on mere hearsay when expert advice can be obtained by telephoning, writing, or calling for a personal interview at

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS
School and College Bureau
15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois

presented the case of Robert Meacham Westover to him. Mr. Tower, joyful as a lark, was busy autographing his pictures, dictating letters to admirers, signing contracts for movie rights and Lord knows what else. He was busier than Busy himself, and sitting pretty, and I just hated to be a crape-hanger.

Mr. Tower was smiling happily when I began my story, after he had told his secretary to step out, but before I got half finished he was pacing the floor and the smile was conspicuous by its absence. To say it was a shock would be a niggardly use of adjectives! He never expected anything like this to gum up his fun.

"This is terrible—*terrible!*" he says finally. "I bought all rights to the infernal play from Westover, didn't I? Any court in the land will sustain my position. I'll give him all the royalties! I have no use for the money, I only want——"

"You only want the same thing Mister Westover wants," I interrupt. "That's credit for writing the play! There's no use offering him money either, Mr. Tower, I know he wouldn't accept it, and of course if he sued you and won, he'd get all the royalites anyhow. He could have me dragged to court for a witness—and I'd have to tell the truth, wouldn't I?"

Again Mr. Tower nervously patrols the room. "Well, what shall I do—what would *you* do?" he asks me desperately.

"Mr. Tower," I says seriously, "if you're a *real* man, a true knight, such as I like to *think* you are, here's the chance of a lifetime to show your bigness, and you'll jump at it! There's only one thing to do and that's the honorable thing. Take back your money from Mr. Westover and we'll both make an affidavit that he, not you, wrote 'An Illegal Crime'."

Mr. Tower gave me a long, long look and I returned it, putting everything I had in my eyes. "It will please *you* if I do this?" he asks me soulfully.

"Very much," I answered promptly. "And it should please *you*, too!"

With a deep sigh Mr. Tower became a knight. He called in his secretary and dictated a statement that caused the dumbfounded secretary's eyes to bulge. Then we got Mr. Westover, stopped at a notary public, and we all wrote our names on the dotted line. Mr. Westover signed with a flourish, but Mr. Tower's signature was shaky. Our next port of call was Sidney Rosenblum.

It goes without saying that Rosenblum was dazed when we had told him our little bedtime story, but he wasn't so dazed that he forgot to get his press agent busy on this new and sensational angle to the production of the play. There was little else in the newspapers the next morning, and, yes, my picture was there with the others. The thing burst like a bombshell on Broadway and the avalanche of publicity started "An Illegal Crime" on what has all the earmarks of a two-year run on the Big Street alone. Robert Meacham Westover was made for life, of course. Why, he and this Rosenblum have turned down $80,000 for the movie rights! I could have entered the chorus of any musical show on Broadway as the result of my photos being incessantly printed and the general notoriety I drew out of it, and even Mr. Tower got the best of the big exposure. He was highly praised for his sportsmanship in acting like he did, when he was legally entitled to claim authorship of the play.

Well, success brought about a great change in Robert Meacham Westover, the boy playwright. It went right to his head, where there was the most room. He moved from his cupboard under the roof to a classy suite in the most expensive part of the St. Moe and stalked through the lobby like he'd suddenly been appointed Duke of Diphtheria, or something. Instead of pestering me and the other girls about his imaginary phone calls as he did in days of yore, he now refused to talk to *anybody* over the phone.

However, he was grateful enough to *me*, who he swore put him over. He wanted me to go here and he wanted me to go there with him, but I couldn't use him and was ready and anxious to let him pass out of my life. Robert was too much in love with *himself* to really love anyone else, and when he asked me would I consider marrying him I told him I was afraid I couldn't get off duty to go to the church and they wouldn't stand for a wedding in the lobby.

"But I don't object to taking back the ten dollars I loaned you before you became the talk of New York," I says.

"Oh—I *beg* your pardon!" he stammers, getting red, and why shouldn't he? "I —I'd forgotten all about that—rushed to death—working on my new play, you know—that sort of thing——"

He pulls out a roll of bills that would strangle a hippo and makes a big display in the crowded lobby by thumbing them over a couple of times before counting me out a hundred dollars in ten-dollar bills. He let everybody see him handing me that money—and that's the tip-off on him.

I took one ten and coldly told him to keep the rest for writing materials. I haven't spoke two words to him since!

One more minute and I'm through, take off your coat and make yourself comfortable. Guy Austin Tower rushed up to the switchboard a few days later to excitedly announce that he'd been commissioned to write a play by no less than Sidney Rosenblum himself. Rosenblum had sent for Mr. Tower and told him he saw no good reason why the publicity he'd just enjoyed shouldn't be made use of. He then made Mr. Tower repeat all the circumstances connected with the authorship of "An Illegal Crime." When my boy friend got finished with the sad tale, Rosenblum puffed thoughtfully at his cigar for a minute or two and remarked that in his opinion the story of how Mr. Tower had bought Mr. Westover's drama and then given it back to him would make a corking play itself.

Well, with a plot at last to mix with his fine writing, Mr. Tower tied in enthusiastically and wrote the play.

It opened six months ago, and try to get in. The last I heard they were selling tickets for the New Year's matinee, 1924.

Be yourself!

H. C. Witwer tells another adventure of Gladys Murgatroyd, the girl who gets more fun out of life than anyone else, in a forthcoming issue of COSMOPOLITAN

PERMANENT ENAMEL BAKED ON STEEL

Eight years ago, when Dodge Brothers originated the all-steel motor car body, they took advantage of the absence of wood in the framework to bake an enamel finish on the surface of the steel.

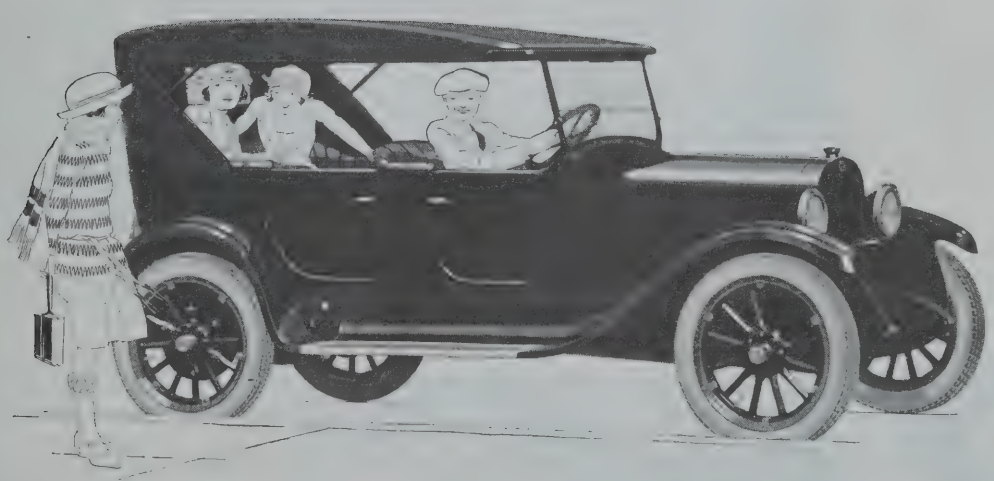
In a vast series of electric ovens, especially designed and built by Dodge Brothers' engineers for this process, three distinct coats of black enamel are successively baked on the steel at an intensely high temperature.

The result is a finish so hardy and durable that it seldom requires more than a good cleaning and polishing to restore the original brightness.

Even in sections of the Southwest where alkali in the soil is especially destructive to body finishes, Dodge Brothers enamel retains its beautiful lustre after years of wear.

DODGE BROTHERS

The price of the Touring Car is $880 f. o. b. Detroit





A telephone personality

In your face to face contacts with people, your appearance, your bearing and many other things help you to make the right impression. But in your telephone contacts there is only one thing by which you can be judged—your speech.

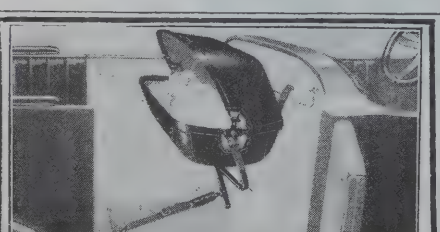
An effective telephone personality is to-day a business and social asset. Everybody appreciates the person who speaks distinctly and pleasantly, neither too fast nor too slow, with a clear enunciation of each word, with lips facing the mouthpiece and speaking into it. In business, this is the telephone personality which induces favorable action on the part of the listener. To the salesman it may mean the difference between an order and no order; between an interview granted and an interview refused.

Curiously enough, people who are careful to make themselves effectively heard and understood face to face, often disregard the need for effectiveness in their telephone speech. Perhaps they shout, perhaps they mumble, perhaps they hold the mouthpiece far from their lips. And frequently they never realize that their carelessness has defeated the purpose of their talk.

The Bell System maintains for telephone users the best facilities that science, modern equipment, skilled operation and careful management can bring to telephone speech. But these facilities can be fully effective only when they are properly used.

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Haywood Tire & Equipment Company
1322 S. Oakley Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Beaver!

(*Continued from page 61*)

Internally, he seethed. Day after tomorrow he would be returning to Princeton. Lord Dolicho had consented to stay another week—both the Rotary Club and the Elks were anxious to hear him. And all the past week seemed to William to have been exclusively composed of incidents like that of the eleven foot putt.

He didn't like the way Marcia sometimes looked at Lord Dolicho. He didn't like it at all. Mentally he characterized it as "an awful soft kind of a look."

Lord Dolicho's debonair accents aroused him from his walking stupor as they reached the porch of the Club.

"I say, let's play some sort of a silly game now, what?"

"How 'bout Drop the Handkerchief?" suggested William bitterly.

"Now Billy!" said Marcia in her most irritating voice.

"Ha, ha, not bad!" said the imperturbable Lord Dolicho. "Not bad!"

"What kind of a game?" asked Eloise respectfully.

"Oh, any sort of a silly one! Let me see. When I left home they were all playing Beaver, but that was ages ago. Good game, though."

"That's the one about people's beards, isn't it?" from Marcia, dubiously.

"Right-o. Good game. When you see a chap with any kind of a beard you cry 'Beaver!' at him and point, and if you spot him before the next lad it counts you one. A white beard's a Polar Beaver—five, that counts. And then if you run across a lad with a streaming red Vandyke he's supposed to be the Red King Beaver and you win the game. No end of fun. Couldn't play it much in London myself, though—family reasons," and Lord Dolicho chuckled.

The realization of that peer's connection with actual royalty descended upon William like a damp shroud. But he struggled on.

"I imagine it might be fun—in London," he remarked with heavy sarcasm. "But over here nearly everybody shaves."

"Oh, no they don't!" exclaimed Marcia excitedly. "Beaver! Polar Beaver!" She pointed.

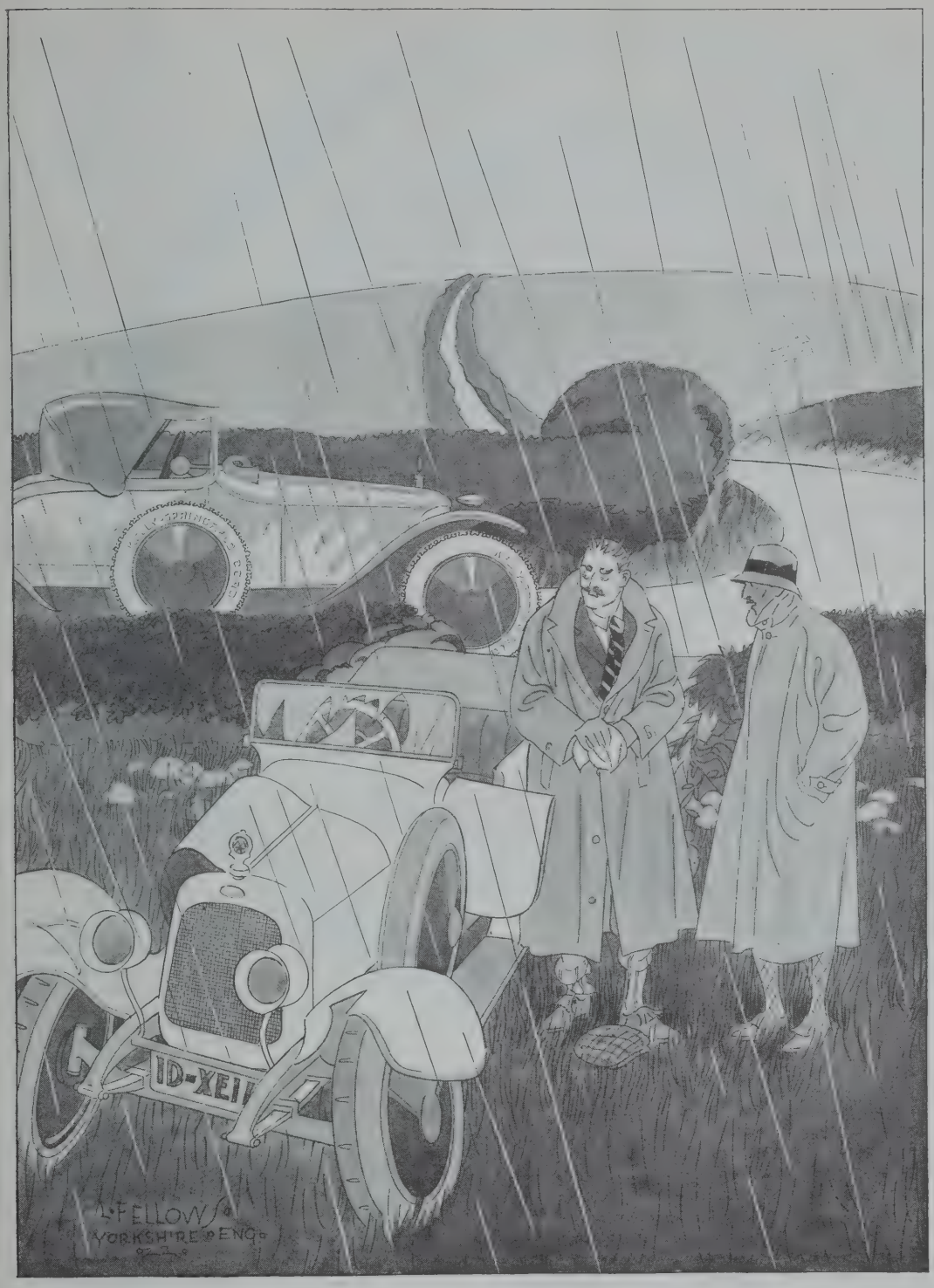
A little gentleman with a meek white chin tuft scuttled away into the Club like a chevied rabbit. Everybody but William laughed.

"Oh, jolly good for Marcia!" said Lord Dolicho approvingly. "Beaver!" he howled abruptly at the top of his lungs, arms waving.

The President of the Plasterers' and Plumbers' Bank, about to drive from the first tee, jumped, topped his ball and swore like a top sergeant. His bushy whiskers waved angrily in the breeze.

"Not quite a full grown Beaver," said Lord Dolicho calmly. "Have to chuck him back in the brook if he were a trout. But still, I think I score him."

The beaver hunt that followed occupied the rest of the afternoon. When, finally, they adjourned to Marcia's for tea, Lord Dolicho led Marcia by one hotly disputed hirsute tuft with Eloise a bad third and William a wretched fourth. One sprout of hope alone still waved like a sickly plant in the desert of William's disgust. He had



*YORKSHIRE MOORS, ENGLAND**

"Confound these infernal slippery roads! Why don't some of these clever Johnnies invent a tyre that won't slither about so?"
"They have—Kelly-Springfield Cords."

THERE is ample justification for the absolute confidence which the owner of Kelly Cords places in them. Not only are they surefooted on practically all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather but they have that characteristic Kelly sturdiness which insures long mileage in spite of severe punishment.

Truly, a rare combination of safety and service, yet —it costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

**Drawing by Laurence Fellows, England.*

engineered the recess for tea at Marcia's.

Marcia's father, Mr. Alexander Mather, was a testy old gentleman known behind his back as "The Czar"—by far the most important male citizen of Mastodon. And, next to his daughter and his honorary colonelcy on the Governor's Life Guards, his most cherished possession was his long, patriarchal beard of a luxuriant magnificence seldom seen in these razored days; an immense and snowy shrub still streaked with patches of bright auburn that showed whence Marcia had inherited her spectacular hair.

But William's half conceived plot received a staggering blow when they arrived at the Mathers'. Mrs. Mather remarked casually that she didn't know when Alexander would be home—he had a committee meeting of some sort. William sighed.

The minutes passed with Lord Dolicho and Marcia in low voiced converse on the sofa and William doing his best to overhear their conversation and at the same time make appropriately polite replies to Mrs. Mather's stream of questions about the Princeton curriculum. He began to hate Mrs. Mather. From time to time she observed the couple on the sofa with a wide, approving smile.

The butler was discussed but Lord Dolicho and Marcia agreed that mere sideburns should not count. The day lapsed into that dead, stale interval between tea and dinner when strong young men begin to think of marrying into the Follies. William, looking desolately out of the window to avoid having to look at Lord Dolicho and Marcia—Mrs. Mather had pumped him dry—stiffened suddenly, like a cat in the intoxicating presence of a catnip mouse. The disgraceful old runabout to which Alexander Mather still clung, with the stubborn affection of a child for its first rag doll, was wheezing up to the door.

William trembled with joy. He could not believe his eyes.

Mr. Mather got out gingerly. His expression as he turned to dismiss the chauffeur was not a happy one. In fact, William thought with enthusiasm, he looked mad enough to eat tacks. The meeting had obviously been a wayward one.

He stumped heavily up the front steps and Marcia heard him.

"That must be daddy!" she said; then, tenderly, to Lord Dolicho, "*You* know daddy, don't you, Fluffles?"

"Oh yes indeed!" said Lord Dolicho, beaming.

The steps stumped down the hall. The door was thrown open. Mr. Mather stood in the doorway, red and fuming. He had not bothered to remove his hat and one hand clutched the handle of a brief case as if it were an enemy's neck. He presented a figure of wrath at once unmistakable and portentous. His very beard seemed to bristle with passion and electricity. William gloated at him.

"Well! Of all the inordinate fools in the city of Mastodon," he began in a hoarse, harsh voice, "I think I have just been talking to the most pig-headed, venomous lot of——"

But the pithy conclusion of his sentence was never reached. Lord Dolicho had leaped to his feet, upsetting one of Mrs. Mather's best teacups with a crash to the floor.

"Beaver!" he screamed, and pointed an accusing arm. "Beaver! Red King Beaver! I win the game!"

The pyrotechnics that followed were brief but gaudy. William, dissolved in hopeless laughter in a corner, viewed them with a satisfaction sweeter than honey. He heard Lord Dolicho's stammering apologies roared down and trampled upon. He saw that peer well-nigh driven out of the door by Mr. Mather's furious finger shaken in his face. He heard Mrs. Mather's ruffled "Impossible! Quite impossible! And I always thought he was such a nice young man!" He saw Marcia's hurt, dumbfounded stare.

When Lord Dolicho was quite gone, William turned to Mrs. Mather.

"I think I'd better go after him," he said in tones of gentle apology. "After all—he's mother's guest."

"That's nice of you, Billy—and characteristic, too," said Mrs. Mather very pleasantly.

The hope that never dies in the breasts of social mothers aroused again. After all, in some ways, Marcia could hardly do better than Billy.

William took his departure very nicely, except for Marcia. She followed him to the door without saying anything, though her eyes were extremely bright. But when he offered his hand she put hers behind her back, and, "William Conduit, I'll never forgive you long as I live!" she said. Then the door slammed, leaving William gaping.

Still, going home, he smiled. She'd get over it. Women were always like that—but they always got over it, he thought experiencedly.

He found Lord Dolicho bundling things into his bags.

"I say—I find I can get a train at seven," Lord Dolicho remarked as soon as William came in. "Sorry about the lectures—I'll write and apologize. But I've just had an urgent telegram. Called back." His face was a mask.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry!" said William insincerely. "About everything," he added.

"Did rather make an ass of myself, what? Sorry. A most perfect ass. Knocked over the apple cart for good and all."

"The Mathers are an awfully devoted family," said William treacherously. "If it weren't for that——" He sighed.

"Yes," said Lord Dolicho reflectively. "Quite."

He went on packing, finished the bag and locked it. Then he stared at William for a moment but seemed to find no comfort in his face. Then abruptly, astoundingly, he chuckled.

"All the same, the old sportsman is a most complete King Beaver!" he said. "Couldn't resist it. Well——" He began on the other bags.

William was just about to tiptoe away when the telephone rang.

"That Club, most likely—the Elks—telling me to bounce myself against a wall," said Lord Dolicho wryly. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello. Are you there?"

But the voice from the telephone was clearly not that of a club.

"Fluffles!" it said distinctly, and then there seemed to be a disturbance on the wires.

William should not have listened, doubtless, but he did. And as he listened he felt his heart slide down, down toward the pit of his stomach.

"Miss Mather! I say, Miss Mather! Marcia!"

"Oh Fluffles, I'm so glad you're there! I thought I'd never get to the phone. Oh Fluffles!" and the voice became inarticulate.

"I say!" said Lord Dolicho jerkily. "You know I apologize. Beastly of me. Acting the complete bounder. I say, it was ghastly. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh Fluffles, of course! It's I who want to apologize all over myself for the awful, awful way that daddy behaved. Oh, I'm simply raging! I can't stand it! When you——" The voice choked.

"Marcia!" said Lord Dolicho in a strange voice, "Marcia darling, you're crying! Oh Marcia——"

William opened his mouth and shut it. The conversation went on. But he had heard enough.

He crept toward the door.

V

A MONTH later William, at breakfast, turned cautiously to the society column of his newspaper. Yes, there it was, in cold type, the finish of everything.

He glared at the little paragraph.

> Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mather of Mastodon announce the engagement of their daughter, Marcia, to Lord Henry Albert Edward Charles Eustace Dolicho of Park Lane and Whortleberry Towers, Hants-on-the-Wold, Buckmastershire, England. The wedding has been set for early spring, following which Lord Dolicho, who is a well known Egyptologist, will take his bride to Egypt for their honeymoon.

The headline was "American Society Beauty Nabs English Peer."

William let the paper flutter to the floor. His eyes stared into vacancy. Then, after a while, he began to feel a little better—for he was his mother's son. This hurt, but it would go by.

Still, it hurt. He picked up the paper and read the paragraph again. Then a certain memory of his mother returned to his mind. He attempted a feeble smile. After all, why not try it? He glanced around cautiously to make sure that he was not observed. But nobody else was paying any attention to him.

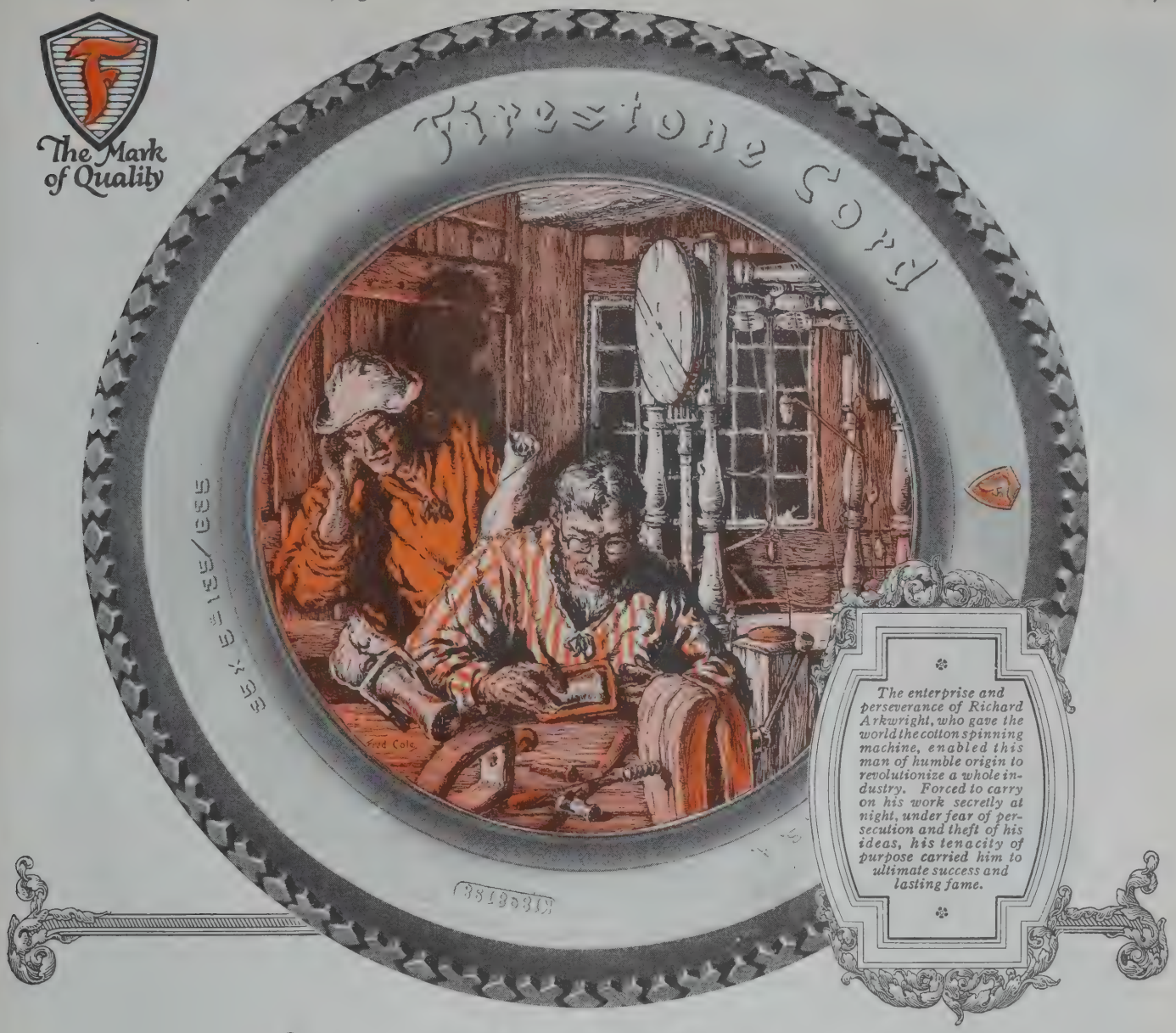
He propped the fatal journal against his coffee cup where he could stare at it intently but unobtrusively. Then he hesitated, but mastered himself.

"All a matter of what you think, Bill—just *thought*, that's all," he asserted.

He began gently to massage himself with the flat of his hand just above the region of his heart.

"*Ça passe!*" he whispered, "*Ça passe!* Oh, Marcia was grand while she had it—but *ça passe—ça passe—passe—passe*——"

Adela Rogers St. Johns knows the story of everybody in Hollywood: She tells one of these stories in July COSMOPOLITAN—*the story we had promised for this issue*



Steadfast Purpose

THE unswerving determination with which Arkwright labored to produce the spinning machine is paralleled in many instances throughout the course of our industrial progress.

It was such steadfast purpose that ultimately achieved a tire for which the public had long waited—the Firestone Gum-Dipped Cord.

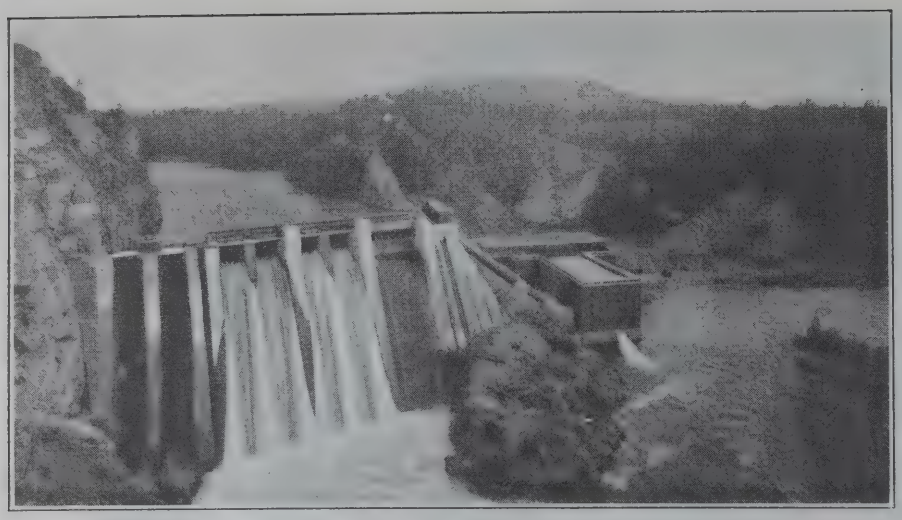
Measuring up to the needs of today for greater dependability and economy of tire performance, this highly perfected cord has been acclaimed everywhere as a contribution of permanent importance to motorists.

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How far can a waterfall fall?

In 1891 General Electric Company equipped an electric plant at Pomona, California, for transmitting electric power 28 miles—a record.

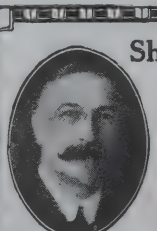
Today electric power from a waterfall is carried ten times as far.

Some day remote farm homes will have electricity and streams that now yield nothing will be yielding power and light.

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Dept. 84 Springfield, Mass.

Red-Handed

(*Continued from page 35*)

then at once diminished in perspective.

"Any rough stuff?"

"Like takin' marbles from a kid. He had a gat on him, too—I got it here. The poor fish—carryin' his gat where he'd have to halfway undress himself to get it out. Scared stiff, scared dumb, too—mighty near it!"

"How much in it?"

"How would I know? All I know is I got it." Solitaire, between jolts and side slips, answered this with a seeming sharp impatience.

"What say I slow up and we give it a look?" Feary's eyes were on fire with greed. His coveting glance darted to the paper-wrapped cylinder in his companion's lap and at that the car buck-jumped out of the soft ruts.

Solitaire, in great apparent alarm, cried out:

"Look where you're goin'! Have you gone dippy, Pink? I don't know what we got and I ain't carin', neither—not till we're a couple hundred miles from here and hived up somewheres, safe. Think we've got the only fast car there is in this country? Just about now them suckers have quit runnin' round in circles and are shapin' to give us the race of our lives. You drive her—and you drive her like the devil!"

And Feary, seeing the force of this argument, drove her like the naughty word. In forty-five minutes the car ate up nearly thirty miles.

Now, in this respect, the trouble with Feary was his ignorance. As well as a man might who assiduously had studied local maps, he knew the route they meant to follow, its main roads and its crossroads, and its detour lines for avoiding the occasional small towns of this sparsely settled district. What he did not know was the physical configuration of the country or the natural characteristics which hereabouts marked changes in the terrain. Even at this speed at which they traveled a native-born would have been advised by certain things—by the increase of the salmon tint in the soil; by the thickening up of the underbrush, with briers and bays and gumberry bushes; by the water maples and holly and cypress and live oaks succeeding the pine barrens; by the recurrence of puddles filled with water that was the color of freshly steeped sassafras tea; and, most significant of all, by the appearance of stringy tufts of Spanish moss dangling like gray scalp locks in the clutches of the tree limbs. But Feary's experience had taught him that the transition from a flat to a bottom invariably was marked by a dropping-away in the earth.

So, since the road vanishing in the twist of a sharp angle just ahead of him seemed to continue straight on and on ahead upon a surface as level as the palm of your hand, he took the turn without checking speed. But the heated tires met soft gray mire and skidded, and the car spun around almost in its own length. A mud guard caught on a cypress knee so that the car reared up behind like a breachy colt.

The whirling blur passed from before Solitaire's eyes. He got on his feet,

See America First From Your Car

YOU DON'T get the full benefit from owning an automobile unless you go touring every once in a while. Of course a motor car is primarily for utility transportation—to take you from where you are to where you want to go.

But you really should start out sometimes in your car, with no particular destination in mind. Just loaf along, invite your soul and make the acquaintance of the glorious country you live in.

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These maps comprise the series:

Official Touring Map of the United States.

District Maps

1.—Illinois, Northeast Missouri, Southeast Iowa.

2.—Indiana, Southern Michigan, Western Ohio, Northern Kentucky.

3.—Michigan.

4.—Eastern Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, Southeast Michigan, Southern Ontario, Western New York.

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13, 17.—Montana, Eastern Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico.

14.—Washington, Oregon, Western Idaho, Northern California.

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somewhat shaken but so far as he could tell not really hurt. A holly tree had broken his plunge; its prongs had scratched him, but the stiff foliage had saved his bones. He must have been flung right against the top of it. With one arm thrown up he had saved his face as he shot in among the barbed leaves and spiney twigs—he remembered doing that. Even in the shock and flurry of the smash-up he had not failed to hold fast to his burden. One set of fingers were gripped in the stout twine fastenings of it as he lifted himself up and recovered his hat from where it had fallen.

The car was alongside him. Its nose was half buried, right on the verges of the swamp; its rear wheels, though, still rested on the narrow strip of solid ground. But it would run no more for a while; an appraising glance at it told Solitaire that. A forward fender was stripped entirely away. Through its dished-in front the radiator was slobbering steam and hot water, and the back axle had knuckled and twisted out of all proper shape, where it had struck something solid and unresisting as the car came slap down after that violent back kick.

He circled behind the car. Feary lay on his face in a little pool of saffron water, his figure curiously foreshortened. One of his legs was twisted up under him in an unnatural crook and the trouser leg that covered it seemed strangely flabby. He might not be dead but he surely had a dead look about him. Certainly the leg was smashed. Probably the steering wheel had done that. Solitaire saw now that the steering wheel was bent forward on its stem as though a heavy body had been jammed with great violence against it; he had overlooked that detail in his first swift inventory of damage.

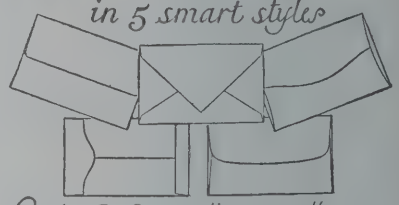
He put down the parcel, caught hold of Feary by the hollows under his arms and, without troubling to turn him over, dragged him through the soft ooze to a sizable cypress tree fifteen feet out in the edges of the swamp and left him, still face downward, behind the tree bole. Returning to the roadway, through muck halfway up to his legs, he observed with satisfaction that the intervening trunk almost completely hid the flattened body.

This admirably suited Solitaire. If Feary was dead he would rest there as well as anywhere. If he wasn't dead or dying, but only knocked cold, it merely was a question of time—of minutes, perhaps, hours possibly—before those who must be following, found him. Anyone who came upon the crippled car hunkered down halfway on and halfway off the strip of road would search about the spot, of course. Personally, he rather preferred Feary dead to Feary living; thereby things would be simplified.

To lighten his slimed feet he cleansed them as well as he could and with his precious package bestowed under his arm stood for a moment invoicing the prospect. Taking a short cut to one side or the other was not to be thought of. Either he would bog down, perhaps to founder and be smothered, or what was almost as serious a thing, he would get lost. So he must push ahead, across the slash, traversing a built-up dirt causeway that became of semi-liquid consistency in places where the seepage had come through its saturated walls. On ahead of him,

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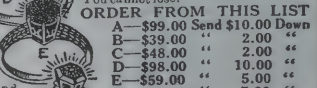
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some two hundred yards, he saw open water; a flimsy looking corduroy bridge spanned a slough. At no matter what risk, he must for a while stick to the highway, such as it was.

He started on, then halted and turned back, possessed suddenly of an idea. He took his own hat off his head and pitched it well out into the swamp to the left of the squatting car. It sailed prettily, struck flat and floated brim down. That was good. It was more than likely the pursuers would waste time there, probing for the hat's owner and for the money. Wearing Feary's hat, he went east, running hard and casting up with his feet sprays of yellow water.

As he ran, high thoughts possessed him. Thanks to chance and his late associate's recklessness he was on his own; he was playing the good old single-handed game again. Win or lose now, he would play it out so to the show-down.

And wasn't it a stake worth playing for? —a quarter of a million! There was the suggestion of an anticipatory caress in the way he hugged the small round firm burden to his breast as he splashed ahead. He had an almost overpowering desire to halt and tear away the wrappings, to open the container, to feast his eyes and favor his fingers with the sight and the touch of what was inside. He wanted to fondle it, tick it off in thousands and tens of thousands, stack it in sheaves on some handy stump. But he put the teasing thought from him. It was delectable, but also it was childish, foolish, dangerous, entirely out of the present question.

From the dizzied second when realization of the value of his prize came out of the sputterings of the man in overalls, Solitaire had designed to keep the whole lot for himself. Had the amount been within the scope of their original calculations—running up, say, to seventy or eighty thousand dollars—he would have kept the faith, breaking bulk fairly with the confederated pair of his helpers. But this purse was too big for splitting or subsplitting. It should be for him and him alone, a suitable reward for the larger risks he had taken and for his wits in scenting the great chance back yonder at the very beginning.

Perhaps Solitaire's reactions were unique —I don't know. Perhaps his temptation was comparable to those which come sometimes to men calling themselves honest. I am no psychologist to say which it was.

Anyhow, he had meant, from the moment of that first overpowering revelation, to trick the two accomplices for their shares—to make away with Feary, if needs be, at some favorable period of their flight, then later, when opportunity and comparative leisure served, to eliminate the Kid from consideration, either by violence or threats of violence, possibly by craft, but somehow. The Kid had been the smallest of his worries. The Kid was timorous with the lily liver of a rabbit and the guts of a guinea pig; in this equation he represented the Least Common Divisor. Bare suggestion of a gun play would take the soul right out of him.

But now the combination of a mud slide and a cypress root had solved the more pressing part of the problem. Practically, Feary had been disposed of by his

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"... and here's your Waterman"

SHE has hers, of course. But she's making sure that scratchy pens and gummy ink-wells will play no part in their vacation this summer and that their necessary correspondence will all be done out of doors in the open.

There is a size in

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that fits your hand exactly, and a style of point that was *shaped and tempered* to fit perfectly your individual character of handwriting.

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own act, saving mess and bother. The immediate concern was for Solitaire to save, intact, himself and the swag.

On all sides the outlook was lined with difficulties; apprehension began to ride even higher than his hopes rode. By now, the whole territory behind him must be up and humming. There would be policemen, constables, sheriffs and sheriffs' deputies on the move. There would be citizens organizing in groups as volunteer vigilantes, or trailing as solitary huntsmen. If he succeeded in eluding the domestic possemen, there would be private detectives—Burns men and Pinkertons—hurrying down from the North as fast as the steam cars could fetch them. And here he was afoot, on his own slender resources, and a stranger to these parts, using an accent foreign to the customary forms of speech, a figure fit for the scrutiny of every native eye.

He had set foot upon the sagging corduroys at the passage of the slough when the hope of deliverance budded in his mind to definite form. What quickened his brain to a shaped purpose was a thing he just now heard. Ahead of him, as yet out of sight but clearly audible, something—men or cattle or possibly men on horseback—made splashing, floundering sounds in the slushy underfooting. He caught no note suggestive of tires or wagon gear jangling; but the *slog-slog* of soggy feet was plain enough, not far off, either, and drawing nearer.

In their well devised course he and Feary neither had met nor had overtaken any others. They had passed, at a distance, some darky cabins and that was all; the section over which they had come was one of poor lands and of few and scattered houses. But here, in this whereabouts, walled in by quagmires and by dense hedges of poisonous looking greenery, he was about to encounter these oncoming travelers. The travelers, whoever they were, conceivably might not suspect him, but assuredly they would mark him for an alien. Inevitably, the townspeople, outpaced thus far but no doubt coming up hot-clip, would ask questions of all and sundry along the way, especially with the clue of the wrecked automobile to warm the chase for them.

But the pursuers would look for a man reported to be armed and presumably desperate, a man dressed after a certain fashion and answering to a given description, and, moreover, one literally quilted with stolen moneys in a vast amount. What if such a man, thus distinguished, should vanish altogether and in his stead there went forward one who was ragged and penniless and in all seeming respects a harmless wayfarer? What if this transformed loiterer very shortly, at a point somewhat distant from these present surroundings, so maneuvered as to get himself bestowed in a retreat where the searchers would seek last of all, if at all, for a driven fugitive known to be enormously in funds?

The project, whole and complete, spurred into his mind in that same flash when the sound of approaching steps came to his sharpened ears. In no time at all he was out, thigh-deep in the swamp, and had wedged himself in under the bridge logs, close against the sodden, quaky bank. A minute or two later two mounted men clattered over his head, speaking of trivial personal matters in their drawled vernacular.

A little farther along the sight of an abandoned car bedded down across their path, like a brood sow, sent them hurrying forward. So they did not see the blocky figure, unencumbered excepting by its dripping wet garments, that immediately thereafter emerged from hiding and regained the made ground and ran swiftly off, heading for the higher places lying to the east and south of the drowned lands.

With Solitaire haste was the essence of the contract he had made with himself. With as little delay as possible he counted on snugging himself in where, by his estimations, he would be safest from the chances of detection. Lying doggo in his cell in some remote and rural hoosegow he could, by means of newspapers and lock-up gossip, keep track of the vain hue and cry until it ran its abating course. Without bringing suspicion upon himself he could follow the fortunes of his late associates. He would know whether Feary lived or had died, whether the Sweet Caps Kid had been apprehended as an accessory before the fact. If, in spite of all, they found him there, if they recognized him for the Tuckahominy hold-up, he still would have a potent weapon in reserve for his own defense. Through the bars he could traffic with them; a prisoner, he yet could bargain practically on his own terms. For he alone could lead them back to the treasure with which he had levanted. It would be his freedom against so much cold cash. Money talks and in his behalf a quarter of a million would argue with an eloquent separate tongue for every one of its quarter of a million units.

Solitaire figured on getting a matter of thirty days or so in a convenient county jail. His mistake was that he did not know the custom of the neighborhood. What he got was ninety days on a county chain gang—a vastly different thing.

Where the swamp petered out, first to half flooded islands set in reedy and weedy waters, and then to solid earth, he struck across fields and woodlots. He slept, supperless, that night in a thicket. In the morning at daylight, on the edge of a patch of young sweet corn, he stripped a scarecrow's frame of a terribly faded, terribly weather-beaten coat. Under a brush pile he hid the coat which he had worn in his rôle as an itinerant steam fitter looking for odd jobs; that was the part he had played coming into the State. With the coat he left the two pistols—his own automatic and the overalled man's cheap gun—and all other things which by any contingency might serve to identify him in his proper person. He carried the scarecrow's bleached and ragged vestment on his arm as he went along on his way.

Luck continued to serve him. Two miles farther on he came upon a cabin, standing in a small clearing. Watching from a fence row, he saw a negro woman stretch a plow rope between the pole of a martin box and the trunk of a chinaberry tree and drape thereon a meager string of newly rinsed garments which she took from a tub in the doorway. Then she balanced a heavy basket of garden truck on her head and went singing along a grass lane into the woods. He waited until he made sure that, with this negress gone, the cabin was quite empty. He took from the line a damp cotton jumper, ragged at the elbows, and from the house a pair of broken brogans and an ancient cap. On a kitchen table in the one room stood a tin plate containing pones of stale corn bread and some slivers of side meat, glazed over with cold grease. He breakfasted swiftly on these scraps. Safely back again beyond the brush fence he made more changes in his wardrobe. He now was satisfied with his appearance; it ought to deceive anybody.

He knew that not far to the east of him must run the railroad. He came upon it, at a siding where a south bound freight waited for a passenger train to pass. When the passenger train went by and the freight shuffled back on to the main line Solitaire went with her, curled up in a far corner of an empty box car. Fifteen miles below, the free passenger dropped off when a halt was made at a fair-sized town, a county seat by the looks of it.

An aproned individual who, by the looks of him, was a solid citizen, stood at the door of what apparently was his own retail grocery establishment at a corner of the street running parallel with the tracks. With his sockless feet dragging in the pilfered shoes that were too big for him, Solitaire limped up to this person, beginning his plea for alms in the studied whine of the professional panhandler.

The business man shook his head.

"Better get out of here while you can," he said, in a soft and almost a gentle tone. "This ain't the best town in the state for tramps. And you make the second one I've seen already this mawnin'."

It was the cue Solitaire desired. He cursed the citizen vilely. He called him a certain name—a name often used in debate elsewhere but not as yet popular for common usage in the cotton belt. There it is still the primest fighting word of all the fighting words.

With a promptness of gesture which did not match in with his air of being a sober burgess nor yet with his lazy speaking voice, the grocer flung his right hand back under his apron skirt. For Solitaire, realism was being carried too far. He had calculated, by his insolence, to bring on a wordy encounter, no more. But what sort of a country was this where side street retailers carried gats in the daytime and craved excuse to use them?

Solitaire ran, ducking low as he turned the corner. Half a block along he ran into the arms of a coatless man in a uniform cap with a large silver badge pinned to his shirt.

It seemed that in the squatty city hall the city judge sat, awaiting any possible court business. Solitaire, being arraigned, gave a name and the frightfully indignant merchant and the city marshal gave testimony.

"Hum," said His Honor. "The big cities, seems like, are tryin' to unload all their tough hoboes on us folks down here—gettin' to be worse than the boll weevil. Let's see, now—vagrancy, beggin', usin' profane and insultin' language, disaw'dly conduct—say, I reckin it's just about time some of you bums from up Nawth had a lesson."

Solitaire grinned. Calling him a bum—him who could buy and sell this dump of a city hall and its police judge five times over and still have a couple of hundred



Are you making the most of your hair? Here are six pictures of the same girl showing her hair dressed in six different ways. Notice how the various arrangements change her appearance.

The way you dress your hair and the way you care for it, means the difference between looking attractive or just ordinary.

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Why you *must* have beautiful well-kept hair—

to be attractive

WEAR your hair becomingly, always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Wherever you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

She looks as young as ever

How often one hears this said of some woman whom the passing years seem to leave untouched. She rivals her daughters in freshness, and other women marvel.

Keep that schoolgirl complexion—this is the secret, and every woman should share it. Don't let the years write their record on your face when care will prevent it.

Begin today the beautifying that will help renew youth and charm. It will put natural color in your cheeks and make your face look firm and young.

Simple, but effective

This restorative treatment may seem almost too simple, but it is based upon real skin hygiene.

Dirt, oil and perspiration accumulate and must be removed. Otherwise the pores enlarge and blackheads and blotches result.

Wash your face daily with pure soap and you needn't fear complexion troubles. Your skin will remain firm, with a smooth, satiny texture which makes maturity as attractive as early youth.

All soaps won't do this

This mild cleansing is the most effective of all skin treatments, but you mustn't be careless about soap. Facial soap must be mild, soothing while it cleanses. It must be lotion-like, with no harshness. Such a soap is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils. They are nature's cleansers, valued since the days of ancient Egypt.

Apply the creamy lather freely, massaging it thoroughly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry gently with a soft towel.

Bedtime is best for cosmetic cleansing, that your skin may be renewed and refreshed while you sleep. In the morning rinse with cold water and then look in the mirror. Your reflection will delight you by its radiant freshness and charm.

Luxury soap for 10c

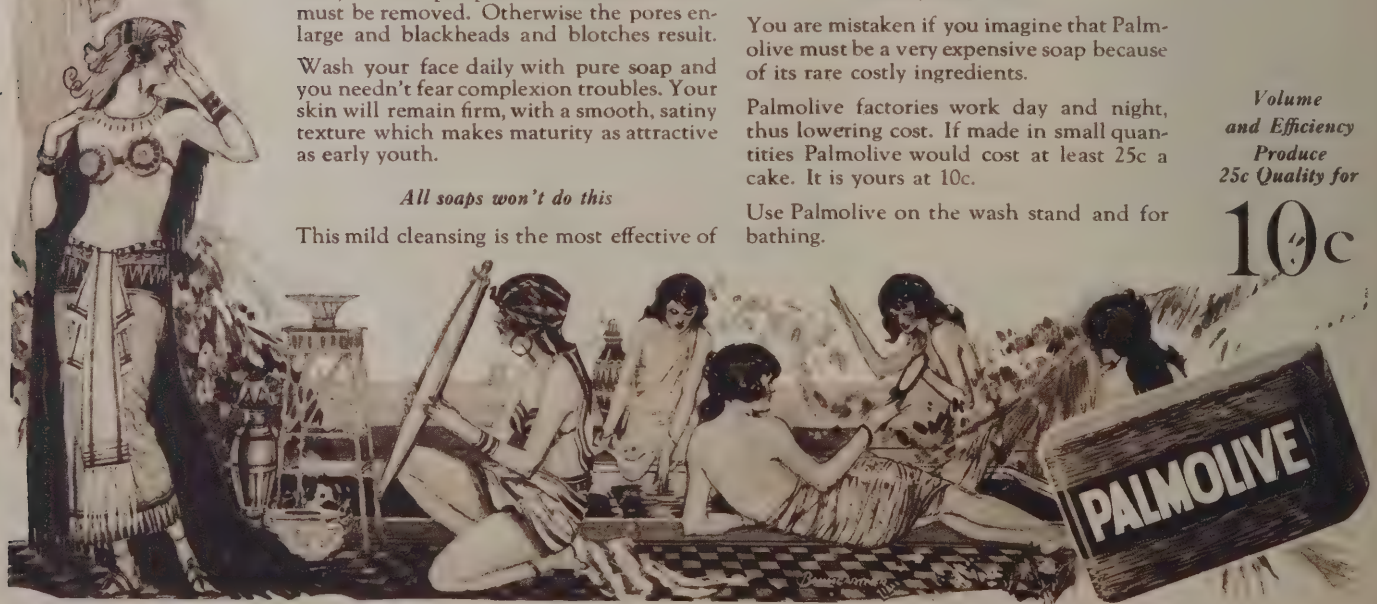
You are mistaken if you imagine that Palmolive must be a very expensive soap because of its rare costly ingredients.

Palmolive factories work day and night, thus lowering cost. If made in small quantities Palmolive would cost at least 25c a cake. It is yours at 10c.

Use Palmolive on the wash stand and for bathing.

Volume and Efficiency Produce 25c Quality for

10c



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thousands left! Besides, this scheme of his was progressing so beautifully! He just had to grin. But his honor on the bench did not see the joke.

"Think maybe it's funny, huh?" he commented acidly. "I'll learn you to laugh—three months' hard labor. Any other cases, chief? If not, court's adjourned."

Evidently justice hereabouts moved speedily. Solitaire ate his midday meal, such as it was, at a place called a county farm. Already he was encased in a shapeless two-piece rig of broad striped black and white and on his legs were noisy hobbles. Most of the convicts at the farm were "single shackled"—a ring fast on the left ankle and a long chain with a loose end which might be looped up about the waist. But for some reason or other, perhaps because he was a city product, so Solitaire subsequently decided, the blacksmith who served as deputy keeper chose to double shackle Solitaire, with a ring for either ankle, one riveted on him and the other locked on, and an eighteen-inch length of clanking ironmongery to join them.

He stayed at the farm less than two hours. That same afternoon, with two other newly sentenced offenders, he was taken in a wagon to a camp, so called, in the lowermost edge of the county, a dismal empty place of tidal creeks and sand banks, and was entered there as a member of a road gang. Part of the time the gang repaired roads over which scarcely anyone traveled. Mostly, though, they spaded out canals and laterals for the reclaiming of some salt water meadows, digging and wheelbarrowing and stacking from sun-up until dark under the eyes of warders who were so singularly alike that it seemed they must have come, finished and set-up, from the same mold—three lanky, sun-dried men with prominent noses and unprominent chins and languid malarial eyes, who carried sawed-off shotguns and heavy canes and seemed to dislike all things except authority and chewing tobacco.

At night Solitaire slept—if the mosquitoes, which took on at dusk when the sand flies left off, would let him sleep—as one of a double row who lay on fouled blankets upon straw, with their heads lined close up under the side walls of their canvas shelter and their feet edging an aisle down the middle; each one of them being threaded on by a link of his own private chain to a longer and heavier chain which stretched the length of the tent. He was fed on corn bread and salt pork and blackstrap molasses and a brackish fluid which passed for coffee. Six days a week, while his cumbered shank bones ached continuously to the weights upon them, and the winged vermin stung him and bit him and hummed at him, and the semi-tropical sun cooked him, he shoveled stinky black mud or else fine hot white sand. Sundays were the days of rest. He spent his Sundays beneath the tent with his bondmates, all of them tethered together as though for the night watch, like so many uneasy living charms strung on a giant's bangle; and the guards sat under a fly and played seven-up.

Ninety days Solitaire did thus and so, and all that time the irons were never loosed off from his legs. He toiled until he was spent from heat and exhaustion and insects' poison. He got a touch of coastal fever from the uncongenial climate and was cured of it by his toil. In his filthy motley he looked rather like a gross and unwholesome worm, or rather more like the piebald larva of some vast worm, and he lived the life of a worm. In all his ninety days on the gang he saw no newspaper, nor heard one single informing word from any source of what went on in the world beyond his resident marsh. He might as well have been dead. Often he almost wished he were dead.

It was along about the beginning of May when Solitaire first penetrated the inland swamp where Feary smashed up his car for him. It was early in July when he returned to it, walking with a peculiar spraddle-legged gait which had become his enforced habit. The swamp thatch along the marges was jungle-thick by now and the slough was shrunken up and all its surface was scummy from stagnation; instead of standing inches above water level the causeway stood a good yard above it. As soon as he was in sight of the crossing he broke into a shambling run, scuffling his feet over the earth. It would be a good long time before he accustomed himself to the fact that he could take a long and a free step. Now, for all his haste, his stride measured just eighteen inches.

In a fierce fever of hurry he splashed down off the roadbed and, stooping, pushed under the corduroy bridge and felt in a little recess in the spongy soil. His heart gave a big jump in him when the probing fingers met a solid cylindrical object. Through his captivity he had been tormented by profound misgivings touching on this hiding place for his treasure. He had thoughts of the possibility of a freshet swelling the slough and washing the bank away, or a hog rooting the cache out; of the chance that repairing the bridge, say, some human visitor had happened upon it. But here it was, identically where he had left it and surely all whole and tight. The wrappings about it were molded and stained but still quite intact.

He could not wait another minute. This was the moment he had been picturing since the end of spring. He must have a look at what was inside—must tally it, bill by bill, and count it in multiples and check and re-check the noble total of it. Squeezing the package in both affectionate hands, he scrambled out from under the logs and on a dry place behind a clump of young water maples he squatted down, got a cheap new knife out of his pocket and cut the mildewed strings. The paper, glued by the dampness to what it enclosed, stuck tightly. He set the thing on end, ripped away a segment of the adhering cover from the top and seeing then that the container was of tin, sealed and soldered fast, with a grunt of eagerness he drove the knife-blade down through the thin metal and wrenched sideways to make the cut larger. He bent the edges of the opening down and in.

A smear of bright red instantly appeared upon the hand that gripped the can to hold it upright. He must have gashed himself—no, he hadn't either. The sticky red stuff wasn't blood; it hadn't come from him. It had come from the triangular rip in the tin top. More of it was coming, oozing out under jostling and pressure and bringing with it an oily, pungent, familiar smell.

He stood up, turning the can downward and away from him, and with a small bubbling sound a slender stream of the thick red liquid spurted forth, coating his hands and splattering his legs and his old shoes, and making a little red pool at his feet. It continued to run out until he knew the receptacle must be about empty. To make sure, he shook it and the answer from within was a very faint splash and gurgle. He felt empty, too. There was an all-gone sensation at the pit of his stomach as though he had eaten no breakfast that morning, as though his disappointment had translated itself into a hunger pang.

Immediately, though, he pulled himself together, readjusting. Solitaire had a certain rough philosophy in him. Those have to be philosophers of a sort who live by the chancy trade he followed.

"Devil of a country!" he said aloud. "I'll say it's a devil of a country where even a rube goin' home to paint up his hen house or his back stoop or somethin' has to pack a gat on his flank."

He shook his head in puzzlement. It was as if this shook a new thought loose in his mind. Addressing himself, he spoke on: "But say, look here now, that guy told me, well as he could for stutterin', that it was the big money he was carryin'. Yes, and didn't I ast him twice't to make sure, and didn't he try to say 'Yes' plain as a guy could that was past talkin'? That guy was too skeered to try to lie to me. What the . . ."

With a dripping red finger he shucked away the torn paper altogether and, turning the can over, found pasted on the under side of it a printed label.

"So that's the answer to the little riddle," he said, almost casually. "Well, darn a stutterin' guy anyways!"

He tossed the smeary thing from him and shambled briskly away. He stopped once to stoop down and rub the scars on his irked ankles, then went on without a backward glance.

The can rested on a tussock of rank swamp grass, its branded side looking up to the hot sun so that the lettering on the label stood out in clear relief.

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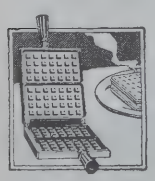
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The Lone Wolf Returns

(*Continued from page 94*)

graced a virtuous lady of a sudden turned so venturesome as to call on a man in his lodgings alone. Almost anybody else it would surely have taken in; even Lanyard found himself for a moment at loss to account for this revolutionary innovation, a change of rôle made the more confounding by the fact that Liane had gone to the length of dressing it with garments of a semi-négligé sort whose circumspection was hardly akin to the spirit that sported them.

But one glimpse of Lanyard's eyes, one flash of their reclaimed intelligence, served to make plain the poverty of objective artifice as an aid to Liane's intentions. It indeed did more; it struck pale glints of panic from her own eyes, or something very like it in the sight of one who knew as yet no reason why it should discountenance the woman to find him, whom she had sought of her own accord, awake and in his proper mind.

She held a dead wait with a hand on the door knob behind her, dusky eyes quick in a face that wanted a shade or so of its habitually high illumination, lips a trace apart as if with a cry unsounded.

But the pause imposed by her illegible emotion was brief of life; with her next breath Liane recollected herself and, uttering a low sound of compassion, crossed the room to kneel by the head of the berth.

"No, no, my friend!" She spoke in French, her arms lightly forced back to the pillow the shoulders which Lanyard was lifting. "Rest tranquil—with that poor head! Thou dost still suffer greatly, my old one?"

Lanyard mumbled a dashed negative with lips that were muffled, before he could object, by lips ardent and tender, whose clinging intimacy he escaped at length only by moving his head aside.

Happily, that movement excited only a mumble of pain, entirely bearable; he was able to muster a smile by way of redressing the rebuff. "I say!" he remonstrated in his most British English, "we are getting on, rather—aren't we?"

The woman drew back sharply and, half kneeling, half resting on her heels, showed a face sad with reproach. "Hast thou forgotten, then?"

"More than I guessed, going on this bit of business, my dear." Lanyard was firm in his stand against French; it was easier to be unsentimental in sound Anglo-Saxon. "What bothers me most is this," he proceeded in querulous vein, a self-conscious smile accounting for his neglect of the stricken eyes staring into his: "I've remembered and forgotten much too much all at once. It's very discouraging—you may be interested to know—to wake up from what amounted to a sound long nap and find that seven perfectly useful months have been stolen while one slept."

"It is true, then, what I feared!"

"Afraid it is, Liane, if what you feared was that a blow on the head had bumped my right mind back to its throne."

Slowly and with a bitter smile the woman repeated the English phrase, "A blow on the head!"

"That's what did the trick, and I don't mind telling you it hurt like the devil."

"But what of the blow to my heart?" Her closed hand smote Liane's breast. "You complain with reason of having been robbed of seven months of memory; but what of me, who stand to lose seven months of memories?"

"Pardon?" Lanyard queried, politely dense.

"You loved me well in that time while you were your old, true self."

"Loved you, Liane? And forgot! Ah, no! you ask me to believe too much."

"You jest—and my heart is breaking."

"It's no joke to forget an experience like that, something which one man in a million would be lucky to know once in his life."

"One in a million!"

"I beg your pardon; I was counting in your unsuccessful lovers as well."

"But this is too much!"

With an abrupt movement the woman started up, to pause with face averted and hands fast laced. As promptly Lanyard tumbled out of the berth.

"Forgive me, Liane," he said contritely. "I dare say I am a bit light-headed; it would be surprising if I weren't, considering that I've experienced something of a shock today, and not by any means a physical shock merely—and am still shaken from it. You can hardly demand rational behavior of a revenant lately spewed back into life by a psychic earthquake. That it was a strictly private earthquake doesn't make its after effects any the less unsettling."

"True; it is you rather who have me to forgive." With a spontaneous generosity that shamed him, Liane swung back to Lanyard and caught both his hands to her bosom. "In my sadness and pain I forget you cannot understand . . ."

"Then make me understand. I've no one else to look to—and it would be unkindness to leave me in the dark."

"But give me time to consider . . ." She let go his hands and sank into the room's one chair. "It's going to hurt me to tell you, Michael, even more than it will hurt you."

"And how is that?"

"Because, I think . . ." She studied him awhile with a troubled gaze . . . "I think you have gone back to the ways of thought that were yours seven months ago."

"And what is so deplorable in that? Ways of thought about what?"

The woman leaned forward to bend her head to his in confidence, but gave a slight start instead and drew back with a veering glance as if disturbed by some noise unheard by Lanyard, then laid a finger to her lips, sprang up lightly and went to the port to look out. From this, in agreeable disappointment, she crossed back to the door, inclining to it an attentive ear for some seconds before opening it furtively to peer out, and concluding the performance with an expression of alarms allayed.

"I was mistaken," she announced, shooting the bolt, "there is nobody."

"Madame la Comtesse was expecting—"

She gave her head a shake of irritation excited by his levity, and without warning whipped from the folds of her négligé an automatic pistol, which she pressed into Lanyard's hand regardless of his efforts to refuse it.

"No, take it—take it, I say, while there is time."

"But what the deuce!"

"Take it, I tell you—you may need it soon." And then as Lanyard humored her for the sake of peace, she proceeded with every appearance of offering a complete explanation: "That dolt of a doctor told me you were unarmed."

"Bright? But how does he know? And why should he care?"

"Your effects were searched this morning while you were at breakfast, and the steward who picked you up after your fall took the trouble to find out that you had no weapon about you."

"Thoughtful of all hands, I'm sure!" Lanyard murmured in amazement. "But do tell me what I have done to deserve so much respect?"

"Presently," Liane promised in a hushed voice. She moved nearer and held out an open hand. "No," she insisted, and brusquely brushed aside the pistol when he tried to return it, "the necklace! Give me that now—we can come to explanations later. Let me hide it away before they come to put you under arrest—they may, at any moment."

"Indeed?" Impatience with all this, as it seemed, determined effort to mystify him to no end, resulted in the pistol's being flirted into the berth, and peremptory imprisonment of the woman's wrists. "Now!" Lanyard demanded, "come to your senses, Liane, be intelligible if you can. Why should I be in danger of arrest? What is this necklace you are raving about?"

"Give it to me first——"

"I know nothing of any necklace."

"You have forgotten; nevertheless, you have it. You told me you would never let it leave your person, you must have it hidden somewhere about you now. Find and give it to me before it is too late."

Her agitation was too truly rendered to seem put on for a purpose; and though he had not the least inkling of its cause, Lanyard reflected that in those seven months anything might have happened, the amplest reason might all too possibly exist for the distress of mind which Liane was so vividly portraying. Half persuaded, he released her wrists and, stepping back, ran the hands of old cunning through his garments, locating every spot which in former days he had been accustomed to use as a temporary cache for purloined property—and drawing every one blank. Winding up with a shrug of fatigued incredulity: "There is nothing," he declared shortly. "Now be so kind——"

"Nothing!" Consternation rang in that guarded cry. "They must have it already, then, they must have searched you and found it while you slept! The doctor spoke of having given you a sleeping powder—enough, he said, to keep you quiet till morning."

"I didn't take it."

"They must have thought you had, or you wouldn't have been left unwatched, I would have found it impossible to see you. You have been asleep?" Lanyard nodded. "You have slept all afternoon, and soundly?" He confessed that he had. Liane subsided, crushed by despair, upon the cushioned transom beneath the port. "It was the same to them as if you had taken their drug—the opportunity they needed. Now they have found the necklace—you are lost!"



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"But I have often been 'lost' in my life," Lanyard retorted, unmoved more than by impatience with this everlasting beating about the bush. "And at present I feel less lost than quite newly found, and so prefer to think myself—until, at least, you consent to become more coherent."

Beneath the sheer silk perfect shoulders stirred disconsolately. "There is nothing one can do now—one can only wait."

"Let me recommend you to study myself, then—to my mind, a perfect pattern of patience."

Lanyard offered the cigarettes in an unfamiliar case he had found in his pockets, and when they were disdained philosophically helped himself, while the woman sat glowering at the door as if to wither the object of her spite, wherever he might lurk beyond those walls.

"That animal of a doctor! How dare he be so sly with me and at the same time such an imbecile!"

"Oh, very well!" said Lanyard, settling into the chair. "By all means let us begin with that good Doctor Bright. What has he done?"

"He came to me an hour ago, Michael, to put me on my guard against you."

"Considerate beggar. But do go on . . ."

"The idiot would like to make love to me. He thought he might worm into my good graces by warning me to keep an eye on my jewels, since it has transpired that you were the Lone Wolf."

"And since when has it transpired?"

"He told me that the captain had been advised by wireless, early this morning, to keep you under observation until we arrive at Nassau, where officers will board the vessel with a warrant for your arrest."

"Something to do with the missing necklace, of course."

"You're wanted in New York for stealing it. Your last great coup, my friend—and you bungled it."

"I did? Then I trust devoutly you are right, it was my last. From what you hint, Liane, I would seem to have been leading a busy life of late. If you would only be a little less vague . . ."

"If I hesitate to speak plainly," the woman reminded him gently, "it is because you are dear to me, Michael; I find it not easy to say anything that will give you pain."

"Console yourself by observing that I am prepared. You have told me so much already, a word here and a hint there, I could almost foretell this revelation you shrink from making." Lanyard shot a quizzical grin through the cigarette smoke. "I am accused of stealing a valuable necklace and making such an unworkmanlike job of it that I had to fly the States incognito. It would further appear that I wasn't very clever about making my escape, since my presence aboard this vessel is known and steps have been taken by the authorities to have me detained at her first port of call. For all of which, I presume, I have to thank that persevering hater of mine—and friend of yours—Morphew. What a memory the man must have! what a genius for bearing a grudge!"

"All that is good guesswork and substantially true"—the woman nodded regretfully—"all but your suspicions of Morphew. There you are wrong; he had nothing to do with this affair, Michael, it is all of your own contriving."

"You tell me that," Lanyard laughed, "and in the same breath that I am 'dear' to you! It's no good; Liane, you can't be Morphew's friend and mine."

"I tell you nothing but what of a certainty and my own knowledge I know. Morphew is nothing to me, you are everything; notwithstanding, your suspicions do him an injustice—he would have saved you in New York had you permitted. But you wouldn't listen to me when I prayed you to accept his offer of intervention . . ."

"That at least one finds easy to believe."

"And even now he would be your friend—yours as well as mine—if you would consent. Morphew stands prepared to save you yet, if we can find a way to slip through their fingers who await you at Nassau."

"But tell me how . . ."

"The very last thing before we sailed, Morphew sent Pagan to promise me, if I could persuade you to go ashore at Nassau and apply to his factors there, the agents who have charge of his bootlegging depot in the Bahamas, he would have us both conveyed secretly to France, in his own yacht."

"Truly?" Lanyard laughed again, flipped his cigarette through the port and sat up. "How charming of the man—but how strange! Who would ever suspect that rude and unlovely exterior disguised so much goodness and simplicity of heart!"

"You laugh because you do not trust me," Liane sullenly complained. "I have for months devoted myself to you—this is my reward."

"Prove me ungrateful, my dear," Lanyard lightly offered. "Prove me skeptical without sound cause and provocation—and you can ask nothing of me that I will refuse you in testimony to my penitence."

A stare of new intensity enveloped him. He saw her countenance overcast with petulance, an odd frame for eyes of singular wistfulness.

"You are wrong to tempt me with such a promise . . ."

"Why?" Lanyard parried. "Are you afraid of the test, or that I won't make good my word?"

"What makes me hesitate is fear lest you try to make your word good against your will. It's your love I want, Michael, not your duty—another name for hatred!"

"Do you truly believe you'd find me so contemptible, Liane? You should know me better than that."

"I know men better than you do, my dear friend; and when all's said, I know you are but little different from any other; only it is my lot to see you different . . ."

"Believe me," Lanyard began in some constraint, "I am not insensible——"

"No! say nothing now. When you have heard me out it shall be for you to say then whether or not I deserve better than mockery from you. But I prophesy, you will end by forgetting the fine promise you have just now made . . ."

Impressed against his bias, Lanyard gave a nod and nothing more; and then, seeing that she still hesitated as if distressed by his direct attention, he crossed to the port and stood with his lean, worn face ruddled by the sun's last rays.

It was going down in a flaming welter of rose and gold beyond a violet smudge to starboard, a blind loom of land at a distance difficult to guess because of the dazzle, though its relative nearness was

manifest in the moderate sea that was running in its lee, all that was left to tell of that morning's fury; for while Lanyard looked, a small schooner swam astern, midway between the steamer and that dim shore, with slatting sails all black against the glare that burned the waters . . .

"Proceed, then," Lanyard prompted at length, watching the sun dip and vanish.

The woman's voice responded in a weary key from out the shadow at his elbow: "First of all, you must know you were mistaken about Mallison. He was a wretch, I don't dispute, capable of any infamy you please; but it was not he who made away with Folly's emeralds."

"You say that, no doubt, because he contrived to establish some sort of an alibi that resulted in his acquittal."

"He was never tried; he was granted liberty under bail and disappeared."

"And you reckon that proof of his innocence? Or is one to understand you absolve the fellow on Morphew's say-so?"

"But on your own, Michael."

"Mine!"

"You cannot know everything you confided to me after your accident; the many curious secrets you told me, such as that you remembered clearly having broken into Folly's and stolen her emeralds, beside yourself as you were that night with drink, and rebellious into the bargain against a social order that kept you poor and so prohibited your marrying Madame de Montalais."

The brief sub-tropic twilight was ebbing fast, night was sweeping swiftly over the face of the waters to blot out the last lingering souvenir of the routed sun. Lanyard looked down as it were into a well of gloom in which a blur of spectral pallor swam, source of those accents which were enunciating proofs of an intimacy with his mind and heart that passed all believing.

"I told you that!"

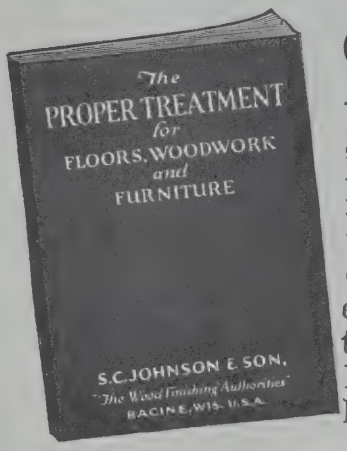
A low unhappy laugh floated up to him: "But more!"

"Under what circumstances?"

"Let me go back to the beginning . . . The night after that rencontre of yours with Mallison, Morphew dined me at the Abbaye, another of his establishments where the maître-d'hôtel happened to be a protégé of mine from Paris of pre-war days —but Morphew knew nothing about that. He had just finished telling how you had humiliated him before Folly and was making my blood curdle with vague threats to be revenged—oh but you were wrong to make an enemy of that one, Michael!—when he was called to the telephone. He came back grinning hideously and said his agents reported having traced you and Madame de Montalais to the Inn of the Green Woods. And you would never, Morphew boasted, return to New York the same man. I tried to wheedle him into disclosing his mind, but he was too wary, I learned nothing; and the best I could manage was to bribe my maître-d'hôtel, as soon as Morphew's back was turned again, to try to get a warning through to you by telephone. Then I made believe to be indisposed, got rid of Morphew and engaged an automobile I had used before . . . Never, my friend, shall I forget that ride! Not even that night of our flight to Cherbourg from Paris was its equal for wildness . . . if you remember . . ."

A hand found Lanyard's in the murk

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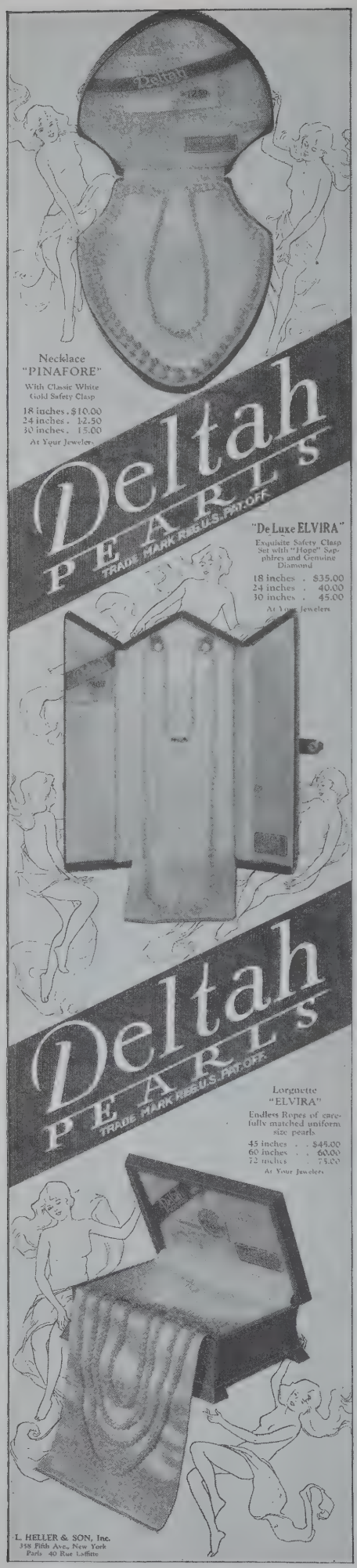
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and clasped it tightly. He suffered it, replying simply, "I remember."

"Let me tell you, Michael, when we swung wide to clear your automobile by the roadside, and that other in which Morphew's people were pursuing you came hurtling toward us like a Juggernaut gone mad, I did not hope to live another minute. As it turned out, my hired car came through with a crumpled fender for all damage. It was the other cannoned off and turned turtle in the ditch. The men in it escaped somehow with their lives, though they crawled back to the road too badly shaken to be dangerous. I left them trying to fit a tire from their wrecked car to yours, and took you and Madame de Montalais back to New York with me. She had wrenched an ankle, falling into the ditch when you flung her off the road, and was unable to walk; otherwise she had come to no harm. But you—it seemed a miracle you lived . . .

"You had your right arm and two ribs broken, and a great gash in your head—you'll find the scar under your hair. The surgeons said it meant concussion of the brain; you might survive but never could be your mental self again. It was two months before you were able to talk connectedly, more than a few words at a time. I took you to my apartment from the hospital and myself nursed you through your convalescence. As it progressed, one saw that mentally as well as bodily your recovery would be complete—it was your spirit had been wounded beyond mending. All your old vivacity was gone, Michael, you never laughed; you seemed fond of having me near you but fonder still of being solitary, sitting all alone with your black thoughts, brooding . . .

"Madame de Montalais came to see you daily. She, too, was quick to observe the change. I never knew what passed between you, naturally, but that you were neither of you happy it was easy to perceive. One day she called when I was out; I met her, leaving, as I returned—she had been weeping. She never called again. Not long after, her name appeared in the newspapers as one of the notables sailing on the Paris for France . . ."

The voice in the darkness ran out, Lanyard's hand was freed, a long pause was filled with the throbbing of the engines, the hiss and suck of water down the side, the mellow calling of the ship's bell.

In dull abstraction Lanyard counted its strokes: seven bells, half-past seven o'clock.

The port, a square of ultramarine let into a blank black wall, framed a nocturne, silken swells with dusky bosoms stung by starlight; on the nearest point of land a great red constant star following the progress of the steamer with unfriendly stare, somewhat astern another of sardonic green; far ahead, low upon the horizon, a third, more volatile, winking white and white . . . A thought like flotsam drifted with the dark tide of despond: a long swim to either light, even for a man in his prime . . .

Lanyard heard flat metallic tones pronounce "Continue, if you please" and realized that he had heard himself speaking.

"You never told me what had happened, but I was soon able to guess. A day or so later—I remember it was the first day when you were permitted to walk about a bit—you opened your heart to me in a way I hadn't looked for, and made mine very sad for you. You told me how your memory of that affair at Folly's had become clear and positive, somehow, in sequence to your accident, and had satisfied you there could be no profit for any man in contending against his nature, the arbiter of his fate. Nature, you said, had formed you a thief and an enemy of society—you had grown resigned to give over struggling to be other than as you had been made. I told you, no matter what you might do I would always be your friend—more, if you would. You were sweet to me that night, Michael, without committing yourself to definite promises; but the next day you disappeared. I was out for the afternoon, and neither of the maids saw you leave. You took nothing with you but the clothing you wore. I neither saw nor heard from you for many weeks. But New York did . . ."

Lanyard all at once swung round, caught the seated woman roughly by her shoulders, lifted her by main strength to her feet and with hard eyes searched the face revealed by the dull blue glimmer seeping in through the port.

"Is this the truth you are telling me, Liane?"

Pliant and passive in his hands, she answered, "The whole truth, Michael."

"You swear it?"

"By the love I bear you."

With a mutter of apology he released her, and silently, like a figure of fair marble sinking into a pool of ink, the pale shade of her subsided through the shadows, lost definition and rested as before.

"I am listening . . ."

"It didn't take the newspapers long to guess the Lone Wolf was at work again. In quick succession, Michael, you consummated a series of exploits that beggared the most lurid chapters of your old Parisian days."

"How can you say it was I?"

"You confessed to me yourself——"

"Be careful, Liane!"

"I tell you only the truth as I had it from your own lips. If you are reluctant to hear . . ."

"Forgive me."

"You came to me in my apartment without warning one midnight; at your wits' ends, police snapping at your heels, you turned to me . . . But it was no easy task to hide you, when rewards of more than fifty thousand dollars were being advertised for your arrest, and every Boy Scout in the land was carrying a copy of your photograph——"

"But I have never been photographed in my life except for passport purposes during the war; and my appearance today is not as it was then, I no longer wear a beard——"

"You nevertheless had recently been photographed by flashlight, in the act of opening a safe in the Stuyvesant Ashe home. Some ingenious member of the household, in anticipation of the Lone Wolf's visit, had rigged up a camera commanding the safe and a flashlight to be set off by electric current when the door was tampered with. You were caught at close range, facing the camera as you knelt with your ear to the safe door, listening to its mechanism. The likeness was exact and unmistakable; and all the papers reproduced it to further the hue and cry."

"You tell me that happened—and ask

me to believe the Lone Wolf left that house without wrecking the camera!"

"To the contrary you destroyed *a* camera utterly; but there were two, the ingenuity of the inventor had been equal to that chance—one carefully concealed, the other where you might find it without too much trouble."

Lanyard had an unpleasant laugh in his throat. "Decidedly he was right who said a reformed crook could never come back. If I was the dupe of so cheap a trick . . . But to resume: I appealed to you—to a woman—to stand between me and the police . . . Ask them to believe that who once hunted the Lone Wolf across Europe and back again—and failed to catch him! . . . Well and good—what then?"

"The chase struck a false scent and passed us by; but from that time on you made your home with me. It was safe, that had been proved; and I was useful to you."

"How useful?"

"You had got together a collection of jewelry difficult to dispose of without courting arrest; also, you would have found it impracticable to take care of large sums of money such as this sale realized. I saw to all that for you; through Morphew I found a way to market the jewels, and in my own name I carried your funds in a separate account with my bankers."

"And I still called myself the Lone Wolf!"

"I think you were learning to be less jealous of your loneliness, Michael. You had learned—as most men do at some stage in life—that there was one woman at least whose devotion would never fail you."

"I used to know the Lone Wolf well—a strange belief for him to hold!"

"But life had forged yet another bond between us . . ."

The vibrations of Liane's words died into a suppliant silence. It grew long while in her hearing the pulsing of the engines aped the tempo of a funeral march. Lanyard made no move or sound. Vision tempered to the gloom and made keen by hunger saw his face, its salient lines picked out by gleams of deflected starlight, steadfast to the port, and inscrutably set.

If he would not speak she must . . .

"I loved you well, and love comes of loving . . . of being loved . . ."

"You wish me to understand," Lanyard translated bluntly, "I became your lover."

"Yes."

"Yet you knew I loved Madame de Montalais——"

"You swore to me all that was finished."

"And you believed?"

"I wanted to."

Another silence spun itself into minutes charged with emotion pent and mute. The woman felt rather than saw the sign of a hand that bade her resume. But her tongue stumbled, she was breathless with misgivings . . .

"What more do you wish me to say, Michael?"

"There is more to tell, surely, a hiatus to be filled in between that time and this." But still she faltered till he added in enforced patience: "I have yet to learn what brings us together aboard this vessel."

"Your own vanity must answer for that, Michael . . . You had been several weeks inactive, the newspaper sensation had begun to blow over, we were planning



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to return to Paris—though you balked at becoming indebted to Morphew for the forged passports he offered to secure. Then one day the Chief of Police gave out an interview exalting himself at your expense; and in that quaint, excitable temper which you had nursed ever since the motor accident, exasperated beyond reason, you vowed to expose the man's incompetence, and did—breaking into his home and making off with a necklace of diamonds which he had just presented to his wife. But somehow you must have blundered, or your luck had turned; you hardly escaped being caught, and left your path of flight so plainly marked it led the police to my very door. We had to fly New York between two suns, with no choice but to seek refuge in some country which did not require passports. This steamer was the first that sailed for South America; we secured passage, came aboard separately and pretended to be strangers till that officious doctor insisted on presenting you as a compatriot of mine."

"And now"—Lanyard demanded of himself more than of the woman—"what?"

"If you would only consent to listen to me . . ."

"By what you tell me, Liane, the experience would be anything but a novel one for you."

"Morphew remains my good friend——"

"Permit me to wish you joy of him."

"And is willing for my sake to be yours."

"Unfortunately I have the prejudice to be loved for my own blue eyes or not at all."

"I am not suspected; it would be a simple matter for me to send a wireless, in a code which Morphew gave me, to his factors at Nassau. They might easily manage some mishap for the men who wait there for you; or failing that, arrange an escape for you subsequent to your arrest——"

"Make your mind at ease on that account, Liane. I don't mean to be arrested."

"So much the better. Morphew maintains a secret base on one of the outlying cays of the Bahamas, where his boats rendezvous with those that fetch the liquor from overseas. With the aid of his factors, it should be an easy matter to smuggle you out to that base and on board some British vessel homeward bound."

"Many thanks; but I shall earn my salvation without the aid of Morphew's lot, or never. Moreover, I have no wish to see England again until I am able to go there openly and disembark in the sunlight, wearing my own face and name—Michael Lanyard."

"But that can never be!"

"In that event, I must end my days in America."

"But are you truly mad enough to imagine there could be any way?"

"There is but one course possible for me. I must find my way back to New York—under my own power, as the saying runs—and make reparation for the evil I have done——"

"Nothing of that was done by you in your right mind, Michael."

"Pardon—but it seems a nice question which mind of mine, today's or yesterday's, is 'right.' Neither do I think society will be disposed to split hairs concerning my liability for acts committed whilst my intelligence was—constructively, at least—under a cloud. Nor, for that matter, am I; if I may not clear the name of Michael Lanyard or wipe out the score against him, I have little use—no, none—for the liberty of André Duchemin."

In uncontrollable disquietude, the woman rose. "What do you propose then?"

"I have made no plan."

"If you won't have Morphew's help——"

"My dear Liane—that 'if' of yours is downright, voluptuous redundancy."

"But we are due at Nassau at dawn, the police will board us with the pilot boat——"

"Eight bells has just sounded; it should be daybreak by four o'clock, at this season. In other words, I command eight hours of darkness. And the Lone Wolf that lives on in Michael Lanyard, let me tell you, is hardly the half-witted cur you have sketched to me, who cowered behind a woman's skirts in terror of American police."

Discovering Liane's arm about him, her face strained up to him, Lanyard caught himself up sharply, shrugged and wagged a long-suffering head: "My dear Liane!"

She said in a sob: "You do not mean it——"

"But very truly, my dear."

"Yesterday your dear, today less than the dust!"

"You are mistaken. I owe you too much——"

"You will never repay it now. Did I not foretell that, when I had told you everything, you would forget your pledge to me? 'Prove me ungrateful'—out of your own mouth, Michael!— 'and you can ask nothing of me I will refuse to do in testimony to my penitence.' "

Still unresisting in her embrace, he asked: "And I am already proved ungrateful in your sight?"

"Do you not mean to forsake me, put me by, now I am of no more use?"

"I have not said so."

"What else do you intend, when you tell me of your determination to go back to New York?"

"One must first pay one's debts——"

"Then the debt you owe my love and devotion stands second to the debt you owe self-love?"

"Say rather, self-respect; wanting that, no man can claim to deserve any woman's love. Let me first of all settle my reckoning with society——"

"There will be nothing of you left for me!"

"In one breath you urge me to hold myself blameless for wrongs done to others that I don't remember, in the next you call me to account for obligations to you incurred under the same conditions."

"I am not concerned with consistency, Michael, but with love. You have made yourself too dear to me, even though you didn't know what you were doing—I can't go on without you now. You hold your dream of honesty dear; do not deny me my dream of decency. Back there in New York we joined our lives, outlaw and outcast; we must go on together or forego all hope for all time. Give me at least the fair chance you ask for yourself . . ."

Her prayers ran out in a mumble under a hand which gently closed her mouth; ears not deaf to them had been quick none the less to pick up footfalls in the passageway. Now in the hush that fell the knob of the stateroom door rattled, the door itself creaked to the pressure of a shoulder, someone swore indignantly beyond it, and immediately a knock weighted with authority resounded on its panels.

In the panting bosom pressed to his Lanyard felt the heart leap and flutter wildly. To a whisper of dismay, "They have come for you already!" he returned. "Never fear—they shan't get me."

The summons was repeated.

"What can you do?" Liane breathed.

"Nothing, so long as I am not free to move."

Her arms fell away, but her hands lingered upon his shoulders. In the passage several men were confabulating in mutters dulled by the intervening door. One became articulate in vexation: "I tell you, he didn't get enough dope in that powder to make him sleep like this!"

Again Liane's whisper: "What shall we do?"

Lanyard considered: "We can't keep them out . . . may as well let them in."

"But you said you wouldn't give yourself up——"

"No more do I mean to."

The knuckles of authority drummed on for a moment. When they ceased Lanyard was hailed right cheerily: "I say, Mr. Duchemin! wake up, let me in. It's I, Doctor Bright. Can't you hear me?"

"But Michael," the whisper implored him, "you can't defy the whole ship!"

"Why did you bring that pistol, then?"

"Not in anticipation of anything like this——"

"Don't worry—I shan't use it. I've a better plan. I count on you—stand by to draw the bolt when I give the word."

Lanyard watched the dim shape of Liane fall back to the door. Bright was yapping with a Judas tongue, bidding him open in the sacred name of fellowship. With the thick voice of one just wakened from the deep sweet sleep of an innocent Lanyard responded: "Half a minute! What's the row?" Then more quietly, "Ready, Liane?"

"Yes, but——"

"Fall back behind the door as you open it."

No time-wasting preparations to make, only a dressing gown to shrug out of, he stood in shirt and trousers, shoeless. "Now!"

As the bolt grated, Lanyard set a foot upon the transom, a hand to the sill of the window port, and lifted himself nimbly through that narrow outlet, dropping to the deck on feet as furtive as a cat's.

For an instant he stood glancing alertly forward, aft, and over the rail. The deck was deserted, a solitary coast light abeam blinked forlornly, a minute spark lost beyond a measureless waste of grim black water. Dubiously Lanyard considered it—a pull to daunt the heart of the boldest swimmer . . .

The dark port behind him turned into a square of staring amber. Through it broke a din of voices blasphemous in anger and disappointment. Lanyard darted aft.

The watch on the after deck witnessed the plunge of a dark body from the rail of the promenade deck down over the side. A man who appeared at the same rail an instant later lifted up a voice of authentic seafaring whine:

"*Man oo-verboard!*"

The watch took up the cry . . .

The nerve and daring of the Lone Wolf culminate in an exploit that will hold you breathless—in July COSMOPOLITAN.



She lacked poise

TWO women at luncheon were engaged in conversation. Although they were apparently of the same age, one was more vigorous and well-preserved. In her every manner were displayed poise and animation that were noticeably absent in her companion.

The other woman showed that in her mind was constant fear or uneasiness. You might have said, "She was self-conscious". Really she lacked poise.

The two women had been friends in early girlhood. The first woman was the president of a large club; was prominent in many activities; and in addition, had three children and many household duties. She was keen enough to observe her friend's sub-conscious anxiety and worry.

"Why worry over your health?"

"IT SEEMS too bad," she said, "that you should permit yourself to worry over your health, because to my mind it is entirely unnecessary. There is no reason why you should not be as vigorous and strong as I am."

The second woman told her that she had observed many women of her own age who had been obliged to drop their work and who had become semi-invalids.

Said the club president further: "You should by all means take a reasonable amount of exercise. Of course you cannot do any of the strenuous things that as a girl you might have done; but there is no question about the value of dancing, swimming and walking.

"Many women are careless about their diet and the matter of regular sleep. To be careful about these things is only common sense.

Feminine hygiene

"BUT then there is one thing to which many women fail to take heed. I refer to the vital matter of personal cleanliness or feminine hygiene.

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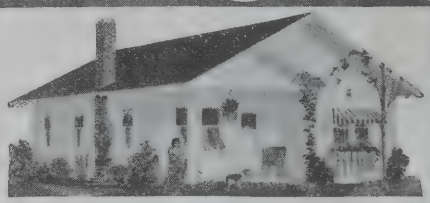
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Mercy

(*Continued from page 105*)

"Tell them?" groaned Walton, terrified, his dark face yellow at the thought—that story which he had now twice in two dreadful nights related for the first time to any human being, and which, when he told it on the second night, had seemed more awful than before. No. He could never thus parade his shame again. He looked so guilty that Mose railed on him with:

"Why, say—you reckon fellows on that board haven't done things they're ashamed of, some time or another? Why, if they thought their past was all coming out next Sunday morning they'd jump and run for the woods with you. They'd stand up and be shot with you before they'd have it told."

But Walton only smiled piteously and shook his head. What were any trifling lapses in the past of his elders compared to this black sin of his own youth? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

"Those men would never consent to my staying here," he shuddered, covering his face with his hands.

The forceful features of Mose Mullen softened unbelievable, and his voice mellowed almost to trembling. "Why, say, Bob," he reproached him tenderly, "you just don't know those boys at all. Why, there isn't a man on that board that don't want to do the right thing. They just don't know what the right thing is. I'm going to show 'em."

And the very next night Mose was showing them. He had the elders sitting round him in an awed circle, hearing for the first time the reason why they had received the resignation of their minister. They were quite as much shocked as their president, George Fawcett, had been. They were appalled and rather pathetic as they struggled to comprehend this one-time infamy of the man whom, until this hour, they had worshiped almost to adoration. George, seeing this, emphasized the one extenuating circumstance of the Mullen narrative; for Mose had wrung out of Walton the admission that all these years he had been dividing his income to make provision for the education and support of those first two sons of his, now grown to manhood; and something for their mother.

But besides being a redeeming feature, this proved something else. It revealed that through all his covert life the man had allowed his wife to know where he was, giving her power over him, to hurl him from his pulpit, to fling him into jail even. It proved also that, having this power, she had not exercised it. She, so deeply injured, so cruelly hurt, had allowed him to go forward on a widening and mounting career of usefulness and never once had pricked the bright bubble of his fame. She may have been awed by what God was doing through him, or she may have been touched by that in Robert N. Wills or Walton which made people feel with and for him. But it seemed to the elders forbearance—forbearance almost divine.

And if she could be forbearing, so could they. That was what Mose Mullen argued.

"It isn't often a church gets a chance to do the right thing—to do a great big Christian thing," he told them, as he had told the pastor and his wife. "You've got it now. God has forgiven this man. The results show it. Can't this church forgive him? God has stood by him. Isn't this church going to stand by him—after what he's done for it?"

The elders twisted unhappily. The sin was old, but they had just heard of it. They saw it happening—this very night—the glowing young man, forgetting his wife and two babies to depart hastily with another glowing young woman who—why—the jaws of the elders dropped.

"Why," stammered one of them, "why, she—she's——" and then he stopped, breathless.

"Oh, yes; yes," explained Mose, quickly. "There was a divorce. She's been a wife ever since . . . ever since he got the divorce."

The elders leaned back with a relieved sigh; for they had felt all the time that the union of this man and this woman must have been somehow hallowed long before ever they met them. Yet it was hard for them not to see the whole thing in terms of headlines in a newspaper—clear across the top of the page, huge black letters, huge black phrases that would denounce and characterize a horrible black act and draw a horrible black smear across the face of a man—a man who had been, until they accepted his resignation last night, their pastor.

Arguing, pleading, old Mose, employing every verbal resource at his command, turned at last to poetry; for that is one of his charms; his mind is full of poetry.

"This life's a middling crooked trail and after forty year
Of knocking round, I'm free to say that right ain't always clear.
I've seen a lot of folks go wrong—get off the main highroad
An' fetch up in a swamp somewhere—almost before they knowed.
I don't set up to be no jedge of right and wrong in men;
I ain't been perfect all my life and may not be again;
An' when I see a chap who looks as though he'd gone astray,
I want to think he started right an' only lost his way."

Mose Mullen tried this from an anonymous vernacular poem and then marked its effect. When he saw a stern-lipped elder's mouth begin to quiver, he gushed two stanzas more, winding up with:

"I've seen 'em circlin' thro' the dusk with twilight getting gray
An' looking for the main highroad—*poor chaps who'd lost the way.*"

Mullen almost sobbed out this last line and studied the jury of his elders as he did. Some of them were perspiring now. They were wavering; he saw it. They were visioning Robert N. Walton looking for "the main highroad," and seeming to find it—a main highroad that had led him at last to them. There were tears standing in every eye. George Fawcett was weeping shamelessly.

The voice of Mullen, "old Mose," who, some people thought, was hard, went on, melting in its tenderness, as he chanted rather than quoted the last verse, his body swaying with the rhythm. It ended:

"An' when I see a chap who looks as if he'd gone astray
I want to shove my hand in his and help him find the way."

Beautiful Women Everywhere



—women noted for their Beautiful Complexions use CARMEN POWDER

Oh! the witchery of a Beautiful Complexion—and you can have it. The same smooth, delicately tinted complexion which you admire—which everyone admires (perhaps with a teeny bit of envy), for its possessor is most probably one of the more than a million women noted for their beautiful complexions who rely on

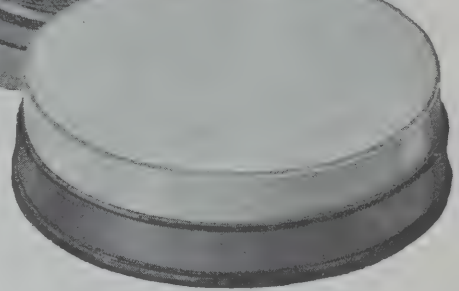
CARMEN POWDER

which is distinctively different and better than other powders, because it is so fine and so delicately tinted that it blends exquisitely with the complexion, giving the skin that clear transparency and velvety texture that only a perfect complexion naturally possesses. Delightfully perfumed with a rich and delicate odor. No creams or lotions are necessary as a base, because CARMEN POWDER is soft as down—so fine that it adheres closely—does not "blow off" or give that "spotted look."



Five Shades
White
Pink
Flesh
Cream
Brunette

50¢



Picture is 2/3 size of box

How Does Your Complexion Look

When the Light Changes—
When the Dance Becomes Heated—
When the Wind Blows as You Motor?

There is a vast difference, you will find, between Carmen and other face powders.

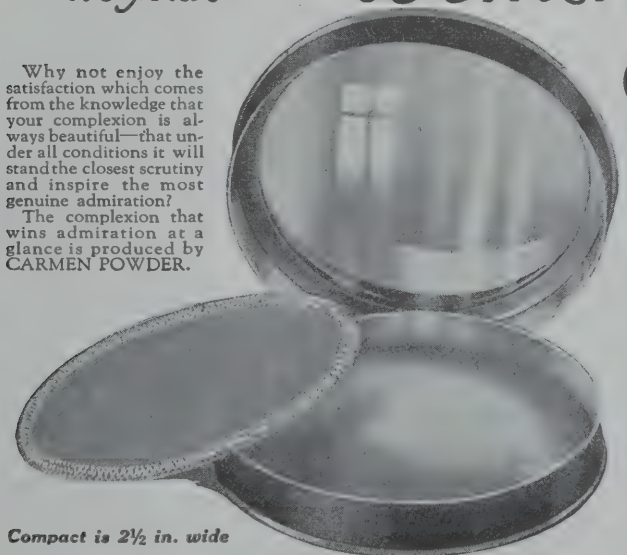
Carmen, because it blends so exquisitely with both the color and texture of the skin, imparts a fresh beauty that is just as charming under the searching glare of the midday sun as it is under the soft glow of the reception room lamp.

And Carmen, no matter how heated the dance, never yields to perspiration. Though extremely fine, Carmen has "body" enough to withstand moisture. And adhering to the skin as it does, Carmen never blows off—no matter how windy the day or how long the motor ride.

The Greatest Hit in Years *Women Everywhere Pronounce*

Why not enjoy the satisfaction which comes from the knowledge that your complexion is always beautiful—that under all conditions it will stand the closest scrutiny and inspire the most genuine admiration?

The complexion that wins admiration at a glance is produced by CARMEN POWDER.



Compact is 2½ in. wide

CARMEN POWDER COMPACTS 50¢

the "last word" in powder quality in handy cake form. And at last you can have an article of supreme quality at a reasonable price.

CARMEN POWDER in Compact Form in handsome metal boxes, with full sized mirror and powder puff. You will like this dainty box of your favorite powder and find it a convenience.

CARMEN POWDER COMPACT BOXES, while containing a generously large cake of powder, are easily carried in the purse or pocket. CARMEN POWDER COMPACTS have the same dainty, delicate odor (a trifle more intensified) as have the regular toilet boxes of CARMEN, and cost just one-half the price of the ordinary COMPACTS.

Shades: White, Flesh, Brunette, "L'Autumn"

The new shade, "L'AUTUMN"—now just introduced (only in Compact)—is the result of long experimentation and is not to be duplicated in any other powder.

If your dealer has not yet stocked CARMEN POWDER COMPACTS, we will very promptly mail you the desired shade on receipt of the price.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

"More than a Million" Women Noted for their Beautiful Complexions Use Carmen Powder and Compacts.



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You may not get any fish, but you'll get a wondrous appetite; you can be sure of that.

And you'll be ready for the lunch; that appetite will demand something good, something substantial.

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"Boys," pleaded Mose, "let's shove our hands in Bob Walton's and help *him* find the way!"

It was an almost irresistible appeal. It won the hearts of the elders; yet nothing could win them from their conception of duty to the church.

"He can come before the full board Sunday afternoon and tell his story. It will be up to them." That was the nearest to a verdict that Mullen could wring from his jury. The men were still too appalled by what they had heard to be courageous in dealing out forgiveness.

And the full board! That meant the sixteen elders and the forty or fifty deacons. That meant Robert N. Walton's coming before these many people and harrowing his soul while he paraded his shame. Mose Mullen was heavy in his heart. He felt almost as if he had failed. He didn't know whether he could get Walton to consent or not. Besides, could sixty men be expected to keep a secret like this? He doubted it. It was almost to invite defeat—to assure it. But—there was no other way, and he so informed the minister, who, as he had foreseen, immediately took fright.

"Tell the whole board? all of them? right out in the open that way? I—I couldn't," faltered Walton. "I could never do it."

"How God Almighty does hate a coward!" frowned Mullen. "Stand up to the lick-log, Bob, and take your medicine."

By a combination of persistence and persuasion he actually got the man up to the point where he was willing to attempt the confession; but it was because he loved so many men in E——, because he wanted his great work to go on and because he did believe that he would never have courage to start again anywhere else.

Mrs. Walton, with her woman's intuitions, also was fearful. Sixteen men now knew their story, besides that terrible man who had written the denunciatory letter. She could not believe that sixteen elders could keep the secret from their wives; and she recalled bitterly those lines of Byron:

> And every woe a tear can claim,
> Except an erring sister's shame.

With all her years of sacrifice and suffering, she shrank from any pointing fingers and confided her fears to Mose. He, dear old rough diamond, comforted and bulwarked her with assurances of organized support.

"Mrs. Mullen will meet you in front of the church and kiss you," he promised. "She will walk right down the aisle and sit beside you. After the sermon three hundred women will come up and kiss you and put their arms around you."

But Walton's misgivings were even greater than his wife's. Difficult as it had been every Sunday morning of his life with her to drag himself to the church and into the pulpit, he found this the most difficult day of all. Especially did he fear that when he faced the Bible class, Hollis Gant, the letter writer, might stand up and denounce him. But in the class that morning, lo, there was Moses Mullen, strong and forceful, with his stocky figure, sitting right beside Hollis Gant, and on the other side of him a man I'd like to mention because it is a name known all over America now. His name and picture are this very morning of my writing on the front page of one of New York's great daily newspapers. But the same reasons which suppress the names of other actors in this moving drama suppress his.

Well, there they sat, these two strong, determined men, embracing the young zealot most affectionately and most effectively; and the sight of them made Walton feel how great is the practical strength of loyal personal friendship. It helped him to get through the entire morning service.

The demonstration of the women over Mrs. Walton took place just as old Mose had said it would; yet so skilfully was it managed that never a hint of design was manifest in it. It seemed just a sudden, spontaneous welling up of the esteem in which the women held the wife of their pastor. Not even Walton himself was permitted to suppose it was any more; and it heartened him amazingly. It gave him resolution to carry out his promise to go to the joint board meeting at four o'clock of this Sunday afternoon, buoyed up by the hope that he and his wife might thereby win the right to remain among these people who loved them so.

Now deacons, it will be recognized, are usually younger men than elders, more active, energetic and demonstrative. In any gathering of sixteen elders and forty or fifty deacons, it will be the deacons who give color to the mass appearance. That was what happened this day. And it wanted but one glimpse at the color of this meeting to know that those sixteen elders had kept their secret absolutely. They sat, grave, silent, repressed, as became elders; but the deacons were smiling and expectant—happy, unaware—supposing their beloved leader had called them together thus suddenly to break some delightful good news to them, to acquaint them with some new enterprise in Christ in which he would direct them.

There were but two unofficial members of the church present. Moses Mullen was one; Hollis Gant was the other. Him, Mose had brought along, that his desire to hear Robert N. Walton tell who and what he was might be fully gratified.

But this attitude of receptive joy on the part of his board changed somewhat the color of that story which Walton had intended to tell. It filled him with a fresh sense of his unworthiness. It plunged him into yet deeper sloughs of guilty consciousness. It made him abandon the hope that he might be permitted to remain here, and his confession from that moment had no external objective. It became, all in a second, an unburdening—nothing else. He stood brokenly, telling the class that he was not himself, that he was Robert N. Wills, a fraud, an imposter, an—he choked over the word and never uttered it. He stammered out that he had been a traducer in his life of the cause that for a quarter of a century he had upheld with his words. He tendered his resignation all over again; he told them he had preached his last sermon, that when this meeting was over he would slip out and away into that oblivion which is always the kindest abode a Judas may ever hope to find.

There was a hollow sob in Walton's voice as he uttered the last word; and there followed painful silence. "Most painful minute and a half I ever went through," one man said to me; though I doubt that it was a minute and a half. It could not have been more than a few seconds until

that sob in the minister's throat was echoed by sixty men weeping as one. There were exclamations, cries, incoherent attempts to speak, to frame resolutions, to call out encouragement, with someone stating a resolution and the chair announcing that it was passed unanimously; after which the joint board meeting became a thing of motion, of eager, emotional men flowing forward, climbing over the pews, hurrying down the aisles to reach Robert N. Walton and take him into their arms, hold him to their hearts, seal to him their forgiveness and faith and loyalty forever.

When it was all over, out of the confusion minutes were evolved which showed that the board had utterly refused to accept the pastor's resignation and that a resolution had been passed unanimously declaring the affair of the afternoon to be "a forgotten incident" and binding all present never to discuss it with any member of the board or with anybody else so long as they lived. And they meant it. But it was one of those kinds of incidents that could never be forgotten.

Mose Mullen stood by while the board was milling round its pastor, happy for his friend, but proud, oh tremendously proud, for his church because it had shown its ability to rise high and do a great Christian act.

But there were certain practical considerations that immediately engaged his mind. If this were to become a forgotten incident, some of the forgetting had to be arranged for very practically. With a story known to sixty persons, however noble and determined their intent to keep it secret, it must inevitably leak out; and it might leak in such a way as to ruin the man they all were bent on saving. One printed line of this story and the damage would be done. Obviously that line must not be printed.

Now Mose, with all his cynicism, was a man of large faith in human nature. Within an hour of this meeting of the board he had called the newspaper men together—the reporters of the dailies of this populous city of E——, news organs that were not one whit behind others in America in enterprise. To these men Mullen told without reservation the story of Robert N. Walton. They sat gasping, gaping with widening eyes, checking only momentarily an impulse to rise and rush for the door. It was the greatest local news sensation these men had ever encountered. It was a U. P. story good for columns and columns the country across. They saw the headlines; not a mind but was busy with the framing of the "lead," when old Mose added quietly:

"But of course you mustn't say a word about it. You mustn't."

There followed a silence while the men imbibed the spirit of what it was this church was trying to do. And then they agreed. They mustn't. Each man gave his pledge. Of course managing editors had to be told; but they too rose to that spiritual height demanded of them by the indomitable Mullen. Not a line of the affair was printed.

That was a marvelous compact in itself —marvelous in its effect; yet after all it was purely negative. There was nothing negative about Walton. He could never thrive on negatives. His was a positive nature. He had to be cooperated with—not merely left alone. At the moment when Mullen was making all secure with



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How Do You Can?

THERE are several ways to can, but the Oven Method is the one to be preferred. So says the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Farmers' Bulletin No. 203. Under the caption of "Canned Fruit Cooked in the Oven", the Government Experts have this to say:

"This method of canning fruit, in the opinion of the writer, is the one preferred. The work is easily and quickly done, and the fruit retains its shape, color and flavor better than when cooked in the preserving kettle."

But the Government Bulletin was written long before the advent of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, the wonderful device that exactly measures and controls the heat of the Gas Range Oven. And so, the Lorain Method of Oven Canning surpasses even the method recommended by the Government.

If you owned a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you could do many wonderful things in cookery. In the first place you'd never again experience a single failure in baking, roasting, etc. Also, you'd be able to cook a whole meal in the oven all at one time—while you're miles away enjoying yourself.

Wherever gas is available you'll find dealers who sell Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. These dealers are always willing to explain or demonstrate the unusual advantages of this greatest of all time- and labor-saving appliances.

Send for a free copy of the Lorain Oven Canning Chart. It explains how to can 37 different fruits and vegetables by this new and better method.

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LORAIN
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the newspaper men, Walton was at home in a chill of despair. Reaction had come to him. It would come, he saw, to the others. His brethern had been swept up to a crest of noble emotions; they would wallow presently in the trough of that sea. Officially and sincerely they had forgiven him; but—they would remember. They would take his hand tomorrow, but—*they would remember!* He would read it in the breaking of their glance. Every time they looked at him they would remember; every time they spoke of him they would remember the pitiable truth. He would know this and, with his sensitive nature, it would ruin him, make him sterile, useless. He might as well go, after all. It had been in vain. He was done for. That was what Walton was thinking; and shrewd old Mullen, knowing the man well, was realizing the same thing.

As he left the newspaper men he put it into words to that friend who had helped him police the zealot in the Bible class, by saying: "Bob Walton can be now just—just a *singed cat* or—he can be big—bigger than he ever was. Let's make him bigger."

The two joined hands upon the proposition and Mose began immediately to lay plans and within an hour to execute them—first at the church. That very night as the forty deacons were seating the congregation subtle propaganda was poured into receptive ears and the fires of a new and pentecostal enthusiasm for the minister were kindled. Walton felt it the minute he entered the church door and fear went out of him forever. He faced his people with a new courage and a new confidence; he felt a new freedom and a new power, and preached as he had never preached before.

Moses Mullen, watching keenly, saw this, felt it and rejoiced in it; but his astuteness descried another danger. There were the other churches—for this was one of the best churched cities in America; and these other churches all had ministers. The story would get round and, true to the genius of rumor, in its worst form; whereat some outraged preacher, jealous for the whiteness of the pulpit, might break out in fiery public denunciation. Yet far less than this would have quenched the sensitive spirit of Walton, who was keenly alive to the affectionate loyalties of his brothers of the cloth. Let but one of them gaze upon him with coldly accusing eye or draw his Prince Albert aside from him as he passed, and Walton would be done for. Yes, this story, once so many people knew it, was bound to run like a prairie fire; and Mose resolved to fight it as he would a conflagration on the plains, by *backfire*.

He called the ministers of the city of E—— together and he told them the true story of Robert N. Walton, extenuating nothing—but, the *true* story; and then he appealed to them to aid in a process of salvation and appealed with confidence. For he believed in these men exactly as he had believed in his own church board; that they were Christians; that they were human and brotherly and would leap at the opportunity to do a big Christian thing.

"Boys," he said familiarly, for he was older than most of them, "I want you to help this church save Bob Walton."

The ministers had listened, very much as the elders had, with spasms of shock and pain; but they were quicker to respond. With spontaneous generosity their hearts went out to the man. Knowing in their own souls how the minister is tempted, knowing better than anyone else what Walton's long struggle must have been like, they leaped to their feet with ready assurance of brotherly support.

But Mullen was not done yet with his backfiring. He turned next to his lodge—that lodge of twelve hundred Masons which he had induced Walton to join.

"You are ruining me," Walton protested, fearfully hurt, "telling everybody my story."

"No, I'm not," insisted Mullen, wise with the wisdom of the children of light and wily with the cunning of the generations of darkness. "No, I'm not." And he told the men of the lodge, told them with a good deal of emotion and unashamed pathos. Those twelve hundred Masons heard it with blanched faces, strained and breathless, and with a sigh of disappointment at realizing that their admired brother of the cloth was but flesh as they themselves were flesh. They were distressed by the facts, but got a quick perspective on them; they saw that the incident was long past; they perceived that he had done much to expiate it. Moreover, he was a brother Mason and in trouble, and it is a principle of their code to stand by a brother in trouble. Their sympathies were immediately enlisted.

"You can't just—tolerate him, brothers. You've got to go to him—lift him up." That was what Mullen had pointed out.

And the lodge did lift him up. It clamored for his appearance on every occasion. Those Masons made him speak at their banquets, participate at their funerals, solemnize their weddings. They applauded his every utterance and they pleaded with him to lead them into whatever good work he would. The lodge vied with the church, which was rallying more and more unitedly every week to multiply the power of his ministry. The Bible class applauded when he entered the room, applauded his every utterance, applauded when the lecture hour was over and he left them. As George Fawcett said to me: "They hung upon his words and upon his arms and were eager to do his bidding."

The clergy, too, were making good on their covenant with Moses Mullen. From that day forth the ministerial association began deliberately to put Robert N. Walton forward, to magnify him, to exalt him. Never was a joint meeting of the churches planned but Walton must be selected as the principal speaker; never a program of any sort but he had a chief place upon it; never a platform arrangement of church dignitaries but he must be assigned the seat of honor; and these joint church gatherings hailed him as if he were some bright messenger from another world.

The newspapers readily caught the habit of magnifying the man. The classic utterances of clergymen of better brain than he went into the waste basket or to an obscure corner of the paper while the chance opinion of Robert N. Walton on the proper composition of a golf ball would find itself a headline.

And through all of this period of what was possibly excessive laudation not once did any minister, though he might have labored unrecognized for years, lift one whisper of protest at undue honor accorded to Walton. Nor ever once did Walton himself manifest the slightest egotism, the slightest suggestion that all this

appreciation was different from that given to other men, or in any wise a tribute to him. He accepted it beamingly as a means of magnifying his influence, and his influence was always for good. Men found it inspiring just to watch him swinging along the street, his shoulders squared bravely, though they knew what memory still burdened his heart and that he was sensitive with realizing that they did know.

They knew that he was sensitive because he never spoke about it himself, not even to his intimates; not more than once or twice in five years to George Fawcett and Mose Mullen, witnessing eloquently that within his heart a door was close locked upon the tragedy. Men of his denomination who had known him in the old days and came to him now in the new days and were entertained in his house, listened, longed, for one word of confidence, one word of appeal for understanding and sympathy; but he never uttered it.

During this period, however, certain details inevitably came out; details that showed how naïvely simple and trustful the man had been even in his duplicity. Mose discovered, for instance, that his name had never been changed; that he was still in fact Robert N. Wills; and one day, when the court room was empty, Mullen secured an order from a judge making the name officially that under which the man's long agony had been endured and his long triumph achieved.

It was learned too that certain other persons had known all along who Robert N. Walton was. There came the story of an admirer of his in a Western city who was always lauding "Brother Walton," and of her expression of wonder that a certain woman in the boarding house invariably left the room when she began to extoll the virtues of her favorite minister. She expressed this wonder to the landlady, only to be informed gently: "Perhaps it's because the lady is his wife that she cannot bear to have him praised."

This showed again that Walton had been somehow deliberately protected in the work he had chosen to do by some of those who knew him best.

All the while now, too, his influence was widening over the city and state. His character stood the test of all this popular acclaim. He hailed his opportunities joyously; he denied himself to few of them. When the country fell into war the deeply-lying patriotism in his heart was deeply stirred. He could rouse men for war service with the same good conscience that he roused them for the duties of peace.

No war meeting, nor ally of the minute men, no campaign for the raising of quotas on Liberty Loans was considered to have been properly launched if his voice was not heard in its behalf. He spoke one night at the state fair grounds to all the thousands that could crowd within the range of his voice and roused them to white-hot enthusiasm. Other states pleaded for him. Special trains whirled him hither and yon.

So he gave himself, his magnificent physical strength supporting him so well that it was with a kind of surprise that people heard one day that he was ill. It was Mrs. Walton who had divined prophetically, a good while before that these his fruitful fifties might be also his failing fifties.

It was front page news when the fact became public that he was ill; it was



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Washed this way your sport clothes keep their texture and their color

You look doubtfully at your smart Kasha cloth skirt, the little sports jacket with its quaint Egyptian design. They really ought to be washed, but will it ruin them? You can't bear to have them shrink and fade, lose their modish look.

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Wash all your sport things with Lux. Lux is safe for all these sensitive garments. There are no harsh ingredients in it to attack fuzzy woolen fibres or to stiffen and yellow silk.

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Good Food? *Yes* Good exercise? *NO*

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Does your tooth-brush "show pink"?

Because the gums get so little stimulation, they are, in late years, growing soft and flabby, and tooth troubles, due to weak gums—and most of them are—show a decided and alarming increase.

The dental profession is awake to the situation—nearly 3,000 have written to tell us how they combat soft and tender gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

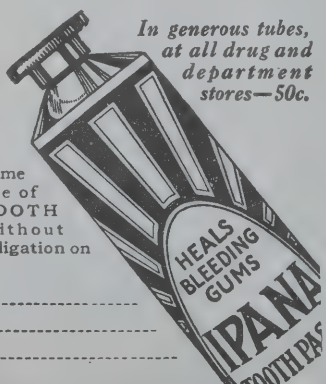
Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgetably good. Send for a sample today.

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In generous tubes, at all drug and department stores—50c.



Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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City ----------
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scare head news when it was known that he had been taken to a sanatorium; and from there bulletins of his condition were played up in the daily papers of E—— as if a president had been prostrated. The minds of all the city were centered in anxiety on that sanatorium. The reports grew grave, grew uncertain, grew hopeless. The churches, the lodges, the whole city, began to realize that their idol was very ill, but they were unprepared for the abrupt announcement that he was dead; but so it was. Those that loved him most stood by and saw his spirit flicker and go out. They saw his face at peace, saw that, of a truth, dark shadows lay beneath his eyes; saw about his mouth the lines of that heroic battle with sin which he had fought and won.

For an hour the people of E—— marveled that this strong man and vigorous, so valiant in every cause but his own, should lie down and die in just a day or two of illness; but presently they realized. He had worn himself out for them, spending and being spent; he had no vitality left with which to fight disease.

Then the city gave itself up to mourning. Never in its history or that of the state had so many hearts been sore over the death of any man. The body lay in state in Scottish Rite Cathedral—the home of that order to which he had belonged and whose members had rallied to him so loyally. Here hundreds of men passed his bier and wept as they looked upon features which told their own story of conflict—men who had sinned perhaps as he, battled with their weakness as he, and perhaps had not triumphed so gloriously.

Again his body lay in state out in that church where he had done his last great work. There was a flagpole in front of this church—a regular part of its equipment—and as his body was borne within, the Stars and Stripes that he had cherished so fondly were floated slowly to the peak, then lowered to half-mast; as flags were hanging elsewhere in the city.

To that very spot where he had stood, confessing to his board, the casket was borne while the organ wailed its requiem, and as the building echoed with the weeping of the congregation it woke in some minds the memory of the echoing sobs of the man himself while he had torn out the truth from his heart.

Flowers, flowers, flowers! They covered the casket, they covered the pulpit, they all but obscured the organ.

"I never saw such a funeral," said one minister to me, and he had seen many.

Orders, societies, associations, churches, individuals had sent their quotas and their tributes. There came poor and humble folk, whom his congregation wondered that he had found time to know, bringing poor little gifts of a single rose or geranium or hollyhock, culled from some wretched back-yard garden, and laid them with tears among the more elaborate floral pieces.

The church, for one to voice its grief, had sent far, borrowing from his high service one of those five boys who had entered the ministry under Robert N. Walton's persuasion in the little river town of B——. He tried to speak their sorrow for the people and mingled with it his own broken tribute to the man whose broken life had been mended so beautifully.

Two miles of automobiles followed the body to its last resting place; and when the lodge ritual was concluded, a bishop of the Episcopal Church, which of course was not the deceased's denomination, was escorted to the side of the widow, where he invoked God's blessing on her and the household. Facing the open grave he spoke the earth to earth, dust to dust and ashes to ashes, intoning with deepest solemnity, his rich voice trembling when he came to "We commit his body to the ground and *his soul to Almighty God.*"

So they laid Robert N. Walton away.

"I have never seen anybody," testified George Fawcett to me, "who could so influence men by words and deeds. And if it hadn't been for Mose Mullen the church might have failed him."

There comes yet somehow one more heartthrob in knowing that when, seven months later, this church called a new pastor, it chose another one of those five boys from the town of B——, a man who had demonstrated great strength in leadership and who had now for ten years been occupying Walton's third pulpit in that flourishing city of C——. Today he stands in his pulpit at E——; and he finds it a solid work that his father in the Gospel has left to him.

Two thousand one hundred and forty-six persons gathered to welcome him on his first Sunday in the new field. The church had been shepherdless more than half a year, and yet the twelve-months' report is the greatest in the congregation's history. Walton had been building deep and strong. The church is not rich, but it had raised $58,000 in that year; it had given fifteen thousand to missions and benevolences; the Robert N. Walton Bible Class alone had given more than four thousand dollars to causes other than its share of Sunday school expenses; and plans for doubling the entire working plant of the church were ready for the new pastor's approval. That was the enduring nature of the work which had been done by a man who had lived nearly all his days in heartbreak house.

And this is his story! If it be over-embellished, over-emotionalized, the fault is mine. It has been hard—impossible—to write it coldly. If imagination has supplied details where participants were unwilling to or obviously could not be approached, it may be taken for granted that the fictions are less forceful than the realities. But the story of the man whose sin so humbled him, and of the church, the ministers, the lodges, the newspapers and the community which so exalted themselves in exalting him—*that story is true.* At the same time it is so marvelous that the men who lived through it can hardly believe it themselves.

"As I contemplate the life of Robert N. Walton," said that minister who had wondered at his funeral, "I am convinced that *nothing but the grace of God could have made it possible.*"

And there are people who fancy that the grace of God is rather going out of fashion in the world!

Ida M. Evans is a name that stands for stories close to real life: One of them—an exceptionally powerful one—will appear in an early issue of COSMOPOLITAN

The Début of Battling Billson

(*Continued from page 99*)

inches into his leg. He seems to need something like that to give him ambition."

"I don't see how you are going to arrange to have him knifed just before each fight."

"No," said Ukridge mournfully.

"What are you going to do about his future? Have you any plans?"

"Nothing definite. My aunt was looking for a companion to attend to her correspondence and take care of the canary last time I saw her. I might try to get the job for him."

And with a horrid mirthless laugh Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge borrowed five shillings and passed out into the night.

I did not see Ukridge for the next few days, but I had news of him from our mutual friend George Tupper, whom I met prancing in uplifted mood down Whitehall.

"I say," said George Tupper without preamble and with a sort of dazed fervor, "they've given me an assistant under-secretaryship."

I pressed his hand. I would have slapped him on the back, but one does not slap the backs of eminent Foreign Office officials in Whitehall in broad daylight, even if one has been at school with them.

"Congratulations," I said. "There is no one whom I would more gladly see assisting under-secretaries. I heard rumors of this from Ukridge."

"Oh yes, I remember I told him it might be coming off. Good old Ukridge. I met him just now and told him the news, and he was delighted."

"How much did he touch you for?"

"Eh? Oh, only five pounds! Till Saturday. He expects to have a lot of money by then."

"Did you ever know the time when Ukridge didn't expect to have a lot of money?"

"I want you and Ukridge to come and have a bit of dinner with me to celebrate. How would Wednesday suit you?"

"Splendidly."

"Seven-thirty at the Regent Grill, then. Will you tell Ukridge?"

"I don't know where he's got to. I haven't seen him for nearly a week. Did he tell you where he was?"

"Out at some place at Barnes. What was the name of it?"

"The White Hart?"

"That's it."

"Tell me," I said, "how did he seem? Cheerful?"

"Very. Why?"

"The last time I saw him he was thinking of giving up the struggle. He had had reverses."

I proceeded to the White Hart immediately after luncheon. The fact that Ukridge was still at that hostelry and had regained his usual sunny outlook on life seemed to point to the fact that the clouds enveloping the future of Mr. Billson had cleared away and that the latter's hat was still in the ring.

That this was so was made clear to me directly I arrived. Inquiring for my



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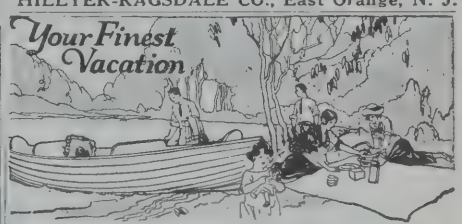
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old friend, I was directed to an upper room, from which, as I approached, there came a peculiar thudding noise. It was caused, as I perceived on opening the door, by Mr. Billson. Clad in flannel trousers and a sweater, he was earnestly pounding a large leather object suspended from a wooden platform. His manager, seated on a soap box in a corner, regarded him the while with affectionate proprietorship.

"Hullo, old horse," said Ukridge, rising as I entered. "Glad to see you."

The din of Mr. Billson's bag punching, from which my arrival had not caused him to desist, was such as to render conversation difficult. We moved to the quieter retreat of he bar downstairs, where I informed Ukridge of the assistant under-secretary's invitation.

"I'll be there," said Ukridge. "There's one thing about good old Billson, you can trust him not to break training if you take your eye off him. And, of course, he realizes that this is a big thing. It'll be the making of him."

"Your aunt is considering engaging him, then?"

"My aunt? What on earth are you talking about? Collect yourself, laddie."

"When you left me, you were going to try to get him the job of looking after your aunt's canary."

"Oh, I was feeling rather sore then! That's all over. I had an earnest talk with the poor simp and he means business from now on. And so he ought to, dash it, with a magnificent opportunity like this."

"Like what?"

"We're on to a big thing now, laddie, the dickens of a big thing."

"I hope you've made sure the other man's a bachelor. Who is he?"

"Tod Bingham."

"Tod Bingham?" I groped in my memory. "You don't mean the middleweight champion?"

"That's the fellow."

"You don't expect me to believe that you've got a match on with a champion already?"

"It isn't exactly a match. It's like this. Tod Bingham is going round the East End halls offering two hundred quid to anyone who'll stay four rounds with him. Advertisement stuff. Good old Billson is going to unleash himself at the Shoreditch Empire next Saturday."

"Do you think he'll be able to stay four rounds?"

"Stay four rounds!" cried Ukridge. "Why, he could stay four rounds with a fellow armed with a Gatling gun and a couple of pickaxes. That money's as good as in our pockets, laddie. And once we're through with this job, there isn't a boxing place in England that won't jump at us. I don't mind telling you in confidence, old horse, that in a year from now I expect to be pulling in hundreds a week. Clean up a bit here first, you know, and then pop over to America and make an enormous fortune. Damme, I shan't know how to spend the money!"

"Why not buy some socks? I'm running a bit short of them."

"Now, laddie, laddie," said Ukridge reprovingly, "need we strike a jarring note? Is this the moment to fling your beastly socks in an old friend's face? A broader-minded spirit is what I would like to see."

I was ten minutes late in arriving at the Regent Grill on the Wednesday of George Tupper's invitation, and the spectacle of George in person standing bareheaded at the Piccadilly entrance filled me with guilty remorse. George was the best fellow in the world, but the atmosphere of the Foreign Office had increased the tendency he had always had from boyhood to a sort of precise fussiness, and it upset him if his affairs did not run exactly on schedule. The thought that my unpunctuality should have marred this great evening sent me hurrying towards him full of apologies.

"Oh, there you are!" said George. "I say, it's too bad . . ."

"I'm awfully sorry. My watch . . ."

"Ukridge!" cried George Tupper, and I perceived that it was not I who had caused his concern.

"Isn't he coming?" I asked, amazed. The idea of Ukridge evading a free meal was one of those that seem to make the solid foundations of the world rock.

"He's come. And he's brought a girl with him!"

"A *girl!*"

"In pink, with yellow hair," wailed George Tupper. "What am I to do?"

I pondered the point.

"It's a weird thing for even Ukridge to have done," I said, "but I suppose you'll have to give her dinner."

"But the place is full of people I know, and this girl's so—so spectacular."

I felt for him deeply, but I could see no way out of it.

"You don't think I could say I had been taken ill?"

"It would hurt Ukridge's feelings."

"I should enjoy hurting Ukridge's feelings, curse him!" said George Tupper fervently.

"And it would be an awful slam for the girl, whoever she is."

George Tupper sighed. His was a chivalrous nature. He drew himself up as if he were bracing himself for a dreadful ordeal.

"Oh well, I suppose there's nothing to do," he said. "Come along. I left them drinking cocktails in the lounge."

George had not erred when he described Ukridge's addition to the festivities as spectacular. *Flamboyant* would have been a suitable word. As she preceded us down the long dining room, her arm linked in George Tupper's—she seemed to have taken a liking to George—I had ample opportunity for studying her from her patent leather shoes to the mass of golden hair beneath her picture hat. She had a loud, clear voice, and she was telling George Tupper the rather intimate details of an internal complaint which had recently troubled an aunt of hers. If George had been the family physician, she could not have been franker; and I could see a dull glow spreading gradually over his shapely ears.

Perhaps Ukridge saw it, too, for he seemed to experience a slight twinge of conscience.

"I have an idea, laddie," he whispered, "that old Tuppy is a trifle peeved at my bringing Flossie along. If you get a chance, you might just murmur to him that it was military necessity."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"I told you about her. Flossie, the barmaid at the Crown in Kennington. Billson's fiancée."

I looked at him in amazement.

"Do you mean to tell me that you're courting death by flirting with Battling Billson's girl?"

"My dear old man, nothing like that," said Ukridge, shocked. "The whole thing is, I've got a particular favor to ask of her—rather a rummy request—and it was no good springing it on her in cold blood. There had to be a certain amount of champagne in advance, and my funds won't run to champagne. I'm taking her on to the Alhambra after dinner. I'll look you up tonight and tell you all about it."

We then proceeded to dine. It was not one of the pleasantest meals of my experience. The future Mrs. Billson prattled agreeably throughout, and Ukridge assisted her in keeping the conversation alive; but the shattered demeanor of George Tupper would have taken the sparkle out of any banquet. From time to time he pulled himself together and endeavored to play the host, but for the most part he maintained a pale and brooding silence; and it was a relief when Ukridge and his companion finally rose to leave.

"Well!" began George Tupper in a strangled voice, as they moved away down the aisle.

I lighted a cigar and sat back dutifully to listen.

Ukridge arrived at my rooms at midnight, his eyes gleaming through their pince-nez with a strange light. His manner was exuberant.

"It's all right," he said.

"I'm glad you think so."

"Did you explain to Tuppy?"

"I didn't get a chance. He was talking too hard."

"About me?"

"Yes. He said everything I've always felt about you, only far, far better than I could ever have put it."

Ukridge's face clouded for a moment, but cheerfulness returned.

"Oh, well, it can't be helped! He'll simmer down in a day or two. It had to be done, laddie. Life and death matter. And it's all right. Read this."

I took the letter he handed me. It was written in a scrawly hand.

"What's this?"

"Read it, laddie. I think it will meet the case."

I read:

"'Wilberforce.' Who on earth's Wilberforce?"

"I told you that was old Billson's name."

"Oh, yes!"

I returned to the letter.

WILBERFORCE:

I take my pen in hand to tell you that I can never be yours. You will no doubt be surprised to hear that I love another and a better man, so that it can never be. He loves me, and he is a better man than you.

Hoping this finds you in the pink as it leaves me at present,

Yours faithfully,
Florence Burns

"I told her to keep it snappy," said Ukridge.

"Well, she's certainly done it," I replied, handing back the letter. "I'm sorry.



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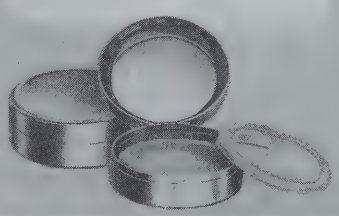
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From the little I saw of her, I thought her a nice girl—for Billson. Do you happen to know the other man's address? Because it would be a kindly act to send him a post card advising him to leave England for a year or two."

"The Shoreditch Empire will find him this week."

"What!"

"The other man is Tod Bingham."

"Tod Bingham!" The drama of the situation moved me. "Do you mean to say that Tod Bingham is in love with Battling Billson's girl?"

"No. He's never seen her."

"What do you mean?"

Ukridge sat down creakingly on the sofa. He slapped my knee with sudden and uncomfortable violence.

"Laddie," said Ukridge, "I will tell you all. Yesterday afternoon I found old Billson reading a copy of the Daily Sportsman. He isn't much of a reader as a rule, so I was rather interested to know what had gripped him. And do you know what it was, old horse?"

"I do not."

"It was an article about Tod Bingham. One of those sentimental blurbs they print about pugilists nowadays, saying what a good chap he was in private life and how he always sent a telegram to his old mother after each fight and gave her half the purse.

"Damme, there ought to be a censorship of the press. These blighters don't mind *what* they print. I don't suppose Tod Bingham has *got* an old mother, and if he has I'll bet he doesn't give her a bob. There were tears in that chump Billson's eyes as he showed me the article. Salt tears, laddie! 'Must be a nice feller!' he said.

"Well, I ask you! I mean to say, it's a bit thick when the man you've been pouring out money for and watching over like a baby sister starts getting sorry for a champion three days before he's due to fight him. A champion, mark you! It was bad enough his getting mushy about that fellow at Wonderland, but when it came to his being soft-hearted over Tod Bingham something nad to be done.

"Well, you know me. Brain like a buzz-saw. I saw the only way of counteracting this pernicious stuff was to get him so mad with Tod Bingham that he would forget all about his old mother, so I suddenly thought, why not get Flossie to pretend that Bingham had cut him out with her? Well, it's not the sort of thing you can ask a girl to do without preparing the ground a bit, so I brought her along to Tuppy's dinner. It was a master stroke, laddie. There's nothing softens the delicately nurtured like a good dinner, and there's no denying that old Tuppy did us well.

"She agreed the moment I put the thing to her, and sat down and wrote that letter without a blink. I think she thinks it's all a jolly practical joke. She's a light-hearted girl."

"Must be."

"It'll give poor old Billson a bit of a jar for the time being, I suppose, but it'll make him spread himself on Saturday night, and he'll be perfectly happy on Sunday morning when she tells him she didn't mean it and he realizes that he's got a hundred quid of Tod Bingham's in his trousers' pocket."

"I thought you said it was two hundred quid that Bingham was offering."

"I get a hundred," said Ukridge dreamily.

"The only flaw is, the letter doesn't give the other man's name. How is Billson to know it's Tod Bingham?"

"Why, damme, laddie, do use your intelligence. Billson isn't going to sit and yawn when he gets that letter. He'll buzz straight down to Kennington and ask Flossie."

"And then she will give the whole thing away."

"No she won't. I slipped her a couple of quid to promise she wouldn't. And that reminds me, old man, it has left me a bit short, so if you could possibly manage . . ."

"Good night," I said.

"But, laddie . . ."

"And God bless you," I added firmly.

The Shoreditch Empire is a roomy house, but it was crowded to the doors when I reached it on the Saturday night. In normal circumstances I suppose there would always have been a large audience on a Saturday, and this evening the lure of Tod Bingham's personal appearance had drawn more than capacity.

In return for my shilling I was accorded the privilege of standing against the wall at the back, a position from which I could not see a great deal of the performance.

From the occasional flashes which I got of the stage between the heads of my neighbors, however, and from the generally restless and impatient attitude of the audience, I gathered that I was not missing much.

The program of the Shoreditch Empire that week was essentially a one-man affair. The patrons had the air of suffering the preliminary acts as unavoidable obstacles that stood between them and the headliner. It was Tod Bingham whom they had come to see, and they were not cordial to the unfortunate serio-comics, tramp cyclists, jugglers, acrobats and ballad singers who intruded themselves during the earlier part of the evening. The cheer that arose as the curtain fell on a dramatic sketch came from the heart, for the next number on the program was that of the star.

A stout man in evening dress with a red handkerchief worn ambassadorially athwart his shirt front stepped out from the wings.

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

"'Ush!" cried the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

A voice: "Good ole Tod!" ("Cheese it!")

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the ambassador for the third time.

He scanned the house apprehensively. "Deeply regret have unfortunate disappointment to announce. Tod Bingham unfortunately unable to appear before you tonight."

A howl like the howl of wolves cheated of their prey or of an amphitheater full of Roman citizens on receipt of the news that the supply of lions had run out greeted these words.

We stared at each other with a wild surmise. Could this thing be, or was it not too thick for human belief?

"Wot's the matter with 'im?" demanded the gallery hoarsely.

"Yus, wot's the matter with 'im?" echoed we of the better element on the lower floor.

The ambassador sidled uneasily towards the prompt entrance. He seemed aware that he was not a popular favorite.

"'E 'as 'ad an unfortunate accident," he declared, nervousness beginning to sweep away his *h's* wholesale. "On 'is way 'ere to this 'all 'e was unfortunately run into by a truck, sustaining bruises and contusions which render 'im unfortunately unable to appear before you tonight. I beg to announce that 'is place will be taken by Professor Devine, who will render 'is marvelous imitations of various birds and familiar animals. Ladies and gentlemen," concluded the ambassador, stepping nimbly off the stage, "I thank you one and all."

The curtain rose and a dapper individual with a waxed mustache skipped on.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my first imitation will be of that well known songster, the common thrush—better known to some of you per'aps as the mavis or throstle. And in connection with my performance I wish to state that I 'ave nothing whatsoever in my mouth. The effects which I produce . . ."

I withdrew, and two-thirds of the audience started to do the same. From behind us, dying away as the doors closed, came the plaintive note of the common thrush feebly competing with that other and sterner bird which haunts those places of entertainment where audiences are critical and swift to take offense.

Out in the street a knot of Shoreditch's younger set were hanging on the lips of an excited orator in a battered hat and trousers which had been made for a larger man. Some stirring tale which he was telling held them spellbound. Words came raggedly through the noise of the traffic.

". . . like this. Then 'e 'its 'im another like that. Then they start . . . on the side of the jor . . ."

"Pass along, there!" interrupted an official voice. "Come on, there, pass along!"

The crowd thinned and resolved itself into its elements.

I found myself moving down the street in company with the wearer of the battered hat. Though we had not been formally introduced, he seemed to consider me a suitable recipient for his tale. He enrolled me at once as a nucleus for a fresh audience.

"'E comes up, this bloke does, just as Tod is goin' in at the stage door . . ."

"Tod?" I queried.

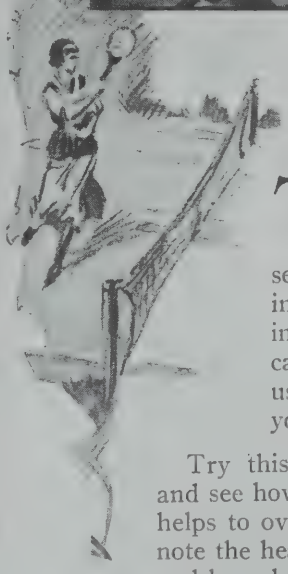
"Tod Bingham. 'E comes up just as 'e's goin' in at the stage door, and 'e says ''Ere!' and Tod says 'Yus?' and this bloke 'e says 'Put 'em up!' and Tod says 'Put wot up?' and this bloke says 'Yer 'ands,' and Tod says 'Wot, me?' sort of surprised. An' the next minute they're fightin' all over the shop . . ."

"But surely Tod Bingham was run over by a truck?"

The man in the battered hat surveyed me with the mingled scorn and resentment which the devout bestow on those of heretical views.

"Truck! 'E wasn't run over by no truck. Wot mikes yer fink 'e was run over by a truck? Wot 'ud 'e be doin' bein' run over by a truck? 'E 'ad it put





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across 'im by this red-'eaded bloke, same as I'm tellin' yer."

A great light shone upon me.

"Red-headed?" I cried.

"Yus."

"A big man?"

"Yus."

"And you say he put it across Tod Bingham?"

"Put it across 'im proper. 'Ad to go 'ome in a keb, Tod did. Funny a bloke that could fight like that bloke could fight 'adn't the sense to go and do it on the stige and get some money for it. That's wot I think."

Across the street an arc lamp shed its cold rays. And into its glare there strode a man draped in a yellow mackintosh. The light gleamed on his pince-nez and lent a gruesome pallor to his set face. It was Ukridge retreating from Moscow.

"Others," I said, "are thinking the same."

And I hurried across the road to administer what feeble consolation I might.

There are moments when a fellow needs a friend.

Ukridge, the man with a genius for getting himself and his friends into tight places, does one of his choicest bits in July COSMOPOLITAN

The Hope of Happiness

(*Continued from page* 56)

couple of funerals—relations where I couldn't dodge the last sad rites. Cheerless, this death stuff; sort o' brings you up with a jerk when you think of it. Most of us these days are frantically trying to forget man's inevitable destiny by running as wild as we dare—blindfolded. It isn't fashionable to be serious about anything. I tell you, my boy, I could count on the fingers of one hand all the people I know who ever take a good square look at life."

"Oh, not as bad as that!" said Bruce, surprised at Henderson's unwonted earnestness. "There must be a lot of people who are troubled about the state of their souls—who have some sort of ideals but are ashamed to haul them out!"

"Ashamed is the word!" Henderson affirmed. "We're afraid of being kidded if anybody sneaks up on us and catches us admiring the Ten Commandments or practicing the Christian virtues! Now I know the rattle of all the skeletons in all the closets in this town. If they all took a notion to trot up and down our main thoroughfares some moonlit evening they'd make quite a parade. You understand I'm not sitting in judgment on my fellow man; I merely view him at times like this, when I'm addressing a man of intellect like you, with a certain cheerful detachment. And I see things going on—and I take part in them—that I deplore. I swear I deplore them; particularly," he went on with a grim smile, "on days when I'm suffering from hang-over-itis."

"You must have been on a roaring tear last night. You have all the symptoms."

"A cruel injustice! I'm never terribly wicked. I drink more than I need at times and I flirt occasionally to keep my hand in. Maybelle doesn't mind if I wander a little, but when she whistles I'm right back at my own fireside pretending nothing happened."

"I'll wager you do!" laughed Bruce.

"Right now," Henderson went on, "I can see a few people we both know who are bound to come a cropper if they don't mind their steps. There's Connie Mills. Not a bad sort, Connie, but a little bit too afraid she isn't having as much fun as she's entitled to. And Shep—the most high-minded, unselfish fellow I know—he, poor nut, just perishing for somebody to love him!"

"By the way, what sort of a chap's George Whitford?" Bruce asked.

"First class," Bud answered promptly. "A real fellow; about the best we've got. Something of the soldier of fortune about him. A variety of talents; brilliant streak in him. Why do you ask? George getting on your preserves?"

"Lord, no! I was just wondering whether you'd knock him. I like him myself."

"Well, nearly everyone does. He appeals to the imagination. Just a little too keen about women, however, for his own good."

A buzzer sounded and Bruce went to the telephone by which visitors announced themselves from the hall below.

"Mr. Carroll? Certainly; come right up!"

"Carroll? Didn't know you were so chummy with him," Henderson grumbled, not pleased by the interruption.

"I run into him at the club occasionally. He's been threatening to drop in some evening. Seems to be a nice chap."

"Oh, yes, Carroll's all right!" Bud grinned. "We might proceed with our discussion of the Millses. Arthur ought to know a few merry facts not disclosed to the general public. He wears the mask of meekness, but that's purely secretarial, so to speak."

Carroll, having reached the apartment, at once began bantering Henderson about the Plantagenet Bud had lately sold him.

"I'm glad you came in," said Bruce. "Bud's conscience is hurting him; he's moaning over the general depravity of the world."

"Nothing original in that. Everybody's talking that stuff," said Carroll, taking a cigar from the box Bruce offered. He manifested a polite interest in the apartment and said he hoped Bruce was liking the town. "We want newcomers to feel at home. When a new man shows up we like to think he's here for life."

Carroll, Bruce knew, was a popular man in town, no doubt deriving special consideration from his association with Mills. His name was written into local history almost as far back as that of the Mills family. In giving up the law to become Mills's right-hand man it was assumed that he had done so merely for the benefit to be derived from contact with a man of Mills's large interests. In time it was believed that he would return to the law, which he had abandoned to go into Mills's office. He dabbled somewhat in politics, possibly, it was said, that he might be in a position to serve Mills when necessary in frustrating the evil designs of the State or the municipal government upon Mills's interests.

Bruce had wondered a little when Carroll intimated his purpose to look him up; he had even speculated as to whether Mills might not have prompted this demonstration of friendliness for some purpose of his own. It was maddening that he was unable to turn in any direction without running into Mills or someone close to him. But Carroll bore all the marks of a gentleman; he was socially in demand and it was grossly ungenerous to think that his call had any motive beyond a wish to be courteous to a new member of the community.

Carroll was tall and slender, with light brown hair and deep-set blue eyes. His clean-shaven face was rather deeply lined for a man of his years; there was something of the air of a student about him. But when he spoke it was in the crisp incisive tones of an executive. A second glance at his eyes discovered hints of reserve strength. Serving an exacting man had not destroyed his independence and self-respect. On the whole a person who knew what he was about, endowed with brains and not easily to be trampled upon or driven.

"You mustn't let Bud fool you about our home town. Most anything he says is bound to be wrong; it's temperamental with him. But you know him of old; I needn't tell you what a scoundrel he is."

"Certainly not! You can't room with a man for four years without knowing all his weaknesses."

"Yes; I certainly know all yours," Henderson retorted. "But he isn't a bad fellow, Arthur. We must marry him off and settle him in life. I already see several good chances to plant him."

"You'd better let Maybelle do that," replied Carroll. "Your judgment in such delicate matters can't be trusted."

"Perhaps I'd better leave the room while you make a choice for me," said Bruce.

"What would you think of Leila Mills as a fitting mate for him?" asked Henderson.

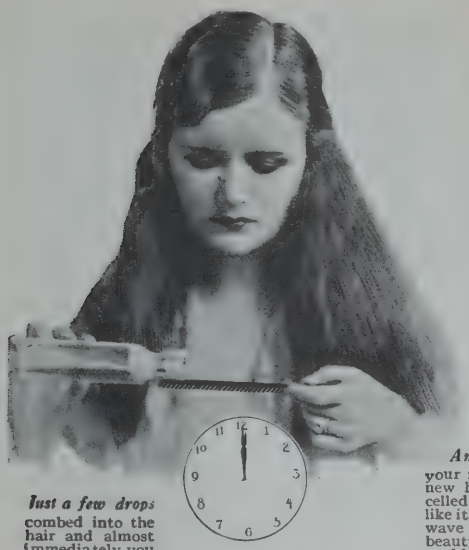
"Excellent," Carroll affirmed. "It's about time Leila was married. You've met Miss Mills, haven't you, Storrs?"

"Yes; several times," said Bruce, wholly uncomfortable that the talk was verging again toward the Mills family. He suspected Bud of turning the conversation upon Leila merely to gratify his passion for gossip.

"Of course you've got the first call, Arthur," said Henderson with cheerful impudence. "The town is getting impatient waiting for you to show your hand."

"I'm sorry to keep my fellow citizens waiting," Carroll replied. "Of course there's always Miss Mills's own wishes to consider."

"Oh well, there *is* that! Bruce, with his



Just a few drops combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands molding into glorious waves and curls.



And in 20 minutes your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair naturally curly *in 20 minutes*

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



A Matchless Marcelle

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia,*" he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita,* what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"*Oigame, senorita,*" he said—"Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero.* Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.



Lovely Curls

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

No need to undergo the torture and expense of the so-called permanent wave, which might even destroy your hair. You can have natural curly hair in twenty minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

No Profit Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)



Wavy Bob

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid. The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman $1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

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If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose $2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.

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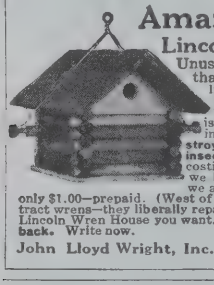
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Amazing Bargain!

Lincoln Wren House $1.00

Unusually attractive bird house — that ONLY wrens can use. Looks like a miniature log cabin. Made of wood, tinted a soft brown color that attracts the wren, whose song is melodious and flute-like; amusing ways make it a favorite. **It destroys large numbers of obnoxious insects.** The equal of wren houses costing $5.00 to $7.00. And yet because we build in tremendous quantities — we are able to sell, knocked down, for only $1.00—prepaid. (West of Denver and Canada, $1.25.) Attract wrens—they liberally repay attention. Send $1.00 for each Lincoln Wren House you want. If you aren't delighted—**money back.** Write now.

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Make The Deaf Hear

New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit — there is no obligation.

They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to

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known affection for the arts, may prefer the lovely Millicent. He's not worth troubling about as a competitor. Well, I must skip back to Maybelle! Wait till I get downstairs before you begin knocking me!"

"Don't be in a rush," said Bruce.

"Oh, I'll go now!" said Bud as he lounged out. "I want you to have plenty of time to skin me properly!"

"Bud's a mighty good fellow," said Carroll when they were alone. "He and Maybelle give a real tang to our social affairs. I suppose we have Bud to thank for bringing you here."

"Oh, not altogether!" said Bruce. "I was alone in the world and my home town hasn't much to offer an architect."

"Your profession does need room. I was born right here and expect to be buried among my ancestors. Let me see—did I hear that you're from the East?"

The question on its face was courteously perfunctory; Mills would certainly not have done anything so clumsy, Bruce reflected, as to send Carroll to probe into his history.

"I'm an Ohioan—born in Laconia," he replied.

"Not really! I have an uncle and some cousins there. Just today we had a letter at the office from Laconia, an inquiry about a snarl in the title to some property. Mr. Mills's father—of the same name—once had some interests there—a stave factory, I think it was. Long before your day, of course. He bought some land near the plant—the Millses have always gone in strong for real estate—thinking he might need it if the business developed. Mr. Mills was there awhile as a young man. Suppose he didn't like the business, and his father sold out. I was there a few years ago visiting my relations and I met some Bruces—Miss Carolyn Bruce—awfully jolly girl—related to you?"

"My cousin. Bruce was my mother's name."

"The old saying about the smallness of the world! Splendid girl—not married yet?"

"Not when I heard from her last week."

"We might drive over there sometime next spring and see her."

"Fine. Carolyn was always a great pal of mine. Laconia's a sociable town. Everybody knows everybody else; it was like a big family. We can't laugh so gaily at the small towns; they've got a lot that's mighty fine. Our social and political regeneration has got to begin with the small units."

"I say that sometimes to Mr. Mills," Carroll continued. "But he's of the old ultra-conservative school; a pessimist as to the future, or pretends to be. He really sees most things pretty straight. But men of his sort hate the idea of change. They prefer things as they are."

"I think we all want the changes to come slowly—gradual evolution socially and politically," Bruce ventured. "That's the only safe way. The great business of the world is to find happiness—get rid of misery and violence and hatred. I'm for everything that moves toward that end."

"I'm with you there," Carroll replied quickly.

Bruce's liking for Carroll increased. Mills's secretary was not only an agreeable companion but he expressed views on many questions that showed knowledge and sound reasoning. He referred to Mills now and then, always with respect but never with any trace of subserviency. Bruce, now that his fear had passed, was deriving a degree of courage merely from talking with Carroll. Carroll, in daily contact with Mills, evidently was not afraid of him. And what had he, Bruce Storrs, to fear from Franklin Mills? There could not have been any scandal about Mills's affair with his mother or she herself would probably have mentioned it; or more likely she would never have told him her story. Carroll's visit was reassuring every way Bruce considered it.

"I got a glimpse of you at Deer Trail the other day. You were there about the superintendent's house—Mr. Mills spoke of you afterward—said you seemed to know your business. He's not so hard to please as many people think—only"—Carroll smiled—"it's always safer to do things his way."

"I imagine it is!" Bruce assented.

Carroll remained until the clock on the mantel chimed twelve.

"I hope you've enjoyed this as much as I have!" he said. "If there's anything I can do for you give me a ring. Mr. Mills is a regular client of Freeman's. We'll doubtless meet in a business way from time to time."

CHAPTER VII

ON THE following Sunday afternoon Bruce, having been reproved by Dale Freeman for his recent neglect of her, drove to the architect's house. He had hoped to find Millicent there and was disappointed not to find her.

"You expected to see someone in particular!" said Dale. "I can tell by the roving look in your eye."

"I was merely resenting the presence of these other people. My eyes are for you alone!"

"What a satisfactory boy you are! But it was Millicent, wasn't it?"

"Lady, lady! You're positively psychic! Do you also tell fortunes?"

"It's easy to tell yours! I see a beautiful blonde in your life! Sorry I can't produce Millie today. She's not crazy about my Sunday parties; she hates a crowd. I must arrange something small for you two. You must meet that girl who just came in alone—the one in the enchanting black gown. She's a Miss Abrams, a Jewess, very cultivated—lovely voice."

The rooms were soon crowded. Bruce was still talking to Miss Abrams when he caught sight of Shepherd and Constance Mills, who had drifted in with Fred Thomas. A young man with a flowing tie and melancholy dark eyes claimed Miss Abrams's attention and Bruce turned to find Shepherd at his elbow.

"Just the man I wanted to see!" exclaimed Shepherd. "Let's find a place where we can talk."

"Not so easy to find!" said Bruce. However, he led the way to Freeman's den, which had not been invaded, wondering what Franklin Mills's son could have to say to him.

"Do pardon me for cornering you this way," Shepherd began. "I looked for you several days at the club but you didn't show up."

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Your hair needs food just like a plant needs water—And Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo feeds it with purified crude oil and tar.

Its creamy, abundant lather cleanses.

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Its antiseptic qualities keep the hair healthy.

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"I've been too busy to go up there for luncheon" Bruce replied. "You could always get track of me at the office."

"Yes, but this was—is—rather confidential for the present." Shepherd, clasping and unclasping his hands in an attempt to gain composure, now bent forward in his chair and addressed Bruce with a businesslike air. "What I want to talk to you about is that clubhouse for our workmen. You know I mentioned it some time ago?"

"Yes; I remember," Bruce replied, surprised that Shepherd still had the matter on his mind.

"It's troubled me a good deal," said Shepherd, with the earnestness that always increased his stammering. "I've felt that there's a duty—a real duty and an opportunity there. You know how it is when you get a thing in your head you can't get rid of—can't argue yourself out of?"

"Those perplexities are annoying. I'd assumed that you'd given the thing up."

"Well, I thought I had! But I'm determined now to go on. That neighborhood is so isolated—the people have no amusements unless they come to town. I'd like to go ahead so they can have some use of the house this winter."

Bruce nodded his sympathy with the idea.

"Now since I talked with you I've found some pictures of such houses. I've got 'em here." He drew from his pocket some pages torn from magazines. "I think we might spend a little more money than I thought at first would be available. We might go forty thousand to get about what's in this house I've marked with a pencil."

Bruce scrutinized the pictures and glanced over the explanatory text.

"The idea seems to be well worked out. There are many such clubhouses scattered over the country. You'd want the reading room and the play room for children and all those features?"

"Yes; and I like the idea of a comfortable sitting room where the women can gather and do their sewing and that sort of thing. And I'd like you to do this for me—begin getting up the plans right away."

Shepherd's tone was eager; his eyes were bright with excitement.

"But, Mr. Mills, I can hardly do that! After all I'm really only a subordinate in Mr. Freeman's office. It would be hardly square for me to take the commission—at least not without his consent."

Shepherd, who had not thought of this, frowned in his perplexity. Since his talk with Constance he had been anxious to get the work started before his father heard of it; and he had been hoping to run into Bruce somewhere to avoid visiting Freeman's office. He felt that if he had an architect who sympathized with the idea everything would be simplified. His father and Freeman met frequently, and Freeman, blunt and direct, was not a man who would connive at the construction of a building, in which presumably Franklin Mills was interested, without Mills's knowledge.

His sensitive face so clearly indicated his disappointment that Bruce, not knowing what lay behind this unexpected revival of the clubhouse plan, said, with every wish to be kind:

"Very likely Mr. Freeman would be glad to let me do the work—but I'd rather you



When you dance

WHEN you glide over the floor close to your partner—

Are you one of those fortunate women whose hair is fluffy and soft to his cheek—*perfumed with cleanliness?*

Or is your hair greasy, dry, lifeless, with an odor that offends?

That is the thing a man notices first — and it can make him like you immensely or it can ruin his interest.

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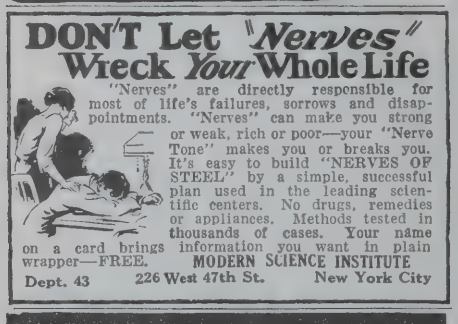
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asked him. I'd hate to have him think I was going behind his back to take a job. You can understand how I'd feel about it."

"I hadn't thought of that at all!" said Shepherd sincerely. "And of course I respect your feeling." Then with a little toss of the head and a gesture that expressed his desire to be entirely frank, he added: "You understand I'm doing this on my own hook. I think I told you my father thought it unwise for the battery company to do it. But I'm going ahead on my own responsibility—with my own money."

"I see," said Bruce. "It's fine of you to want to do it."

"I've *got* to do it!" said Shepherd, slapping his hand on his knee. "And of course my father and the company being out of it, it's no one's concern but my own!"

The door was open. Connie Mills's laugh for a moment rose above the blur of talk in the adjoining rooms. Shepherd's head lifted and his lips tightened as though he gained confidence from his wife's propinquity. Mrs. Freeman appeared at the door, demanding to know if they wanted tea, and noting their absorption withdrew without waiting for an answer.

It was clear enough that Shepherd meant to put the scheme through without his father's consent, even in defiance of his wishes. The idea had become an obsession with the young man; but his sincere wish to promote the comfort and happiness of his employees spoke for so kind and generous a nature that Bruce shrank from wounding him.

Seeing Bruce hesitate, Shepherd began to explain the sale of his trust stock to obtain the money, which only increased Bruce's determination to have nothing to do with the matter.

"Why don't you take it up with Mr. Carroll?" Bruce suggested. "He might win your father over to your side."

"Oh, I couldn't do that! Carroll, you know, is bound to take father's view of things. Father will be all right about it when it's all done. Of course after the work starts he'll know, so it won't be a secret long. I'm going ahead as a little joke on him. I think he'll be tickled to know I've got so much initiative."

He laughed in his quick, eager way, hoping that he had made this convincing. Bruce, from his observation of Franklin Mills, was not so sanguine as to the outcome. Mills would undoubtedly be very angry. On the face of it he would have a right to be. And one instinctively felt like shielding Shepherd Mills from acts of folly.

"If you really want my advice," said Bruce after a moment's deliberation, "I'd take a little more time to this. Before you could get your plans we'll be having rough weather. I'd wait till spring, when you can develop your grounds and complete the whole thing at once. And it would be just as well to look around a bit—visit other cities and get the newest ideas."

"You think that? I supposed there'd be time to get the foundations in if I started right away."

"I wouldn't risk it; in fact I think it would be a serious mistake."

"Well, you are probably right," assented Shepherd, though reluctantly, and there was a plaintive note in his voice. "Thanks ever so much. I guess I'll take your advice. I'll let it go till spring."

"Damon and Pythias couldn't look more brotherly!" Constance Mills stood at the doorway viewing them with her languid smile. "It peeves me a good deal, Mr. Storrs, that you prefer my husband's society to mine."

"This is business, Connie," Shepherd said. "We've just finished."

"Let's say the party is just beginning," said Bruce. "I was just coming out to look you up."

"I can't believe it! But Leila just telephoned for us to come out to Deer Trail and bring any of Dale's crowd who look amusing. That includes you, of course, Mr. Storrs. Everyone's gone but Helen Torrence and Fred Thomas and Arthur Carroll. Mr. Mills is at the farm; it's a fad of his to have Sunday supper in the country. Leila hates it and sent out an S. O. S., so we can't desert her. No, Mr. Storrs, you can't duck! Millicent is there—that may add to the attractions!"

This with a meaningful glance at Bruce prompted him to say that Miss Harden's presence hardly diminished the attractions of the farm. There was real comedy in his inability to extricate himself from the net in which he constantly found himself enmeshed with the members of the house of Mills.

In discussing who had a car and who hadn't Freeman said his machine was working badly, to which Shepherd replied that there was plenty of room in his limousine for the Freemans and any others who were carless.

"Mr. Storrs will want to take his car," said Constance. "He oughtn't really to drive out alone——"

"Not alone, certainly not!" said Bruce. "I shall be honored if you will drive with me!"

II

"You didn't mind?" asked Constance when Bruce got his car under way.

"You mean do I mind driving you out? Please don't make me say how great the pleasure is!"

"You're poking fun at me; you always do!"

"Never! Why, if I followed my inclinations I'd come trotting up to your house every day. But it wouldn't do. You know that!"

"But I wouldn't want you to do that—not unless you——"

There was a bridge to cross and the pressure of traffic at the moment called for care in negotiating it.

"What were you saying?" he asked as they turned off the brilliantly lighted boulevard. The town lay behind and they moved through open country.

"You know," she said, "I gave you the sign that I wanted to be friends. I had a feeling you knew I needed——"

"What?" he demanded, curious as to the development of her technic.

"Oh, just a little attention! I've tried in every way to tell you that I'm horribly lonely."

"But you oughtn't to be!" he said, vaguely conscious that they were repeating themselves.

"Oh, I know what you think! You think I ought to be very content and happy. But happiness isn't so easy! We don't get it just by wishing."

"I suppose it's the hardest thing in the world to find," he assented.

It was now quite dark and the stars hung brilliant in the cloudless heavens. A mood of recklessness was upon him. In her fur coat, with a smart toque to match, Constance had not before seemed so beguiling. His meeting with her in the lonely road with George Whitford and her evident wish not to be seen that day by Franklin Mills or the members of his riding party had rather shaken his first assumption that she could be classified as a harmless flirt. Tonight he didn't care particularly. If Franklin Mills's daughter-in-law wanted to flirt with him he was ready to meet her halfway . . .

"It's strange, but you know I'm not a bit afraid of you. And the other evening when the rest of us couldn't do a thing with Leila she chose you to take her home. You have a way of inspiring confidence. Shep picks you out, when he hardly knows you, for confidential talks. I've been trying to analyze your—fascinations."

"Oh, come now! Your husband thought I might help him in a small perplexity—purely professional. Nothing to that! And your young sister-in-law was cross at the rest of you that day at Mrs. Torrence's and out of pique chose me to take her home."

"But *I* trust you!"

"Maybe you shouldn't!"

"Well, that afternoon you caught me out here with Mr. Whitford I knew you wouldn't tell on me. George was a trifle nervous about it. I told him you were the soul of discretion."

"But—I didn't see you! I didn't see you at all! I'm blind in both eyes and I can be deaf and dumb when necessary!"

"Oh, I knew you wouldn't rush over town telling on me! It's really not that! It's because I knew you wouldn't that I'm wondering what—*what*—it is that makes even your acquaintances feel that they can rely on you. You know you're quite a wonderful person. Leila and Millicent were talking about you only yesterday. Not schoolgirl twaddle, but real appreciation!"

"That's consoling! I'm glad of their good opinion. But you—what did *you* say!"

"Oh, I said I thought you were disagreeable and conceited and generally unpleasant!" She turned toward him with her indolent laugh. "You *know* I wouldn't say anything unkind of you." This in so low a tone that it was necessary for him to bend his head to hear. His cheek touched the furry edge of her hat thrillingly.

"It seems strange, our being together this way," she said. "I wish we hadn't a destination. I'd like to go right on—and on——"

"That would be all right as long as the gas held out!"

"You refuse to take me seriously!"

"I seem doomed to say the wrong thing to you! You'll have to teach me how to act and what to say."

"But I'd rather be the pupil! There are many things you could teach me!"

"Such as——"

"There's always love!" she replied softly, lingering upon the word; and again it was necessary to bend down to hear. She lifted her face; he felt rather than saw her eyes meeting his. Her breath, for a



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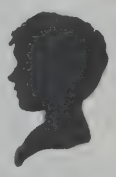
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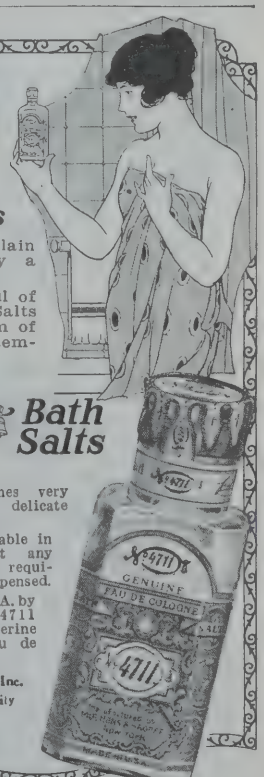
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fleeting instant on his cheek, caused him to give hurried consideration to the ancient question whether a woman who is willing should be kissed, or whether delicate ethical questions should outweigh the desirability of the kiss prospective. He kissed her—first tentatively on the cheek and then more ardently on the lips. She made no protest; he offered no apology. Both were silent for some time.

When she spoke it was to say, with serene irrelevance:

"How smoothly your car runs! It increases my respect for the Plantagenet."

"Oh, it's very satisfactory; some of Bud's claims for it are really true!"

Bruce was relieved; but he was equally perplexed. It was an ungallant assumption that any man might, in like circumstances, kiss Constance Mills. On the other hand it eased his conscience to find that she evidently thought so little of it. She had been quite willing to be kissed . . . She was a puzzling person, this young woman.

III

THE Freemans and the others who had started with them had taken short cuts and were already at the house. They passed through an entry hall into a big square living room with a balcony running round the second floor. It was a fit residence for the owner of the encompassing acres. Bruce felt the presence of Franklin Mills before he saw him. This was the kind of thing Mills would like. The house was in keeping with the fertile land, the prize herds, the high-bred horses with which he amused himself. Mills, leaving the group gathered about the open fire, welcomed the newcomers with something akin to a bluff heartiness, as though consciously or unconsciously he adopted a different tone in the country and wished to appear the unobtrusive but hospitable lord of the manor. Leila joined him as he talked a moment to Constance and Bruce.

"You see you can't dodge me! Awfully glad you came. Millie's here somewhere and I think old Bud Henderson will drop in later."

"There'll be supper pretty soon," said Mills. "We're just waiting for everybody to get here. I think you know everyone. It's a pleasure to see you here, Mr. Storrs. Please make yourself at home. Constance, see that Mr. Storrs has a cocktail."

The members of the company gathered about the fire began twitting Constance and Bruce about the length of time it had taken them to drive out. They demanded to know what Connie had talked to him about. He answered them in kind, appealing to Constance to confirm his assertion that they had taken the most expeditious route. They had discussed the political conditions in Poland, he declared.

"Come with me," said Mrs. Torrence, drawing him away. "I want to talk to you! I don't want you to get the idea that my house is a place where I pull nothing but rough parties! Please think better of me than that!"

"Heavens, woman! Such a thought never entered my head! I've been thinking seriously of coming back! I need some more of your spiritual uplift!"

"Good! There's more of that Bourbon! But I wanted to say that I was sorry Leila came to my house as she did. That is a problem—not a serious problem, but the child needs a little curbing. She has one good friend—Millicent Harden—that tall, lovely girl standing over there—do you know her?"

"Oh, yes; I've even played golf with her!"

"My! You really have an eye! Well, you might come to call on me! I'm a trifle old to be a good playmate for you; but you might take me on as a sort of aunt—not too old to be unsympathetic with youth. When nothing better offers, look me up!"

"I'd been thinking seriously of falling in love with you! Nothing is holding me back but my natural diffidence!"

She raised her hand warningly.

"Go no further! I can see that you've been well trained. But it isn't necessary to jolly me. I'm not half the fool I look. My self-respect didn't want you to get the idea that I'm a wild woman. I was worried that evening about Leila—she has a heart of gold but I don't dare take any special interest in her for the absurd reason—what do you think!—I've been suspected of having designs on—our host!"

She laughed until her face was scarlet. Her mirth was of the infectious sort; Bruce laughed with her; one had to, even when the provocation was slight.

"One doesn't talk of one's host," she said with a deep sigh, "but I was talked about enough when I married Mr. Torrence; I'll never try it again. But why am I taking you into my confidence? Merely that I want you to know my house isn't a booze shop all the time! I'm going to keep my eye on you. If I see you wandering too close to the rifle pits, I'll warn you! May I?"

"Of course you may!" said Bruce, conscious of an honest friendliness in this proffer, but not at once finding words to express his appreciation.

"Tell me, do I look as though I might be gassed?" he asked her.

"I don't know whether you're susceptible or not. But I like you! I'm going to prove it by doing you a favor. Come with me!"

The supper was a buffet affair and a colored butler was distributing plates and napkins. At one side of the room Franklin Mills was talking to Millicent. Bruce had glanced at them occasionally, thinking with a twinge how young Mills looked tonight, noting how easily he seemed to be holding the girl's interest, not as a man much older but as a contemporary. And he had everything to offer—his unassailable social position and the wealth to support it. As he crossed the room beside Mrs. Torrence, accommodating his long stride to her funny little pattering step, he saw a frown write itself fleetingly on Mills's brow. Millicent—in a soft blue Jersey sport dress, with a felt hat of the same shade adorned with a brilliant pheasant's wing—kept her eyes upon Mills until he had finished something he was saying.

"What's it all about?" demanded Mrs. Torrence, laying her hand upon Millicent's arm. "We knew you two were talking of something confidential and important; that's why we're interrupting you."

"Oh, we're discussing the horrors of Sunday—and whether it should be abolished!" said Millicent. "And Mr. Mills won't be serious!"

"Sunday's always a hard day," remarked Mrs. Torrence. "I'm always worn out trying to decide whether to go to church or stay at home."

"And today?" asked Mills.

"I went! The sermon was most disagreeable. Doctor Lindley told us we all know our duty to God and can't pretend that we don't!"

"Is that what he preached?" asked Mills with a vague smile. "What do you think of the proposition?"

"The man's right! But it doesn't make me any happier to know it," Mrs. Torrence replied. "Next Sunday I'll stay in bed."

She took Mills away for the avowed purpose of asking his private counsel in spiritual matters.

"Isn't she nice?" said Millicent.

"I'm bound to think so; she arranged this for me!"

"Did she?" asked Millicent with feigned innocence. "She did it neatly!"

"She promised to be my friend and then proved it," Bruce said and then added, "I'm not so sure our host quite liked being taken away."

"How foolish of you! He can always see me!" she replied indifferently. He thought she had not liked his remark.

Suddenly he hated Mills. His jealousy gave him a swift glimpse of Millicent as Mills's wife, presiding over his home, proud of the position he would be able to give her and ministering to his happiness. The old agony was again resurgent. Mills had no right to the love, even to the respect of a girl like Millicent Harden. His reckless mood of an hour ago was gone. He was ashamed of himself for having kissed Constance Mills; the shame was intensified now that he was with Millicent, touched by her sweetness and purity, reassured by her kindness.

"Don't scorn your food!" said Millicent, noting his abstraction. "It is of an exceeding goodness. Bring me up to date a little about yourself. Any more dark days?"

"No-o-o."

She laughed merrily at the prolongation of his denial.

"Come now! I'm beginning to think I'm of no use to you!"

"Right now I'm as happy as a little lark!" he declared.

She had begun to suspect that he had known unhappiness. A love affair, perhaps. Or it might have been the war that had taken something of the buoyancy of youth out of him. She was happy in the thought that she was able to help him. He was particularly responsive to a kind of humor she herself enjoyed, and they vied with each other in whimsical ridicule of the cubists in art and the symbolists in literature.

The guests were redistributing themselves and she suggested that he single out Leila for a little attention.

"Don't have prejudices! There's nothing in that," she said.

"I haven't a prejudice against Miss Mills!"

"Not so formal when you mention her! I'll give you permission to call her Leila! She'll like it!"

"But you haven't told me I might call you——"

"Millicent let it be!"

"Well, little one, how's your behavior?" demanded Leila when Bruce found her.

"Bad!" Bruce replied in her own key.

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"My example, I suppose. I've heard that I'm a bad influence in the community. Let's sit. You and I have got to have an understanding some day; why not now?"

"All right, but don't get too deep—Leila!"

"That's good! I didn't suppose you knew my name. Millie's put you up to that."

"She did. I hope you like it."

"Intensely! Are you falling in love with Millie!"

"That's a secret. If I said I was what would you say?"

"Atta boy! But—I don't think she is in love with you."

"Your penetration does you credit! I had thought of her as perishing for the hour when I would again dawn upon her sight!"

"You're going good! Really, though, she admits that she likes you ever so much."

"Is that the reason why you think she doesn't love me?"

"Of course! I'm in love myself. I'm simply wild about Freddy Thomas! But I'd die first before I'd admit the awful fact to even my dearest friend! That's love!"

"How about Freddy? Are you considering his feelings?"

"That's the wonderful part! You see, it's a secret. No one knows it but just Freddy and me!"

"Oh, I see! You pretend to hate Freddy and really you love him?"

"You're a thinker! What would you say if I told you I had a cute little flask upstairs and asked you to meet me in the pantry and have a little nip just to celebrate this event? I had only one cocktail; my cautious dada saw to that!"

"I'd meet you in the pantry and confiscate the flask!"

She regarded him fixedly for a moment and said with a bewilderingly swift change of manner:

"You know about life, people, things; I know you do! It's in your eyes and I'd know it if Millie hadn't said so. Do you really think it disgraceful for me to get—well, soused—as you've seen me several times? Dada and my aunts lecture me to death—and I hate it—but, well—what do you think?"

Her serious face demanded kindness. He felt infinitely older; she seemed very like a child tonight—an impulsive, friendly child.

"I think I'd cut it out. There's no good in it—for you or anyone else."

"I'll consider that!" she said gravely; then suddenly restless she suggested that they go into the long enclosed veranda that connected the house with the conservatories.

As they walked back and forth—Leila in frivolous humor now—Bruce caught a glimpse of her father and Millicent just inside the conservatory door. They were talking earnestly. Evidently they had paused to conclude some matter they had been discussing.

Millicent held three roses in her hand and lifted them occasionally to her face.

Still beset by uncertainties as to whether he would increase his chances of happiness by marrying again, Mills was wondering just how a man of his years could initiate a courtship with a girl of Millicent's age. It must be managed in such a way as to preserve his dignity—that at all hazards must be maintained inviolable.

They had been walking through the conservatory aisles inspecting his roses, which were cultivated by an expert whose salary was a large item of the farm expense. He had decided that it would be folly to attempt his wooing in the manner of youth; it was on her serious side that she was most likely to be approachable. Mrs. Torrence's comments on Doctor Lindley's sermon had interested him. He wondered whether his recent talk with the clergyman was responsible for the plain speech of which Mrs. Torrence had complained . . .

Millicent was asking questions about the development of new floral types and he was answering painstakingly, pleased by her interest.

"It's unfortunate that the human species can't be improved as easily. At least we don't see our way to improving it," he remarked.

He had never thought her so beautiful as now; her charm was rather enhanced by her informal dress. It would be quite possible for him to love her, love her even with a young man's ardor.

"Oh, patience, sir!" she smiled. "Evolution is still going on."

"Or going back! There's our old quarrel!" he laughed. "We always seem to get into it. But your idea that we're not creatures of chance—that there's some unseen power back of everything we call life—that's too much for me. I can understand Darwin—but you!"

"Honestly, now, are you perfectly satisfied to go on thinking we're all creatures of chance?"

"Sometimes I am and then again I'm not!" he replied with a shrug. "I can't quite understand why it is that with everything we have, money and the ability to amuse ourselves, we do at times inquire about that Something that never shows itself or gives us a word."

"Oh, but He does!" She held up the three perfect roses Mills had plucked for her. "He shows Himself in all beautiful things, and they're all trying to tell us that the Something we can't see or touch has a great deal to do with our lives."

"Millie," he said in a tone of mock despair, tapping her hand lightly, "you're an incorrigible mystic!"

They were interrupted by a knock on the glass door, which swung open, disclosing Leila and Bruce.

"Mr. Storrs and I are dying of curiosity! You've been talking here for ages!" cried Leila.

"Millie's been amusing herself at my expense," said Mills. "Mr. Storrs, I wish you'd tell me sometime what Miss Harden means when she reaches into the infinite and brings down——"

"Roses!" laughed Millicent.

In handling the strange scene between Bruce and his father —in July COSMOPOLITAN*—Meredith Nicholson makes you realize why he is one of the greatest living novelists*

Scandal Street

(*Continued from page 85*)

morning and do not make any appearance until I send for you. A good deal will depend on whether or not there is any hitch in my plans anywhere along the line. Mr. Halliday will, of course, occupy your husband's rooms, but no one expects you to see any more of him than you did of Neil, which hasn't been an awful lot the last couple of years."

Sheila effaced herself wearily.

Friedman, who knew the house well, led Halliday to the wing lately occupied by the master, a bedroom, bath and a dressing room that had also the appurtenances of a den.

"This is your parking space, young fellow. You can probably find some of Neil's clothes that will fit you well enough until you can get some others made. What I want now is every stitch you have on and your papers. Taking off your clothes is your last official act as Harrison Halliday. From now on even I am going to try to think you're Neil Keeley. You're a good actor. I've watched you on the lot. See if you can fool me."

The telephone at Halliday's bedside rang at ten the next morning. He answered it himself, slightly dazed. He had been asleep only a couple of hours.

"Who is this?" demanded a voice—male.

"Harri——wait a minute." He altered his voice pitch a trifle. "Mr. Keeley talking."

"Good boy," applauded Sol Friedman. "Sorry if I got you out of bed, Neil, but I wanted to tell you that I am suspending work at the studio today on account of the death, last night, of young Harrison Halliday——"

"Halliday? Halliday?"

"You may not know him by name, Neil, but he's the man who doubled for you in some of the scenes where we didn't dare take any chances of your getting hurt."

"Yes, yes, I remember now. How did it happen?"

"Drunk, I guess. Car overturned and crushed him. Would scarcely have been able to make positive identification except for papers in his pockets. He doesn't seem to have any friends or relatives out here, and as soon as the coroner gives us a verdict I'm going to handle the funeral arrangements myself. Tomorrow morning, probably."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"No, not a thing. I was going to suggest that you spend the day out in the country somewhere, up in the hills or down at the beach. You'll find your car out in front of the house right where you left it last night. You forgot to put it in the garage, I noticed."

"Anything else?"

"No, I think not."

"Have I got a man, a valet?"

"No, you had one but he quit last week. You got mad at him for something."

"O. K. I'm going to get up and dress, then."

"Call me this afternoon at five o'clock for further information and instructions, if any."

"All right. Good by."

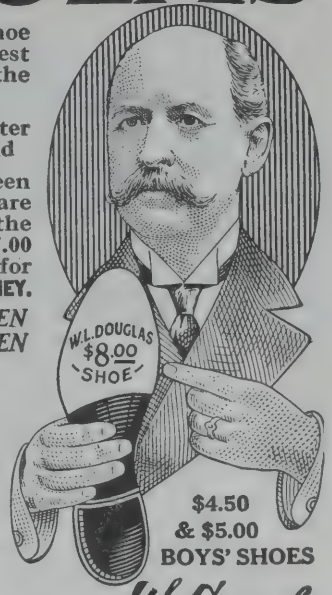
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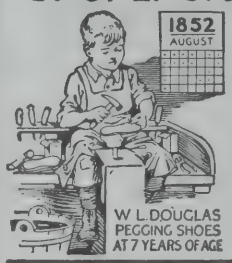
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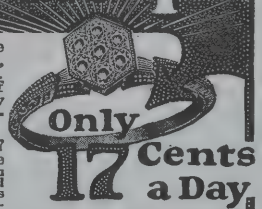
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considered the day that lay ahead of him—also the future. His pyjamas were silk—the first of that material which he had ever worn. Across the back of a chair lay a dressing gown, also silk. The door of his bath stood ajar, revealing a room larger than his entire living quarters of recent date. Windows opened out into an enclosed garden of many levels, after the Japanese style, with tiny pools and channels crossed by gnarled, hump-backed bridges. There was a profusion of flowers.

Halliday sighed. Too bad that he had to arrive at prosperity by such a false route. He took little pleasure in contemplating the fruits of a success that was not his.

Not his? Whose, then? There was no one to claim those pyjamas, that dressing gown, the house, the garden; no one would successfully dispute his right to enjoy those things always if he chose to stay. Not Friedman—he couldn't say anything. Not——

His eyes fell on a framed photograph that stood on *his* dresser and he had his answer. There was the reason why all this could never be his, why he was merely a paid actor hired to do a certain part during the run of the comedy.

It was a marvelous photograph, all a little misty as if the light that diffused through the piled high hair were afraid to touch her face for fear it would vanish, for fear that it might bring out the tears that seemed lurking back of the eyes, for fear it might dispel the shy sweet smile that took hold of your heart by the coat lapels and asked you to be gentle and kind always.

It was the photograph of a woman whose loveliness was a little more than mortal, whose charm had been contributed by her godfathers and godmothers, the elves.

Halliday got up abruptly and put the portrait of Sheila Kane in a dresser drawer. That was one thing that he felt he had no right to use as a "prop" in his assumed character, even for the run of the comedy.

Sheila and Harrison Halliday attended the funeral together. It was a very trying ordeal. It had seemed to Halliday that the woman was the color of valley lilies always, but that morning she was whiter. The emotion that had to be repressed drained the last vestige of blood hue from her cheeks.

Shooting on the picture was resumed the following morning. Halliday had worked with the company long enough to know Neil Keeley's habits, and he did not show up until an assistant director had been sent to the house to rouse him. When he did arrive he gave a very fair impersonation, from memory, of a leading man with a headache.

It was easier to assume the character of Neil Keeley in real life than it was to be Lancelot on the set. Keeley, with all his vices, had a certain suavity, a finesse of performance, that made him the ideal lover. He had had much practice. But Halliday's lack of adroitness was excused on the ground of ill health, and, for a wonder, Fenway was more than ordinarily patient.

At any rate the net result of the day's work was just about as many scenes as usual, and Fenway professed to be satisfied.

Halliday rather hated to go home. Everything was all right on the lot, but Neil Keeley's shell didn't fit him. He was a stranger, a usurper in that house, and it seemed to mock him. It was lucky that Neil had not owned a dog. It would have been impossible to fool another man's pup.

But, gee, there was an idea. He'd get a dog. Then there'd be somebody who would be glad to see him come home. Halliday stopped at a kennel and bought an eight weeks old Scotch terrier.

The minute they got in the house the pup began to learn about waxed floors and oriental rugs by sliding across the room with dug-in frantic claws. He always upset going around the unbanked curves.

Halliday sat back and uncorked the first laugh that had come from his diaphragm in many a day and kept it up when the pup doggedly—pardon us, audience—tried navigation again and again.

The lady of the house, attracted by the uproar, came and stood in the doorway. She was in a lovely negligee, a draped Cashmere shawl that made her look like a little girl who is playing mama.

"Oh," she protested—her voice would never have carried far enough for the speaking stage—"you don't like dogs, you know!"

"Maybe I never have," Halliday retorted, "but I like this one. And I defy you not to."

The pup had come to sniff at the hem of her garment and she suddenly sat down and gathered him into her lap.

"I've always loved them," she said.

The terrier squirmed away. Youth was too short to be wasted in loving—yet. Later, perhaps, when every corner had been investigated, everything upsetable had been upset and everything chewable had been preliminarily sampled.

"He's the homeliest dog I ever saw," Sheila pointed out.

"Sh!" Halliday admonished quickly. "He doesn't know it. And I'm never going to let him look at himself in a mirror for fear it will destroy his misplaced self-confidence."

Sheila grinned at his fooling. The pup had paid his way already.

"Has he a name?"

"He will have in five minutes. What do you think of Johnny Walker?"

"Too common."

"Not nowadays."

"I prefer Bourbon anyway."

"You've named him, then. Come here, Bourbon!"

The pup came—probably because his master snapped his fingers at the same time.

And Bourbon is the name of the grizzled, gray, pig-shaped dog that has lived in that house ever since and probably will until the end of his days when he has completely forgotten whose teeth it was that gnawed each and every one of the spindles in the banister going upstairs.

That was the first time that Sheila ever unbent in Harrison Halliday's presence. She hated men as she knew them and she could not help but regard as an interloper the stranger who had usurped her husband's place.

Fortunately Halliday did not take the least advantage of her momentary friendliness and, when she retired again to her chill armor, did not endeavor to entice her out. As a result she came out soon of her own accord.

"You don't have to stay around here every evening," she told him a few nights later. "I'm used to being left entirely alone and if you want to look up your friends——"

"I have no friends."

"I'd forgotten. Neither had—but you seem as if you would have."

"No."

"Then let's give Scandal Street something to talk about by going out to dinner together somewhere."

It was the happiest evening Halliday had ever spent. She had given him the accolade, had signified that she recognized him as a gentleman and trusted him. He swore an oath to himself never to violate her confidence.

He played the part so well that when he had brought her home he said good night and left her at the door of the house before her rippling laugh brought him back.

"You live here, too, you know," she reminded him.

That night he got her picture out of his dresser drawer and looked at it long and avidly. Not that he expected to forget what she looked like before morning, but even the worshipers of the most spiritual gods like to have a tangible symbol of their divinity.

Another evening, not immediately but within a week, Harrison found a note on his dresser when he got home.

"We are invited to dinner at Julian Lewis's," it said simply. Harrison looked for another sentence, something to indicate whether they were going or not, but it was not there.

It seemed advisable to find out before he dressed so he went to find Sheila. He had never trespassed in the wing of the house which she occupied.

Even now he did not penetrate the unfamiliar temple but stood at the corridor and called "Sheila!" and then again "Sheila!" He was getting accustomed to using her first name.

The door of her room opened and her voice answered from far inside somewhere, "Yes, dear."

His heart jumped even though he knew the term of address was used only because her maid must be with her.

"I want to ask you a question."

"Tell Mr. Keeley to step to the door a minute," Sheila instructed from inside.

The maid opened the door wide and invited Halliday to approach.

It was silly that he should have so much emotion over taking those few simple steps. Those were ordinary floors which he trod, the corridor led to the door of an ordinary woman. Was she? He wondered if his dramatic sense was fooling him into idealizing her into something supermortal, or if she was, perhaps, different.

He tried to banish the diamond mist from his eyes. Because, if this was love, it was the most hopeless love since Héloïse and Abélard.

Halliday stood at her door. She was sitting in a silk lace swathe before her dressing table, her hair streaming down over her shoulders, half turned toward the door to see what he wanted. He caught his breath; she was so very lovely that way. Bourbon, lucky pup, was sleeping with his nose against the hem of her negligee.

"Your note didn't say whether or not we had accepted the Lewis's invitation to dinner," he reminded her.

"No, it didn't."

"Did you?"

"I accepted for myself."

"Was I invited?"

"Ye-es, but I don't think you are really expected."

"Why not?"

"Because you never went but once and then you were much too generous to yourself with your host's brandy. You don't like Mr. Lewis very well, you know."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"That's probably the reason, then. You think it will be all right for me to stay home?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll go." After which amazing decision Halliday closed the argument by stalking away to his own rooms, where he dressed with meticulous care.

His host concealed his surprise, if any, at Neil Keeley's unprecedented acceptance of his invitation in person. Halliday looked in vain for Mrs. Lewis. There were several other guests, some moving picture people and a few society representatives, but no hostess. During dinner Mr. Lewis monopolized the attention of Sheila, who sat at his right, and allowed his other guests to shift more or less for themselves.

Halliday felt distinctly out of it because there seemed to be twosome love affairs going on all around the table.

Quite obviously Mons. Lewis rather fancied himself as Sheila's cave-gentleman. He was a handsome brute, big, powerful, interestingly gray but right at the top notch of his mature manhood. Halliday knew who he was now. His name was mentioned almost daily in the papers as a Scandal Street attorney. He handled legal matters for half the cinema celebrities; anything from drawing a new contract up to defense on a charge of murder. He had a reputation for stepping rather lively himself and was a plunger on the track at Tia Juana. Halliday wondered how on earth Sheila had ever allowed him to become an accepted and accredited admirer.

"You're not doing your duty by the liquid refreshment," Mr. Lewis reminded Halliday courteously, noticing perhaps that his guest of honor's husband was not having an uproarious time.

Halliday was half inclined to try to live up to Neil Keeley's reputation by making a blotter of himself. But that would be ridiculous. Why should he care whom Sheila lavished her favors upon? Any person in the world, a complete stranger even, had as much right to her sweetness as her pseudo-husband had. Was it possible to assume the character so thoroughly that he was jealous?

Still, Mr. Lewis's polite offer of stimulants reminded Halliday that in one particular at least he was falling down on his characterization. Neil Keeley would have been drunk long before the party had progressed that far.

Halliday couldn't take any more liquor without being uncomfortable but he began pouring out drinks and spilling them on the heavy rug under the table. That was pathetically easy to do as no one watched him at all. Apparently he had a reputation as an impossible dinner guest.



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Eventually, and still in character, Halliday slumped over into a semblance of sleeping. The others finally noticed it and commented upon his condition as being conventional.

Later, when it came time to go home, Lewis said he would take Sheila and suggested that she leave Neil where he was to sleep it off.

Sheila objected, however, and they finally bundled him into the rear seat of the sedan. For a moment Halliday was flattered by her solicitude until he remembered that probably she was afraid to leave him there supposedly drunk for fear he would betray her by babbling the truth.

Sheila herself drove.

"How much longer are you going to stick to that dirty swine back there?" asked Lewis when they were well on their way.

"Sh!" warned Sheila.

"It isn't necessary. He's got enough alcohol in him to make him deaf, dumb and blind for twenty-four hours."

Sheila sighed. "I didn't think he'd get quite so drunk tonight."

"Why not?"

"Oh, he's been rather nice lately! I hoped—I don't know what I hoped. Anyway I don't hope anything any more. Are all men like that?"

"I'm not."

"No, but I'm not sure but I'm more afraid of you. Your vice is all of the head. Neil, there, doesn't mean the dreadful things he does. He never, as you do, thinks them all out in advance."

"I don't think of anything in advance except that I love you and am only waiting for the day that you will wake up and realize that you are wasting your life on that drunken pig. He'll kill himself or somebody will kill him sometime anyway. Why wait for death to do something the law will accomplish more quickly?"

They had arrived at the Keeley-Kane bungalow.

"You're going to kiss me good night," Lewis affirmed.

Sheila did not leave the driver's seat. "Why?" she asked idly. "I never have before."

"I know it, but you need something to rouse you from your lethargy. Good Lord, girl, you're only half alive."

Strange, the man in the back seat who was listening, watching, ready to spring if need be, had often thought the same thing. A lovely statue, half living, half marble—that was Sheila Kane. Wonderful, and yet only a part of her possibilities realized.

Lewis held her face between his two hands. If she had resisted, Halliday would have strangled him. But she didn't. She sat passive, listless, like one who is too tired to care. Lewis pressed her mouth with his lips.

Finally she sprang away.

"No! No! No!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. But I don't like to have you kiss me. You're not the right one."

"Oh," Lewis sneered, "so he still stands between us! I wish to God he was dead."

Sheila had clambered out of the car and now ran into the house, closing the door after herself. It locked automatically, as Lewis discovered by trying the knob.

He came back to the car and dragged



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Halliday out and threw him on the doorstep.

"There you are, you fool." He stood over Halliday meditatively and slapped him once with the palm of his hand. "No, I mustn't do that. It would be easy but there are better ways—better ways."

After he had gone Sheila came out and helped Halliday in.

She cried as she did it. Halliday wondered why. He did not dare tell her now that he was perfectly sober, not after having seen and heard so much. It would be too embarrassing. So he pretended to be quite dazed until she had left him in his room and closed the door after herself.

For days and days Sheila avoided him. He was in disgrace and knew there was no possibility of seeking a pardon. The full extent of his banishment was brought home when he discovered that Bourbon was regularly sleeping by her closed door—on the outside. Bourbon was technically his dog and she did not want to have anything to do with him.

Bourbon waited patiently. So did Halliday.

The picture was finished—at least the shooting of it was. Sheila went away—to Honolulu, the papers said; she had not said anything to Halliday about it.

Halliday dug out the picture of her that was hidden in his drawer, the picture that belonged to another man, a dead man.

Once with it sitting before him on his desk he started a letter to her.

Thus: "Dear Wife." That wouldn't do. He tore it up. Again: "Dear Sheila." It sounded presumptuous. "Dear Mrs. Keeley" was absurd.

So he began without any term of address.

"It has been many days since I have seen you. What are you doing with yourself? Do you ever think of me?"

That was all wrong. He was verging on the sentimental and that would lose him what little shred of her regard he possessed.

Apparently it was impossible to write her a letter that he dared send. So he went on and wrote one that he would never let anyone see, a private vent to his emotions.

> Not seeing you is much worse than being really ill. The place where my eyes want to rest is so conspicuously blank that I hunt around frantically for scenes that you have never colored with your presence. That isn't much use either, because something inside of me always whispers how much more wonderful it would be if you were there.
>
> Why try to fool myself? I love you. Everybody does, so I would be unconventional if I did not. Of course I tell myself that my love is a more understanding one than that of any of the others. I don't know. To me your charm is so much more wistfully compelling than that of any other mere woman on this earth that I think of you as something almost supernatural, as an elf who vanishes with the morning sun, a creature of lovely gossamer and mist who would be profaned by the earthly love of a man.
>
> Whatever you are, woman or spirit, you have taken all my heart and put tears of memory in my eyes so that I cannot see other things. To you, dear, I bring——

Someone had rapped on his door several times, but Halliday had scarcely noticed it. A louder hammering compelled his attention.

"Come in."

Tamaki, the Jap, entered.

"Misto Friedman here, sir."

"All right."

"Wait for you, he say. Come quick."

Halliday sighed. Such a summons must be obeyed.

So the impersonator put on his coat and went out to the car in front of the house where his employer was waiting.

"Want to talk to you about several things. We'll go over to my office. Sheila's in town. Arrived unexpectedly and telephoned me to get you."

"What for?"

The film magnate chewed his cigar a moment meditatively.

"I don't understand her myself. I wrote her a letter awhile back proposing that we go right on with the Keeley-Kane productions. In my opinion you are good enough. I'll put my money in another one. But she says no, nothing doing. She wants to work by herself, live by herself and forget the name Keeley as soon as she can get a divorce. Of course the last part is impossible. You can't be divorced from somebody you've never been married to. But the rest of it we've got to listen to even if it does cost me a small fortune to let you go. I hope it won't be necessary but of course that was the understanding with which we started this mix-up. You'll have to take a trip around the world or something like that and disappear from view while you're away. I'll take care of expenses and finance you in any other business you want to start up in so long as you keep out of pictures."

They were in Friedman's office by that time. Halliday had not heard everything that had been said. His mind had grasped the idea that he was not to be associated with Sheila any more and had gone off duty right there to indulge in a fit of dumb, unreasoning misery.

"You're quite prepared to sign off?" Friedman suggested regretfully.

"Yes. I'll do anything you say. You've been square with me and I have no claim."

"I've drawn up——"

Telephone buzzer.

"Hello . . . Yes. Sol Friedman speaking . . . Yes, Sheila . . . I'm damned . . . Yes. We'll wait here for you. Good by."

He hung up the receiver.

"Can you beat that?" he demanded of his visitor. "She says she's changed her mind and that she'll be right over to sign up for another picture as co-star with you. Far be it from me to complain about the vagary of the female brain that puts half a million into my pocket, but you can't tie Sheila for a complete change of front inside of sixty minutes by the clock."

Halliday did not notice what Friedman was saying. His mind was still in a confusion that it did not emerge from until Sheila herself stood in the doorway and released him from his gloomy enchantment into the sunshine by a single misty smile.

She was like the dewy dawn of a day after a night of countless hours.

Halliday never presumed to inquire why she had changed her mind. Upon Friedman's advice and example he let

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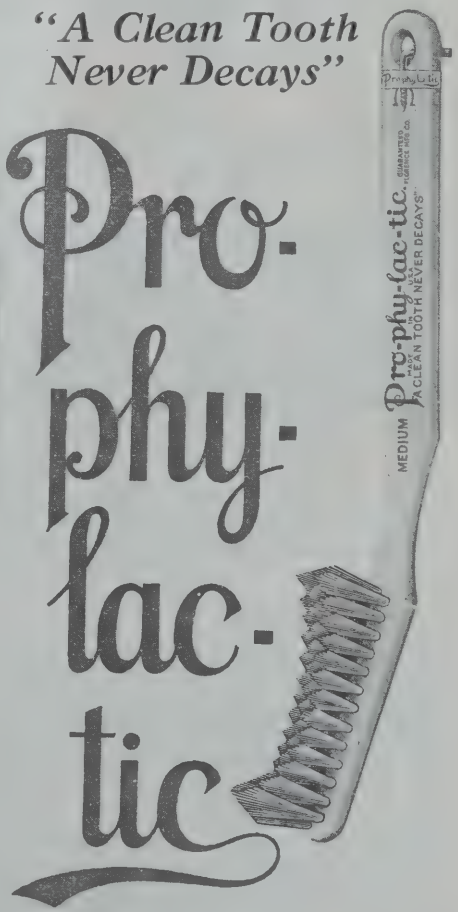
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well enough alone, feeling his way each day back to the paths of delightful quasi-intimacy, hoping now boldly that some day, sometime, he would dare to adore her openly. And tell her.

The new picture, "Atlantis," was three or four months under way when Halliday, resting at home one day after a strenuous night session at the studio, was notified by the Jap that a lady was calling, a lady who refused to be put off by the usual excuses that the star was sleeping, ill or absent. She claimed to know he was there and intended to see him on a matter of importance to himself.

Halliday put on his coat—he had been playing with Bourbon out in the garden—and went into the house.

The woman was there, a rather good looking girl, well dressed, a little heavier than she wanted to be probably, with well kept hands and well shod feet and ankles that the sheerest hose could not keep from appearing a trifle thick.

"Well?" said Halliday inquiringly.

"Not so good," the girl returned. "Not so good. I don't exactly expect you to kiss me right here and now, but you ought to register a little pleasure upon seeing me. Aren't you glad I escaped with my life when you steered us into the ditch that last time we were out on a party together?"

"I don't think I know what you are talking about."

"Oh-la-la-la, my dear! I'd heard that you had reformed. But don't be good around me. I know too much, too much that other people might be interested in."

"You must be mistaken. I never saw you before."

"You dirty liar." She advanced toward Halliday as if about to strike him and then stopped suddenly to study his face. "Humph!" She lowered her arm and pinned his eyes with her own. "I'm inclined to agree with you. Who are you?"

"My name is Neil Keeley, as you——"

"Tell that to somebody who didn't know Neil a lot better than his own wife. If you never saw me before you're not Neil, and if you're not there's a pretty kettle of fish set to fry." She appraised him carefully. "You're better looking than Neil, if anything. And you've got something on the ball he lacked. Women loved him but I think they would fall for you even harder. They'd trust you further. I guess we'll be friends. I'm living at the Hillview Apartments. My rooms are on the third floor, nice and quiet. Number thirty-three is my door. Shall I expect you this evening?"

"My dear girl," Halliday began, "I have no intention of——"

"Before you say it, take time to think. I'm all ready to like you or even more than that, but be careful not to hurt my feelings. Because, believe me, I can hurt back. Think what a riot it will make on the front page if the newspapers find out that Neil Keeley is dead and that his wife has been living for nearly a year with a man who isn't married to her. Wonderful stuff. And Scandal Street has been quiet so long the newspapers are just aching for something to bust loose. You'll be over this evening?"

Halliday looked her square in the eye to see if there was any sign of wavering. There wasn't.

"I'll be there," he said briefly.

Sheila, who was beginning to know his moods as any woman is bound to know the moods of a man who lives under the same roof with her, sensed Halliday's perturbation and tried to distract his attention from his troubles. She was very sweet about it.

"Which would you rather do, go over to the Montmartre and dance or sit right in your own home and have me dance for you?"

"What do you mean, dance for me?" Halliday asked suspiciously.

"I'll show you, my lord. I have one accomplishment you know nothing about. For a picture I did last season called 'Zimtoom' I learned a sort of a Nautch dance—got it from a real East Indian dancer. The audience has to sit cross-legged on a cushion on the floor in order to appreciate it properly. Can you do that?"

Halliday seated himself clumsily as directed and put himself in an attitude of grouchy expectancy.

"The costume, of course, isn't right," Sheila explained naïvely, "because I ought to have on long pantalettes, or whatever they call 'em, of silk, and bracelets with golden bells on my ankles. Orchestra, commence!"

She started the phonograph with a record of "The Song of India" and switched off all the lights but the grate fire.

If anyone else had done that dance it might have been vulgar, certainly voluptuous. But Sheila's body was only delightfully naughty. Halliday realized with a pang to what a tremendous degree of intimacy they had arrived for her to trust him unquestioningly like that.

She swayed to the music like a charmed cobra. She was a column of smoke stirred by eddying breezes, a weeping willow drooping over a brook, a slim waterfall clothed in its own misty spray.

She was beautiful, she was sweet and she was enticing. On the gentle current of the vanishing melody she floated to him and dropped at his feet, her eyes slightly aflame and questioning.

He *did* take her in his arms. She seemed to expect it and did not resist.

He might have kissed her, too, then and there for the first time, except in front of a camera of course, if Bourbon had not come scampering in for his after-dinner romp. By the time he had hopped into the party and had done a little kissing on his own hook, all sentiment had been knocked into a cocked hat.

Halliday looked at Sheila in surprise. The soft firelight was especially gentle to her and she looked scarcely a half grown child. He had been mad to consider her a woman. Yet there was a tantalizing memory of maturity about her as she had lain for that fleeting instant in his arms, an electricity about the cool tingle of her flesh where his cheek had touched her uncovered shoulder.

He was glad the pup had butted in—glad for the sake of the situation, that is. And he scrambled to his feet.

"Let's go to the Montmartre for a while," Sheila proposed, getting up too. "Will I be all right in this dress or——"

"I have another engagement," Halliday informed her with unintentional brusqueness.

"Why don't you say you don't want to take me?" she countered, laughing. "You never have any engagements in the evening. You almost always sit in your room writing letters. To whom, I ask you, to whom?"

"How do you know I write letters?"

"I've stood outside your door sometimes and heard you tear them up. Why don't you ever send them to her sometime?"

"I'm afraid she might be angry."

"Coward! Is your date for tonight with her?"

"Perhaps."

"Will you take me along?"

"No."

Sheila could be wilful upon occasion and she stamped her foot now like a child who has been denied a pleasure excursion. "I want to go. There's nothing to do and I'm bored."

"I'm sorry but——"

"Oh, very well, I'll get someone else to take me!"

She went to the telephone and called a number. Halliday watched her dumbly.

"Hello," she was saying, "I'd like to speak to Mr. Julian Lewis, please."

"Sheila!" Halliday interrupted her. "I'll——"

"Too late, kind sir, too late, I've baited my hook for another fish. Hello, Julian. Sheila speaking."

Halliday found his hat and went out, slamming the door after himself.

"I'm glad I dressed in my rags, too," his hostess assured him, glancing with approval at Halliday's dinner clothes. "I'm feeling just like a party." "WOMAN" was written in capital letters on the personality of the girl who had opened the door of Number 33 at the Hillview Apartments. "I thought you'd like the dress. Your taste and Neil's is pretty much alike in women, Mr.——"

"Neil Keeley, please," Halliday suggested.

"You want to keep that up even among friends?"

"Obviously I'm obliged to, Miss——"

"You don't know my name either do you, sweetie? Kiss me and I'll tell you." Halliday reluctantly approached her. She laughed. "They won't be hard to take after the first one. There, that's over. Boy, I like your lips. Well, all the names they had left when they came to christen me were Cora May Foreman. Call me either Cora or May unless you want to make up a sweet nothing of your own. Whisper any name you think of or just whistle and I'll come because I can feel how easy it will be to slip in your direction."

"Let's go out somewhere for a while," Halliday proposed with concealed apprehension.

"Then we can come back here later," she acquiesced.

They went to the newly opened dance resort, Montmartre, which was already half filled with tourists identifying each other as screen stars.

The cash customers recognized Halliday—or thought they did. There were only two or three better known faces in all the world than the one he was wearing, and everybody turned to look.

Halliday had been looked at before but usually when he was with Sheila, and he had been very proud and had attributed the attention to her simple but thrilling beauty. Now he felt strangely ashamed and would have welcomed any diversion.



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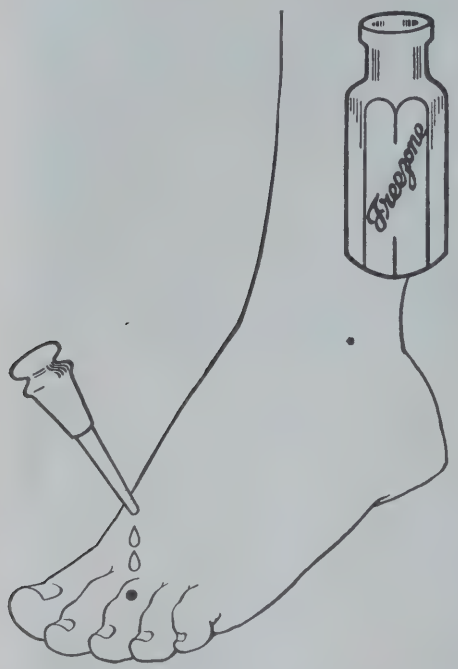
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Cora May was not suffering from the same shyness, however, and she paraded between tables with all the reticence of a circus calliope.

They were seated.

Sheila came in.

On the arm of Julian Lewis.

She passed right by the table where Halliday and his partner sat and cut him dead.

First Halliday flushed. That receded and he became cold with anger. Why should she do a thing like that? Was she not there with a man who was not her husband? For a moment he had forgotten that she had no husband.

Very well. If Sheila was going to be petty and mean he would retaliate.

Halliday became very attentive to Cora May. He made her laugh boisterously. And if he had not been the great Neil Keeley he would have been put off the floor for the way he danced with her.

That was all very well for the evening.

But in the morning there was a film of gray ashes over everything, on his tongue, on his ideals, on the pedestal where once his goddess had stood.

Sheila did not speak to him at all except as required in one scene they played together on the lot.

When Cora May called him up in the evening he evaded her. The next night he tried to do the same thing but there was a vague hint of a threat in her voice and he went over. She had a new fur-trimmed suit which he was allowed to pay for. He was glad to escape.

It was an intolerable situation. As he loved Sheila he must keep the other woman quiet, and every step he took in that direction drove Sheila more irrevocably from him.

There seemed to be no way out.

Save one.

If Cora May were dead then Sheila would be safe. There seemed no other method of sealing her lips so as to be certain that they would never be opened again.

After all, the world would not be much worse off without Cora May. Would not the world be more greatly benefited by keeping Sheila Kane in the niche where she was adored as an example of all that was sweet and good than by the continued existence of a woman whose influence at best was negligible and who might become a menace at any time?

Not that Halliday was a murderer. The idea of such a thing was beyond his wildest dreams.

But he remembered what had happened to Neil Keeley and Cora May once before. It might occur again, only in a more secluded spot and one where the bodies could never be recovered. He could make sure that there would be two bodies, not one, this time.

Sol Friedman called Halliday into his office.

"Neil," he said, "you're breaking Sheila's heart by the way you're acting with this Foreman girl. She's notorious, you know. Why do you do it? You didn't seem like that kind of a chap once."

Halliday sat a minute. He had to tell the chief.

"You know who Cora May Foreman is, don't you?"

"No. Who?"

"She was in the other seat of that roadster that went into the ditch a little over a year ago. She came to me and threatened to tell everything. I dared her to until she pointed out what the public would do to Sheila's reputation if it came out that she and I were living in the same house but not married to each other. Then I caved in. I couldn't stand for that."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because I'm head over heels in love with Sheila, the same as you are, you old fraud, the same as any man is who ever comes in contact with her whether he is married or single, property man or star. I'd die for her just as cheerfully as any of the rest of you. But I think you're worrying yourself unduly if you think she gives a whoop what I do. She seems to be stepping out quite a bit with Julian Lewis herself."

Sol Friedman eyed his young star shrewdly. "A little jealous, eh, in addition to everything else? But don't worry about Lewis. He has been hanging around Sheila ever since she first came out here. He may not be a saint, but at least his reputation is good and his attention to Sheila isn't hurting her socially. The thing we've got to worry about is the other angle—the Cora May thing."

"I'll agree to handle that, one way or another," Halliday volunteered briefly.

"What do you mean 'or another'?"

"I'm not certain yet myself."

"Can we buy her off?"

"I don't think so. She gets nine-tenths of my salary now and you know that's quite an item. She thinks she's sure of that as long as she holds the whip over me. That part of it is easy, though."

"The hard part, I take it, is being with her?"

"Yes."

"Many men like her?"

Halliday shrugged. "She isn't repulsive, if that's what you mean, but I doubt if any man would be very mad about even Venus if she were his jailer."

There seemed nothing further to discuss and Halliday was not in the mood for shop talk so he rose to depart. "Can you suggest anything to do that I haven't done?"

"No, Neil, I'm darned if I can. But I'm glad you told me."

"Of course it's understood that Sheila is never to know anything about this. She's the kind of a generous, impulsive woman who wouldn't accept the only thing I can do for her in all my life. You won't mention this to her, will you?"

"Not under the circumstances, if you are quite sure you can keep Cora May quiet."

"I'm sure."

"O. K."

"Good by. Wait a minute. Can I borrow your big car for the afternoon? Mine's in the shop having an axle straightened."

"Certainly. Tell Tom I said he is under your orders for the day. He's out there in the parking space right now. As you go out ask my secretary to telephone the garage to send over the roadster."

Four hours' drive in the mountains Halliday left Sol Friedman's car and his chauffeur while he climbed an ex-wagon trail up the hillside through the scrub timber to a place that he recollected once to have seen when the company had been

out on location filming some Holy Grail scenes.

It was there just as he remembered it, a great abandoned mine shaft with a tall heap of ore in back of it. Evidently it had once been a big paying property because there were several buildings grouped around the hole in the ground and there was a lot of hoisting machinery that could be seen through the flapping, half hung doors of the rotting sheds.

The shaft itself was a very large one, roofed over and dark inside. A barrier had been placed across the trail leading to it, a heavy oak beam, bolted on.

But Halliday had remembered that, too, and he had a hack saw under his coat.

It took him over an hour to cut off the heads of the bolts and push the timber down into the shaft.

After a long time it splashed.

When Halliday reached home that night he found several urgent messages from Cora, and almost as soon as he got in the telephone rang. As he answered it he heard Sheila's door close emphatically.

"I'm not going to see you tonight," he declared, "but we're going to spend all day together tomorrow. Listen to my plan. I'll call at about ten with luncheon and everything and take you to a gorgeous hilltop I found today. We can stay as long as we like. What say?"

"Fine, sweetie. You know I'd spend a day with you even if it was in Hades. I don't care if we never come back."

"Which is perhaps lucky," Halliday muttered, but not audibly.

It was pretty hard sledding to make love to Cora May with any semblance of conviction the next morning. He doubted, rather, if he was fooling her any.

But she went with him in the car and he drove out of the city as rapidly as possible. There was little danger of his plans miscarrying if he could get her out in the lonely hills.

They were perhaps an hour outside of the city limits, quite a way in the foothills, when Halliday noticed that his companion looked back furtively from time to time. She did not know that he saw her and he kept a weather eye on the rear view mirror, wondering what on earth she expected to see.

There was nothing.

After a while she did not look around any more.

Halliday wondered why until he picked up a faintly moving speck in the mirror and identified it as an automobile following them. That complicated matters.

At the first sharp turn in the mountain road he stopped, blocking the trail.

"What's the matter?" Cora asked.

"A little spark plug trouble," Halliday informed her. "It will only take a minute."

"We ought not to stop here—it's dangerous."

"Why?"

"Suppose another car should come around that curve in back of us."

"Very little chance of that, dear. You didn't see any car in back of us, did you?"

"N-n-no."

"We're safe, then. There are no roads running into this one for miles back. It's a lonesome track anyway."

He pretended to fix the spark plugs,

The Odds Are 4 to 1 Against You



Heed Nature's Warning —Bleeding Gums

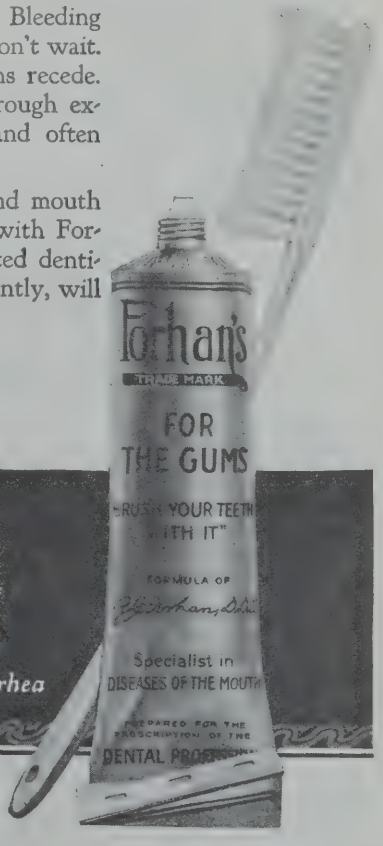
Don't gamble with your teeth and health. You have far too much at stake. More, the odds are too heavy against you.

Teeth-destroying, health-sapping Pyorrhea strikes four persons out of every five that pass the age of forty. And thousands younger, too. The chances are 4 to 1 it will strike you unless you are vigilantly on guard.

Heed nature's warning when she gives it. Bleeding gums are the danger signal. Act at once. Don't wait. For Pyorrhea works fast. The tender gums recede. The teeth loosen, drop out or are lost through extraction. Pus-pockets form at the roots and often flood the system with infection.

Go immediately to your dentist for teeth and mouth inspection. Brush your teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums. This healing, time-tested dentifrice, when used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress.

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keeping an eye all the while on the girl in the front seat, who was evidently not entirely at ease.

"I think I'll take a little walk while you're finishing that," she suggested finally.

"But I'm just through," he objected. "You'll have plenty of time to walk when we get there. It would only waste your strength to get out now. Besides, here is the man we are waiting for."

The nose of a big car came poking cautiously around the treacherous mountain curve.

"Mr. Julian Lewis, I believe," Halliday said in greeting as the surprised driver pulled up to a stop. "Curious that we should meet out here on this little frequented mountain trail."

"Not very." The big man had recovered his aplomb immediately. "I was following you."

"Honest today, I see. How does it seem? You are doing your snouting in the interests of my wife, I suppose?"

"Why, no. My services are retained by the lady sitting in your car. You have no wife, I believe, Mr. Halliday."

So that was it. The cards were on the table.

"I admit," the attorney was continuing, "that when Miss Foreman came to me last night and laid the facts in the case before me I was very glad to find out that Mrs. Keeley is a widow, but primarily my weight is all thrown in the scales to see that Miss Foreman gets justice from you."

"Meaning?"

"Justice to a woman means marriage, or at least custom has made women think so."

"And I presume that you for your part would marry Mrs. Keeley?"

"Correct. You are the only thing that stands in my way. With you married to someone else the last obstacle is removed."

"Except that she may not care to accept the honor."

"She will. You forget that her reputation is in our hands. You have done so much to save it that surely she will be willing to make a slight sacrifice to carry on the good work."

"You would not force her into a union that is distasteful to her?"

Lewis laughed. "My dear Mr. Halliday, how little you know me. Of course I'd force her, just as I'm going to force you to marry Miss Foreman this pleasant California morning."

"Force me? How?"

"By the very facts in the case. Unless Miss Foreman is Mrs. Halliday before I leave you I'll spread the whole story when I go back. You have no alternative."

"Yes I have."

"Which is?"

"That you don't go back. Get out of that machine."

Lewis smiled. "Make me."

As Halliday stepped toward him the attorney reached for his hip pocket.

Halliday struck his arm and then, twining his fingers in his coat collar, yanked him out of the driver's seat without opening the door.

Tamaki, the Jap, kept taking out of his pocket and then replacing the letter which his master had given him that morning with strict injunction to deliver it about noon. Tamaki was afraid he would forget it and finally put the letter on the brim of his hat and then placed both of them on a chair in front of the back door.

They were there when Sheila came out to give some orders about dinner before leaving for the studio.

"What's this?" she asked, picking up the envelope.

"Letta Misto Keeley tell me to take Misto Friedman."

"Oh, is that what it is? Well, never mind about that. I'll deliver it myself and save you the trip. I'm going to see Mr. Friedman as soon as I get to the studio."

Which is the reason Sol Friedman received the note from Harrison Halliday at least two hours sooner than the latter had expected it to be delivered.

Sol asked Sheila to wait while he read it.

After he had finished a complete perusal, he looked up at Sheila.

"Sheila, my dear, once upon a time I rather thought that you were beginning to care for your—co-star. On the off chance that I was even partly right, I am going to show you this letter, although it is violating a promise that I made to Neil yesterday."

"Do you think you ought to?"

"Yes. I think it is a question of life or death."

She took the piece of paper gingerly and read:

> DEAR SOL:
>
> Remember that I told you that I would handle the Cora May Foreman angle of our problem if you would do the rest. Well, I am going to make good. You will recollect that once upon a time when Sheila decided that she did not want to work with me, you suggested that I take a trip around the world and never come back. Your suggestion was a good one and I am going to act upon it, starting this morning. The only difference between my plan and yours is that I am going to take Cora May Foreman with me and she isn't coming back either. I will depend upon you to take care that the press is properly informed of my trip with vague references to my itinerary, and also it will be up to you to see that Sheila never learns the truth. I can see no point in telling her even in the years to come when time may soften the bitter feelings which she has for me. You and I are the only persons in the world who know that I love her and that I am doing the only thing in my power to prove it.
>
> Yours faithfully,
> Neil Keeley
>
> P.S.—It is rather a relief to be using that signature for the last time.

Sheila handed the letter back. "I don't believe I quite understand what the letter means."

"I didn't think you would. But I do. It means that unless some sort of a miracle happens a young man who loves you is about to lay down his life in your service."

And then he went on to tell her a lot of facts, including one to the effect that his chauffeur had just made a report that morning as to the route of the trip which Halliday had taken the day before and the curious way he had acted at the old mine shaft. Sol Friedman was nobody's fool, and with the letter in hand he was able to piece together a pretty fair reconstruction of Halliday's plan.

In ten minutes Sheila and Sol were in his big car with Tom, the chauffeur, at

the wheel, retracing the route over which he had driven Halliday the day before.

Only going twice as fast this time.

At a sharp turn in the mountain road they came upon a car which had been abandoned, a rather large and beautiful machine.

"This is Julian Lewis's car." Sheila identified it positively. "I've ridden in it scores of times."

"And here's blood in the road," contributed Tom. "And somebody fell here and was dragged away." He was following the tracks in the dust. "Here they put him in another car that was standing closer to the cut. The other car went on this way."

Julian Lewis was perhaps the stronger man of the two. But he was not animated by anger as was Harrison Halliday, and also he had a certain regard for his life. Harrison had none. In fact, he thought of it as a thing forfeited and he didn't give a hang what way he died.

That is the spirit which makes for deadly fighting.

Julian Lewis was unconscious in five minutes, unconscious and battered.

Harrison dragged him over to his own car and dumped him in the tonneau.

Cora May, who had stood by in helpless terror while the battering had been going on, hesitated about getting in the seat beside Harrison.

"You get in!" he ordered.

"What are you going to do?"

Harrison laughed. "I'm going up in the hills for a picnic, just as I had planned, and you are going along with me."

She hesitated and started as if to turn.

"Don't do that." He stopped her. "I would rather have one of my guests come willingly. But if necessary——" He stopped.

She looked to see if he meant it and then climbed into the seat.

The next two hours were spent in driving mountain roads at a rate of speed at which they had never been negotiated before. Harrison didn't care what he did and he was deaf to the protests of his highly nervous passenger.

The car reached the place where the trail branched off steeply to the mine shaft. Harrison drove past the branch trail, then backed up in his tracks, turned off, drove up the hill a way and then got out and dusted off the trail with his hat so that it looked as if his car had gone straight on by.

Perhaps his precautions would have fooled a pursuer if it had not happened that just as his car was vanishing amid the scrub timber another car came up the trail in time to see him disappear.

Harrison forced his car across rocky roads at the highest rate of speed he could achieve on that grade. What did he care if the springs broke now?

The trail flattened out a little just before it approached the mine buildings. The car gathered speed. Cora May, bewildered up to now, sensed the alertness in Halliday's attitude, guessed that whatever he was about to do boded no good to herself and that the climax was imminent.

She clutched his arm.

"Neil!" she screamed.

He threw her aside but she came back. He paid no attention. The muscles of his arms were tensed like drawn steel wire under her touch. Her clutching fingers



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made no more impression upon them than if he had been a block of wood set to hold the wheel just so.

He stepped on the accelerator. The car bounced and reared but kept going forward towards that black hole. He couldn't see but did not need to.

The car shot into the darkness of the shed.

Crash! It struck something that splintered.

That was strange. He had taken down the oak bar the day before.

Whatever it was gave way under the violence of the shock and the front wheels of the car went over the edge.

But the motor was dead, killed by the force of the impact, and the car hung poised with the chassis resting solidly on the floor timbers.

Tom, Friedman's chauffeur, stopped the sedan just outside the shed which covered the one-time mine hoist.

His passengers with sick apprehension went on foot into the dark hole.

An old man with a lantern in one hand and a heavy wrench in the other was talking to the driver of the car that hung half over the pit.

"Darned lucky for you, young fellow, that I just got through replacing the barrier that some wood thief stole on me yesterday. Otherwise you'd be down at the bottom of Kingdom Come."

Harrison Halliday was clambering wearily out of the driver's seat. It's disconcerting to find yourself alive when, according to plan, you should be several seconds dead.

He had not seen Sheila until she stepped into his arms and he found that she was crying.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"I was afraid," she said.

"That I'd be killed?"

"That, and that you didn't love me."

Cora May Foreman surveyed the scene with swiftly recovered nerve.

"Very pretty," she said, "very pretty. But how the newspapers are going to chuckle when I spill my stuff about the love nest but no marriage license."

"Sorry to spoil your gloat, Miss Whatever-your-name-is," Sheila replied, looking up from Halliday's shoulder, "but your story won't have an awful kick. If you want to tell it to the newspaper men you will have to do it at our wedding supper tonight because they're all going to be there. I don't believe the public is going to be so interested in *when* we were married as in the fact that we *are* married."

Not until they were safe at home and Sol Friedman had gone to make the wedding arrangements did Halliday ask the question uppermost in his mind.

"Why were you so sure of my love?"

"I once read a letter of yours that you never sent."

"Oh, on that day you came back from Honolulu and changed your mind about working with me?"

"Yes. Later I thought it was addressed to that woman, but today I know the truth—and I like it."

Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Come in," permitted Sheila.

Enter Tamaki. Stands abashed at unaccustomed spectacle of mistress in master's arms.

"Pardon, but Misto Dog Bourbon have whip big p'lice dog nex' door and wishes to bleed on best Turkey rug. What shall do?'

"Let him do it," declared Sheila.

"Get him two rugs," supplemented her nearly husband.

"And have one yourself," Sheila finished. "This is the day of days. Tamaki, make yourself scarce unless you want to be embarrassed. We're shameless."

Tamaki understood a hint when it was delivered on the point of his jaw that way.

So he withdrew.

And in some unaccountable fashion we've been shoved outside of the door with him.

Darn! *Sic semper tyrannis.*

For one of the most irresistible stories Frank R. Adams ever wrote see
COSMOPOLITAN *for July—on sale at all news stands June tenth*

The Garden of Peril

(*Continued from page 80*)

Bruce Kelly had done, and his complete confidence in ultimate recovery under the latter's skilful treatment, but that very fact, he went on to say, had forced him to the use of his revolver. For he did not want to recover. Sorrow for the loss of his brother and a complete and unconquerable boredom with life had decided him on making an end of things. He was only sorry for the grief this would cause his wife and relatives, and for that he begged their forgiveness. He also apologized to the Doctor and the coroner, and made the one last request that his body be left alone and "not carved up in any post-mortem business" as that was "more than he could stand the thought of."

Nothing to be done by any coroner on such evidence but bring in a verdict of temporary insanity; with which everyone agreed. How could a *sane* man be "unconquerably" bored with an existence that held a lovely and devoted wife and an impending income of £50,000 a year?

Bruce Kelly's strange desire to ignore the dead man's last request and hold a post-mortem just the same was looked upon as both morbid and heartless, and again public opinion backed the Coroner's decision that no good purpose could be served by such a course, while unnecessary pain might thereby be inflicted upon the widow. Poor little widow! Everyone felt for *her* hard luck. Losing husband, a title and the prospect of great wealth . . . all at the crack of a pistol! At the same time no one dared even hint sympathy for the loss of material things, to one so dazed by grief.

"I am like a child lost in a dark wood," was all she could pitifully say to those who came forward, nervous but generous in their offers of practical assistance and advice. "But Major Heseltine, my husband's cousin and best friend, will know what is best for me to do. I will just wait here quietly until he comes."

So events stood still, waiting upon the return of Punch. Arrangements for the transportation of Pam Heseltine's mortal body—now resting temporarily in the local cemetery—to the vaults of his ancestors at Scawnshane were suspended, and it seemed natural enough, meantime, that the stricken lady at Minto Lodge should make no plans for leaving Africa without the kindly direction of her kinsman's hand. At any rate she waited.

And in a garden a girl too waited; hoping and fearing; wondering if God would be good to her and let the process of saving Punch Heseltine from destruction come naturally or whether she must fight for it, even as Pam in the hour of his death had implored her. If the latter course, then she knew she would have to do it single-handed, and against great odds. There must be no dragging of the Doctor into it, nor raking of the dead man from his rest . . . even though with his own lips he had commanded her to leave *nothing* unsaid. But he himself had gone down to the grave loyal to disloyalty, faithful to betrayal, and it was not for Peril to unseal his secrets.

Yet she must save Punch from Doria; that was what it all reduced itself to. Pit her girlhood, her simplicity and her inexperience, against the guile, the charm, the dazzle of a siren! How was it possible she could prevail? She knew not . . . only that she *must*. And God was on her side. She knew that too, for He had brought Punch to her here that night when she lay weeping in an abandonment of grief—weeping for two things, for her little bush-baby's death, yes; but above all for the fact that she had seen Pam Heseltine's wife upon the breast of his cousin; their lips almost touching; and in the horror of it had realized that she loved that man and could not bear him to betray his honor.

And he had come there and found her weeping! And something in his gentleness and simplicity had revealed to her that he was without guilt in the matter. The woman had tempted, but he had resisted; indeed, she had the evidence of her own eyes on many a day, as they rode past, as to *that* state of things.

Yes—God was on her side, the God of her faith, and of all clean, loyal men; and she prayed to Him every night in her garden to give her the victory; and even while she prayed she listened for the jingle of spurs on the road, and a man's step on the path. And at last they came!

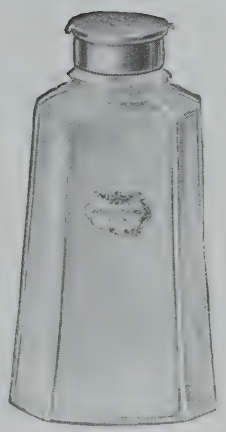
On the night that Punch Heseltine returned to his camp, and put forth again within the hour, he cared not who heard the ring of his horse's hoofs upon the Umtété road, nor who knew that they stopped at the gate of a garden on a hill; for this was no clandestine rendezvous he fared forth upon. There were things to be done on the morrow, he knew, disagreeable things, sad obligations, family duties.



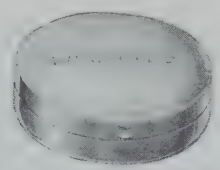
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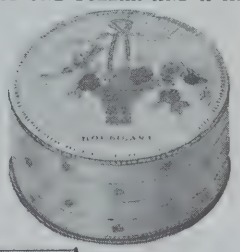


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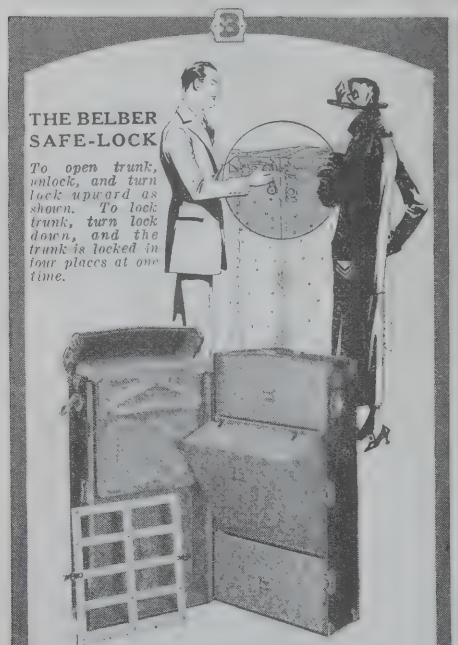
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But tonight was his . . . his and Love's. Knowledge had come to him, in the silences of the veldt, that the very core of existence hid for him in this enchanted garden, though he could not be truly certain that the girl he hoped to find waiting there was *truly his and for him* until he held her against his heart, in the place where first he had found her.

It was just such another night as that. Dim and purple with the sparkle of a thousand stars overhead. Full of that profound silence which composes a myriad voices of nature: love calls of tree creatures and dwellers in the grass, whispering of leaves, rustle of flowers. On lone veldt places he had dreamed of this sweet spot, realizing that here dwelt heart's desire. All that woman can hold and give to man was here for him—the riches of the earth in the little circle of a girl's arms.

He knew when he found her at last, under the trees, and held his lips to hers, that all he dreamed of was true . . . That rare and wonderful gift of the gods had come into his possession—purity and passion in equal measure . . . and he drank deep from the fresh cup of her lips, a draught to fire his blood, yet cleanse his soul.

"A pool of lilies! . . . I will wash away all my madness in you, my darling."

No more roaming and fevered quest for Punch Heseltine! This lovely warm vase of life contained all he had sought the world over. Voyage and harbor were here; Europe and the wilderness; wine and spring water.

"I loved you from the moment I saw you sitting there in the gloom . . . so kind and gentle with poor old Pam, and his pack of cards!"

"I loved you *before* that . . . when you rode alone below my garden . . . with a moody look . . ."

"That was because I could not find you . . . I knew you were somewhere waiting for me . . . but I could not find you."

"O Punch! I was so afraid you would get lost on the way." He did not tell her how nearly that had come to pass, for, like Pam, he was one of those who did not "tell." But his kisses told her all she wanted to know of both past and future. Their happiness was such as to be almost too keen to be borne. They were only simple mortals after all, composed of very human elements. Moments flew into hours, and all too swiftly the wind of coming separation blew chill between them, shaking his heart, and making the lilies of the pool shiver and tremble.

"Let us get married quickly, my heart! . . . then no more parting!"

"Yes . . . quickly," she sighed under his lips; "then together forever."

Just at the last she remembered to give him Pam's letter, which she always carried with her; and he in turn remembered tasks both tiresome and tragic that awaited him. For a moment the shadow of Doria fell across their joy, but instantly passed, for all power and allure had long since gone out of that memory for him, replaced by this great and pure passion of his life. As for Peril, she knew that God had verily and indeed been on her side.

Later, in the quiet of his camp he read and pondered Pam's letter. Much of its inner meaning remained hidden for years, and some of it forever, as the writer had intended. But here and there a sentence carried a sharp edge or sounded a strangely warning ring.

> It is your duty to marry, and soon, if Scawnshane is not to pass forever from the Heseltines . . . Marry a girl who will love *you* (not herself) who will give you sons, and something to care for more satisfying than that pride of life and "lust of the eye" of which both you and I have been over-hot in the pursuit. Above all, bring fresh blood and clean blood into the old stock. But if for any reason all this is not in your plan . . . pause a bit, Punch, and do not be too proud to take counsel. The bearer of this letter has it in her hands to guide you.

So *that* was Pam's counsel in the hour of death! Thinking, even with finger on trigger, of his race—of the moral and physical emendation of the stock from which he sprang! Nothing very insane about *such* meditations, thought Punch; but then he very well knew that his cousin had not been insane. Though what had constituted the breaking point, what had driven him at the last to end his long weariness, remained a mystery. Only, in that final hour Pam had trusted and believed in him! That was a grace for which Punch Heseltine was to remain grateful his whole life—with a thankfulness to God that such trust had never been betrayed.

He went to Minto Lodge next day; but not before talking to Bruce Kelly and making wonderful plans for an immediate wedding and departure for England; and not before he had drunk again of dew and honey in the garden of heart's desire. It was with Peril's kisses warm on his lips that he stood before Doria.

Her reception of him was colder than the eternal snows. For of course she knew of his arrival the night before, and it infuriated her that he had not come straight to her. But though she meant for a while to keep that pose to punish him, there was guile in it too. She withdrew herself to icy distances, but her ice was for melting at the breath of passion. She was distant only to make nearness more certain; wayward only to be won; and so certain of him that she believed she could play the ice maiden for her own amusement before she showed him the glint of the fires that consumed her.

Strangely enough to his now cleared vision there was something about her, with her blue eyes and snowy draperies, that made him think of *Natura Maligna*, that beautiful spirit of the ice whom simple mountaineers believe in, one who haunts the cold blue caverns of the glacier, flickers alluringly above the treacherous pass and launches the avalanche for the destruction of men. And while he so thought, she in turn, subtly sensing something unfavorable to herself, was considering:

"Strange men, the Heseltines! It may be that he feels the shadow of Pam between us . . . the coldness of a dead hand! I must go softly, delicately, not to outrage that fantastic loyalty of his . . ."

Meanwhile they discussed those things which had necessarily to be discussed, everyday matters, such as the lease of Minto Lodge, one or two other obligations Pam had entered into since coming to Rhodesia, and which she desired Punch to look into. Important affairs, such as



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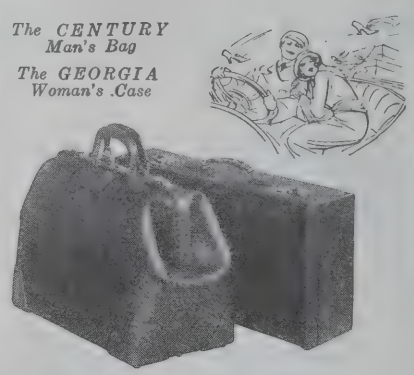
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those connected with his income, the dead man had left in perfect order, and her position was simplified by the fact that they had some years before made "mutual" wills in each other's favor. Possession of his few hundreds a year would then come to her automatically on her return to England, where the will remained.

The mode of her return, too, was touched upon, and the arrangements for transporting poor Pam to Scawnshane gone into. Nor did she shirk reference to the manner of her husband's death. She hated the subject, indeed, and even her callous soul shrank from the lies she felt it necessary to tell. But an urgency to appear pitiful and blameless in the eyes of Punch was upon her, for now that the way lay open before them she suddenly feared that he might remember against her those unspoken invitations to treachery, the calls of her eyes and hands and lips which he had resisted, and won her in resisting. So, excusing herself, she traduced the dead.

"He never cared for me . . . I have known it for years, though no one has ever heard it from my lips until today. You don't know what my life has been, Punch . . . the faithlessness I have had to endure—and ignore . . . for the sake of the family name!" That ought to have its appeal, she thought. "You don't know what my longing has been for a *real* love. Someone who could offer me all that I too have to give . . ."

But he sat there rock-like, looking at her with strange eyes. Could it possibly be that he was untouched by this story of her wretchedness? She must try a different line.

"But I realize now that he was not entirely responsible . . . Poor Pam! And I can only be thankful that in my unhappiness I was not driven too far . . . That when the *one great love* came into my life . . . there was nothing and is nothing he could have reproached us"—hastily she corrected herself—"*me*, for."

Still that stone-like stare in the Heseltine eyes . . . and was that a flicker in them such as she had often surprised in the eyes of her husband—a flicker of irony? Not possible . . . never, never! She went blindly forward.

"At the last I think he realized . . . all that I had suffered. For he left a strange letter to me . . . asking my forgiveness (God knows, poor boy, he has it!) and seeming to wish for my future happiness." A daring inspiration came to her: What of a tender phrase in that letter, legacying her to Punch? "He even suggested," she faltered, "the form that happiness might take."

"You did not produce that letter at the inquest, to refute the theory that he was insane?"

Doria looked profoundly shocked; as indeed she was by the grimness of his voice.

"It was a sacredly private letter—written almost in the hour of his death. I destroyed it."

"Ah! He wrote *me* a letter too, in the hour of his death." She shot up from her chair, and Punch stopped, arrested by the panic of her eyes, the draining of blood from cheek and lip so that the paint flared out in bold relief; then he said slowly: "I did not destroy it."

"But—how did you get . . ." Her hand pressed hard against the laces of her bosom, her breath came short. "Who

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could have . . ." With an effort she regained her composure and declared firmly: "It must be a forgery."

"Why should it be a forgery? Why, if at the hour of his death Pam thought of *me* too, of *my* happiness—gave me wise counsel? Why should that be a forgery?"

"I . . . I don't know . . ." she murmured faintly, and sank down again, her eyes wavering before the keenness of his. "Only that I did not know about it—cannot think when he wrote . . . May I see it, Punch?"

"No. It is as sacredly private—*as yours was.*"

She blenched again, leaning back, putting a handkerchief to her lips to cover their trembling. What did he know? What had Pam written? Oh—something had gone desperately askew with this meeting that should have ended in triumphant wonder! Why did fear creep like a snake round her heart? What was this terrible conviction growing in her that Punch *knew?* What was the meaning of the cold probing glance of his? She could not bear it. Something in the strong quiet of his eyes shook her. The specter of doubt that assailed her grew and grew, until it seemed to fill all the room, and she could stand the suspense no longer.

"Punch!" she cried, and by a supreme effort threw into her voice all the spells of which she was mistress. But he sat unmoved, holding her with that dispassionate gaze, drying on her lips the wild words that sprang to them. Hypnotized, she began instead to murmur incoherent things about leaving the country, reiterating her plans; but in the middle of a sentence the passion that had brought her to the slaying of a man's soul and body unleashed itself again:

"Punch! You must come home, too. You can't stay on out here, whilst I—"

"I *am* going home." The quiet, the evenness of his tone chilled her. "The old man has cabled asking me to come to Scawnshane. Says he wants to see me there before he dies."

"Oh—I am so glad!" Hope quivered in her again; joy lifted up its head. "Punch—if we could take the same boat—go by the East Coast!" The sensuous languor of her soul flowed from her lips in a voice like liquid silver. "Stay awhile in Egypt . . ."

"I'm afraid that is out of the question, Doria." He chose his words courteously but with deliberation, for there must be no further ambiguity. "I have already arranged to sail . . . with my wife . . . from the Cape."

It seemed to her afterwards when she was alone that years had passed, a nightmare of darkness, immeasurable distances through which she had heard his voice, calm, *cousinly*, giving grave details of his approaching marriage with Peril Kelly . . . *that girl!*

At last she arose and from sheer force of habit faltered across the room to a mirror on the wall. A conviction filled her that in the last hour her face had changed; and she was right. The face that stared back at her showed like a crumbled ruin behind its veil of paint; base passion and ignoble defeat had stamped it indelibly; never again might it stir the hearts of men, nor repudiate its forty-eight years of existence.

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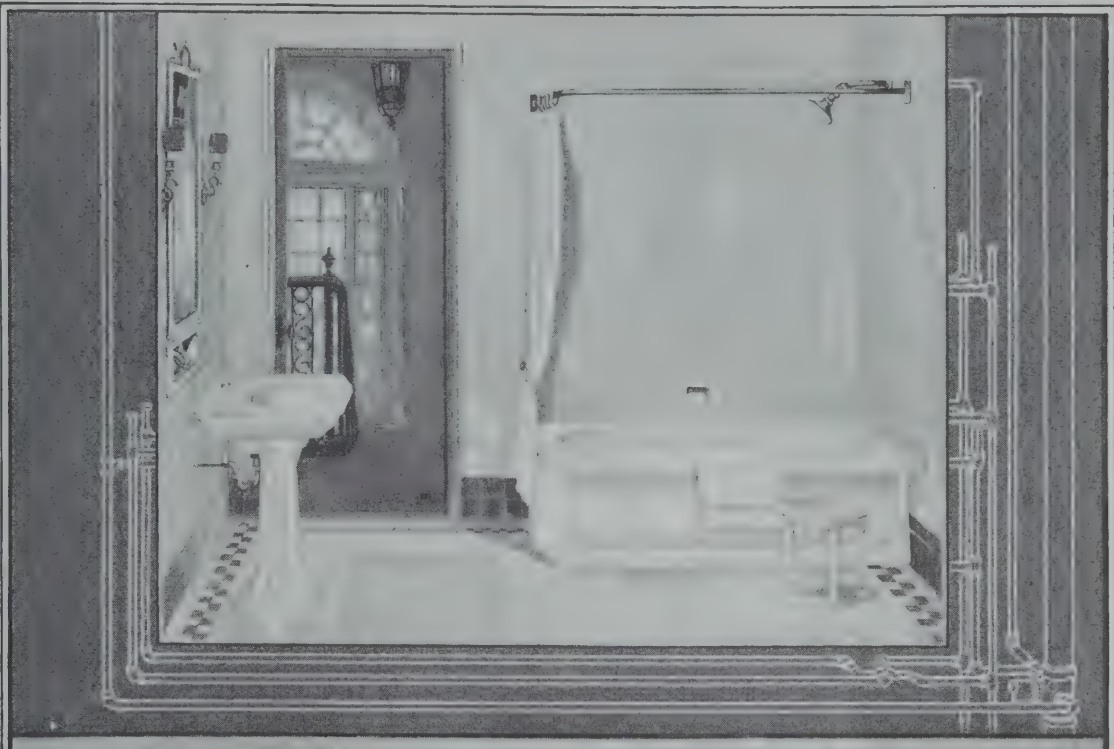
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The military school is American. It is as truly of our soil as ever Lincoln was. It is an outgrowth of conditions here. Europe cannot match it. Our best private schools hark back to English models. Many colleges like to talk of Oxford and of Cambridge. A while ago our universities were importing German Ph.Ds., along with German methods.

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Nor is there in their classrooms any chance. The academic "will be served." Men get ready for college or for life. Between the military and non-military, no cleavage is or is to be. Both do work worth while. Those who think that military schools are mere reformatories would better think again. Those sure that they suppress individuality follow stars that light a desert way. Those suspicious lest our military schools may trifle with true education are playing hide and seek with actualities at a time when the Association is really concerned about the best and endeavoring to provide it.

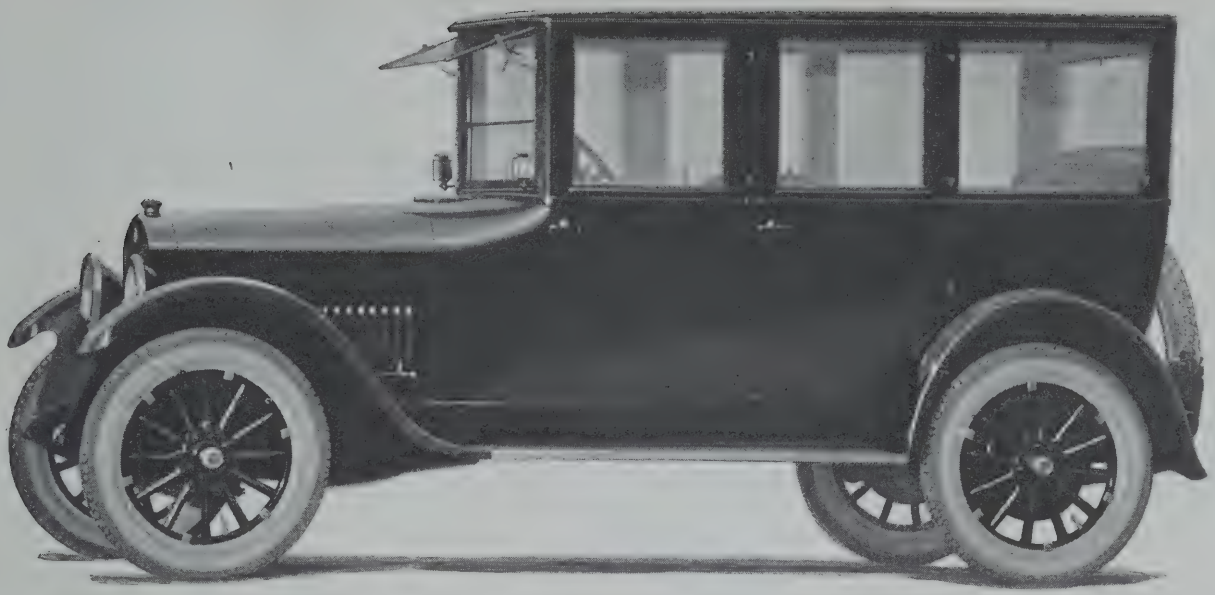
BUT in all education worth the while, the training of the soul is the supreme purpose. Young people haunt us with their vague yearnings to be understood. Each has his own problem and to him it seems peculiar. Each is too shy or too inarticulate to explain it. How much we might do for them if we were only wise enough! But we are so busy playing the great game for money, power and fame, that most of us have lost our soul. Yet it is the soul young people want of us, the best we have for them.

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"Fight on, my men, says Sir
Andrew Barton,
I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
I'll lie me down and bleed a-while,
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Lyman P. Powell

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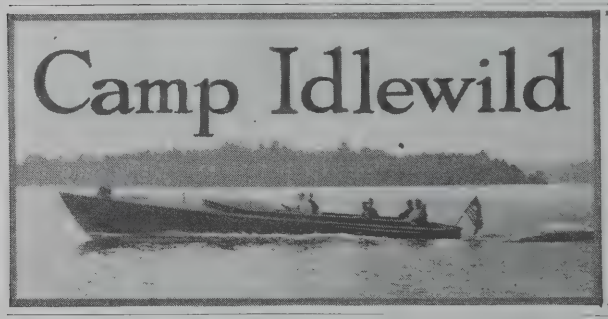
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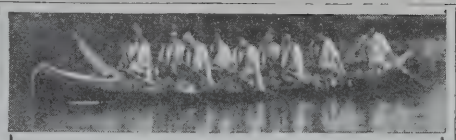
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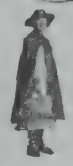
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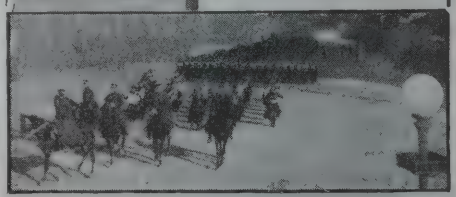
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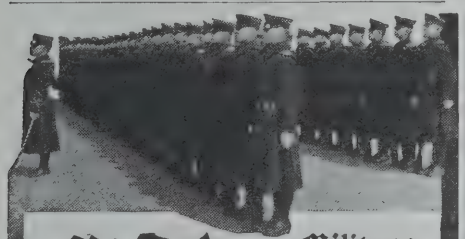
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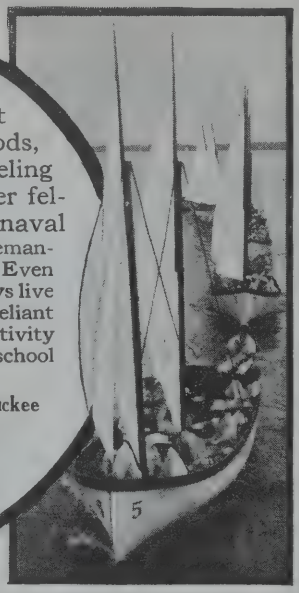
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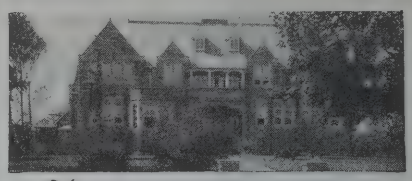
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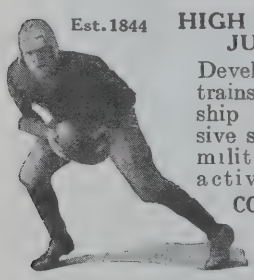
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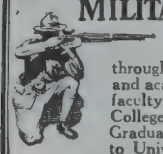
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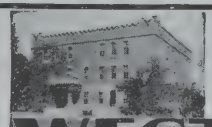


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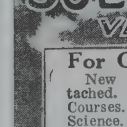
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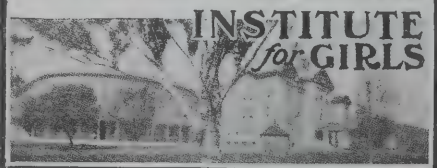


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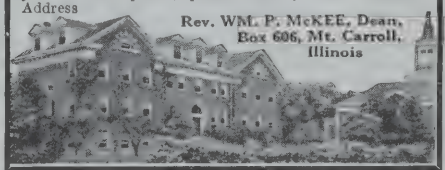
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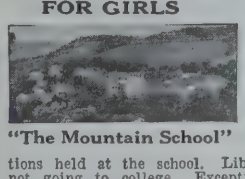
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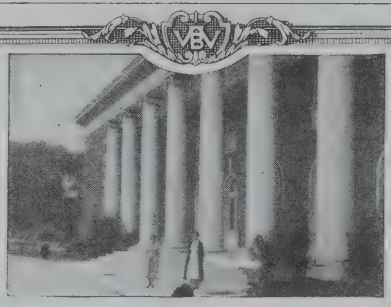
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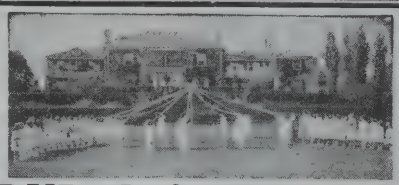
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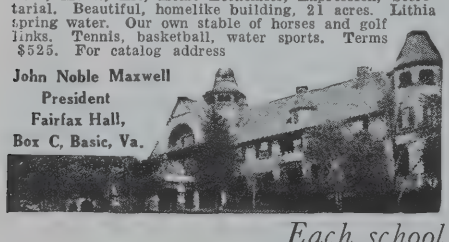
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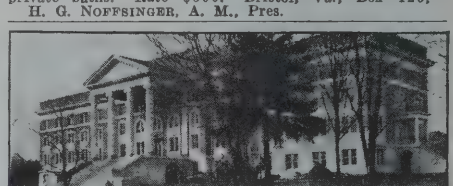
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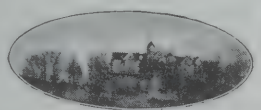
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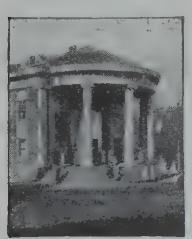
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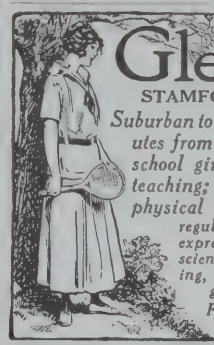
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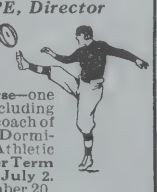
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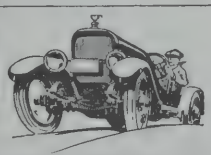
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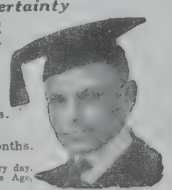
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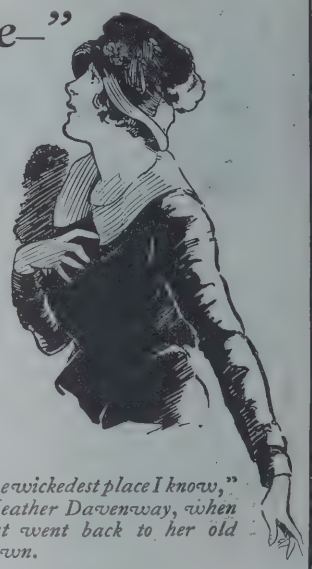
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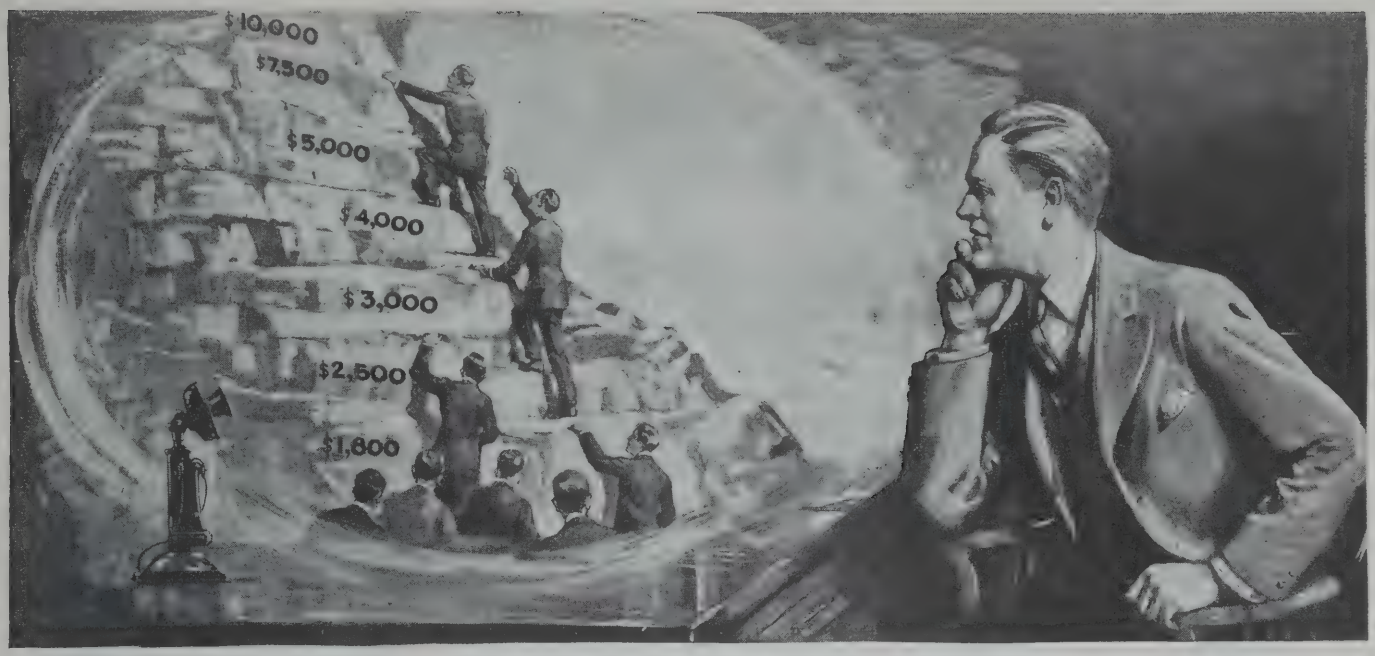
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